Stepping Stones to Trout
By Ray Bergman
The SEA-HORSES

With the Release Charger women and children need no longer depend upon masculine help to start even the biggest Sea-Horses.

Release Charger

Certainty and Ease of Automobile Starting

The simplest of gas engines is the single cylinder—easiest to start because of single cylinder compression.

Today's newest outboards—the Johnson Sea-Horses, while of 2 and 4 cylinder types—start on but one cylinder. And, that one cylinder has two cylinder spark intensity for starting.

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Underwater Exhaust

The exhaust of your automobile motor escapes beneath the car at the rear. You don't notice it—see it—or sense its odor of discharged gas. It is simple. You are not aware of it.

The exhaust of the new Johnson Sea-Horses operates in a like manner. It is underwater. Gases and fumes, the sharp exhaust reports themselves—all are forced out beneath the water. You smell nothing—see nothing—hear nothing—of the exhaust. It is simple. You never notice it.

For the very height of outboard motorizing enjoyment—to be able to enjoy the pleasures of normal conversation when outboard motorizing—you must have a Johnson Sea-Horse.

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THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
Dept. NS-4 Akron, Ohio
THE long-fought fight for a system of national wildfowl refuges has come to a happy ending. On February 9th the House of Representatives passed the Norbeck-Andersen Bill. With the signature of the President, this bill became a law and the Government has now taken upon itself the institution of a system of wildfowl refuges to be purchased and maintained from the general funds.

It is high time that this be done. Dating back to the signing of the Migratory Bird Act with Canada, this country has been under an obligation that has not been fulfilled. Canada was protecting a major part of the North American wildfowl on their breeding grounds, only to send them South over the border into a land where tardiness in working out a satisfactory system held back the program of annual wildfowl protection. “Better late than never” is an old saw, but we still have evidence of its truth.

The signing of the Norbeck-Andersen Bill constitutes what is probably the most important Government act in connection with the future of our wild life. The Bill, itself, with its appropriation of $8,000,000 will not prove a cure-all for the wildfowl situation. The expenditure of this amount, distributed as it is to be over a period of years, will do a great deal in the way of providing much-needed wildfowl refuges in the various states. That sum will not prove enough to do the job thoroughly, but the great importance of the passage of the Bill comes through the fact that our Government has now made an appropriation from the general funds for the protection of wild life. It thereby registers itself as recognizing such a program as being essential to the welfare of the nation.

There were times during the attempt to pass what was known as the Game Refuge Bill when the situation was not only unsatisfactory, but more or less disgusting. There is no doubt but that there were many conscientious men arrayed on both sides of the question. There were many more who remained inconspicuous, feeling that while the old bill had undesirable features in it, the country was in such a crying need of some sort of action that a bill with flaws was better than none at all.

The Norbeck-Andersen Bill is really the old Game Refuge Bill revamped. It has been reconstructed leaving out those features that were unsatisfactory to so many. Its passage should be cause for rejoicing on the part of sportmen throughout the country. It marks a very important step on the long road to better hunting conditions in North America.

Propagation of game can only be increased and fostered by preserving natural refuges and sportmen should urge state and county legislative bodies to cooperate.
...and so to bed...late...too much supper...wish

I could get to sleep...bad dreams...business worries...

dog barks...baby cries...time to get up...jangled nerves

...irritable skin.

—then is the time your skin needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade

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To secure the utmost speed or velocity of the shot charge with safety to shooters, pressure tests are necessary and are made regularly by the powder maker, the ammunition company and the gun manufacturer.

Starting, with the powder, where speed begins, the pressures developed by various powders are tested in the laboratories of the du Pont Company. The pressure gauge is a very strongly constructed gun with a chamber made to standard dimensions. It is provided with a hole in the barrel directly above the chamber. Into this is tightly fitted a sliding piston. A lead cylinder is held securely between this piston and an adjustable anvil mounted on the barrel. The shells to be tested have a hole cut the same diameter as that of the piston and in a position that brings it directly under the piston. When the shot is fired, the expanding powder gases drive the piston sharply against the soft lead cylinder and compress it. The amount of compression is a measure of the pressure developed.

