



# Izaak Walton League Monthly

## Defender of Americas Out-of-Doors

### Official Organ I.W.L.A.

Volume I

AUGUST, 1922

Number I

## TIME TO CALL A HALT

By EMERSON HOUGH

**I**N 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.

*Emerson Hough*



# Izaak Walton



# League Monthly

*Defender of America's Out-of-Doors*

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# Concerning Conservation of Fish and Game

By DR. JAMES ALEXANDER HENSHALL

"Dean of American Anglers"



**D**URING the last half century many millions of dollars have been spent by the Federal and State Fish Commissions for the propagation of fish, and by numerous individuals and state organizations for the preservation and protection of fish and game, with the only result that fish and game are steadily decreasing in numbers and depreciating in size and condition.

There are several reasons and causes for this deplorable state of affairs, most of which are patent to the well-informed sportsman. While some of these causes are preventable, others are seemingly beyond his influence and personal endeavor. In the matter of upland game, as grouse, quail, hares and squirrels, their disappearance must be attributed mainly to certain radical changes in their environment in field, prairie and forest. The felling of timber, clearing up of thickets and brush-land, and the substitution of the wire fence for the old rail fences and hedges, may be mentioned as important factors in the decrease of upland game. For the scarcity of big game in the mountains the greed of the improvident hunter is mostly to blame.

The decrease of fish in inland waters is chiefly due to changes in the condition of the streams brought about by their pollution by impure waste water, offal and other deleterious matter from mills, factories and other industrial plants. My own experience for the protection and conservation of fish and game has been that of many others. For fifty years I have labored with voice and pen, in the public prints and before assemblages and State Legislatures, for the increase and protection of fish and game, and for the restoration of the waters to their original condition, so far as possible.

When President of the Ohio State Game and Fish Commission, thirty years ago, I endeavored to have uniform game and fish laws enacted by the Legislatures of the contiguous states of West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana, but without avail. My efforts to secure better game and fish laws for the state also ended in disappointment. The German carp had been recently, and unwisely, introduced into the waters of the United States and the ponds of the State Fish Commission were well stocked with the foreign marauder. It was thought best to seine out the objectionable carp, send them to market, and stock the ponds with bullhead catfish, a very good food fish, and one that will thrive in any water suitable for the German carp.

In order to correct the wasteful and improvident methods of commercial fishing then in vogue on the Great Lakes, and also to obviate the controversies and ill-feeling between the market fishermen of Lake Erie, especially as between the gill netters and the pound netters as to certain imaginary rights and prerogatives, it was thought best by the State Commission to survey and plot the fishing grounds on the south shore of Lake Erie, and to lease them to licensed fishermen. Accordingly the work was begun and some progress made,

but owing to a strong antagonistic lobby in the Legislature the scheme was abandoned.

I have hatched and planted millions of the various species of trout, and grayling and black bass, and others have done the same, but any really beneficent result is not apparent today. I have seen thousands of my black bass fingerlings starve and smother in the impure streams of the middle west, and millions of my trout and grayling fingerlings perish on the grain fields and meadows of the western states, by means of irrigation ditches.

In 1896 I went to Bozeman as the head of the Bozeman Fish Hatchery. It was one of the first Federal posts of importance established in Montana, being of interest to the entire State, and we might say to the entire country, as it distributed its output far and wide throughout the Union.

The grayling, up to that time, had defied all efforts for its propagation, as no food had been discovered suitable for the tiny fry during its early existence. After many experiments, however, I found that the essential food for the young fry existed in the running streams, a wise provision of nature.

I remember, one time, on a hunt with my friend, Mr. Walter Cooper of Montana, one of the early pioneers of that section, that we noticed in the early morning sunlight a peculiar reflection in the

water which was flowing from an irrigation ditch, and apparently had been running all night. The ditch ran parallel with the road for some distance, and had been opened at several points, flooding the grain fields. Scattered over the field were large numbers of trout, grayling and whitefish, of all sizes, fingerlings, and some that would weigh two pounds. I was much shocked, saying, among other things: "This country doesn't need a fish hatchery; it needs a fish cannery."

Most of the evils enumerated could be corrected, or at least mitigated, by wiser and better laws, though judging from my own experience and that of others, it seems almost impossible to enlist the serious attention and interest of State Legislatures to the importance of the matter of conservation of game and fish, and to the purification of state waters.

But a new star has arisen on the horizon, a star of hope and promise, the organization of the Izaak Walton League of America, to which we must look for a better state of things in the interest of the sportsman, and for the conservation of our fish, game and waters. But to accomplish the best results, every sportsman should consider it his first duty to join with his fellows in organizing a chapter of the League, and by so doing to put his own shoulder to the wheel of progress, ever remembering that in unity is strength. And it is to be devoutly wished that the members of all State Legislatures will also join the League, and consider it a duty to do full justice to the demands of their brother sportsmen and constituents by aiding them in securing better laws for the Conservation of fish and game and waters.

## The Carefree Trail

By ORRIN A. DeMASS

*TIRED am I of the marts of trade,  
Where the talk of men is of profits made.*

*I long for the rest of a quiet shore,  
To vision the scenes of youth once more.  
I long for the song of the winding stream,  
To fish, to loaf, to rest, to dream.  
So I turn away from the city's din,  
And tread the trails where the hills begin  
I follow the dusty roadway down,  
To the brook that winds beyond the town.  
And on and over the hill and dale,  
Where the silence hangs as a silken veil,  
Where the shading trees majestic rise;  
Companion am I to the earth and skies.  
And my heart is glad as I wind along  
In the carefree swing of a truant song.  
Then I stretch at ease in a quiet glen  
Away from the beaten paths of men.  
Far from the haunts of greed and strife,  
Enraptured in the thrall of a carefree life,  
For what is gold, and what is gain,  
If carrying with it grief and pain?*





# Sea Angling

By ZANE GREY  
World's Most Famed Sea Angler



**I**N my boyhood I was a hunter of the brooks and streams; and my first fishing tackle was a willow or mustard stick, a piece of cord and a bent pin. Pumpkin-seed sunfish, goggle-eyes, bull-heads, chubs and shiners were the little fish of those Ohio waters of my youth. Even today the names bring a thrill, a haunting something from the days that are no more. They sound like poetry.

From these minnows I progressed to the angling for black-bass and trout; and for many years rivers and lakes and mountain-streams were a passion with me. How well I knew the rocky shores of noble inland waters! the shady shelving bank of lily-dotted lake! The swift amber-colored brooks under the hemlocks! Like Van Dyke I can never see a little river without wanting to fish in it.

But of late years most of my angling energies and contemplations have been devoted to the sea. As I have written to try to make the multitude love the open and the wild, and the fast-disappearing loneliness and beauty of the southwest, so have I written to anglers of the thrill, the mystery, and the tremendousness of the sea. Whether an angler stands in the foamy surf, with the sweet salt scent of the Atlantic in his face, or canoes the shallow white shoals of the coral reefs, or trolls from a launch in the warm blue waters of the Gulf Stream, or scans the vast heaving glassy swells of the Pacific—it is all the same—there is a fascination and reward apart from the capture of fish.

Inland waters lull me to dream-ing repose and content. The babble of a brook under a gray old cliff has a haunting music. A wide swift dark-green river, bordered with pines, is a joy. A placid forest-skirted lake, with the white camp tent gleaming on shore, is something devoutly to be wished.

But there is more to the ocean. Salmon-fishermen who have mastered the highest art of angling must never forget that salmon run up out of the sea. It is the sea that makes the silver lord of the Restigouche the incomparable fish he is. It is the sea that makes the pearl tinted steelhead of the Rogue so savage and wonderful. It is the salt water that develops the dynamic bonefish. Which is to say that the sea is the mother of all fish, and for that matter of all life on the earth.

It may take me a long time to tell what I have learned from the sea; and I will never tell all, because I am forever learning. But the capture of fish is not all, nor the half of the secret of the spell of the sea. If I write it must be to impress this, as well as narrate an adventure with some denizen of the deep.

Byron sang, "there is a rapture on the lonely shore." It is true. And that rapture is a million times more to me than the fighting of a fish. Nevertheless I would not want to develop intellectually and spiritually to such a point that I would never want to pull hard on a fish. I confess to a desire to retain a little of the barbarian.

Long Key Notes, February 13.

The day is one of those windy days when the sea is rough and a roily green, and the waves slap on the beach. There is a continuous wrestling roar in the palms, and an incessant waving of the long leaves, and a wonderful quivering of the slender blades. The shadows seem to

chase over the white sand, and all around and above gleams the broad bright glare of the sun. The wind is cool and the sun is hot. For a while I lay in the hammock under the palms, in the favored place where I have been so many years. It seems always restful there, musical—conducive to dreams. No wonder few great thinkers are developed in the tropics. The sun, though a gift of life, retards intellect. Perhaps the sun is only concerned with fertility and fecundity. Yet more happiness must abide in the tropics than in any other zone.

February 23.

Days pass. Last night I wandered up and down the beach. The day had been stormy and the night was dark, with but few stars. A strong wind blew off the sea. In the palm grove there were moaning and wailing of wind, and moving spectres of shadows and loneliness to suit even me. During the night I awoke sometime late. All was still. The storm wind had gone. I could hear the faint murmur of the reef.

This morning dawned stormy and all day the horizon was banked with rolling dark clouds and palls of rain. A stiff cool breeze whipped out of the north-east. R. C. and Lone Angler Wiborn and I went fishing up on the inside, and were caught in one gusty squall of rain. It cleared off to the eastward. But at sunset there were clouds all around, a magnificent spectacle. We rode one hour facing the setting sun, and no words could adequately describe the panorama. The clouds except in the direct west were a soft misty rainy gray. In the west they were lighter. The sun began to set in a pale glow of silver. But this gradually changed, colored, growing bright, with tints of rose and gold. Just in front of the sun was a broken film of cloud, silver streaked, with fire at the

lower edge. To the north a wan sun-dog shone, yellow and orange, a little blue, and white. An elusive phenomenon!

At last this sunset made up for its rather steely and cold beginning. All of a sudden the whole west lighted up—yellow—gold, with pink shades, and wonderful rounded edges of radiant silver, and coppery and bronze patches showing through the thinned parts of clouds. To the east a magnificent columnar bank stood up, dark purple, with a sunset-flushed pillar of creamy white standing above it into the blue.

The sea was rippling pale green, and did not reflect the color of the sky. The feeling I had was of the wide openness of it all, the spacious hall of the world, at the last bright steps of dying day. Pelicans sailed low along the surface of the sea, and gulls winged buoyant flight into the sunset. The lacy line of coconut palms bent their graceful leaves away from the wind.

March 19.

This is my last day at Long Key for this year. It is a windy day, and sunny, though not one of the white days. A steady hard trade-wind is blowing from the east! The sea is moaning and the grove is roaring. Fantastic shadows of shade move over the sunlit sand under the palms. The long leaves droop and swing and curve, with their blades quivering. I wonder if what I call leaves are not really branches and the long blades

**Z**ANE GREY, the author of this, the greatest swordfish story ever written, is undoubtedly the highest priced writer in America. For every short magazine story he will consent to write publishers are glad to pay him several thousands of dollars. Harper & Brothers, his publishers, announce that more than five thousand copies of his novels are sold each week. Over a million copies of Zane Grey's books have been sold in England and the British colonies.

Zane Grey will monthly write, edit and direct the League's Sea Angling Department and that means that we will have the greatest sea fishing stories ever written in the world. This department of OUR MAGAZINE alone will be worth the subscription price.





of green, narrow-like bayonets, are not the leaves. Both branch and leaf, perhaps! I wonder what Ruskin would have written about these cocoanut palms. Something beautiful and unforgettable! Born for wind, yet in defiance of the hurricane!

What of the mystery of the sea? It can never be known. It is endless, infinite. An angler cannot spend so much as an hour along the beach or on the sea without being confronted by something mysterious.

"Below the thunders of the upper deep,  
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep  
The Kraken sleepeth; faintest sunlights flee  
About his shadowy sides; above him swell  
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height,  
And far away into the sickly light,  
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell.  
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi  
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green."

Avalon, July 15.

For me the sea serpent is no myth. I believe that some day I will have a glimpse of one. How many strange creatures have I seen!

What of the tremendousness of the ocean? Contending tides, the vast world-wide swell that heaves across the deep, the unnumbered leagues of water, the source of storms, the maker of rain, fog, dew—progenitors of life on the earth, the leviathans of the abysmal depths,—these are a few of the tremendous facts of the sea. Many anglers like accuracy and fact as well as the dreamful and possible. Let me chronicle as simply as I can my latest proof of some of the things I have been asserting.

Yesterday, July 14, was the date of my first sight of a broadbill swordfish for 1922. It was my third day out on the sea this season. For my brother R. C. it was his fortieth day out. He had sighted fourteen swordfish and had gotten one strike.

This first swordfish for me had a wide range between tail and dorsal fin, both of which showed above the water. That is a sure sign of a big fish.

R. C. held the rod. Capt. Syd stood at the wheel. I directed operations. We used a three foot barracuda for bait, and circled the swordfish with long line out, keeping far away from him. On the fourth circle we got the bait within fifty feet of him. He turned away and went under. But we waited tense and thrilling. Presently he hit that bait so hard he nearly jerked the rod out of R. C.'s hands. We all yelled. At intervals of a moment or two he hit the bait again, four times in all. Then he took it and swam off.

R. C. let him go until several hundred feet of the line had slipped off the reel. The swordfish came up, evidently to throw the hook, and he threshed on the surface. Then R. C. reeling and pumping hard, hooked the swordfish. He went down.

The time was 9:30 in the morning. We were ten miles off Catalina Island, and a number of tuna fishermen with kites flying were within sight of us. Jump, the famous light tackle expert saw us and ran down to snap some pictures of R. C. hauling on the swordfish. Later Adams and Hooper, two of the old Tuna Club members ran down on us, and circled us three times. Before twelve o'clock half a dozen angling boats had run close enough to us to wave congratulatory encouragement. The steamer Avalon leaving San Pedro at ten o'clock passed us before noon, and the captain waved to us from the bridge. There were fifteen hundred tour-

ists on board and surely half of them saw us. We saw the cryer with his megaphone calling attention to us.

This swordfish leaped twice, once clear out, which jump I photographed. R. C. fought the fish with slow steady powerful strain, never relaxing it. I work on a swordfish in spells: I pull a while and then rest a while, and sometimes I let the rod lie on the gunwale a moment. Adams, who is the most powerful angler of the Tuna Club, says if he cannot whip a fish in four hours he lets him go. Perhaps that is both wise and humane. Jump fights a fish so strenuously that he claims he soon uses up his strength. All anglers work differently, and any method is good, if the swordfish is caught. To the great majority of anglers it may seem unreasonable to place swordfishing in a class by itself—by far the most magnificent sport in the world with rod and reel. Yet I do not hesitate to make this statement and believe I can prove it. All swordfish fight differently. A swordfish is changeable. That is the beauty of his gameness.

Very few anglers have caught broadbill swordfish.

The sport is young at this writing. R. C. had been years trying to catch a broadbill, without success. He has had many battles. So this fish, the first hooked in forty days, meant a great deal to R. C. He worked four hours before he began to tire. From that time the fish began gradually to wear R. C. out, although he was certainly wearing the fish out.

About two o'clock the westerly wind sprang up and white water began to show. By four long swells were running and big white-crested combers lifted the boat. It is always a terrible job to fight a broadbill in rough water for every swell helps the fish.

At four thirty the steamer Avalon bore down on us again on her return trip to the mainland, and she came closer, so that we could see and hear the passengers. Again the captain waved to us.

Wearily R. C. toiled at the rod, sweaty, dirty, green of face, with bulging neck. Capt. Syd grew seasick, irritable, and tired of end-

lessly turning the wheel, and throwing the clutch in and out. I was sore all over from hanging on to the boat. I helped R. C. by holding the revolving chair, that wheeled in the rough sea. He had the best of tackle, especially the magnificent Coxie reel. The line, a specially made 24, with breaking strain of sixty-five pounds, apparently was unbreakable. But it was wearing. The swordfish grew so tired he would not swim. Once we thought he was dead. But when R. C. pumped him up close to the boat he wagged his tail and went away. In that sea his dead weight was almost impossible to lift.

The hours wore away. So did R. C. So did the line. But we all thought we had a good chance to capture this fish. The whole latter part of the fight was made near the end of the line, perhaps a hundred feet of it, and it gradually wore, until at 7:35 that night it snapped. Ten hours and five minutes!

R. C. collapsed then, and assuredly showed the effects of that long battle. Today his hands, arms, back and legs are swollen, and very sore. Yet he was in fine condition at the outset of this struggle. Otherwise of course it would have been useless to attempt it.

This swordfish probably weighed somewhere between four and five hundred pounds. In that rough sea he was unbeatable. Perhaps if we had been fortunate enough to have had smooth water R. C. might have whipped him. But the job would have been tremendous.

**Z**ANE GREY would not have consented to write monthly for this magazine if his heart and soul were not devoted to the I. W. L. A. crusade to save our fishing and hunting.

Brother Sportsmen, common sense must tell you that we cannot at present afford to pay men of the fame and name whose writings appear in this single issue. Where and when have you seen so many famous Americans in any one issue of any magazine? These great men have written and will continue to write these articles and stories so that the rank and file of American anglers and hunters may realize the terrible need of National Organization. They themselves are members of the I. W. L. A. and wear its bronze button. It's their way of doing their bit to save out-door America. Are you doing your bit—my brother?

The Editor.





# “The I Remember When Stream— of Tomorrow”

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Vice-Pres. The Outlook Company



THE mail man recently brought me a letter from Mr. Dilg, asking me for an article on “The I Remember When Stream.” In the same pouch came a letter from the veteran manager of one of the largest fish and game clubs in the state of Maine, telling me of the progress which had been made in the past two years towards eliminating the possibility of having to write such an epitaph over the lakes and streams in his charge. This veteran of twenty years of stream management wrote that “the adoption of the barbless hook by many of our members is doing more to protect and improve our fishing than anything else which the club has yet tried.”

The coincidence of these two letters from Mr. Dilg and my friend, the superintendent, has led me to add the words “of tomorrow” to the title which Mr. Dilg gave me. The members of the Izaak Walton League ought not to object, for they are forward-looking folk with their eyes set on preserving the fishing waters for their children as well as for themselves.

Heaven knows that there is work aplenty for those who are laboring to cleanse our polluted lakes and streams and to restore to them their normal fish life. But there are, even in this wasteful America of ours, acres of water and miles of stream which are still preserved practically in a primitive condition. Now is the time to see that these waters are handed on to our children as they came to us,—clean and fruitful. The danger to the streams and lakes lies in the fact that though many people no longer carry home their “catches” as they used to do in the old days, they fish and throw back, fish and throw back, until the tale of their destruction may be larger than that of the older fishermen who insisted upon exposing their trophies before their admiring friends. The remedy for this destruction is comparatively simple. To insure the lives of the smaller fish returned to the waters and of the bigger ones which one does not wish to kill costs the price of one file.

Every fly fisherman who fishes for trout in wild waters should take the barb from his hook if he cannot secure from his unprogressive tackle dealer a real barbless fly such as decorates this article. With a real barbless hook or one from which the barb has been smoothly filed, it is possible to release any fish, small or large, without touching it with the hands. Anyone who has released a fish from a barbless hook by a mere slacking of the line or by reaching over the side of his boat and slipping the hook from the lip of the trout will never want to go back to the old tongue-tearing, gill-bruising way of pulling the barb from the mouth of a tightly held fish. I have known of experiments which indicated that a large percentage of even those fish which were held with wet

hands and from which the barbed hook was removed with the utmost care perished after their release.

I know that there will be many who have not tried a barbless fly in trout fishing who will wonder how many fish will escape from a barbless hook when a hungry frying pan needs them which would not otherwise have been lost. Judging by my own experience I should say that even a moderately skillful angler will not lose ten per cent more fish from a barbless hook than from a barbed. I have caught trout without unusual difficulty in swift water on a barbless hook and in still water I have successfully brought to the net land-locked salmon weighing two pounds and a half. Anyone who knows the pyrotechnic ability of a land-locked salmon will realize that the barbless hook is no sentimentalist's toy.

Neither is it an invention of modern angling radicals. The English have fished with barbless hooks for many years and there have been individual American anglers who have likewise long been familiar with their use. One of these veteran fishermen, Mr. W. A. Putnam, who wields a most skillful rod, recently wrote to the “Outlook” cordially commending its advocacy of barbless fishing. Here is his testimony concerning the use of the barbless hook in Adirondack waters a generation ago. Mr. Putnam writes:

“The greatest sport I ever had, over thirty years ago, was on a narrow but deep stream in the Adirondacks, when fishing from the bow of a canoe, with a guide in the stern. He silently and slowly paddled me up the stream while I cast ahead. When we backed out (as we could not turn around), we had twenty fine ‘black-backed’ trout in the canoe, all caught with a barbless hook, and all weighing from one to two pounds. Many smaller fish weighing under a pound I easily shook off by giving them the slack, without hurting them a bit.

“I wish the State would pass a law prohibiting the use of barbed hooks altogether. Keep up your good work.”

“There seems to be some hope that, in one State at least, Mr. Putnam's wish may be fulfilled, for the members of the fishing preserve, of which my friend the superintendent is manager, are talking of asking the Maine Legislature to protect some of their lakes and streams which abound in smaller fish with a barbless fly fishing law. Whether this will prove feasible or not I do not know, for it takes time to educate even the best of good sportsmen to support so radical a proposition. I do know, however, that if a bill to this effect is introduced in the Maine Legislature, I shall journey all the way to Augusta to give it such support as I can in the legislative hearings. It will be a pioneer law which may have by its example a tremendous effect upon preserving the fishing heritage of America.



MR. PULSIFER is truly the “Avatar of the barbless hook” in this country. A recent issue of “The Fishing Gazette” London, England, has an article devoted to barbless hooks proving that barbless practice is spreading throughout the world of sportsmen as it deserves to spread.

Mr. Pulsifer writes, “Ever since one of my best guides stepped on a barbless hook and then pulled it out without resorting to his knife, he has been a staunch convert to my way of angling and so are many of his fellow guides.”

But seriously, every week or so some high-souled angler drops in and discourses fervently about barbless hooks. The day of the barbless hook is coming and coming fast.

We are fortunate indeed to have this distinguished editor, publisher and Wallonian write for us and he promises more.





# The Passing of Three Lakes

By B. F. Wilder

**E**ARLY in June, nearly twenty years ago now, I visited a certain lake to enjoy its reputed bass fishing with the fly. On my arrival I was placed in communication with a guide and we sat down together to discuss ways and means.

"You've struck it about right," he said. "If you can cast a fly, we ought to get sixty or seventy a day now."

I regarded him in silence; in my heart I felt him to be a very great liar. My disbelief may have been apparent; anyway, he flushed and drew a notebook from his pocket.

"Yesterday," he said, after consulting his record, "we got seventy-six. Day before, ninety. The day before that we got only forty-two. It was a poor day," he explained apologetically; "cold and windy. We didn't fish much. The day before that—"

"Sufficiency," I interrupted; "I reserve decision. But my ancestors were among those hardy pioneers who blazed a pathway through the trackless wilderness that is now known as Missouri." "I'll show you," he replied calmly.

He did. We fished together for nearly a month, and we did catch sixty or seventy bass a day, sometimes more, all of which were returned unharmed to the water. Truly, that lake was an angler's paradise! For a time it held its own, and then: The bass began to run smaller and there were fewer of them. The breeding places, where the beds had been so close together that the lake bottom looked like a vast checkerboard, were now only sparsely bedded. In some places the bass did not bed at all. Plainly, the fishing was going and going fast. But why? The law was good. It prohibited the taking of small fish, its limit was low, and it required the immediate return to the water of all surplus fish. And the law was obeyed: indeed, few anglers took any bass for food.

All agreed that the lake was failing, but as to why opinion was divided. Some believed a disease had attacked the bass; others argued the lake could not breed enough to replace those taken for food, and so the limit should be cut. And though some of the old timers testified that in the days of market fishing the lake had supplied even a greater quantity, the limit was reduced—and it was reduced again the following year. But in spite of this the fishing grew steadily worse, and the theory of a mysterious disease gained ground.

One day, while taking a trip around the lake with the captain of an excursion steamer, the engine broke down and we floated over a long, sandy shoal on which some ten or a dozen boats had been still fishing that morning. There was almost a flat calm, the water was not more than fifteen feet deep and we could see the bottom clearly. Lying on the yellow sand below were dead bass, and as we slowly floated the length of the shoal we saw many of them.

"Those?" said the captain, replying to a question. "Why, I guess those were killed by the fellows who were here plug fishing—what you call still fishing."

"They weren't exactly killed," he explained, in response to another question. "They just died. You can't get your hook out of a bass' stomach without hurting him some. Some of 'em die."

"That ought to be stopped," said some member of the party.

"How the devil are you going to stop it?" asked the captain. "The law lets you fish with bait after June, don't it? And you can fish all you want to, if you throw back the small fish and don't take more than the limit, can't you? Well, then!"

"The law could be changed."

"You just try it!" cried the captain hotly. "You'll have every guide in the place in your hair. They've got to live, and there ain't no real good fly fishing after

June, now. Besides, plug fishing is the poor man's sport: he don't need expensive rods and things for that. If he's got a cane pole and can raise the price of a boat, he's as well off as you fellows, who don't care what you spend. You just try and stop it!"

Well, we did; but our efforts did not meet with public approval. I'll say they didn't! We were defeated by the captain's deadly argument—that still fishing is the poor man's sport—and we were utterly routed and swept from the field by a ringing speech to the effect that no city bunch is going to learn us natives what laws to pass.

Seeing clearly the finish of the lake, I searched for another and had the luck to find one the following year. It was not as good as the first, but it was good. For a couple of years it held its own; then still fishing with live bait broke out and the lake declined. It is dead, now.

I did not wait for the end, for my guide had tipped me to a better lake, one at least the equal

of any I have ever fished. Fly fishing might be had there from the season's opening to the coming of frost, and for eight years I enjoyed magnificent sport. I rather hogged that precious bit of water—I confess it frankly. In eight years I told of its angling possibilities to but four people, all of whom I knew to be fly fishermen.

The lake was by no means unknown, but all who visited it were anglers who knew the value of what they were privileged to enjoy and who fished with due regard to the rights and privileges of others. In short, they were sportsmen—not sports. Moreover, the local Fish and Game Association recognized the value of the fishing and took steps to preserve it. Fish ways were built; screens installed; portions of the lake were set apart for breeding grounds and fishing there prohibited; and with that treatment the bass increased and multiplied.

And now, this lake is going: indeed, compared to what it was one year ago, it has gone. The bass are fewer and smaller; the breeding grounds, where last year the beds almost touched each other, are now but sparsely bedded; on some of the best grounds there are no beds at all. There are no signs of disease; the

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*If there is a better fly fisherman in America than Ben Wilder, your editor has never met him. Few men can write about anything better than our friend, B. F. Wilder. He has edited several national magazines and in his day he has made the whole nation sit up and pay attention. Mr. Wilder, quite like Sir Walter Raleigh, has many great talents. Among these is his ability to tie and invent fly rod lures. He is the inventor of the fly rod sensation of 1922. He was at one time champion amateur pistol shot of the United States. Wilder at once saw the vision of national organization and was one of the organizers of the New York Chapter of the League. Now, my brother, how long are you going to hesitate before you organize an I. W. L. A. chapter in your city?*





# Dedicated to Sam

My First Hunting Dog  
By TRAVERS D. CARMAN



THESE he was, his name was Sam, and he was mine. Dad said so and that settled it. My mother looked doubtful, and my sister smiled in a particularly offensive way, I thought! But dad understood, put his arm half on, half around my shoulder, and said: "Son, the puppy's yours, and you are his master. He comes from the best Gordon setter stock that's bred. It's up to you to make a real hunting dog out of him. No one else will interfere. He's yours to feed, wash and train, and I'm counting on you and the puppy to help train each other." And then they left me alone with my first hunting dog!

When I was quite sure that the family were well out of sight, I took the puppy up in my arms and sought the friendly seclusion of the rear of the barn, where I held him close as tears of joy blinded my eyes and rolled down my face, to be promptly licked away by the rough, dark tongue of my youthful, affectionate companion. When my emotion had passed, I realized that there was man's work to be done—a hunting dog to be raised and trained. Broad of head, with silky, shiny coat of black and tan, straight, well-feathered brush and great brown, loving eyes, what did it matter if he did seem all legs? That was the puppy of him.

I carried him into the kennels to the dignified disgust of "Baby Quin" and "Charlie V," my father's two magnificent setters, and put him in a run with a small individual kennel house attached. There we got acquainted, and day by day his training progressed. I had been old enough to hunt with my father for three years previous to being presented with Sam, and had had the splendid opportunity of watching him train and hunt his own dogs. I was fortunate in this, for my father was one of the finest sportsmen I have ever known. As a lover of dogs, sport, the great out-of-doors and the principles of real conservation, he truly lived up to the spirit of the Izaak Walton League.

## A Tragic Monday

As a puppy, Sam's first "overt" act that got us both into trouble happened one memorable Monday morning. In those days our blessed mothers personally presided over the hanging out of the wash and the laying out of the "company linen" on the grass to bleach. Upon this occasion, at the psychological moment, which was when the wash was out and the linen spread upon the grass, Sam squirmed, with final successful wiggle, through a hole he had dug under the baseboard of his run and sought new worlds to conquer. With inquisitive glance and sidewise gait he advanced up the road toward the house, basically dog but superficially dirt that encased him as a result of his recent mole-like activities.

He came to the back lawn and was for a moment startled by the flapping of the clothes on the line, then entranced by their uncertain, surprising motion. He advanced and stepped, seemingly by accident, upon a piece of "company linen." It gave way under his feet in fascinating fashion. Becoming entangled in it, he tripped and fell, to roll in panic, tugging with sharp teeth at the cause of his downfall. Struggling to his feet, with firm grip upon one end of embroidered table center-

piece trailing out behind him, he encircled the lawn with dire wreck of linens in his wake. I had been too distant a witness of the drama to intervene until this point. I recognized the fact that the puppy was not to blame, nor deserving of punishment, so caught him, carried him back to his kennel, stopped up the hole and reported with considerable apprehension to general headquarters. I was "admonished" by exasperated mother, and sought the seclusion and safe neutrality of the haymow.

Of course, Sam went through the various phases of puppy life, but from the beginning he was free from the slightest suspicion of a yellow streak. He would take his punishment with scarce a whimper, and face it without flinching. His nose, too, was remarkably good, and he was soon pointing anything from a strutting rooster to an outraged cat.

## Sam and the Bumble Bee

His love of pointing, in fact, involved him in a painful experience. We were out for a walk and skirting a field of clover when a huge bumble bee lighted on a particularly large clover blossom beside us, anxiously seeking its sweetness, and clinging on desperately as his weight bent down the flower. Sam immediately froze in a point, with nose less than a foot away from the bee. The latter resented the intrusion, and promptly with great dexterity proceeded to register his resentment upon the nose of Sam. A sharp yelp of pain followed, and then a wild rush with head in air in futile pursuit of the offender, who went sailing angrily away. Forepaws could not remove the burning pain, and only after diligent rubbing of his extremity in the wet, muddy sod was the agony relieved and Sam himself again.

## Shot Broken

The summer passed, and kennel broken, Sam was ready for his first lesson on the hunting field. I had already accustomed him to the sound of a gun, shooting first some distance from the kennels while he was eating his breakfast, but in sight of the dog, who knew I was there. He looked up at the shot, but was not disturbed, returning immediately to his meal, and soon became indifferent to the sound of the gun at any time. This accomplished, I then taught him to charge whenever I shot, and rewarded him each time with a bit of meat, until the gun and its report were associated in his mind with something pleasant.

## Sam's First Point

One day in late October I took him out into likely cover, and though but seven months old, he found quail and pointed staunchly. I walked up beside him and he kept pace with me as I slowly followed the direction of his nose until the birds flushed with a whirl. Discharging my gun in the general direction the birds had taken (the "open season" was still several weeks away), he promptly charged to shot, and was thus saved by his own act from the temptation of rushing after the birds. I knew then that I had a real dog in the making and that, as my dad had said, "it was up to me."

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# My Own Little River

(In Memoriam)

By

LIONEL F. PHILLIPS

**B**Y a strange coincidence I found a letter from Friend Dilg waiting for me as I returned a few minutes ago from a day on the stream that has been thought of as "my own stream." He asks for a story of a stream suddenly polluted; my waders are still on me as I write the memorial of such a stream, for I have just waded "my own trout stream" for the last time. It isn't easy to sit down and write with any calmness at the passing of another bit of fishing water, and the desire to go out and slaughter a few lumbermen may interfere with this tale, but Friend Dilg asks, and that is enough for this humble follower of Izaak Walton.

Was there ever a lover of the split bamboo and feathered lure who did not have one favorite stream to which he referred in nothing but words glowing and white hot, even going so far as to "yarn" a bit to members of the fishing fraternity? Ye Scribe has (or rather had) such a stream, and though it was a good hundred miles distant from the city where Ye Scribe earns his daily bread and rare pat of butter, that only made it more worth while. True, simply because there were plenty of trout swimming around in it, or lurking under its rocky ledges was no reason for believing that there would be fish in the pan every evening, but it had the merit of being unknown to that vast army of "auto trouters." They look into the Blue Book, see the signs and symbols meaning "poor and dirt roads," and leave it alone for the stream that can be reached by a concrete road. Ye Scribe does the same thing when he has to, but that doesn't make him appreciate an unfished stream any less.

This stream was Ye Scribe's favorite for many reasons. Twenty years ago, when dry flies were unknown, he took his first trout (on a grasshopper!) out of it. Did you, or any other angler ever forget his first trout, or have any but kindly feelings for the stream? Can one pass by the stream where one's Grandfather once took his share of the "living arrows of the brook" and on whose bank in the church graveyard his bones now lie? Here are reasons enough for Ye Scribe's fondness for this mountain stream of the pine region, and many the speckled beauty has come to rest in his battered creel, for, mark this well, here was no brook stocked by man with rainbows or the ugly foreign trout, but a relic of the days when the hatchery was unknown and real native trout lived in our brooks.

Picture, if you can, a brook whose origin was in a spring bubbling up from its sandy bed on a mountain top, and rushing down that mountain, now dashing over a ledge in miniature imitation of Niagara, now flowing silently into a rocky bottomed pool, surrounded by the "towering pines and the hemlocks." Picture a stream so beautiful that it impresses the work worn imagination of the local dwellers of this picturesque region. There can be no greater tribute to its glory than to say that in the village store there are no fewer than four post card views of this stream, highly colored but still beautiful. Can you wonder, brother fishermen, that even if the fish proved too much for our poor skill, that we

never regretted a day spent on such a stream, or that we made our boasts to our angling friends? Beauty such as this can never go unheeded by the fisherman, even though he may angle for trout in a stream whose bottom is littered with rubbish from the city rubbish dumps, when he can't do better, and even enjoy the fishing!

Nearly ten months had passed since last we visited "my stream," so yesterday Ye Scribe and his fishing pal decided to spend a week-end on it. What mattered the hundred mile drive, planned to end at sunrise at the stream, and over horrible roads? We are no poem writing sentimentalists, but we silently thought of its beauty and talked of its known (to us) trout producing ability if the gods were kind. Just before sunrise we crossed the long bridge and saw our mountain in the distance. Something was wrong, for the mountain top, once crowned with the blue green of aged pines, was

gone, and in its place was the sere brown of death, with here and there the rocky ribs of that mountain sticking out like those on a skeleton. At the mouth of the little brook, where it entered the river, was a hideous shed with logs and the huge pile of yellow sawdust to tell us what had killed our mountain.

Still, lumbering does not necessarily mean the end of trout fishing, and thanking our stars that the sawdust pile was not leaking its poison into the stream for any great distance, we started in at the big pool above the pile, where the King dwelt. What mattered that he would never rise to flies, or accept any bait if attached to a string? Maybe this time he would take our feathers, so we tossed him our old standby—the Coachman. No sign of the King, so we started on our way, clambering over felled trees, tangling our rods in the piles of branches, circling around huge hills of dead and withered limbs and tops. We fought our way up-stream, sometimes wading the brook,

sometimes circling around the banks to reach a good pool. We tried our flies until we had exhausted our patterns and sizes; we worked harder than we had when we tried to solve the mysteries of Q. M. C. forms in outfitting our first company, but not a rise did we get.

There is little use in describing the scene that is so familiar to every fisherman at some period in his angling life. Being the unregenerate fishermen that we are, we did not quit when we had no luck with flies, either wet or dry, but fell back on that time honored bait that causes shudders among the true fly fanatics, the Lumbricus terrestris, or in plain words, the common "wum." This is not a confession but a statement of fact, even though we substituted the baited hook for the bunch of feathers with a bit of sadness in our hearts. We floated large worms and small down the pools, as we worked our way up that stream, drowning a multitude of the squirming beasts but bringing just one fish to net, an undersized, weary looking, hollow eyed chub.

Thus the morning passed, we had our lunch and had returned again to our fishing, gradually working our

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*HERE is a gem of a story and it carries a lesson no principled angler can read and not feel it a sacred duty to join in with his brothers of I. W. L. A. It is from the brilliant pen of Lionel Phillips, who is loved by all those who love outdoor America. Here is a story coming from the heart of a born angler. It may be possible to make an angler but not such an angler as is Lionel Phillips. Brother Phillips was one of the first to welcome the I. W. L. A. and he wrote us an essay on the need of National Organization and some day we intend to print it. In the meantime, my brothers, do your bit—outdoor America is worth saving and we expect yeoman service from every mother's son of you.*

*The Editor.*





# 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 province of this department is to consider all matters pertaining to the Pollution of Public Waters. Its discussions will embrace the contamination of inland streams by the poisonous emendations from industrial plants on their banks, the foul and filthy sewage from towns and neighboring cities, and the dumping of deleterious matter into coastal estuaries from passing vessels.

The wide-spread evil of pollution of public waters in its various forms will be duly considered from every possible angle; from that of the mill owners as well as from that of the angler, the municipal boards of health and from the welfare of the general public.

The agency of this pollution in the destruction of fish life and fish food, its pernicious effect on the livestock of the farmer, and its menace to public health will be taken up, impartially considered, and ways and means dealing with its amelioration or prevention will be advocated. This department will favor and support any law or measure, State or Federal, having for its object the abatement of this nation-wide evil.

The pollution of public waters is hydra-headed in its various forms and phases. It may be organic or inorganic. It is organic in the waste and offal from pulp mills, beet sugar factories, canning factories, packing houses and slaughter houses and from sewage. A swiftly running stream has a tendency to purify itself by precipitation where the amount of waste is not excessive, but at the best it is always deleterious, and is deposited on the spawning beds whereby the eggs are smothered and fry killed. Its worst effect is its appropriation of the oxygen of the water to the detriment of fish life.

The discharge of waste water, acids and other chemicals from paper mills, steel mills, starch factories, etc.; the sulphate of iron in solution, or copperas water, the foul water from the washing of coal at coal mines, and the polluted waste water from copper mines and tailings are directly poisonous to fish life and especially to the minute organisms that form the food of newly-hatched fry.

There are various means that have been employed to combat the nuisances mentioned as filtering plants of gravel, coke and coarse sand, settling pools and septic tanks which have accomplished some good, but much remains to be done on these lines, for really, the problem of the purification of public waters is yet in its infancy. The owners of such industrial plants that have inaugurated means for taking care of the waste have no cause for regret inasmuch as they have derived much profit from the resultant bi-products and fertilizing material.

The columns of this department will always be open to those who earnestly desire to discuss the great problem of pollution of public waters, and the valuable aid of biologists and chemists will be warmly welcomed. And most of all, because they are so vitally interested, do we desire to hear from our brother anglers on the

subject, relating such facts as may come under their observation.

Personally, I have given much thought and consideration to this subject for many years, and tentatively, at least, I have thought of plans and expedients for overcoming or lessening the evils of pollution. Many years ago I fished some trout streams near Warren, Pa. It was during the oil excitement of that time and many

wells, wet and dry, had been bored in that vicinity. While fishing I came to a flowing well of sulphur water. Spouting out from an eight-inch iron pipe was a volume of clear, cold water, strongly impregnated with sulphurous acid, and which had formed a large brook before it emptied into a neighboring stream. The stones in the brook and stream, for a mile at least, were blackened by the sulphurous acid, and the water was utterly devoid to fish of any kind.

That flowing well set me thinking; and in after years, with my experience with artesian wells in Mississippi, I pondered on the advisability of sinking artesian wells along the course of a polluted stream as an additional aid to its purification, as an addition to its volume, and as an important factor in augmenting its supply of oxygen. When I was Superintendent of the Federal Fisheries Station at Tupelo, Mississippi, for the propagation of black bass, there were ten artesian wells on the grounds, 400

feet deep, each well having a capacity of 400 gallons per minute when pumped through a four-inch iron pipe, any one of the wells was sufficient for a pond of several acres in extent. Every farm or plantation in Mississippi had one or more artesian wells whereby the health of the state was improved a hundred per cent.

As I have never heard the project of using artesian wells for purifying infected streams, spoken of, nor any allusion to it in print, I believe the theory to be entirely original with myself; nevertheless I think the plan feasible and practicable, though at my advanced age I can hardly expect to see the project practically demonstrated, and I leave the idea to be worked out to a successful conclusion by the Izaak Walton League of America.

(Cincinnati Times-Star, July, 19, 1922)

## Crusade for Better Care of Fish and Game

Will be Undertaken by Branch of Izaak Walton League

A new chapter will be established very soon through the personal efforts of Dr. James A. Henshall, author of the "Book of the Black Bass," and who is known the country over as the apostle of the black bass, father of the grayling and dean of American anglers. Dr. Hen-

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DR. JAS. A. HENSHALL is deservedly loved by millions of American anglers.

No man has done so much for fishing and fishermen as has the "apostle of the black bass" and the father of the grayling, the "Flower of Fishes."

Dr. Henshall has devoted more than the average life time to better fishing conditions for his countrymen. It would be useless to attempt to compare his services to angling with those of any other man. Dr. Henshall absolutely stands ALONE in this respect.

Now when 86 years young he has consented to edit and direct our Pollution Department—undoubtedly the most important subject with which the League has got to battle. Where could a more eloquent argument be found for every man of us to do our bit?





# Getting Acquainted with the Birds

By BOB BECKER

Editor "Woods and Waters"

—Chicago Tribune



IN making our bow as the official blue penciler in this corner of the magazine devoted to birds, ye Ed confesses that he is somewhat stumped. There is so much to be written in such a small space—that is one problem. The other is, what shall we call this chatty, informal little corner devoted to a better acquaintance with our bird neighbors? So many names have been suggested, but as yet we haven't quite struck the right one. In the hopes of receiving from you some valuable suggestions for naming this department, we are authorized to offer the following prize: A dozen trout flies to the man who can suggest a better name than the one now at the head of this page.

Inconsistent to offer fishing tackle as a prize in this department? Not a bit. There are hundreds of fishermen who are bird fans. If they aren't they ought to be. Offhand we can name a score of anglers who are pretty fair ornithologists and who get 100 per cent more enjoyment out of a fishing or camping trip because they can recognize a bird and a bird song when they follow a trout stream or put in time on a lake.

We have been trying to get better acquainted with our bird friends for many years, and each season brings some new experience, some new thrill that quickens our interest in the feathered creatures. Did you ever come upon the nest of a catbird in a thicket along a trout stream, or did you ever stop to enjoy the song of the woodthrush as you lay on the bank of a brook that yields the speckled beauties? If you haven't there is yet ahead of you some thrills and some pleasure in connection with the great old sport of angling.

There is of course a great body of anglers in America who are vitally interested in some kinds of birds, namely, game birds. We are going to devote considerable space in this little corner to this class of birds, and later on in the fall ye Ed sees where there will have to be established a little clearing house for places to go bird shooting.

But irrespective of where your interest lies in the subject of birds, we hope to make this department of value and interest to you. It is going to be yours, absolutely. From night hawks to screech owls, from blue herons to catbirds, the scope is unlimited. We'll get acquainted with them all, tell each other interesting experiences we have had with these feathered friends, and where necessary we will fight to protect them and increase their numbers.

In some sections this question of protection of game birds is a vital subject. It is just as vital and important in some respects as the problem of fish conservation, and with so many angler-hunters and so many hunter-fishermen we can without doubt put in some good licks at conservation of bird life as well as conservation of our fishing resources.

As to the fascinating little stories or experiences that you and I can exchange in this department, witness this. Had a letter the other day from a bird fan in Michigan, who wrote me of seeing a young screech owl (that's the

fellow that entertains you at night when you are sitting around the camp fire) knocked from a limb by a robin that was trying to mob the poor screecher. The owl, being unable to fly, walked up the tree trunk, using its feet and beak like a parrot. Did you ever hear of an owl pulling a trick like that? That is only a sample of the unique and interesting things with which we can pack this corner.

Bring on your questions, "shoot" your experiences; let's get acquainted with each other and with birds. Every fisherman should know something about them. Not so long ago we were on a little trip with a fishing pal and his 15-year-old son. The "old man" hadn't taken such an awful interest in birds, although he had been putting in a good many months each year along lake and stream. But that boy was a bird student, I tell you. He knew 'em by their calls, too. While lunching in a patch of woods during the noon hour we would hear a bird call, and the boy would ask, "Know that one, Pop?" But pop didn't know 'em, although he confessed to me afterward that he was learning something from the youngster,

and admitted that it was more fun prowling around in the woods looking for nesting birds than he ever dreamed there could be in such sport.

The man who knows birds need never fear solitude, not even in the primitive forest, miles from civilization. If there are birds there he has friends. Many of these wild feathered creatures are truly friends, as they will sit upon your hand to take proffered food. The chickadee will do this, and many a bird fan has had this experience.

Where there are lakes and streams there are birds—the one subject interlocks with the other. You and I, to be all-round outdoorsmen, should know something of all wild creatures and their habits. Not so? If we can make fishing and hunting more enjoyable by knowing birds, let's do it.

The sky is the limit in this corner—horned owls to Chinese pheasants. Let's go!

*OUR friend Bob Becker, like Col. Roosevelt and John Burroughs, loves and knows birds and there are none better able to edit this department of our magazine, besides there is a kindly good sportsmanship running through all of Bob's writings.*

*Bob Becker is recognized as an authority on this subject and has directed two South American rare bird explorations for the Field Museum. Every true angler and hunter loves birds, and while most of us can tell a few by sight and by note the most of us are way below par on bird lore.*

*Bob's bird page will prove of immense interest and of importance because it will in narrative form teach every member of our families much about our field and woodland songsters. You must watch this department because it is going to be great.*

## Editorial

*From the Izaak Walton News, Published Monthly at Dayton, Ohio, by the Dayton Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America*

There's too many "crow" fishermen in this country! Wow! That's a hot one! Yes, but it's true!

What is a "crow" fisherman? Well, to make the newly coined name a name with a moral we will explain it like this: The farmer works hard to till his soil, then he plants the corn in rows—so many grains to the hill. If left alone the corn will grow to maturity and bear the big golden ears that feed our country.

Along comes the crow. He hasn't sense enough to

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# Game Rifles

By M. L. GOCHENOUR

Internationally Famed Hunter



TO arms that are fair, that take game, gamely—to the manner of the taking, if take we must, and not to the most destructive arms for the pursuit of our negligible game supply—"Game Rifles" is dedicated!

Camera, rifle, pistol and even shotgun may be classed as "game rifles," under certain given conditions. Their use will be encouraged by this department, roughly in the order named, though perhaps the rifle and rifle cartridges will command most space immediately, because that field is most highly developed, and a greater number of game sportsmen are interested in it.

Photography of our little and big "brothers of the outdoors" must receive first consideration in "game rifles," as it does from the unselfish, who think twice before exercising the natural advantages of genus homo. Use of the "movie" camera will be fostered with fondness akin to devotion. No other game rifle requires a comparable degree of skill, knowledge of game habits, patience or virtue! The trophy of the camera is common property in which all nature lovers may share, and there is no closed season on its use. May the conduct of this department in America's first untainted defender of international fish and game conservation in the outdoor magazine field supply worth while, if not valuable, information for camera hunters and multiply their numbers many fold!

Modern rifles proper involve primarily the wide field of cartridges, for the choice of a rifle aside from the ballistic properties and adaptability of its ammunition is largely a preference of action and design, so well are most American and English hunting rifles constructed. Thorough tests of every new rifle and cartridge will be made by the editor, if opportunity is given by the maker. Every possible encouragement will be given rifle practice, for while an expert shot on the range may suffer buck fever in the presence of game, it must be admitted that in this day of waning plenty no one should enter woods or field to take game who cannot shoot straight. Chance shots, shots at long ranges, where to strike a vital spot is a plain accident, and the use of inadequate ammunition, carrying bullets too small for consistent results or of insufficient velocity, will be discouraged, sanely but surely. Where trophies are the objective, or meat necessary at the price of life to some individual of the game species, let the kill be clean, certain and quick!

Pistols, especially the target variety, are deserving of much attention. The recent marked development in this field deserves a boost and will get it from these pages.

Even the shotgun may be a game rifle. If used gamely upon game, it will kill cleanly, and game for which the rifle is not adapted. In some regions, where the use of the rifle for game of medium size, such as deer and turkey, is dangerous to human life, use of the shotgun may even be defended with creditable logic. There have been recent improvements in shotgun ammunition that will receive appropriate attention from time to time, although there are many abler hands than those of the editor on shotgun ballistics. Approved use of the "scatter" guns will be limited to game and conditions for which the rifle is wholly impractical, if not dangerous, while the pump and automatic need not apply for smiles.

Perhaps the most useful province of "Game Rifles" will be to offer advice and give correct information in answer to all courteous inquiries, made in good faith. Frank admission will always be made of the editor's inability to give or obtain satisfactory answers to questions. All stock ammunition, guns, cameras, lenses or supplies will be tested, cheerfully and thoroughly, and the result made known in subsequent numbers, conservatively, yet giving due credit, untainted by "the trail of the serpent." There will be no pride in authorship. The chief concern will be worthy service to the great brotherhood of unselfish "Ike Waltons."

Our great hope is to be at once exact without being technical, to the end that useful information may be broadcast, indelibly impressing upon the Nimrods of America those

same high ideals to take forth into fields and woods, muskeg and mountains that more versatile pens of the angling editors will carry to the hearts of "game" fisherman on lake, stream and ocean.

Ballistics, data and statistics will all have their place, but our first aim in this department is to be practical in the manuscripts presented, as well as in answers to inquiries. Facts that may appear elementary to some may be a blazed trail that will save others from disaster in the trial and selection of arms for the big "out-of-doors." Our magazine was not conceived for an elite few. Like the Great League for which we speak, our true province is to educate, inform and make happy the great brotherhood of America's sportsmen, who must save and propagate the widow's mite that is left of Columbia's and Canada's heritage in Nature's own creatures of the wild and their original habitat.

We are not a long-whiskered aggregation of fanatics, bent on the prevention of hunting or fish-

ing—we are "Ike Waltons"! No wild preachment against the use of firearms will appear here. Yet, verily, the unsportsmanlike, the insufficient, the inadequate and the unfair need ask no quarter, be they cartridge, gun, equipment, person, firm or corporation. When we take game, let it be taken fairly, sparingly, judiciously, sensibly.

No theories will pass these portals to be tried out at the expense of outdoor folk, biped, quadruped or fowl! Worth while facts, gained in the saddle above timberline, at the paddle above "fifty-five," on the range, at the traps, over marsh, meadow and where we all are either wont to go or want to go—these and only these must have place here.

For those who must hunt with guns we will foster the light tackle pleas of our angling editors in precisely the converse order. All the common popular delusions about ultra long range shooting at any game, the use of light-weight bullets on big game, and small bore shotguns for the heavier varieties of small game, will be vigorously assailed by hard sense under the spotlight of experience.

There will be no radical attempt suddenly to work any miracle in the field of game rifles. Our premise will be that an overwhelming majority of outdoorsmen are clean thinkers, but need to stop and consider beyond the pass-often, with a varying degree of indifference, is the fundamental moment. A heedless thoughtlessness mixed, too

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*If the readers of "Game Rifles" could see the big game trophies of the editor of this page they would know that he is an expert both in theory and practice on his subject. Like many of the presidents of our Izaak Walton Chapters, Brother Gochenour is mostly a hunter and camera expert, but he is also no mean angler as the writer can testify who only recently waded the Tippecanoe and cast his flies with him on that crooked Indiana stream.*

*In truth our friend is more than a hunter and is an explorer as well. He is a giant for strength and endurance. Some of the arduous trips he has made into the untraversed wilds of North America have been a proof of these qualities. He has one in mind now and I hope he will give us his adventures.*





# Ozark Ripley Page

*Southern Game Fish Depredations  
by the Man Who Knows*

MARKED with a flood of poignant, as well as happy, memories, are my days in the land of Dixie after weighty large mouth and scrappy small mouth bass. A few hundred yards south from where the Jack and Conasauga meet in Alaculsa Valley, to merge into one larger Conasauga, is a slight elevation in a field, the identical place where Cleoga, the Cherokee, stood and signed his last treaty with the whites, ceding all the land of his people to them. Especially is this of importance, as it took in all the small mouth country of Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama, where countless streams once teemed with gamy micropterus.

Cleoga's tribe had only to shoot an arrow in the Jack at random to kill a fish. Such is the tale of the old descendants of the Cherokee chief, and they killed only what was needed.

And then came the white man and his queer ideas of progress, yet blazing a way for agriculture and mining, yet ruthlessly destroying wild life wherever found. Today were Cleoga living he would have found a trail of fish annihilation, which the writer beheld from the head of the Jack on to the upper tributaries of the Little Sequachie, which cuts its way through the rugged but beautiful Cumberlands. What he relates is not exaggerated, but tempered with the belief that things as they are are destined for a change.

At a point on Little River in northern Alabama a mountaineer considered it a waste of time to fish. Whenever he wanted bass he used a small stick of dynamite, and, innocent of harm or offense, offered the writer a supply. He saw no wrong in it, nor did he display any symptoms of it being an illegal practice.

Revert to the Cumberlands and the streams in Walden's Ridge, as well as the Smokys, and you will learn soon what dynamite has done. Not only has it destroyed two-thirds of the game fish, but it has wiped out almost entirely their food. You see small mouth bass with the markings and contour of an eight or ten-year-old fish, yet scarcely weighing a pound, and seldom a pound and a half. It is not that they are a dwarf race, as some believe, but simply because from birth they have been half starved and their food supply—minnows, crayfish, etc.—has been almost exterminated in the flat and round rock pools. Two-thirds of them have not spawned for years because from lack of food they are physically unable to produce eggs, as well as the alarming fact that a visit to their spawning beds means their deaths. As proof of all this I have caught fish after fish that has never spawned, and those that were not returned to water were the thinnest bass it has ever been my sorrow to see.

Here is what Southern small mouths have to survive. Most of the mountain streams chisel their way through flat rock. The most successful native fisherman is the one most adept with a sledge hammer. That is his fishing tool. He seeks the bass in these clear pools and frightens them so they will hide under the flat rocks. So soon as they take refuge there he pounds away with the hammer, and afterward picks up the dead or stunned fish. The small ones are wasted.

On the Little Sequachie—which is not an isolated case—last Fourth of July I saw hundreds of small mouth

bass of insignificant size killed with shotguns and rifles. I counted 48 men getting fish in this manner. It is a river of short, narrow rapids and shallow pools. Dynamite has exterminated the minnows and crayfish to such an extent that small mouths depend almost entirely on insects and are very near the surface on the alert for them. The water here is exceedingly clear. No matter the size of the small mouths, they were shot so soon as they hove in sight. At one very deep pool, about a mile long, the trees were filled with human beings—buzzards they should be called—equipped with high-power rifles, just like what years ago we saw at the deer licks in the different states.

In Southern states large mouths must go through the dangers also of the ever present high-power, just as they

do in the North, where they are supposed to be protected, and are only in a half-hearted way. The number killed, however, in this manner are comparatively insignificant to those taken with hoop, trammel nets and wire trap or funnel shape hoop nets in the swamps. The worst offender of all is the innocent looking wire hoop net. It catches bass where no other illegal device can be hidden and where most of the largest bass abide. They are set in the runs, or half out of water in the moss, flags, bonnet leaves and saw grass. So soon as minnows enter naturally follow the big mouths.

Right now the South has come to a full realization of what is happening, but it is handicapped by lack of funds, lack of publicity to game laws on the statute books, lack of enforcement by local officers, who regard game and fish laws as none of their business. The politician is the greatest enemy game fish have in the South. They play to the galleries, the violating element, because they are most numerous.

An instance of this is glaringly striking in a certain Tennessee county. A bill was passed prohibiting seining fish. The representative of that county, attributing it to the anglers who fished ethically, fostered a bill, passed it, and now it is the law in effect, whereby it is illegal for an angler to fish in that county with any artificial bait—whether fly or bait casting lure—at any time. He was merely playing to the galleries and listening to the time-worn cry that every fish and game law is made only for the benefit of the city sportsman.

Another instance when lack of publicity to fish laws came under the observation of the writer and attracted his attention because of the bad effect it had in general. In one of the Southern states there is a law prohibiting taking of bass from April until June. During this closed period an eminent judge of the circuit court fished with flies almost daily. He did not know he was an offender until told, and then he desisted and immediately deplored his acts.

The South does not lack high-class fishermen, who use ethical modern tackle. There are almost as many as in other parts of the United States. They believe in fish laws and practice what they believe. The main reason why much good does not come from them is, while numerically they are strong, collectively they are very weak.

If there are a hundred anglers in a town who believe

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*OZARK RIPLEY loves a fly rod almost as much as he loves his wife. "Ozark" was born in the heart of the Ozarks and he knows every inch of its waters. He has taken small mouth bass on a fly rod in every state where these game fish exist—something very few anglers can claim. Now John B. Thompson is his real name and his pen name was given to him by the famous Jack London whom he once took on a fly fishing trip and who strongly advised our friend to write. "Ozark Ripley" will write monthly for OUR magazine and if you want to know why every honest fisherman ought to join the I. W. L. A. just write him and he will give you an ear full and a heart full too.*





# A Message to Outdoor Americans

*Addressed to those who love outdoor America—with  
a closing plea to the rich sportsmen of our country.*

By  
WILL H. DILG



THE age of miracles is not over, for, behold, a miracle has been brought to pass within one hundred days, and this too before our very eyes. At last our twenty-five million fishermen and hunters are awakening, and scores of thousands who were blind have, as though by magic, been made to see and to understand.

A great NATIONAL CRUSADE to save outdoor America is abroad throughout the land and principled sportsmen everywhere are stirred and moved to their very souls. Old men and young men—rich and poor—our girls and our boys everywhere are joining in with the Izaak Walton League of America, which has "lighted a candle of understanding in the hearts of men that shall not be put out." For be it known in less than one hundred days this organization has grown to be a NATIONAL FACT.

What art, what charm, what magic has wrought this awakening? The answer is told in two words—NATIONAL ORGANIZATION. For many years the informed sportsman has known that national organization was the only way, and the sportsmen of America have wholeheartedly and with wide open arms welcomed the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA—a cause as clean as the winds which blow about our American mountain tops—it has no "commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it as its real basis," as that great American, Emerson Hough, points out in the fifth paragraph of his announcing editorial which appears in the first issue of the only magazine in history—OWNED BY THE SPORTSMEN OF A NATION.

Emerson Hough long studied this movement before he gave it his great heart—his great mind, and his great energy. He has addressed three great Izaak Walton Chapter meetings. A giant gathering of sportsmen joined in St. Louis on April 25th after he had spoken, and in Appleton, Wis., on June 5th the Outagamie Fish and Game Protective Association by a standing vote entered into official affiliation with this national organization. His third address was before the Chicago Chapter, and here he laid the foundation of this magazine. At the next meeting of the Chicago Chapter the rank and file of its members contributed upwards of eight thousand dollars so that this magazine might be born.

There is a spirit of REVOLUTION in the ranks of American sportsmen—something of the heart and courage of our revolutionary sires is moving the sportsmen of TODAY. Wherever lovers of outdoor America foregather, solemn questions are being asked. Like a bolt from the blue it has suddenly dawned on our millions of sportsmen that something must be done and done NOW if even a fragment of the outdoor America of our ancestors is to be saved for ourselves and for posterity. Hence the uprising, and hence the rush to rally around the banner of the Izaak Walton League of America.

No one man has brought this about, nor has any set

of men brought this about—it has been spontaneous and "just happened." Surely this national organization must be guided by the all wise hand of God, who surely loves our America. To me was given the honor of founding this great cause, which has so flamed in the hearts of sportsmen that letters of inquiry have poured in with every mail. The days and the weeks and months

which have since sped by have gone so rapidly I scarcely know what to say or how to say it.

My brothers, on January 14th fifty-four sportsmen were called together at the Chicago Athletic Club for luncheon. The invitations sent out announced that I would disclose a plan of national organization for sportsmen. This luncheon was not planned as are political meetings—there was no cut and dried program to be followed after I had read my paper devoted to national organization. No one was asked before the luncheon to arise and propose the first chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, and neither was any one asked to second such a motion. I had decided in my own mind that the men I had invited were all sportsmen in their hearts, and that if they could not see the great need of national organization, it would be futile for me to hope to convince them. Besides, I was no orator and had never made a speech in my life.

Then the Reverend Preston Bradley arose and with a clarion note in his matchless voice said: "From this day I announce myself a volunteer missionary for this great cause, which comes to me as a 'call to arms.'" Dr. Bradley has since addressed many a great meeting of sportsmen (without pay) and has brought hundreds of honest sportsmen into this national organization. January 14th will ever be a great day to me. That day was planted a seed which is now being watered and tended by a nation.

The first Izaak Walton Chapter was formed in Chicago. Today there are scores of chapters, and scores of Izaak Walton Chapters are being formed in every nook and corner of our beloved land. On March 1st our first office was rented (\$37.50 per month) and by March 14th our first stationery was delivered, so from March 14th we really made our first business-like step toward bringing about national organization. In thirty days we outgrew our first office and moved to a \$75.00 per month office, and July 1st we leased for six months 1,350 feet at a rental of \$200 per month.

It is a notable fact that the Izaak Walton League of America has never received a dollar from any source other than per capita dues. We have written, received, and answered thousands of letters from inquiring sportsmen everywhere. We have sent out thousands of booklets and circulars and functioned to the best of our ability solely on the yearly per capita dues of one dollar per member. We have produced lithographed stationery, charters, and membership cards and our League buttons are beautiful and costly. We have, too, sent out orators who were willing to give their services without pay so

## To the Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago

*UNLESS sportsmen take nationwide action to preserve game and fish they will not be preserved and our young people will lose a great heritage and educational influence, and older people a source of recuperation and enduring strength. Therefore I believe in national as well as state organization and action to protect and increase wild life as being absolutely essential in making and maintaining the highest type of American citizenship.*

Gifford Pinchot.





that the Izaak Walton message might be told to large gatherings of sportsmen.

Our great American newspapers have welcomed this organization, and in many ways have helped to make our crusade NATIONAL. I cannot begin to give space to print the names of all who have endorsed us editorially, but among these is the Chicago Tribune. In their issue of Sunday, May 28th, this famous newspaper said editorially: "Welcome the Izaak Walton League of America to the conservation movement of the country. It is too true that unless there is control of fishing, we may be fishless in the next generation. We have gone far toward deforesting the land. The wild life of prairie and woodland has been dangerously depleted. The automobilist is devastating the wild flowers. Indiscriminate fishing will make our lakes and streams tenantless. Common sense, if awakened and NATIONALLY ORGANIZED, will stop all of this heedless destruction. The American public is eminently teachable. All that is needed is education and that should be given on all lines of conservation. We believe the Izaak Walton League can get results, as the Audubon society has done for the protection of birds," etc., etc.

All that the average American knows about the Audubon society is that it has in some way saved our song birds from extinction and made every American boy a policeman on guard to protect our feathered songsters. The Audubon society was, however, fostered by a group of patriotic rich men who made its national educational activities possible. The Izaak Walton League of America has not had one patriotic rich man to aid it financially, yet it has, in one hundred days, grown far beyond the limits of any conservation activity in the history of this Republic. The rank and file of the sportsmen of our country have from the beginning seen that in this national organization lay their only hope. Has not Emerson Hough, who has battled for fifty years for American conservation, said of the League: "Surely, if it also shall fail, then all hope of outdoor America also has failed, and failed forever."

Of course, the Izaak Walton League has many wealthy members who wear the "I. W. L. A." button in their lapels and consider it an emblem of honor. It is but fair to these to declare that the League has never issued a plea for contributions, and such have had no means of knowing the need. The officers and the fifteen directors of the national body are not adepts at preparing such a plea. I have worked from early morning until late at night, and have attempted to do at least six men's work. In truth, I have not had the time to think of ways and means to raise money.

From the beginning, this League has been ABSOLUTELY SOLVENT, and if it were not SO YOUNG it would have plenty of money in its treasury. With the exception of the Chicago, New York, Milwaukee, and Indianapolis Chapters, none of the chapters organized are one hundred days old, and the majority are less than fifty days old. As I write, scores of chapters have membership drives in full swing, and it is quite impossible to collect per capita dues while chapters are all possessed with a drive for big membership. Many of them offer prizes of reels, rods, cameras, and other sporting equipment, and the contestants for these prizes, so our chapter treasurers tell us, refuse to turn in the signed membership cards or the money they have collected until the end of the drive. At this date, the League has several thousands of per capita dues coming to it. Every dollar

of this money will within a reasonable time be paid into the League's national treasury. But we cannot spend money to spread our propaganda UNTIL WE HAVE IT. Every business man knows that frequently business concerns grow too fast, and that the public's demand for their manufactured products outstrip production and the capital. This describes the League—it has grown faster than it has been able to collect its one dollar per capita dues.

In a sentence, the League needs money so that it may keep pace with its development and move forward more rapidly. Fifty thousand dollars would work wonders and it would speed the day of our having ONE MILLION MEMBERS, as Zane Grey writes. At the suggestion of some of our well-to-do members, we have decided to offer five hundred life memberships to those who can afford to buy them. The price set by our National Constitution is \$100 for a life membership. Every

sportsman subscribing to this fund will have his name enscrolled on a bronze tablet which is to be forever known as the PIONEER ROLL OF HONOR. This memorial will be conspicuously displayed in our National Headquarters and will be exhibited at every NATIONAL CONVENTION. I need not tell you that this imperishable tablet will become historical; neither need I say that the descendants of those who contribute in this way to this cause will have reason to be proud. The Izaak Walton League of America has already proved that it is destined to lead every conservation activity of the nation. It is already becoming a clearing house for sportsmen's conservation activities and already has to its credit real achievements. Negotiations are now under way which will bring into the League very influential forces, but no more can be said of this at present.

I have given you the plain unvarnished TRUTH. I have not written eloquently, but I have written truthfully. I have felt it a DUTY to make this announcement, so that those who have more than a plenty of this world's goods may be given the opportunity to help their brother sportsmen to speed the day when outdoor America will be FOREVER SAVED.

No one will be permitted to be enrolled on the Pioneer Roll of Honor if interested either directly or indirectly in the sale of unethical, and destructive articles. Nor will we accept money from any one who would exploit outdoor America. Such have knocked at our door but have been refused admission.

Understand, this national organization is composed of thousands of HE MEN, and it will continue to advance in NATIONAL POWER AND INFLUENCE without a single penny from any source other than \$1.00 PER CAPITA YEARLY DUES.

My friend, Zane Grey, who edits our sea angling department, writes: "The Izaak Walton League might be the power to save our fish for the boy anglers of the future. SURELY IT IS THE LAST HOPE. Anglers and hunters can be brought together in a united and tremendous force for good. What is needed is a million men all over the United States to enlighten the public to the fact that food and game fishes are in danger of extermination, to make new laws and to enforce them, and to educate young anglers in finer and more sportsmanlike ways—and to save the fish. IN A FEW YEARS IT WILL BE TOO LATE. Our streams and lakes can be restocked and conserved and we can multiply our fish hatcheries by fifty fold if the public will demand it

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### To the Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago

*It is a long cry from my early training as a fisherman, initiated by spitting on the bail in the hope of catching a catfish from an Iowa stream, to trying to direct the policies of the United States Bureau of Fisheries. It is, indeed, impossible to consider the fishing problems of the nation as a whole without one's mind reverting to those days, and the feeling that the American small boy has a distinct proprietorship in the game fishing of the United States. Nor does that fine sport, once incorporated into a man's life, ever leave it—nor should it.*

*We want to maintain our game fish—but we must do so by scientific conservation and by replenishment. In no other way can we give that fine honest recreation with its great returns in health and good humor to the whole of the American people.*

Herbert Hoover.





# The Crusade

By  
E. C. Kemper

**W**ILL DILG has asked me to write a story for the first issue of the Izaak Walton League Monthly. I can't do it. The hour has struck for the Outdoor God's chosen people—the fishermen, if you please—to stand up as one man, North, South, East and West, and pledge allegiance to the preservation of a thing most dear to their hearts, for the preservation of a thing which gives more joy and brings more real happiness than anything in the world, for the preservation of a sport which is almost a religion, which they hold in trust for their sons and daughters.

A crisis is at hand for us. Its outcome depends upon many things, but principally upon the anglers themselves. Here in Washington the anti-conservation spirit is strong within the Department of the Interior, in whose charge are the national parks and the public lands. Here we see the lobbies of the great commercial fishing interests; and here in the East we see the pollution of our streams with the tacit approval of State Legislatures, whose members think in the terms of the Almighty Dollar rather than in the terms of Almighty God. How can one of the rank and file write a story at such a time when his whole being urges him to spring to his feet and pledge himself to the Great Crusade, at the same time calling to his friends to join with him.

The problem of saving our game fish from extermination, as it exists in any particular section of the country, is the problem of all sections. Each is a unit in the great mosaic of commercialism and ignorance which hangs cloudlike over our streams and lakes.

Let me get down to brass tacks. Let me tell you men of the middle West and the far West what we are up against in the East. Not many years ago the watercourses of the Atlantic seaboard from New York to Florida were alive with trout, and with bass, small mouth and big mouth. Today the trout are gone, and the small mouth bass is gone generally speaking. Vanquished and being vanquished by pollution, by the criminal neglect of Federal and State governments, which have had no conception of the meaning of the word "conservation"! The big mouth bass, the remaining hope of the anglers and their kids in the Eastern States, is putting up a game fight against adverse conditions. His enemy is the commercial fisherman. Picture to yourself hundreds and hundreds of barrels of bass, for sale at 40 cents a pound, in the markets of Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other large cities. This situation exists every day in the year except for a few months in the closed season. Many of the States concerned have laws which make the taking of bass in nets or traps illegal at any time of the year. But the laws are not enforced. It is a curious situation which exists. We see a few men deliberately, openly and defiantly violating the laws of the State for the sake of financial gain, while a large number of men whose inherent rights as citizens in the fish of the streams are thereby destroyed. This great majority stands by supinely, because everybody's business is nobody's business.

We must organize—nationally. We have the numbers, we have the spirit, we have the money, and we have the leadership.

We of the East admire the way things are done in the

central West. We move more slowly, but just as surely. The Izaak Walton League can count upon a great development in the Eastern States in chapters, in members and in enthusiasm. We ask for a little patience from our leadership, because we are slow moving, and because we have many long-established angling clubs which must be converted by dint of hard work—and diplomacy—into Izaak Walton chapters, or at least into affiliation with the I. W. L. A.

The Potomac Anglers' Association is a fair sample of such a club. It has some 500 members in the States of Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia. It is making a local fight for the very principles on which the League is organized. It has pending before Congress legislation to make illegal the sale of bass in the District of Columbia, and it has in preparation the draft of a bill to make illegal the interstate shipment of bass; it pays to every game warden for every conviction of persons violating the fish laws a reward of \$10.00; it is receiving the increasing support from the press, and it is trying to win over its public to the idea of game fish protection. We are handicapped in this, and in other respects, because the average citizen of an Eastern State thinks that the best and only use for a game fish is to eat it.

In accomplishing these objects the Potomac Anglers' Association can be greatly aided by a national organization, and the same thing is true of every other Eastern angling society. The sooner they see the light the better for all.

While the existing clubs, and new ones, are slowly falling into the ranks the individual angler can take action on his own account. He can join the Izaak Walton League and swear allegiance to this great Crusade, first inspired by the vision of Will

Dilg; and now going into battle with commercialism and ignorance—a battle which will be won by no individual but by the Will, the Spirit, and the Devotion of millions of fishermen, whose love for streams and lakes is nothing else than the worship of God in its simplest, truest form.

## From Romer Zane Grey

### Veritably a Chip of the Old Block

I am ten years old. I love to fish. I have fished in Pennsylvania, New York, Arizona and California. My Dad writes books and tells fish stories—some of them whoppers. Because there are no places now where fish are so thick as when he was a boy. I like best his stories of catching sunfish and catfish and black bass, when all you had to do was throw in your hook—and wham! you had one.

My Dad takes me places where there are a few fish left. And so I have fun. But I wonder what the lots of boys do who are not so lucky as I am. They ought to have places to fish. It was fishing and hunting that made the pioneers of early days such men. I say the Daddies who love to fish should somehow get together and fix it so their boys could also learn to love to fish.

*HERE is a great essay on the need of National Organization. "The Crusade" is its title and it was written by a Crusader who sprang from a long line of Crusaders. E. C. Kemper is of the famous Kemper family of Old Virginia. A Kemper was a governor of the "Old Dominion" and a Kemper led a brigade of Virginians in Pickett's immortal charge at Gettysburg. Kempers have always played their part in Virginia and American history. Mr. Kemper is now organizing an Izaak Walton Chapter in Washington, D. C. Besides being an attorney our friend is prominent in national architect circles. He writes delightful fishing stories and we may expect many from his facile pen.*





# The Out-Door Woman

By  
MARGUERITE IVES



**A**BOUT twenty years ago, a girl who had never before been in the woods, spent her honeymoon camped on a jewel of a lake set in the heart of northern Wisconsin.

Perhaps the camp was four or five miles from a railroad, but had she been in the most remote, far flung jungle of the earth, her trepidations, her thrills, her passionate interest could not have been greater. Monsters and dangers lurked and menaced, and even the two placid and prosaic Indian guides caused her a delightful uneasiness, especially when she focused her attention on their dark heads and bold profiles, or their mocassined feet, forgetting the twentieth century flannel-shirted, blue-jeaned expanse between.

In the years since, she has spent much of her time in the big out-doors, and whether four miles from a railroad, or forty, or even but just out of sight of the highroad, always has she felt that same potent spell of the forest, the same stirring silences, the same half-fearful, half expectant, wholly pleasurable thrill.

And such enjoyment of the woods and of all out-doors is a possession beyond price, doubtless a heritage from those ancestors of ours who sought the wild places, conquered them, lived in them and loved them.

The regrettable fact, however, is that this magic of the out-of-doors has seemed to hold sway over so many more men than women. Of the twenty million ardent, practicing sportsmen in America, there are not a half or a quarter or indeed a tenth as many ardent, practicing sportswomen. The alleged reasons for this are legion, the same old custom - honoured, habit-established reasons which we women have always had to meet at any threatened change in our centuries-old routine; familiar arguments which again and again we have disqualified.

In this very question of sportsmanship, in every phase of it, women have already proved their equality. Women hold championships in all known sports, and have proven themselves to be true sportswomen, even good losers, supreme test!

But though the last decade has seen a stupendous increase of the outdoor woman, she is still in the great minority. She is numbered in thousands, to be sure, but she should be numbered in as many millions.

That it has been indifference to, and ignorance of the joys of outdoor sports and not lack of natural ability or skill may be conceded.

Twenty years ago, or even ten, a woman in waders, casting a fly up a trout stream; or hunting in knickerbockered comfort, or fighting a tarpon or a tuna, was an absolute curiosity. If not quite unsexed, she certainly was "different!" There are now hundreds of women holding their own in the field of sport every season. And it is yielding them keen pleasure, health, steady nerves, and an incomparable comradeship with their husbands and children.

When the many, even as the few of us, realize the truth of this, we outdoor women will be a million strong.

It has been maintained that hobbies were the making of us, but have an outdoor hobby—camping, fishing, hunting, kodaking, boating, tramping, swimming, golf or tennis—golf and tennis last because they seem more

like forms of excellent exercise without the exalting environment of forest or prairie, or ocean or stream.

We women who already realize and value the blessings of out-of-doors must put our shoulders to the wheel and with all our strength and heart try to help the sportsmen who through the great Izaak Walton League of America are making a magnificent, final stand to save America's Out-of-Doors.

To many of us in our "stay-at-homeness" it might appear that the game of the great woods and waterways of our country and our great forests could never be in danger of depletion and utter extinction, but it is true; the situation is critical, as the words of the great outdoor Americans who will write for this magazine will prove to us.

And we women must help—we outdoor American women. We have always helped when we were needed—from the days of the dust flayed covered wagons going west to the days of the grim, grey ships bound for "over there." It is again time for us to help.

We will do our bit, we women, we will hear and heed the warnings of these men who know. We will join this colossal movement; we will learn how to think and talk and vote right on the great question of conservation. It is time for us to help, for our loved ones are being robbed; our children and our children's children, and those dream children of ours far off down the years are being cheated.

Lastly, for our own sakes, we want to help save our America's out-of-doors, that 'out-of-doors where the charm of woods and waters never palls, and why? May it not be because outdoors is God's dwelling place; we lovers of outdoors are His guests and with a host of so gracious a comprehension, must we not

necessarily find content and solace and "that peace which passeth understanding?"

*It rained tonight. The drops cried  
on my city roof.  
The wind tore madly around the  
corners, and  
Lights danced fitfully through the  
slanting mist.*

*It rained tonight. Somewhere the  
firs lifted their heads  
Calling to the roaring wind and  
the cool  
Sweet drops to give them life again.*

*It rained tonight. I heard the  
brook a-singing and  
A-laughing at the rain, the wind,  
and the low-hung branches  
Stinging its foam-flecked breast.*

*It rained tonight. Far away  
was I  
From carolling brook or dancing  
tree; but my heart  
Sang with them as the rain came  
and comforted me.*

(Continued on page 34)

## Dear Out-Door Women:

*THIS page of ours may well become a vital influence in our American world of sports and a potent force in the conservation activities of the Izaak Walton League. Through these pages we may proclaim our devotion and loyalty to the cause of all out-doors by spirited accounts of our experiences afield and astream. Let us all send in to this department letters, articles, essays, poems, snap-shots—anything about out-doors. And let us write with such fervor and enthusiasm that our page shall be so vibrant with interest and charm that even the men shall stop and read and realize that we are just as keen "sportsmen" as they. We can do it—Now let's do it.*

Marguerite Ives.





# THE RAPE OF THE

UP a canyon, on a crystal river,  
I was born.

In the springtime its waters,  
Mixed with sunshine and shadows,  
Tumbled like a man intoxicated  
Always laughing;  
Gliding over boulders,  
Through the pools and riffles.  
It was full of trout:  
Strong, fat, glistening, hard fish.  
And this river, as though weary of rolling  
And reeling and falling forever downward,  
Finally sprawled itself into a valley  
And lay there sleeping.  
In the summer the trout from the mountain  
Followed the diminishing brook into the pool,  
Where the water was clear, and deep, and blue,  
And the fish were quicker  
Than light that is born and dies in the night.  
The shadow of hemlock, and birch, and yew  
Lay in its mirror.  
How still the surface in the pearl of the morning.  
Through the forest comes stealing  
A wandering zephyr, touching its waters  
Which seem at the moment to stir,  
As though from soft lips  
A woman had breathed  
A sigh on a fragment of fur.

## II

A kingfisher, high on its lookout,  
Gave raucous music, then plunged like a  
plummet  
Emerging dew spangled, returning in victory.  
I took my fish with a fly  
As we mingled our laughter.  
I whipped its head waters  
Through the wet of its alders,  
The mesh of its willows,  
The harsh of its hazels.  
Up and down its boulder-encrusted  
Sand-dusted channel, and its pebbly bottom,  
I groped on the trail of its swimmers.  
My nostrils distended to drink in  
The perfume of wild wood,  
The tang of the earth,  
The pungent aromas that haunted its highways.

## III

There were no gables insulting the forest,  
No roadways, no barbed wire fences;  
No piled souvenirs from the axman.  
For the birds of the wood all its trees  
Were a haven.

The fox, with his glittering eyes,  
Passed unmolested.  
The beauties of earth were triumphant.  
Every brook tells a story;  
Water babbles into ears that are listening.  
Cataracts applaud,  
Rivers murmur to those who understand.  
There are secrets in clear running water—  
Drink and they will become part of you.

## IV

The strength of the mountains came unto me.  
I strode the turbulent currents.  
Under the spell of the red gods  
I attended the birth of the daybreak,

HERE is a soul gripping poem which will  
out-door America. No man can read  
genius or its great value to this nation.  
American classic many times and each reading  
new truths. "The Rape of the River" will be  
as I continue to be the editor of OUR magazine  
of the principled sportsmen of this nation.

A busier man than my friend Bob Davis could  
while his mind must have told him not to  
heart and his devotion to this cause compels  
Mother's son of you pray for MORE.

The wine of my youth for the christening.  
In the crisp of the morning, bereft of my  
plumage,  
I dived like the kingfisher  
Into the cool embrace  
Of the life-giving waters.  
I swam from shore to shore and back again,  
Sleeping upon its velvet banks  
The sleep of sweet exhaustion.

## V

Kings lose their empires,  
Rulers surrender their scepters,  
The dreamers awake:  
I heard a whistle across the valley,





# E RIVER

By  
ROBERT H. DAVIS

A clock ticked through the silence. . . .  
I sensed the whirring of wheels—  
The call of commerce.  
I smelled the sweat of labor!  
I hastened out of the canyon,  
Out of the valley  
Into the whirlpool of effort—  
Jostled by the tides of trade,  
Leaving behind me my kingdom in the hills,  
The cadences of nature, the voices of the forest,  
The soft diapasons, intangible largo, rising and  
falling.  
Low voices calling—  
Woodland's own argot,  
Memory's organy.

which will reach the heart of every lover of  
an read it and doubt its truthfulness, its  
his national crusade. I have read this  
n readin brings to light new beauties and  
will be reprinted every six months so long  
magazine so it may never die in the hearts  
tion.

avis cannot be found on this planet, and  
not to "burn the midnight oil," his great  
e compelled him to do it. Now every  
—Will H. Dilg

## VI

Time flies on the wings of youth.  
Three score years roll by,  
Though I forget not the canyon,  
Or the river, or the sleeping pool.  
Above the roar of cities,  
The hum of the throng,  
The bellow of business,  
The clang of life,  
The whine of the world—  
I hear their whispered allure.  
Perchance I have remained away too long;  
Tomorrow or the next day,  
Or the next day  
I am returning.

## VII

Back again! Home again! Life again!  
Breasting the rarefied air of the mountains,  
With my rod in my hand,  
And a creel on my hip,  
And a dozen or so of friendly old flies—  
You've seen the speckled trout rise.  
A heart full of hope, and the passion that burns  
In the breast of the prodigal son who returns. . . .  
Where are the landmarks?  
Why broods the mountain?  
Has the world grown old?  
Is the timber thin on the hill-top?  
Has the warm south wind grown cold?  
I plunge through the dusty bracken  
With insatiable hunger.  
Again I shall gaze upon the canyon  
And the wild and the still waters.  
Parting the underbrush with tremulous  
hand. . . .  
At last!  
With muted lips and panicked heart I see,  
Through tears that blind my eyes,  
A ravished landscape, and a ruined stream.  
My still beloved hills denuded,  
And the canyon—where once a myriad living  
springs  
Wept in ecstasy—now parched and dry.  
Chaos only reigns supreme;  
Nightmare's slaughter of a dream.  
Forest and stream in grief had died,  
By the vandals crucified.

## VIII

Something like mounds in a graveyard  
Lay on the banks of the pool. . . .  
Dust of death from a saw-mill,  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast  
Only to die.  
All the tears that one could shed were useless  
In that hallowed glen  
Now null and void.  
The crystal stream had ceased to flow;  
The valley lay stricken and a-thirst.  
The moss had hardened on the granite stone,  
The birds had flown,  
The trout had passed into the dust,  
Their gleaming jewels turned to rust.  
A vast and terrible silence lay brooding  
And the pool, where I as a boy  
Once came on a herd of deer drinking,  
Was now putrid, and loathsome—and stinking.





# It's Up to You Mr. Sportsman

**T**HE Izaak Walton League of America is making history, and it is making it mighty fast. In a few short months it has awakened a nation of sportsmen. It has sent home the truth to millions of Americans that unless a great national organization of well-directed and unified sportsmen is brought about our fishing and our hunting and all sports afield and astream will soon be but a memory.

For the first time in this country, a well-defined and definite plan of national organization has been developed, totally undefiled by some hidden commercial purpose, and just as soon as sportsmen learn of the plan they at once feel a conscientious call to be up and doing and gladly do their bit, and many are doing a good deal more than their bit.

For the first time, as Emerson Hough says in this issue, the nation's sportsmen have awakened to the fact that outdoor America can be saved and that it is worth saving. Let no man think that the saving of outdoor America is an easy task. No greater mistake could be made. We have a tremendous task ahead of us, and all must help. We must bring about a condition in this country where it will be indecent for any man to pretend to be a sportsman and not wear an Izaak Walton button. In union there is strength, and we must enlist a million patriotic men and women, and you must do your bit and you must do it now.

No sportsman can dodge it—the duty of helping out is too plain. No man can escape it and carry a peaceful conscience in his bosom.

The Izaak Walton League of America is sounding no wild alarm. It is making no false assertions, and it is not painting an exaggerated picture. The sporting conditions in this country are so bad that they cannot be overstated. In truth, it is almost impossible to pick out words to describe conditions as they really are in every county in the United States. Already the boy born today is foredoomed to have no fishing at all, unless his parents can take him to far and remote places, and even the remote places are becoming fishless.

Within the past sixty days the "I. W. L. A." has written to leading sportsmen in several hundred counties, and asked for a true statement of the fishing and hunting conditions in their home county. The replies we are receiving prove that the United States is fast becoming a fishless and gameless land. These letters come in with every mail, and many are written by sportsmen born in these counties and familiar with every creek, stream, pond and lake and woodland. Every letter tells a tragic story, and should the sportsmen of this country permit these conditions to continue without raising an army of protest it would mean national disgrace.

The local county and state organizations have utterly failed to bring about the needed relief and reforms. The county and state rod and gun club organizations are

composed of the finest men of this nation. In all truth, the American sportsman is the backbone of the United States. Nothing of real value can be achieved without the local county and the state organizations, but they cannot do it alone, as the history of fish and game conservation in this country has proved. Let us illustrate. In Ohio there are upwards of one hundred thousand sportsmen banded together, yet letters from Ohio clearly prove that Ohio is rapidly becoming fishless and gameless. Ohio needs ten hatcheries where she now has one. In Pennsylvania the county and sportsman organizations are powerful, still there are forty-eight hundred polluted streams in that state. In Virginia over ninety per cent of the streams are badly polluted and almost all of Virginia's streams are fishless. Within the year the Virginia Legislature voted to "indefinitely pass by" an anti-pollution bill which would have saved fish life in the remaining ten per cent of Virginia's streams.

What our sportsmen's state organizations need is to be backed up by a million American fishermen and hunters, and when a Legislature like the Virginia Legislature votes to "indefinitely pass by" an anti-pollution bill, the Izaak Walton League of America will draw on its war chest and send orators and moving pictures into Virginia and make use of every known method of propaganda, so that the people of Virginia will vote out of office every legislator who voted to "indefinitely pass by" an honest bill like the Virginia anti-pollution bill.

No intelligent sportsman can oppose national organization and be true to himself. Due to a lack of space, it is impossible to give here the thousand and one reasons why national organization is the only way.

My brother sportsmen, the issue is up to you and your conscience. Those of us who have borne the brunt of battle and have labored night and day during the past months are praying that you will hearken to this call to arms and summon the principled sportsmen of your community to a preliminary conference and there and then meet this issue squarely. Such a conference can result only in the calling of a general meeting to which the rank and file of fishermen and hunters will be invited. The newspapers of your city will go far, just as they are doing everywhere, in giving this general meeting of sportsmen publicity, and your county will have an Izaak Walton Chapter, and in after years those who pioneered national organization in your county will be proud of their work.

Cut out the coupons below and become a member-at-large, if it is impossible for you to affiliate with a local Izaak Walton Chapter, 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.

## 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  
\$1.00 to cover  
one year's mem-  
bership from  
date.

- ☐ money order.  
☐ currency.  
☐ check.  
☐ 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  
\$1.00 to cover  
one year's sub-  
scription from  
date.

- ☐ money order.  
☐ currency.  
☐ check.  
☐ draft.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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







# Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by Will H. Dily

**B**ROTHER fishermen and readers of this magazine: Get busy and send us in some Angling Memories—funny ones, happy ones, sad ones, any sort of a fishing memory that you just naturally can't ever forget. Share it with the rest of us, and at the end of six months we'll have a prize of the best fly rod made in America for the most unforgettable "memory."

Judges of the contest will be announced in the next issue.

Mr. Walter H. Beck's first experience with a Musky was a dramatic and memorable one. The closing words of his story are worthy a place in the memory of every true sportsman: "Though we came out without a musky, we came back with a record catch of happiness, \* \* \* for the balm of the woodlands is soothing and sweet."

That true American sportsmen shall ever be able to attain the priceless balm of the woodlands is the spur to the conservation labors of the Izaak Walton League of America.

The spectacles of regret always magnify, and large fish, like many truly great blessings and opportunities, usually depart before they can be measured. Time, indeed, increases size as well as enchantment, but time, too, bringing sweet memories, mitigates our pain. For years and years I had looked forward to a trip "up north," waiting since early boyhood to invade the deep recesses of a world of savage beauty, primeval and unmarred, to do battle with the mighty musky, the tiger of the deep. The momentous day at last arrived, and it was sunset, the angler's golden hour, as I stepped for the first time upon balsam-skirted shores and beheld a northern Wisconsin lake stretched before me in the sublime beauty of a majestic sunset, thrilling me through and through.

Dusk was settling heavily over the water before the task of making camp was over with, and though the trip had been somewhat tiresome, fatigue was forgotten for the moment. A mighty push sent the boat gliding over the dark water toward a large bed of lilies that skirted the shore, at which point the Manitowish left the lake and continued on its course for the rapids. What a thrill it was to cast for the first time into teeming northern waters! With ecstatic, throbbing heart I retrieved the first cast. A swirl in the water near the lilies caused my heart to beat feverishly, and with trembling hand I reeled in and cast snugly into the lily pocket. Water shot up into space with a bang, the sleek form of a royal musky appeared like a phantom in the deepening gloom, quivering and trembling, and vanished with a rush like a demon hell-bent.

The musky's strength and my light tackle were something to be seriously considered, though at other times it needs just such a touch of danger to bring out the joys of the sport. The current of the river had also caught hold of the boat, but Pal rushed the same with utmost strength toward deep water. It was only the best of luck that stopped that first headlong rush; then a

swerve to the left, a rush and a dive, an unexpected spurt to the surface, a rolling and foaming and churning that rent the stillness of night. With the elasticity of an "India rubber idiot on a spree" he circled and darted in all directions, and when he drew near to the boat our eyes bulged out at sight of his vicious-looking frame. Swarms of midges and mosquitoes, those "invisible atoms of animated pepper," also begged attention, as though I had not enough to do as it was.

Nerves were strung on edge as the fish drew nearer and nearer, but the black hulk of boat and men caused him to spurt off once more at a tangent that took him around the stern, the line cutting sharply across Pal's face. Greatly excited, and not master of the moment, Pal grabbed the line and began pulling in hand over hand.

The water foamed in the deep twilight, a huge form shot out, bent itself double, straightened out, tail hitting the water with a resounding whack, severing the line above the leader.

An awful silence ensued; not a word broke the stillness of night; the solemn sigh of the woods, the lapping of dying waves—a dream it all seemed. And like the dark cloud that just then swept across the moon's light path engulfed all in darkness, so the somber phantom of defeat robbed heart and soul of cheer.

It was, indeed, a sorry beginning, for it shattered for the moment the dreams of endless years,

snuffed out the glorious thrill of a first northern trip, deprived me of a prize for which I had waited and waited in reverent anticipation. Dreadful and thrilling it was, but time has made it sublime, and though we came out without a musky, we came back with a record catch of happiness. It could not be otherwise, for the balm of the woodlands is soothing and sweet.

Mr. Mark H. Fall of Albion, Mich., sends us a memory of the Au Sable. You will be interested and made to laugh a little and at the end will say, "Too bad, old chap," with real sympathy.

It happened in 1921, in late June. Any one who fishes at all—a few misguided, ignorant, otherwise self-satisfied, don't-know-what-they-are-missing-folks don't—knows, or at least knows about, the Au Sable, that swift-running, trout-laden Michigan stream that calls thousands of fishermen, even including many anglers, to its alluring banks every year from the first of May to the last of August. It was there, the summer before, that we passed our honeymoon. A week of days of golden haze and nights when the fire felt good. But we didn't get many fish, though we worked morning, noon and night. The river's level was too high, swelled with frequent rains, and there was too much moon at night. The old settlers said the rainbows, browns and brooks were biting fine the month before, and we heard later that the fishing was good after we left. Under the circumstances we didn't care much any way. It was an ideal camping trip, even without any finny tokens.

*IF you like OUR magazine write us so that we may know what you think of it. It is our ambition to make it the most friendly magazine in the world and the most honest and most useful. Now it's up to you to help. Common sense will tell you that every sportsman we can get to read OUR MAGAZINE will see it a conscientious duty to belong to OUR LEAGUE, and with a million members the "I. W. L. A." is guaranteed to save OUR OUTDOOR AMERICA.*





Early in 1921, the AuSable fever being still with us, we started plans for repeating our onslaughts on the salvelinae, this time interesting another couple to make the 250-mile auto trip with us into the wilds. We wrote letters, read all available back numbers of sporting journals and otherwise inquired as to the most favorable season of the year in the particular part of the Wolverine wilds we planned to camp in—choosing the same place we had visited the year previous—and marked the last week in June in our calendar as the summer's gala period. They would be biting then if they ever bit at all, the authorities opined. And, loaded down with two auto-loads of duff, including every known, and some not so well known, variety of apparatus designed to produce trout results, we arrived safely at our old, familiar stamping-ground, pitched our tents and got down to business.

There was no moon and there had been no recent rains. Conditions apparently were ideal. But up to the last night but one of our stay our net results—pardon me, Mr. Dilg, but that word "net" is not to be taken too literally; we were not doing commercial fishing!—were one two-and-one-half-pound pike taken on a plug in the backwaters of the Mio pond after prodigious effort put forth in poling an ancient scow against the rapid current, one eight-inch brook trout and one seven-inch brook trout, the latter two having been secured by angling for hours from a bridge over a small stream subsidiary to the AuSable with the humble angleworm, the alleged fish being in clear sight of the angler during the entire process and only secured, seemingly when the steady rubbing of the worm up against the piscatorial mouth had aroused an animosity and an anathema that finally and triumphantly brought the ultimate of a strike.

Mr. Vern Nye, a Rose City hardware man, came to the river one night and took a twenty-four-inch rainbow out from under our very noses. But he said they were not biting—and we believed him. Usually, he stated, he got several in the course of an hour or two. No, it wasn't the high water, he explained. This time it was a lack of recent rains! The water, in fact, was so warm, because of the hot weather and the lack of rainfall, that the trout, he said, were driven out of the main river toward the springs in the subsidiaries that supplied it with its flow.

Two days before this particular "memory" it rained. And it sure did rain! But as we ate a Steero-cooked lunch around a small table in the one tent that did not leak—as much as the other one—the moisture which protruded itself upon us even in our sheltered spot failed to dismay us. It was raining—that was about all we cared! Rain was what Nye said the fishing conditions needed for their proper improvement. And the fish were there, for in spite of Nye's statement we had seen stately rainbows plashing out of the water toward evening, fly-feeding, right in front of camp. And we absolutely knew of many fine catches that had been made right there in past seasons. So the tone of the camp morale went up as the water came down.

At the break of day next morning Brock, the other man of the party, and I went at it, and hard at it. We worked the stream and its tributaries thereabouts with flies, plugs, spoons,

worms, bugs, 'hoppers bucktails and every angling contrivance we could think of without making recourse to nets and snares. Those were the most ornery, obstinate, contumacious, refractory, cussed trout imaginable. But we kept at it, and the girls even rigged up their poles and went down to the bridge. All to no avail, however.

That night I started at the foot of the bluff our camp was on and worked downstream perhaps fifty yards. Brock was upstream near the boat-landing. It was about ten o'clock, with no wind, and things so black I could hardly tell where the fir-trees across the river left off and sky began. I waded a few feet out and made a tremendous heave with my plug, when "Bingo!" it had no sooner struck water than I was on the business end of an inferno. With the water but a foot or so deep where I was standing, but swift as a rapids—although the fish had struck from a rather deep and quiet pool fifty or sixty feet below me—I knew my only hope was to pull him in as fast as I possibly could. Hence I made my reel hand beat all previous records.

My principal thought, and it was a thrilling one, was that at last I was going to make the trip worth while. For I knew I had a giant, one that would turn Nye and the other callous natives emerald with envy.

The girls, who had rushed from the campfire to the edge of the bluff above me, said afterwards they thought I had fallen into the water and was struggling to get out, so much noise did that big fellow make while I was trying to get him to shore. He rushed from bank to midstream and from midstream to bank. But I had a steel casting-rod and a tough, black Jap silk line and kept the latter taut, all the time backing up toward dry land.

I had no notion what the lay of the land was behind me. It was so dark I had not noticed where I was. Making a quick mental picture of the bank along there, however, I thought I was sure of a flat space of six or eight feet on the water's edge before the bluff began. And therein came my downfall.

Finally stepping out on shore I gave a mighty heave over my left shoulder, contrary to all angling rules, regulations and by-laws, and turning at the same time I dimly saw close to thirty inches of glistening, light-colored, flapping fish lying on the good dry land. He was a veritable giant and I dropped on him with a whoop. But the gods had deserted me. For what I thought was flat ground was the sharp slope of the bluff, which right at that point started at the river's edge.

I got my one fleeting glimpse of the rainbow, which would have gone eight pounds if an ounce. Then I sensed that he was on his way back to his native element. No sooner had he struck terra firma than he had broken loose from the plug and he flopped, flopped back to the water's edge, with me right after him. I hit the water at the same time he did and in about the same position! Sprawled out, stomach first, clothes and all, I landed in the chilly waters of the AuSable and clutched wildly for what I knew was gone for good and all! The girls told me afterward, while I was drying out at the camp-fire, that at that moment they knew I had fallen in!

Some day I am going to spend an entire trout season at that particular place on the AuSable and get revenge

for my wetting. I'll never have another thrill like that, though, unless I happen to get hold of that particular old he-whop again.

This Angling Memory of Mr. Elmer E. Rawdon of Akron, Ohio, is a veritable preachment of the fair and square practices and the high morale of the fly fisherman. His story rings with an enthusiasm and sincerity that is sure to stir an answering chord within us all and reminds me greatly of the ardent spirit embodied in this League of ours.

To me, ever since I had been able to read an outdoor magazine, a fly fisherman had been the highest order of genus homo. I had placed him just a little higher than painters, sculptors and writers, and as I was but an ordinary young man, I had just about as much hope of becoming a fly fisherman as the ordinary young man has of becoming a sculptor.

I think I would have parted almost with my right arm if somehow I could have become acquainted with a fly fisherman. Just to know him and hear him talk would have been worth almost any possession I had. Oh, yes, I was a fisherman in the same proportion that a house painter is to the portrait painter. I was a cane-pole bluegill, perch and shad fisherman to the 'nth degree. I always had been a fisherman, from the time I could play hookey from school, cut a willow pole and fish for shiners off the old bridge that crossed a little creek back home, and I enjoyed it; in fact, I have spent some of the most pleasant hours of my life that way. Right here I wish to state that I do not discredit the cane-pole fisherman one little bit, for he can be just as much a real sportsman as anyone on earth, if he wishes. I do say, though, if he only knew the thrills and clean sport that is made possible with the fly rod, he'd bid farewell to the old cane pole forever.

No, I was not satisfied with the cane pole—what I wanted was one of those wonderful five-ounce split bamboo fly rods of which I had read so much.

In all these hopes and ambitions I had a very close companion who was my brother, and many were the times that we spoke to each other concerning rods, reels and black bass. Finally, after a great deal of deliberation and reading of "Dr Henshall's Book on Black Bass," we decided to purchase a fly rod and the necessary tackle for black bass, bluegills and shad. We paid fifteen dollars for the rod, much to the disgust of our cane-pole friends and our immediate relatives. We still have the old rod laid away, broken and marred, but to us it is one of the most wonderful of our possessions, for with it we received the most thrilling ten minutes of our lives.

At first we practiced in a field at the back of our house. One of us would manipulate the rod while the other would read instructions from "Henshall." I can assure you—Oh, well, you all know what we went through, so we'll not go into that, except to say we broke several tips and nearly hung ourselves at times. Finally one bright afternoon we started for Fritzes Lake, which is at present called Wingfoot. Hope we had none, for we knew only too well how crude we were as fly fishermen. However, hugging our rod, a few bluegill flies and a couple of Calamac bugs, we hired a leaky old fishing boat and my brother bravely rowed





out on the water—I say bravely, because it took a brave man to row a boat in which I was manipulating a fly. First I tied on a bluegill fly, and now and then I was able to make it flutter down within twenty feet or so of where I aimed for, but more times it didn't come that close. Suffice to say, we caught no bluegills but proceeded to fish just the same, all the time keeping clear of boats to save ourselves any embarrassment.

After a while we stopped to rest and it was then that my brother noticed a slight commotion in the water just off a little point far down the shore. We watched the spot for a minute or so and saw it again. He then started rowing in that direction. As we drew nearer we discovered that it was a whale of a bass chasing minnows among a cluster of lily-pads. I immediately took off the bluegill fly and put on a St. Johns Pal. I didn't know its name then, but I shall always remember it now, and somehow it will always be my favorite bug. As my brother rowed the boat within casting distance, which had to be pretty blamed close for me then, I began trying for the spot where we had last seen the old fellow. What made that bass stay in the same lake with me with that big bug coming down, flop! at every cast is more than I will ever be able to understand, but he did, and he stayed right there among those lily-pads. Finally, somehow or other the bug dropped right between two big pads. No sooner had it touched the water when smash! the old lunger took it and himself at the same time, about two feet out of the water. "Strike," yelled my brother, and I struck. Thank the Lord he yelled, for I'd never have struck if he hadn't. I was just struck nearly dumb. The old boy started right for the boat. I tried to take in line as fast as I could, just as I had read about, but somehow my fingers had suddenly become all thumbs and I was helpless. On he came with a slack line. Right under the boat he went, and then I yelled for my brother to do something. I didn't care what he did—I only remember that I wanted help and I wanted it badly. Somewhere I had read, keep a tight line or you'll surely lose the fish. In the meantime my brother had pulled the boat off the slack line as I started to wilt into the seat exclaiming, "He's gone!"

"No he isn't," shouted my brother; "there he is."

And as he spoke, the big fellow stood on his tail, it seemed for a full minute, shaking his big head like mad. For just an instant I saw his gaping mouth with a little bunch of white feathers clinging to one side. My hope returned and the line tightened as he started for the bottom of the lake. The rod bent like a bow and the line cut the water like the periscope of a miniature submarine. I gave him line sparingly—I had to, for it was all tangled up in the bottom of the boat, and what wasn't tangled up I was standing on. How that line ever came up from the bottom of that boat and passed through the guides of my rod is another mystery of that day that will never be solved. But it did come up, and presently the reel began to sing as Mr. Bass started for the middle of the lake. By this time I had collected myself a little, and I remember of giving the old boy another pretty good strike to make sure the hook was well set. Finally I turned him and he came slowly toward the boat fighting like a

demon for every inch of line that I took from him. Sometimes he would dart for the bottom, then just as suddenly he would make for the surface, clearing the water a foot, shaking his head and lashing his tail like an angry bull. Five times he left the water, and five times he fell back again, making a sound like the slap of an oar on the surface, but each time the little feathered bug clung to those angry jaws. After what seemed ages his rushes became weaker and weaker. Twice I had him up to the side of the boat, but each time he'd make one more dash for the middle of the lake. Then he finally came alongside the boat for the last time. He turned over, and his pretty silver belly blended with the golden setting sun. He was through. He had fought a good fight and now lay perfectly still, completely exhausted. My brother reached down, put his fingers in his great gills and lifted him over the side of the boat. Such a sight for two amateurs on their first trip! There he lay, about four and a half pounds of the fightingest fighter that ever lived. I don't think that either of us will ever again have the feeling of triumph, satisfaction and exultation that we had then as we gazed at that wonderful fish. Our greatest ambitions had at last been realized. We were greater than artists or sculptors. We were real men among men. We had accomplished the impossible—we were fly fishermen.

Just then a boat rowed up alongside of us with two men in it, and one of them said: "Boys, that was the prettiest fight I ever saw. Be careful, though, when you go in, 'cause bass ain't in season yet for four days, and the feller at the boathouse might make some trouble for you." Trouble—we should worry about trouble at a time like this. We'd take the fish in, you bet, and no one would see it, either. Part with a fish like that after we had dreamed of it so long? Not on your tintype! We'd show our cane-pole friends and the folks at home what a real fisherman was, if it cost us a year in jail.

We put the old lunger in a net sack at the back of the boat to keep him alive as long as, possible and started for shore. Neither of us were saying much, just thinking. I was thinking of that wonderful fight, but my brother was evidently thinking of something else, for presently he said in a low voice, so low I could hardly hear him: "I just wonder if we are real fly fishermen?" For reply I pointed at the back of the boat. "No," he said; "I don't mean that, but I was just wondering if a real fly fisherman wouldn't put him back, since they're out of season." At first I was astounded. What difference would four days make? I thought it over and over, and the more I thought, the more I believed he was right. Who ever heard of a fly fisherman taking a fish out of season? I finally decided that my brother was the only real sport in that boat, but I'd darned soon be one, too. We lifted the net sack with tender hands, took one more sacred look at the big fellow, turned it upside down and watched him slip silently into the deep water and disappear from our sight forever. I know that the lake rose just a little then, for a big tear rolled down my cheek and into the water. Then I heard a big sigh and someone said, "Gee, wasn't he wonderful?" We went home and slept the sleep of the just that night, for at last we were real fly fishermen.

"The scene of this Angling Mem-

ory is in the vicinity of the village of Mascotte, Fla., far from the great winter resorts, but, to my mind, the most beautiful part of the South; the place good fishermen go when they die—and a few before," writes Mr. Frank S. Ball of Losantville, Indiana.

Brother Ball's story is leisurely, full of kindly humor and a genuine angler's love of all outdoors. You will "remember" along with him and enjoy every step of the way.

He was on and off again. "Bud" removed his pipe from his mouth, spat thoughtfully into the lake, and in the voice of one convinced against his judgment, said: "Well, I reckon that there are such fish."

We were spending the winter among the lakes and hills of Lake County, Fla., and had been listening to the tales of the great bass sometimes taken in these waters with—well, we conceded to the "old-timers" their indisputable right to string tenderfeet, and looked as innocent as possible and let them go to it. Hence "Bud's" remark.

For three weeks we had fished these lakes, and a few just over five pounds was the best we could show.

On this particular evening we were fishing our favorite lake, called Upper Bluff, a small lake, but famous for its fish, even in a county boasting 1,400 lakes.

Some fifty yards from the eastern shore of this beautiful lake is a small, circular, wooded island with water-grass growing well out from both island and mainland, leaving only a narrow channel of open water, some eighty yards long, with a large bed of lily-pads at either end where it broadens out into open water. Say, boys, it looked like fish the first time I ever saw it (likewise the last).

We were approaching this channel from the north, "Bud" taking his turn at the paddle, I casting among the lily-pads, when it appeared that a dozen small bass jumped from the water at once just outside the mouth of this channel, for all the world as minnows do in their frantic efforts to escape from a hungry game fish.

It was a long cast, and I fell short of where I intended to land by some feet, but the plug had hardly touched the water when a great mouth opened and took it under, then straight at us he came, faster than I could recover line, and out of the water he came and was off, and we "reckoned that there 'shore' were such fish."

Well, we made it our business to be at this same spot each evening just about sunset, and we tried everything, but no more strikes from him, but always were the smaller bass jumping like minnows some place near that channel.

Then, for some unexplained reason, they all seemed to quit striking, a day's casting only netting a few small fish. "Bud" became disgusted, and we took to quail shooting as furnishing more thrills than casting practice on the lakes. This suited "Bud" all right, but I'd felt that fish and couldn't forget, so after a few days of really good shooting I laid aside my gun again and took up rod and paddle alone and got to keeping unearthly hours and missing meals. Nor was I unrewarded, for I had many never-to-be-forgotten hours alone with Nature, seeing some glorious sunsets and dawns, watching the moonlight on the waters, prying into the ways of the world of fur, feathers and fins, medi-





tating on the supreme wisdom of the Great Intelligence that has created and so marvelously equipped all creatures. Sometimes I'm reminded of the words of "Fishin' Jimmie": "Nobody don't see 'em but fishermen. Nobody don't hear 'em but fishermen."

Then one morning I landed a four-pound bass with the tail of another bass that would easily have weighed a pound protruding from his throat. On investigation we found that only the bones remained of what he had actually swallowed, the flesh having been digested, and right there I formed a theory (correct or not) that these large specimens are cannibals, subsisting mainly on smaller game fish.

We were intending to investigate some land in another part of the state, and, as our time was becoming rather limited, "Bud" was strongly in favor of moving along, but I told him I was expecting some very important mail any day and prevailed upon him to stay a little longer.

One morning, after a couple of days of useless striving for new ideas of how to land my big one, I was lending our landlord a hand at dressing a pig for the hotel table, when I had an inspiration. I knew that the favorite bait of the natives was a "meat skin" used in "skittering" with a long bamboo pole, so why not try it casting? With all due respect to "Al" Foss, I think that I constructed the durndest looking pork rind bait that ever navigated fresh water. Half a foot long it was and well over an inch wide, shaved thin as possible with a sharp knife, and soaked all night in water to make it pliable, and fastened at the eye to a long-shanked 5-0 hook.

Dawn of the following morning found me shivering in a boat just off and a little way to one side of the northern end of the channel previously described, while a chilling early morning fog swirled about me.

Then, midway up the channel, and ever nearer to me, I saw those small bass jumping from the water, and I was almost as positive that that great fish was coming as if I could have seen him. Then I made my offering, placing my fancy lure just outside the mouth of the channel and a few feet ahead of where I judged him to be, thumbing down the cast and starting the retrieve before the lure struck the water.

Luck was with me, for it landed right in the midst of two or three smaller fish who were making frantic efforts to avoid personal contact with this overdeveloped ancestor of theirs, and in his greed for a delayed breakfast, he grabbed my pork rind and, in the words of the Irish poet, "the fight was on."

Straight at me he came, just as he had before, and up he came just as soon as I got behind with my reeling. He was hooked deep in the upper lip with the single hook, and he tried charging under the boat. However, I had made arrangements for this, having the anchor rope neatly coiled in the bottom of the boat, so I just swung the line around the bow and let him have his time looking for something to get tangled up in.

Space for such action was as limited as is space for describing it; however, I had learned that these fish may almost always be depended on to come to the surface and change their course if given sudden slack, and worked this trick to the limit when he was about

to get to grass or lily-pads. And at last he began to weaken, and I slowly reeled him in. Up to the boat I brought him, and, holding the rod-tip high as possible and shaking with excitement and exaltation I reached for his gills. I don't know whether I touched him or not. There was a mighty splash, filling my eyes with water, a mighty tug that I lacked presence of mind to ease by releasing line, and a splintering crash as the rod-tip came in contact with the side of the boat, and a sudden slack as the line parted—and he was gone.

Boys, I reckon it's just plain foolish to want things as bad as we do, but I'm leaving it to you if it ain't just as sensible to want to land a fish like that as it is to want a billion dollars or an eight-cylinder speed-cart, or a house bigger than Jones', or any of a thousand things we do want?

Anyway, losing that one took the love of life out of me for a while, and I just wanted to mope around and smoke.

Even when a husky bass struck at a little bird perched on a low hang-blade of saw-grass a few inches above the water I felt no urge to joint up my second best rod, carried for emergencies; this was no emergency but a calamity! Even when the sun came out and painted magic rainbow colors on the mists that still hung over the lake and changed the far-off bluffs and scrub-covered shore to a land of enchantment. I felt something was gone, and instead of drinking in the beauty as usual, I took up the paddle and began reducing the "distance that lends enchantment to the view."

Chaining the boat to the familiar bush that hangs over the water, I turned for a long look at that beautiful lake, scrambled up the bluff and walked rapidly to the hotel.

"Bud" was perched in a rocking chair on the railing puffing at an after-breakfast cigar. "How did you break your rod?" he asked, straightening up and looking interested. "Slipped and fell on the ice, on Upper Bluff," I answered. "Can you pack in time to catch the noon train?" After all there's times we don't tell of the "big one that got away," and to this day "Bud" has never heard the real story of the broken rod.

"And why am I telling of it now?" you ask. Boys, some of these days I'm going back after that old devil, and then I'll need me a good fishing stick.

"How large was he?" I hesitate to answer. Some way they always shrink between the water and the scales. He has quite a reputation, locally, as "that big trout" (as the natives call bass in Florida) "in Upper Bluff that no line will hold." In my circumstances a better fisherman might have landed him—and yet, better fishermen have failed. Over in Sumpter County they claim to have landed one that tipped the beam at twenty-two pounds. Once I would have doubted, but not now, for, like "Bud," "I reckon there are such fish."

Mr. Arthur Gibbs of Syracuse, N. Y., gives us a fishing memory of his boyhood which will appeal to every man of us.

The thought that the boys of the future should not have the memories of such thrills galore is an intolerable one, and should cause every lover of small boys to get behind the Izaak Walton League of America and help save outdoor America for the kids—God bless 'em.

Before we were old enough to learn to cast the fly over the running waters

of the streams, in the sultry hot "dog days" of August, our creek and fishing grounds held thrills galore. Were you ever fortunate enough to be forced to seek for those silvery imitators of the tarpon in miniature forms? I never did shine as a scholar in Latin nor its English derivatives, but to this day I do recall those little ones we threw back as shiners, those we kept as chub, and the pink-tinted, blue-nosed ones that often grew to fourteen inches in length "hornedace," second raters, perhaps, yet I never recollect one that showed any symptoms of yellow. In fact, up in my attic today is an old warped and bent lancewood rod, a befitting remembrance and tribute to those flashing, silvery bodies that made it so. Competition for size ran enthusiastically in those days. The loser generally pushed and pedaled the other fellow home on the handlebars of the old bicycle. It was no easy job on those old dirt roads, before the advent of the flivver and Mr. Ford's fame. Well might the winner crow and boast in safety while the loser took out his wrath on his weary leg muscles. The trials and tribulations of later years, the cares and vicissitudes that have furrowed my brow, silvered and stolen my hair, can never erase this picture of memory. Dusk very near and the score a tie, three fairly sized fish equally distributed amongst three of us. A deep, whirling pool of turbulent water, an old stub of a tree leaning toward the pool, with one lonely limb about seven feet from its base. Two lads taking apart their poles, and one still trying. The tip of the pole doubles, the hook is set, and soon a victory and a bet are won. One more try! A bite! I lose my balance! I'm gone! No, my hand has caught in its desperate grab the one lonely limb. Not an inch too much for either hands or feet to help sway me back as I balance diagonally over the cool waters. A wail for aid, taunting laughter, and a crack of rotted wood. In a twinkle of the eye, boy, basket, fishpole and boots make one big splash. In the excitement of the moment I swim as best I can to the opposite bank, then, shamefaced, navigate back again. I climb out. What are those two things rolling on the ground, holding their stomachs, their faces in spasms of contortion, while the hills echo and re-echo with groans of laughter? Shades of Nero! He, who fiddled when Rome was burning! Laugh, you devils, while I drown! Surely there must be something in the theory of reincarnation. Did I ride the handlebars home that night? Not on your life! I was too busy pedaling the pneumonia out of my system.

Here we go, boys back to the old days, the happy, care-free days, the hookey-from-school days, the days that afford us some of our dearest fishing memories.

This little story by Mr. W. B. Holcomb of Chicago plainly proves that he "always did like fishin'."

When a boy of twelve I lived with my parents in Sterling, Ill. School commenced the first week in September, and I started for school on the first day. New hat, new shoes, new suit "and everything." "Leave it to mother!" Well! I went, and "glory be"—our teacher was sick, and we received the painful (?) news that we must go home and stay for another week. Did we? No!—at least three of us did not—we went fishing. Where we found tackle

(Continued on page 32)





# Angling Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

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

Many wonderful books on angling have been printed since Father Izaak gave to the world his deathless masterpiece, "The Complete Angler;" but books on angling combining practical suggestions, masterly description, an artist's appreciation of the beautiful and a fine literary style, would not fill a large shelf in your library.

Such a book is "Golden Days From the Fishing-log of a Painter in Brittany," by Romilly Fedden, 1919. The copy before me is from the Chicago Public Library, and has been in the hands of but four persons within the past year. No angler with appreciation of the beautiful should fail to read the book from which I quote:

"Would it not be delightful if we might carry our friends along with us back to those golden days? Would they understand, or would there be some who, when they saw us going a-fishing, merely thought we went a-catching fish? It is the spirit of fishing we would here emphasize. It has immeasurable charm and mystery, which ever leads us to green and flower-girt pastures, on beyond the leafy woods where wild birds sing.

"There is the indefinable thrill of things concerning open skies, unfettered solitudes, misty dawns and dewy twilights, the sights and sounds and fragrance along the river banks, the first May fly of the season.

"Yet, is it not the desire to catch rather than the catching which is more than half the fun? and those casts soaking in the water-jug overnight may create an enthusiasm that will carry us to the end of a dull day's fishing on the morrow.

"I know, and you know, the delight of that moment, when for the first time in a season, one puts a rod together! Winter is past! Spring is in the air and in our blood.

"Anyway, I would have just one last cast and try just one more pool before I went in. Brothers of the rod all know that final cast and will remember the lure of that further stretch of water, which has been responsible for so many lost fish, lost trains, lost dinners and lost tempers.

"In the old mill kitchen the sunlight glistened on a massive table. Here the Greffier was carving cold woodcock, while the Mayor, in shirtsleeves, was mixing a salad with infinite precision. It was a gay party, everyone talking at once. After the Camembert cheese, came strong black coffee, borne on a tray by the young goddess, Yvonne. And what can I say of Yvonne? She,

who heaped fresh branches on the fire and stood, white coiffed, by the hearthstone, smiling. I do not even know if she was the daughter of the miller or simply the maid of the mill. She remains an unknown divinity, bronzed, tall, full girdled and very beautiful. Her arms were a little too rosy and over developed, but her eyes were of the deep seas. Under level brows she regarded us impartially and ever that inimitable smile on her lips. Her mouth was made to kiss little children, and its subtle curve might drive men mad.

"The Breton drinks terribly at times—because he is an idealist. He sees visions which he cannot reach. He dreams dreams which never come true. Liquor may stupify him, but cannot make him brutal or vindictive. He may lie helpless in a ditch, yet he always sees the stars. He clings to the fringe of immortality.

"Perhaps that philosophic and contemplative mood which is necessary to perfect contentment in angling only comes with years. But then, some of us never grow up; we are too keen on excitement.

"This is the hour when, pipe alight, we dawdle, selecting flies and soaking casts, adding a fine drawn point. Eternal hope sits at our side, whispering of ways to circumvent a certain lusty trout located overnight just at the corner of the withy-bed.

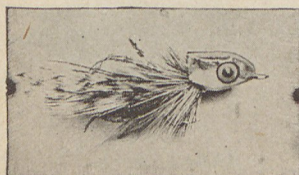
"A leafy way cut between high hedges, heavy with the scent of honeysuckle, a tunnel of green and gold so deep that its dew does not dry until noon, but above, the sun caught a wild-rose spray where a yellowhammer hung for a moment.

"Experiment, subject to a certain amount of luck, is the chief charm in fishing, and it is a better thing to run risks and take unequal chances than to rise no fish at all.

"A big fish is worth any amount of trouble. We must bear in mind however that it is the first cast that really counts—worth all the others put together."

The author tells us of The Life of the May Fly; How to Create a Hatch of May Fly; A Day with Jean Pierre and the Salmon; a very full chapter upon Flies and Fly dressing; the rich folklore of a primitive and unspoiled people, and of the catching of trout a-plenty.

The book must be read as a whole to get a full appreciation of its fine quality. A hint to the reader; begin with chapter one, read to the end, then, and not until then, turn back and read the Prologue.



## THE FIRST OF ITS KIND

Peck's is the only Feather Minnow with five years actual successful fishing tests back of it.

All patterns of Peck's Feather Minnows are tied on No. 1-0 and No. 3 Model Perfect Hooks—the only kind fit for modern anglers. All patterns tied on 2-0

and No. 6 to order. Furnished in Twelve DEPENDABLE patterns. Price 75c each.

Insure against fishless days with Peck's Improved Feather Minnow.

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## THE FIRST TO CATCH FISH

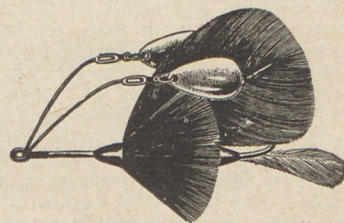
Peck's is the only Feather Minnow with the right hook and the hook in the right place.

## "HELLO, IKE"

Meet Bill



"Bill"—that's me. Some call me "Smiling Bill." Some few others who have not been lucky with my baits on the first trial call me other names. Names that are not mentioned in polite society. However they get over that after another trial, or two. Reason why. The baits I sell must be good enough for me to fish with. I am too lazy to monkey with a bait that keeps me busy picking weeds off of it. I like a regular lazy man's bait. That is, one that catches the most fish with the least effort. If a fellow finds he is getting too many he can either quit or put them back, can't he? That's what I do. So I have a clear conscience and can look a game warden square in the eye any old time.



## Shannon Twin Spinner

Here's my "lazy man's bait." You can easily see that it is weedless and when you note how close the spoons spin to the point of the hook you'll agree that it is some killer. Also it looks good to any old "he" bass or "she" bass either—they all like it. All you have to do is to show it to a bass. The bass will do the rest. Being weedless you have no trouble showing it to them either, no matter where they are or how thick the weeds.

We make the Shannon with Red, White or Yellow feather fly and also with natural colored bucktail fly. If your dealer can't or won't supply you send direct to me and I will.

Price each, 85 cents

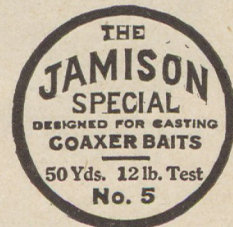
Well, "Ike," that is about all I have to say. So long and good luck go with you, but to make sure better take a couple of Shannons along.

Fishingly yours,

BILL JAMISON.

P. S.—If you catch too many fish with my lazy man's bait don't tell Bill Dilg, for he'll raise Cain with me.

## How About a Good Silk Line?



Here's the line that Bill Jamison and all of his friends use. The softest and easiest casting line you ever saw. Made of finest silk and guaranteed to be the best line you can buy at any price. Give it a trial. You'll surely like it.

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# Principles of I. W. L. A.

Subject to change at  
February Convention.

1. To promote by precept and example the highest ideals in angling, so that it may be rightfully called the blameless sport. To increase fellowship among fishermen and to band them together into a fraternal and militant organization whereby they may lay the foundation for the preservation of game fishes forever.

2. To advocate the use of appropriately light tackle and to teach that there is no credit due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy rods and lines. To award buttons, medals and prizes to anglers for notable exploits with rod and line by members of the League for signal achievements so that fair tackle may become more generally used.

3. To cause proper literature to be written and to be circulated so that the public may be educated to know that the true fisherman "feels like a gentleman and acts like a sportsman."

4. To awaken the public to the need of better fish and game laws so that it may realize its duty of voting for candidates who have before the election announced their support of measures which will advance fish propagation, fish preservation and protective measures for wild game. To champion such laws before legislative bodies so that legislators may know the wishes of the anglers and sportsmen of the state and of the nation.

5. To promote the movement for federal control of the lakes and streams of the country to every extent possible under the Constitution.

6. To aid and support those who are already advocating the extension of the

United States police powers to cover the control of inland waters as a health measure and to follow in letter and in spirit the resolutions passed at the fifty-first annual session of the American Fisheries Society in September, 1921, as to the pollution of streams.

7. To advocate strongly the increase from \$100 to \$5,000 of the federal fine for the pollution of streams; thus making it expensive for industries to pollute the waters of our country.

8. To devote every energy toward educating those who live in remote places and to show them the folly of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" by the lawless use of seines, dynamite and other destructive agents.

9. To increase the establishment of federal and state hatcheries.

10. To adopt the sane recommendations of zoologists, who advise the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations, both by the federal government and the states, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may be always available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters so that only the proper species of fish may be planted therein.

11. To advocate before legislators and leading state and national officials the urgent need of planting fish of sufficient size to permit their survival and to stop the present woeful and costly waste of planting fry too small to survive.

12. To advocate drastic punishment for those guilty of taking fish from their spawning beds. And to arouse public sentiment against the ruthless ways of the fish hog and to make the penalty heavier for breaking of the legal limit.

# The Passing of Three Lakes

(Concluded)

bass just simply are not there. It is the beginning of the end.

The cause? I don't know, but I think it's the same old thing. Last year still fishing with live bait began, and all summer long boatload upon boatload of summer visitors were busy at it. How many bass were taken for food it is impossible to estimate. Probably no more than the law allowed—some hundreds only. But from the condition of the lake, and remembering what I saw on that long, sandy shoal, I do not doubt that thousands were killed.

The remedy? I don't know that, either. I hate to suggest passing another law; somehow I feel as if we'd had lately about all the legislation our country can stomach. Still, how would it be to amend the present law, cut the creel limit to the bare bone, and compel the retention of all fish taken on live bait, irrespective of their size? Such a law might have its defects, of course, but it would stop much slaughter.

I think I'd favor such a law, for to throw back paunched fish profits no one, and the abuse and waste under the present law is great. I'd retain a short limit for fish taken on artificial bait or flies, for fish caught on artificials are never hooked in the stomach and will live if returned to the water; but for those taken on live bait, I don't believe I would. Fish so taken are frequently paunched, and paunched fish must soon die. Then why throw them back? Why not keep them and thus reduce the number killed?

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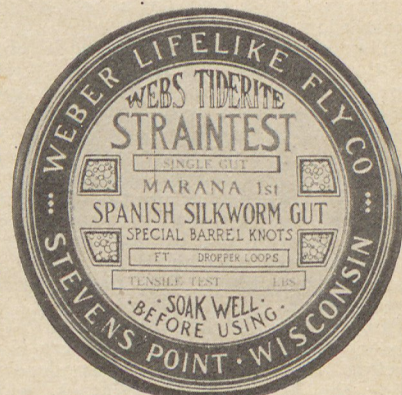
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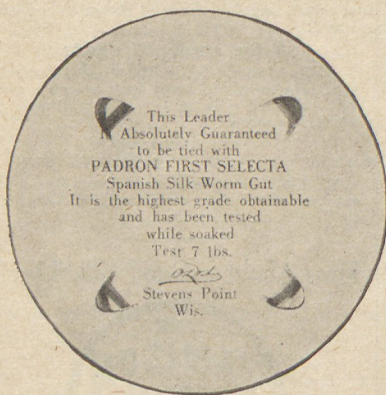
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## News of the Chapters

### LOUISVILLE CHAPTER

The members of the Izaak Walton League of America are very enthusiastic. The Louisville Chapter is now a political power. It is not a power for Republicans—it is not a power for Democrats; it's a power for the conservation and protection of fish and game in the State of Kentucky.

Kentucky has wonderful rivers and streams, but they have been dynamited and polluted until they are barren of fish.

Recognizing the great political power an Izaak Walton Chapter would be in each county in the State of Kentucky, the Louisville Chapter is going to organize a Chapter of the League in every county in the State.

Then all our county Waltonians will use their power for better laws and better enforcement for fish and game.

Then conditions in Kentucky will be different from what they are today, for no angler has enjoyed a day's fishing in Kentucky during the past five years.

The Louisville Chapter is speeding the day when the Kentuckians' birthright will be restored to them.

"And God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air.'"—Gen. 1:26.

The purest and greatest recreation of all will then be a reality in the State of Kentucky, and the angler can hike away to his favorite stream and fish and get results and forget the economic conditions of life.

### FROM THE MOLINE CHAPTER

The Moline Chapter, with approximately one hundred active members, has made application to the National officers for its charter. The first public meeting will be held in July, by which time it is expected the membership will have reached the three hundred mark. Elaborate plans are being made for this meeting, and invitations are being extended to the National officers to be present. During August, and for the purpose of demonstrating the use of proper tackle, a casting tournament will be held in one of the city parks. There is also under consideration the building of a clubhouse near some lake or stream suitably located and the stocking of such lake or stream with fish. This is our first move toward restoring fishing for anglers in Illinois. The anglers of Moline propose to make practical application of the principles of this League without delay and believe by so doing real results can be attained more quickly than by any other method.

The older and more experienced anglers of the community, who had practically given up all hope of further enjoyment of their favorite sport in this state, are rejoicing once more with the spirit of boyhood days, and the remark is made on every hand: "Why didn't someone think of this League five years ago?" Will H. Dilg and his associates will have the everlasting gratitude of the anglers of America as the reward for their effort.

### FROM THE FOND DU LAC CHAPTER

The Fond du Lac Chapter, organized April 25, 1922, is a little bit like Sandy MacPherson's 20-year old whiskey—"Gey sma for its age" but its growth is healthy and when once fairly started it will give a good account of itself. The majority of its members are enthusiastic anglers and during the summer months have little if any time for anything else but fishing. As a result our membership is not very heavy, but as soon as we have all had our vacations and fishing trips we will put on a membership drive, then watch our smoke!

Some of our members may wonder what we are doing while we wait to grow up. For their information I might say that one thing we have been doing in a quiet way is in taking care of unclaimed fish fry that has been coming to our station. It quite often happens that back order shipments of fry arrive rather unexpectedly. As a result, they are not all taken care of. This club has taken upon itself to see that all such shipments are received and properly planted. In the past few weeks ten cans of wall-eyed pike fry, eight cans of black bass fingerlings and several cans of brook trout have been taken care of and planted in adjoining waters. Another year our committee on fish propagation will arrange to have individual members make application to the conservation commission for fry and will then attend to the receiving and planting of the same at the expense of the club so that the individual members will not have to bear the expense and labor of this work as has been the case in the past.

We are all patiently awaiting the first issue of the Izaak Walton Monthly and know that we will not be disappointed. We know with the men who are back of it and with the men who are for it, it is bound to be a winner. Let's all pitch in and help make it so.

### FROM THE CHATTANOOGA (TENN.) CHAPTER

The honor of having the first chapter in Tennessee, of the Izaak Walton League, goes to Chattanooga. On the evening of June 9, sixty-eight anglers of that city met and organized the Chapter. A campaign for new members is now enthusiastically being carried on, and it is expected that the original number of members will easily be doubled in the very near future. The vicinity of Chattanooga abounds with swift mountain streams, and the Chapter already has requisitions in at the Bureau of Fisheries for fish to stock some of these streams this fall.

### DAYTON IZAAK WALTON MEMBERS RECEIVE AND DIS-TRIBUTE CARLOAD OF GAME FISH

Tuesday May 2nd will go down in fishing history as a red-letter day for Dayton Izaak Walton members. On that day a whole carload of mature game fish were released in the streams near Dayton. The car was in charge of C. I. Kimmel of Mansfield and Howard Langstaff of Findlay, both state





fish and game wardens. There were black bass in the lot weighing up to 2½ lbs.; rock bass, blue gills, crappies from 8 to 12 inches long; channel catfish, some of them 15 inches long; bullheads from 9 to 16 inches, and—now listen to this—fourteen pickerel, the smallest of which measured 18 inches in length.

The fish were taken to points in the Stillwater and Miami rivers above the Steel Dam and released, a generous number being placed in the Miami up near the Taylorsville Dam. Quite a few were also released in the Stillwater at Englewood.

The Izaak Walton Chapter of Dayton, while being in existence only a little over four months, has a total paid up membership of 127, which includes many of the leading business and professional men of the city. Every member is an honest-to-goodness sportsman and fisherman, and is doing everything in his power to help make fishing conditions better in this vicinity at an early date.

The Chapter is growing rapidly, and new members are being received daily.

#### THE IZAAK WALTON CHAPTER OF DAYTON HAS ITS OWN PAPER

"The Izaak Walton News," a magazine devoted to better fishing, is being published and distributed by the Izaak Walton Chapter of Dayton, which goes monthly to one thousand interested fishermen and sportsmen throughout Montgomery County. This paper is the official organ of the Dayton Chapter and keeps the public informed as to just what the Izaak Walton League of America and also the local Chapter is doing at all times.

The paper is self-supporting, due to the fact that it carries a various amount of advertising. "The Izaak Walton News" has been instrumental in bringing many new members into the Chapter, and all the members and prospective members await with interest the arrival of this paper on the first of every month.

#### DAYTON IZAAK WALTON CHAPTER HAS CASTING SCHOOL

Every Wednesday evening at 6:30 sharp, members of the Izaak Walton Chapter of Dayton meet at Island Park for their weekly lessons in the use of the fly and bait rod. Targets are placed at various distances in the water, and each man gets his turn trying to place his fly or plug in or near the target.

For those who wish to learn the art of casting with a fly or plug, several instructors have been appointed.

Between 100 and 150 attend the school every Wednesday evening, and all fishermen are invited to attend, whether they are members or not. The school has been held during the month of June and will be continued during the month of July. There are no fees connected with the school.

It is likely that a special float or walk will be built along the river at Island Park to be used for casting by members of the Dayton Chapter.

#### FROM THE OSAGE (IOWA) CHAPTER

It is only a matter of a start, in my estimation, as to the outcome of a Chapter in any community. After the sportsmen, as well as the community, are familiar with the objects and principles

of the League, it is bound to receive recognition.

The first meeting we held four of our sportsmen were present, but as soon as they commenced to realize the benefit to be derived, everyone began to boost, and now "Hello, Ike," is often heard.

We had the pleasure last week of receiving twenty-seven applications for membership, and there is no reason why we cannot have as large a membership here as you have in Chicago, as every man, woman and child in this good old State of Iowa is a natural born Leaguer of the first water.

At the last meeting we had four reels of films which were screened at the Colonial Theatre and had an audience of about 250 very interested and enthusiastic spectators. It is our intention to run these pictures about every six weeks.

We hope to have a junior membership in time as large, if not larger, than our senior membership. Now is the time to teach the juniors the meaning and object of the Izaak Walton League of America, defender of America's out-of-doors.

The Osage Chapter is already figuring on a pool next spring for their spawn, and we intend to get all the dope possible on any illegal fishing in this community. We will do our share, and then some!

At our next meeting we expect to have at least a dozen deputies appointed among our members so we will be able to act immediately and see that the laws are rigidly enforced.

#### EDGAR HAYMOND CHAPTER, WARSAW, INDIANA

When the Kosciusko County, Indiana, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League was organized, about the middle of April, 1922, it was decided to adopt the name of "Edgar Haymond Chapter" in honor of one of the county's best known fishermen, the Honorable Edgar Haymond, who was for many years judge of the Circuit Court.

Since the organization of the chapter, rapid progress has been made, due probably to the abundance of lakes in the vicinity, and the great number of resident fishermen who realize the real need of conservation.

Arrangements are now being made for the officers and as many of the members as can attend, to visit each of our lake resorts, of which there are many, to interest the resorters in this movement and secure the payment of their dues to this chapter, for the reason that it is located where they are spending their vacations and therefore entitled to their membership.

The total membership now embraces several hundred, and it is the intention of the Chapter to increase its membership to not less than one thousand by the first of September.

Among the real accomplishments to date of the Edgar Haymond Chapter an event which occurred at our last meeting is worthy of mention. Thru the missionary work of the members of this chapter, two fish-law violators were made to see the light, and voluntarily delivered to the officers of the chapter two one-hundred yard gill nets, which were burned at the last meeting, as an offering to the memory of Izaak Walton.

(Continued on next page)



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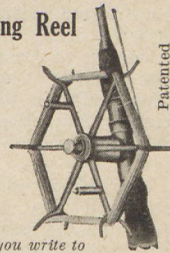
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# FROM THE MILWAUKEE CHAPTER

## IZAAB WALTON PICNICS AT BEULAH

Milwaukee Ikes, members of the Izaak Walton Club, enjoyed a day's outing at Lake Beulah on Saturday as guests of Sherman Brown. Fred N. Peet of Chicago, national fly casting champion, gave an exhibition of his skill, while members of the club also gave an interesting display of their bait casting ability. Peet is a wizard with the fly and he lashed the lake with light outfit in a wonderful series of casts. He also gave an interesting exhibition with a fly used in fishing salmon.

At the meeting held at McGraw's Hotel after dinner, ten new members were admitted, bringing the club's roster up to a total of 114.

# FROM THE SYCAMORE, ILL., CHAPTER

The Izaak Walton League Chapter of Sycamore met on Friday evening at the library, and many plans were laid for future work. There was a large attendance, over fifty members being present. The main discussion of the evening was in regard to the erection of signs along Kishwaukee Creek, in the vicinity of Kingston and Kirkland.

These signs will carry the message that a reward of \$10 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person caught violating the fish and game laws of the state. The warning will also carry the signature of the Izaak Walton League of America, and will be countersigned by the Sycamore Chapter.

The thought of discontinuing the meetings for the present was abandoned, as the club has much work to do in enforcing the fish laws of the state.

# MAGNIFICENT FIGHT PUT UP BY TOLEDO CHAPTER

The Toledo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, with its first breath, announced the opening of an aggressive campaign for conservation, with special reference to the waters of northwestern Ohio. Its initial step in this program was a conference with Hon. A. C. Baxter, chief of the State Fish and Game Division, for the consideration of conditions destructive to fish life and dangerous to public health in the Maumee River and Bay.

That conference brought forcibly to the front two destroying agencies—the one being a state-owned dam in the Maumee River at Grand Rapids, Ohio, constructed without spillways, fish ladders, or other means of permitting fish or water to pass through or over the dam during the dry season, and the other being a barrage of pollution extending from the southern limits of the City of Toledo well out into Maumee Bay.

The Maumee River, in its natural state, is one of the finest natural stretches of bass water to be found, and, notwithstanding all that the bass have had to contend with in the past twenty-five years, we still have fair or average small mouth fishing from near the headwaters of the river to the City of Toledo. With the usual and almost conventional profligacy of our states, Ohio constructed the Grand Rapids Dam, as above described, and conveyed to private interests in perpetuity the right to impound and take from the river all of the water that could be

held back by the dam, with the result that annually for many years practically all of each year's hatch of small mouth bass, running to untold numbers, are caught in pools in the rocky or gravel bed through several miles of shoals, as the water lowers in the summer, and by evaporation, seepage or stagnation of the water in these pools, these little bass, with a considerable number of fingerlings and a good many "keepers," are destroyed.

Feelings of pity and outrage so filled the members of the Toledo Chapter that an aggressive campaign against this particular menace was launched. In our fight we have been compelled to say unpleasant things to the governor and the director of agriculture, whose department embraces the Division of Fish and Game, and particularly to point out the fact that the State Department of Public Works, having control of the structure of the dam, has for years turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of Chief Baxter and others who have sought a remedy for the condition.

It was a vigorous fight. Meetings were held at the dam, visits made to the county seats of counties adjoining the section of the river involved, and the political strength of sportsmen has been pointed out, which has probably been more forcible in getting the attention of the state administration than has any other phase of our activities.

We have been fighting for immediate emergency relief in this season to be accomplished by the insertion of pipes of sufficient capacity to permit adequate flow of water through the dam at all stages. We have urged the installation of fish ladders to facilitate migration of fish, and have now the satisfaction of knowing that our battle is won.

We feel that much has been accomplished and that making ourselves somewhat obnoxious to the state authorities has been well worth while. None will rejoice more over the result than will Mr. Baxter.

The subject of pollution is being considered. The Toledo Chapter will either draft or approve, and urge passage at the next session of the General Assembly, of an adequate anti-pollution bill.

Industrial and other wastes have polluted our beautiful river to such an extent that it is not safe for bathing, either in the river, from its entrance into the city to the bay, or in sections of the bay itself. Failure to voluntarily abate pollution will make necessary drastic legislation. A satisfactory anti-pollution bill was introduced at the last General Assembly, but was killed in committee by the threats of the strongest lobby Ohio has seen in many years.

The public has too long regarded the subject of pollution of waters as affecting only the sport of a few. The magazine of the Izaak Walton League, under its most able staff, will be able to do much to educate the people to the point where they will appreciate that pollution does not primarily relate to sport, but rather to public health. The spectacle of tons of dead fish has not sufficiently appealed to the people because they are still able to buy fish in local markets. In practically every community where waters have become polluted can be found a few blind or deaf children, or the graves of children who have succumbed to typhoid and a wave of mid-year sinus troubles, all

traceable to polluted waters. These facts, properly presented, will undoubtedly cause an awakening of our people; but what a pity it is that such measures must be adopted for the purpose of limiting the destruction caused by greed and avarice!

# Fred Peet, Our National Treasurer, Finds New Bass Fly Fishing Waters

MY old friend Oswald Von Lengerke approached me in his store saying that he wanted me to go with him over on the Muskegon River to fish for small mouth bass with the same lures that we use on the Upper Mississippi. So we planned the trip and in due time we arrived at Hickory Beach, where the guides, Clifford F. Sixby and J. R. Bushong, of Newaygo, Michigan, had everything all set for us.

Our fishing point was between Rogers Dam and the Croton Dam, where the river is one of the most beautiful streams that I have ever fished. The banks are heavily wooded, preserved by the Power Company, as they own the land on both sides of the stream, with a current of eight to twelve miles an hour making the holding of the boat a hard proposition. It is a spring water stream with springs of varying size pouring their cold water into the main stream. One spring in particular is very fine, as the cold water comes tumbling down a clay bank one hundred feet above the level of the stream. One strange thing we noticed was that we could not get a strike on the bug or minnow after 4 P. M. in the upper stretches of the river. The only reason we could find for this was the foam on the surface of the stream as they cut in the turbines at the power house. Another peculiar thing was that early in the day the bass would strike at white lures but later in the day we had to seek other colors such as red and yellows.

The last day was our best, as we fished the lower stretches where there are some fine banks above the slack water. Oh boy, but I will never forget the strike and fight of an old Johnny Bass that thought Wilder's Discovery was the bug he was looking for. After the strike the guide rowed out into the middle of the stream and anchored the boat, as it was impossible to hold it in the current. Then the fight was on! The bass leaped a number of times out of the water, then tried sulking and all the tricks of which a good healthy bass is capable. A number of times he had nearly all the line out that I had on my reel and it was either turn him or a break. Fortune favored me and I felt quite proud when we finally slipped the net under him after one-half hour's fight in that swift current. And when it came time to go home we had a very nice catch of small mouth bass.



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## Game Rifles

(Concluded)

mental cause of most unsportsmanlike, even ungentlemanly, conduct in the sanctum of "The Great Medicine Man." We do hope to make Nimrods think!

To those of our hunters who cling to the small bore, small caliber, arms, with paper energy limited to ballistic tables, we will plead expert marksman-ship, and passing up all shots where immediate fatality of result is doubtful. To those who are in the blissful tenderfoot stage, we will urge all these things and add the precaution of selecting rifles chambered for bullets of sufficient diameter and weight and propelled by adequate powder charges to kill cleanly and quickly. In the shotgun world we will advocate a bore of such size that plenty of shot and powder, to kill, not cripple, can be used. Shot spread is determined by choke, not bore. Let us be merciful, if we must kill, and sensible, having first regard always for the suffering of our quarry and its supply!

Enough of arms! First in our code of ethics let us write in capitals of phosphorus—IT DOES NOT HURT TO BE SHOT WITH A CAMERA.

## My Own Little River

(Concluded)

way from pool to pool to the source of the stream. Never had we encountered such luck in our years of experience on the brook. The stream was right, neither swollen with rain or a shadow of its usual self; the day was to all appearances an ideal June trout-ing day, but there were no fish. Came a time when we reached a little clear-

ing and the secret was out why no trout were in the creels. In that clearing was the familiar and hideous saw-mill, at its side and with one foot in the brook was the deadly sawdust pile slowly leaking deadly poison into the stream as it rotted under the influence of rain and sunlight. Our little stream was poisoned at its source; possibly there are some fish in this world that can be dosed with sawdust and sawdust-pile liquor, but not the dainty brook trout as we know it.

Sadly we wended our slow and painful way downstream, back to the pool where lived the King. Maybe he had lived through it all, and there was the chance of hooking him that springs eternal in our breast. Again a worm floated its way into the pool for just one more try. "Whatcher fishing fer?" yelled the sawyer at the mill.

"Trout," we yelled back.

"K——I dynamited that pool last month. Got a big feller, too. That's the way to fish—use nitro," was the answer.

Needless to say, we unjointed our rods and went back to the bungalow.

Now Friend Dilg writes me, "have it contain a lesson if possible," but there is no lesson here—nothing but the plain, unvarnished tale of a stream that is no more. It might be possible to write up a screed about wasteful lumbering methods, but that didn't kill our trout. What did kill our trout? Merely a few men's lawlessness and the laxness of a few men sworn to uphold the laws. We have laws forbidding the dumping of sawdust into stream, other laws forbidding the use of dynamite, but of what avail are laws if they are not obeyed? Of what avail is the protest of one poor fisherman at such an eva-

sion, unless he is backed by the multitude of fishermen? If there be any lesson in this tale, Brother Dilg, it is, "In Union there is Strength," and if you and I and all of us fought together for the preservation of our fishing we would each have "our" streams back again, in place of calling them the "I Remember Streams."

## Letters from Enthusiastic Subscribers

GENEROUS LETTER FROM A FAMOUS WISCONSIN FISHERMAN.

Sheboygan, Wis.,

Izaak Walton League of America.

In response to your circular letter of July 10th I am enclosing Chicago draft for \$50, one of which is to cover in-closed subscription, and the remaining forty-nine for the "Hope" Chest which might be created as a fund to insure the realization of the grand purpose or ex-pectations of the founders of—may I call it "Our" Magazine.

Sincerely yours,  
TOM MAC NEILL.

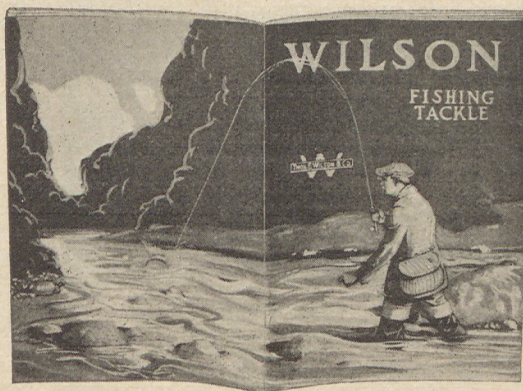
Arlington, Texas

It affords me very great pleasure to slip you a photograph of my old friend, Abraham Lincoln, in exchange for one year's subscription to the magazine mentioned in your letter. Absolutely don't know where I could get more honest-to-goodness reading for one little old dollar bill—do you?

I thank you for the chance to get "in while the gettin's good," and I wish you the very best of luck in the good work.

Cordially yours,  
"Jack" Maxwell.

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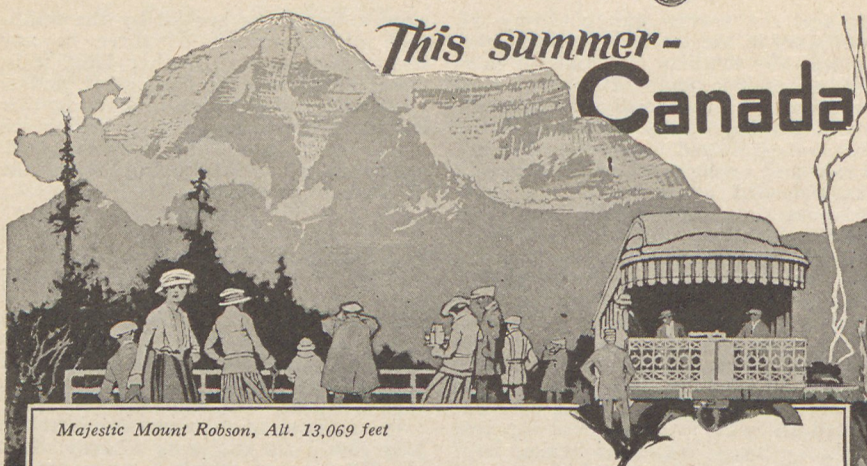
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Cincinnati, 406 Traction Bldg.  
Detroit, 327 Majestic Building  
Duluth, 430 West Superior St.

**H. H. MELANSON**  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
Canadian National Railways  
Toronto, Can.

Kansas City, 334 Railway Exchange Building  
Los Angeles, 325 Van Nuys Bldg., 7th and Spring Streets  
Minneapolis, 518 Second Ave. South  
New York, 1270 Broadway  
Pittsburgh, 505 Park Building

**G. T. BELL**  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
Grand Trunk Railway  
Montreal, Can.

Portland, Me., Grand Trunk Station  
San Francisco, 689 Market St.  
Seattle, 902 Second Avenue  
St. Louis, 305 Merchants Laclede Building  
St. Paul, 4th and Jackson Sts.



## A Message to Outdoor Americans (Concluded)

and vote for it. The movement toward conservation has been attempted, but only in a local way. TO ATTAIN SUCCESS IT MUST BE NATIONAL, and both salt and fresh water anglers must be reached and fired with the spirit of this great cause. The unselfish motive back of the promotion of the Izaak Walton League makes it something that MUST APPEAL to every true angler and hunter in the land." Thus writes one of America's greatest writers and a hunter and fisherman of international fame. Zane Grey has fished and hunted all over this broad land, and while his letter is nomi-

nally written to me, IT REALLY IS INTENDED FOR EVERY PATRIOTIC SPORTSMAN IN AMERICA.

My brothers—do you know we sportsmen never even had a fighting chance to save our fish and wild life until the advent of the Izaak Walton League of America? All the polluters of streams and the fish and game hogs and the market hunters oppose us, but just think how the Supreme Creator of the Universe, who put those fish in our streams, and gave us our wild fowl and our four footed little brothers in the forests MUST LOVE THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

## Angling Memories (Concluded)

I don't remember, but I do remember that I was on the roof of a wheel house fishing in the fast water after it passed through the wheel, when one of my partners in crime yelled, "Jiggers! Here comes your dad!" Instantly I flattened out on the roof. It would never do to let dad see me in those clothes. Gosh! that roof and sun were hot. Dad traveled on the road for a farm implement factory, and I have often heard him remark: "If business interferes with hunting and fishing, cut out the business." So I suppose he did and came home and went fishing. Well, I snuggled on the soft side of that roof for hours—it seemed like days—before father left and went home.

After hearing the signal that the coast was clear, I arose, climbed down and, as I had lost my appetite for dinner, we went down river and fished till night. When I arrived home, mother met me with the question: "Why did you not come home to your dinner?" Now I was duly and truly prepared for this and told her I went to dinner with one of the boys, as it was his birthday, and his mother told him to invite one of his friends to dinner. It worked fine. I also informed her that on account of the sickness of our teacher there would be no more school for the balance of the week. Well, I fished the week out, except that, commencing Tuesday, I wore my vacation regimentals—old straw hat, hickory shirt, jeans trousers, "one suspender and a sore toe." Everything went lovely, as the girls say, till Saturday, when I showed up for dinner (a day or two before this mother complained of an awful odor in the clothes closet). I noticed when I went into the yard that my new coat was hanging on the clothes line in the back yard. Mother greeted me by saying: "You come here a minute!"

I followed her into the kitchen. She took a package off the window and unwrapped the remains of a small channel catfish that I had cut up for bait on Monday and left in my coat pocket. Gee, but I did feel small all of a sudden.

"Where did you get that, and what was it doing in your pocket?" she asked.

Do you read the Chicago Tribune and ever see the cartoons "When a Feller Needs a Friend"? That was me. Well, I thought fast and tried to think of something to say. It was uncomfortably hot and I sweat for all I was worth. I could not think of anything to say till I looked up at mother, and that cinched it—I told her the truth—the whole story. I imagined I could see that she had to pucker up her mouth pretty tight and looked away. After I had finished, she said:

"I shall have to see about this—I guess you are pretty well punished."

Dear old mother; she never mentioned it again. You see, dad had gone away again and I did not have him to contend with.

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## Crusade for Better Care of Fish

(Concluded)

shall was well known to the citizens of Cincinnati a generation ago when secretary of the Natural History Society and the Cuvier Club, also as president of the Ohio State Fish Commission. For a quarter of a century he was connected with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, but resigned five years ago owing to serious impairment of sight, and has returned to the scenes of his former home and work.

Although 86 years of age, the doctor will gladly join with a few conscientious anglers and genuine sportsmen in organizing a chapter, of the Izaak Walton League of America that will be a credit to Cincinnati and do its bit in the great work of conservation.

Dr. Henshall's address is 811 Dayton street, Cincinnati, where he will be pleased to see or hear from any brother of the angle interested in conservation of fish and game, and especially in the organizing of a chapter of the league.

## Ozark Ripley Page

(Concluded)

in fish laws forever, there will be the same number getting nowhere for protection. Let them get together and their ideas—efforts—amount to something. Even if only two dozen band together for a purpose they can accomplish much; make the prosecuting attorney respect them, actually put fish sense into the representative's head, and drive him to pass fish laws that benefit everybody. Politicians are human; they follow the path of least resistance. If one man alone urges fish protection, he is a crank—in a class by himself. But if fifty timbermen, farmers, or miners declare to the representative that they want seining, no licenses for either hunting or fishing, perhaps because he is not a hunter or fisherman he will listen to them, believing he is pleasing the majority.

Volumes can be written on the subject. It will not do half so much good as a single Izaak Walton Chapter in each Southern city, with members typically Southern sportsmen, imbued with the idea that no longer will they look passively at the destruction of their fish supply because it all occurs through the desire of the politician to cater to his following, who either believe in ruthless extirpation or that any means are permissible to take fish at all seasons.

Federal control must be the slogan of the South! The Izaak Walton League will back every movement for it. It is the only hope, the sole salvation, and not only must the Government enforce wise fish laws, but it must build more hatcheries and have a big force at work to save the waste of bass that annually is going on through floods and the countless ditching operations. If in this, there will be more bass available for distribution in the lakes and streams than all the hatcheries in the United States at present can produce.

## WHAT PROPER SHAMPOOING DOES FOR YOUR HAIR

### How to Keep Your Hair Healthy, Fresh Looking and Luxuriant

THE appearance and healthy condition of your hair depend largely upon the care you give it. If your scalp is allowed to become hard and dry; if dandruff is allowed to accumulate, falling hair and baldness are very apt to result.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which keeps the hair and scalp healthy; besides, it brings out the real life and lustre and makes your hair soft, fresh looking and luxuriant.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, lifelike, bright and fresh looking.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it in good condition, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating men use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how well you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

#### A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in good warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, applying it again as before.

After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, rub it briskly with a Turkish towel until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

Make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh looking, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

#### Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair—and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



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## A Sportsman With Half an Eye

Any sportsman with half an eye can plainly see that those who have been exploiting outdoor America for the dollars they can get out of it will fight this magazine. They will do their utmost to kill it. Therefore we must all help to make the advertisements PAY ADVERTISERS.

This is YOUR MAGAZINE—it is the only outdoor magazine in the world having no dividends to pay to stockholders. No man owns it or no syndicate of men own it—IT IS OWNED BY A NATION OF SPORTSMEN.

The money to produce our magazine was contributed by the rank and file of

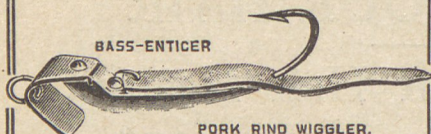
our Izaak Walton chapters. We are expecting every lover of outdoor America to subscribe for it and to appoint himself a committee of one to go out and hustle for subscriptions and send us in at least five subscriptions. Every sportsman you induce to subscribe for our magazine will be under obligations to you, because you will have done him a real favor—he will never get so much for a dollar.

When you are writing our advertisers, don't forget to say that you read their advertisement in our magazine. This is important, so please realize its importance and DO IT.





## Bass-Enticers



### A New Lure and a Fish Getter for Fair

ITS action in the water is perfectly marvelous. Hook removable, which can be replaced with a fly or bucktail.

#### Will H. Dilg Writes:

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## The Outdoor Woman

(Concluded)

The little poem was written by Ruth Mae Lawrence of Salem, Oregon, a girl of eighteen, who is an ardent enthusiast of salmon fishing, and, as her lines prove, a true lover of out-of-doors in all its moods—rain as well as sunshine.

You remember how Stevenson, that great lover of every littlest bit of out-doors, includes rain among things for which to be thankful—"books and my food and the summer rain"; and the line of that so well known little poem of Joyce Kilmer's envying the tree "who intimately lives with rain."

So we who have regarded the rain as solely a breaker of appointments and a spoiler of plans; the ruin of a best spring hat and the cause of those detested rubbers, might well pause and think of it in another light. Even as with so many things outdoors, things common and of every day, but if thought of with less accustomed haste and more understanding would prove veritable "adventures in contentment."

Yesterday I saw a field of purple thistles over which hovered myriads of yellow butterflies and for full beauty measure, scores of tiny yellow and black canaries fluttered about. Thistles, of course, are an outlaw growth, but oh, the color of them!

Speaking of outlaws, half a dozen blue jays in my garden have despoiled the few raspberry bushes I treasured there, but the glory of their blue flamed coats has won their pardon. After all, we do not live "by bread alone," or even raspberries, and a robber whose presence is a streak of joyous blue beauty gives one much in exchange.

## Famous Fishing Lines

"Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler."—The Complete Angler by Izaak Walton.

"The angler, I think, dreams of his favorite sport oftener than other men of theirs."—Going Fishing, by W. C. Prime.

"June—when that auspicious, leafy month arrives, not all the cares of state will hold a President, Vice-President, or even a Vice-Regent from taking his outing on the salmon streams."—Charles Hallock.

"For small brook-trout fishing, a tiny four ounce fly rod is the proper weapon."—The Angler's Secret, by Charles Bradford.

"It is a proverb of the woods that it is not the old-timer but the beginner who finds fault in camp."—Out-of-Doors, by Emerson Hough.

"Though trouts are extremely voracious, they are, nevertheless, equally cunning, and do not run very blindly into a snare; on the contrary, of all the river fishes, they are, in my opinion, the most knowing."—The Complete Angler's Vade Mecum, by Capt. Thomas Williamson—1808.

"—where every sensible man should be when the thorn-trees are white with blossoms—by the banks of a river."—Mostly about Trout, by Sir George Aston.

"Of course there are many who call themselves fishermen and insist upon their membership in the fraternity who have not in their veins a drop of legitimate fisherman blood."—Fishing and Shooting Sketches, by Grover Cleveland.

"Never had he spent so gladsome an afternoon since his boyhood days. He was 'just fishin' and happy.'"—Fishing with a Boy, by Leonard Hult.

"I thank God for the great gift of fly fishing."—A Book on Angling, by Francis Francis.

"It is very strange that the longer a man fishes, the more there seems to be to learn. In my case this is one of the secrets of the fascination of the game. Always there will be greater fish in the ocean than I have ever caught."—Tales of Fishes, by Zane Grey.

"There is no combination of stars in the firmament by which you can forecast the piscatorial future."—Fisher-man's Luck, by Henry Van Dyke.

"No two fish fight just alike, so that you must adapt your tactics to the fighting strategy of the individual fish."—Some Fish and Some Fishing, by Frank Gray Griswold.

"'Twas fishin' done it," he said; "only fishin'; it allers works. The Christian r'ligning itself had to begin with fishin', ye know."—Fishin' Jimmy, by Annie Trumbull Slosson.

## Editorial

(Concluded)

wait and see what develops. All he thinks of is himself! He scratches the newly planted grains from the hill and fills his own stomach—while he is filling his paunch he destroys many of the other grains by scratching them out of the corn row. If the crow had common sense he would let the grains grow and when they matured he would have plenty to feed himself and the thousands of other birds without destroying the cornfield.

What does the farmer do to the crow? Eliminates him of course! That's just what we must do with the CROW FISHERMAN, but we can't shoot him like the farmer shoots crows. We must educate him—make him see that he is killing the goose that lays the golden egg—then he'll be a sportsman and help educate the other CROW FISHERMEN!

You say we can not educate him? Well, we believe we can educate most of them—the per cent. that will not listen to reason can be made to listen to the LAW! And, if the law is not strict enough to stop this type of fisherman—let's make the laws more strict—put TEETH in them—the CROW FISHERMAN MUST BE ELIMINATED OR OUR FISHING WILL!

If a man breaks into a store and steals a watch, the police start after

him. If they can find him and prove that he stole the watch he can be sentenced. The police do not have to catch him in the act of stealing—they can convict with the proper evidence.

Why not handle the outlaw fisherman the same way? As it stands now the Warden is almost compelled to show the court moving pictures of the outlaw using his unlawful implements and catching fish before he can secure a conviction. And, then, in many cases it's "Your first offense—we'll suspend the sentence. Run along and be a good boy until we get you again."

Hand the outlaw fisherman some ROUGH STUFF! Put him where the flies won't bother him for a while and give the HONEST FISHERMAN a chance to enjoy the world's greatest sport.

## That Spring Feeling

I hate School a'n I hate my Book  
And I jess hate them beastly chores  
Wish't I'se over on the Peasly Brook  
Or any old place that's out of doors.

Gee but wouldn't it be the greatest fun  
To watch the crows and hear 'em caw  
To jess sprawl out there in the sun  
E'n loaf, e'n doze, e'n chew a straw.  
Sonard Rich Wellhart.





## Dedicated to Sam

(Concluded)

There is blind devotion and love that a youngster has for his first pet dog, but there is the companionship and comradeship that exists between hunting dog and his master that rivals the friendship of mankind. I look back now into the past of twenty-five years ago with deep reverence, love and respect for the memory of Sam. He became truly a great hunting dog, but that was due to Sam and his forefathers, and not to my training of him. I realize now that my Dad was right and that Sam trained me (more than I him) in his fine example of restraint, courage, whole souled devotion and simplicity of faith in his master as one who was always to be loyally followed and obeyed.

### Sam's Eccentricities

But he was a lone hunter and showed his displeasure at the presence of other dogs by refusing to back their points and would even growl on point when other dogs moved in too close to him. He was loyal also to an embarrassing degree, for upon numerous occasions, to my Dad's great amusement, when I was neither near the birds nor had shot at them, Sam would insist on retrieving to me quail that my Father had shot, even though Sam might have to go in search of me to do so.

### Golden Days

Those were golden happy hunting days with Dad and Sam, and I am rich in the memories of them. Bright, frosty mornings in early November when all out-of-doors proclaimed the glory of nature and life; noonday halts beside cold springs that bubbled with eternal life up through the sand and rocks; luncheons shared equally by father, son and dog; moments of silence filled with understanding—"for there are thousands and thousands of things that

tremble in silence on the lips of those to whom perfect love and friendship are known."

### 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.

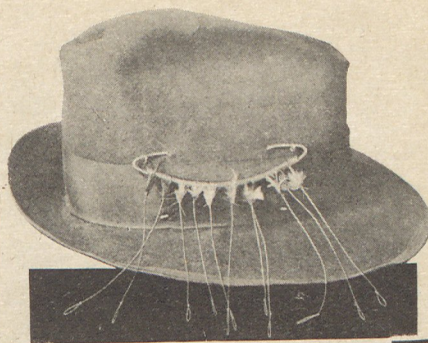
"A perfect day is not measured by the birds shot, but by your ability to enjoy the 'open' and your dog's fine work.

"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."

And this Sportsman's Creed of my Father's and the fine spirit of Sam, I judge, reflect to some degree the fundamental principles upon which the Isaak Walton League are founded.



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## The Book of the Black Bass

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**T**HIS great book has made more angling history than any volume devoted to inland fishing ever published. It is invaluable to every angler and it seems incredible that every American angler has not a well thumbed copy on his shelf of angling volumes.

The Book of the Black Bass is tremendously interesting and I whole-heartedly advise every fisherman to buy a copy and to buy it NOW. It is a book to be read over and over again and personally I would not trade my copy for a hundred dollars if I could not buy another for three dollars.

—Will H. Dilg





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These lures appeal immediately to the fly-rod enthusiast who knows and loves expert tying and beautiful finish. In the hands of well known Waltonians, they have taken some wonderful catches of bass and trout. They seem to have a peculiar attraction for the larger fish that are usually too cautious for the ordinary fly-rod lures. Come in 12 bass-size patterns and 6 trout-size. Send for booklet "Goin' Fishin'" which tells how these sensational lures were invented.

Thousands of anglers, now members of the Izaak Walton League, depend upon the rods, reels, and baits originated by Jim Heddon, because they know from experience that Dowagiac Tackle is all that good tackle should be.

In design, in materials, in workmanship, in finish and appearance—in every point that increases fish-taking ability and gives the purchaser long, satisfactory service and pride of ownership—Heddon has stood as the leader in bait-casting equipment for over 20 years.

And now Heddon offers two new sporting lures that every Waltonian will recognize as winners—single hook baits, different from any others on the market, one for fly-rod use, the other for bait casting.

*IRVIN S. COBB, famous humorist and devoted Waltonian wrote the introduction to our catalog of rods, reels, and baits. Send for it if you haven't already a copy.*

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