This pressure test, which provides a safety control, is frequently made during the manufacture of du Pont smokeless powders. Every pound of du Pont powder must develop the pressure specified by the ammunition makers, who, in conjunction with the gunmakers, have worked out an ample margin of safety. The ammunition loaders repeat fundamentally the same tests when loading du Pont powders, under typical manufacturing conditions.

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E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Smokeless Powder Department, Wilmington, Delaware

DU PONT

SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDERS
The Game Restoration Program

"Sow that you may reap"

by

Arthur L. Clark

Wild Geese and Mallards on lake in Sally's Hill National Game Preserve, North Dakota.

TWENTY years ago the suggestion that Congress authorize the purchase of refuges for wild fowl and provide $8,000,000 for them would have been considered fantastic. This year it has become a fact by the passage of the Norbeck-Andersen Bill by the House on Feb. 9, having previously been passed by the Senate.

This is the outgrowth of the old Game Refuge Bill, favored by some, opposed by others and discussed for years with little progress being made. There has never been a serious difference of opinion about the purpose of this legislation. Both factions were agreed as to the necessity for wild fowl refuges to be established as quickly as possible by the Federal Government in cooperation with the states. They disagreed, however, on the details, mostly as to how the necessary funds should be raised.

Finally the warring factions realized that valuable time, effort and funds were being wasted. They got together, drew up a compromise bill agreeable to all, and with the support of practically the entire sportsmen body presented the bill to Congress, and it was passed.

This legislation supplements the original Migratory Bird Act and Treaty with Canada, passed after a long and bitter struggle. Since that time most of those who opposed it so vigorously have accepted with good grace and sportsmanship the theory that the Federal Government must have at least a general control and jurisdiction over birds which are constantly on the move, passing from or over one state to another and back again. They have seen the benefits of the theory put into practice and have come to realize that the legislation enacted did not go far enough. The authority given to the Federal Government by this Act was for all practical purposes confined to establishing closed seasons, bag limits, and other purely restrictive regulations. Experience has shown in this case as in many others that restrictive legislation unless supported by constructive measures providing for an increase in the game supply, cannot accomplish the desired results.

Game breeding and game keeping must be resorted to whether the breeding be by artificial or by natural methods. In the case of wild fowl, the only practical method for the Federal Government, working on a large scale, is to make conditions suitable for the natural increase of wild fowl by providing protected resting, feeding and breeding areas for them.

Now that the bill is passed, it is only natural for us to sit back complacently with the snug thought that our wild fowl are safe. But, are they? The Federal Government, Bureau of Biological Survey, will proceed with plans already partly made selecting the most desirable strategic locations from the point of view of the greatest need of the birds and the greatest good to the largest number of people. If the first refuges are not established in your state, don't grab and slow up the works. Only by cooperation was this legislation passed and only by adopting a similar fair policy of give and take can the benefits from the Bill be realized to the best advantage of all. At best it will be some years before all the necessary refuges can be established and even then there will be need for smaller auxiliary refuges maintained by the states as well as by local sportsmen.

Our obligation to our sport is never ended. Even with refuges established, both Federal and state, we can ruin our sport or improve it by our own activities. Many sportsmen follow a game code of their own, more restrictive than that laid down by law, giving each bird more of a chance. We may take up a smaller gun, shoot ducks or geese only on the wing, confine ourselves to two shots except for cripples, and in many ways give our game a better break and ourselves a pleasant satisfaction and deserved pride in our code. So much depends upon the individual and the conditions that it is for each one to decide what his code of sportsmanship shall be so long as it is within the limits of general laws. We can also help by establishing small local refuge areas and by planting food for wild fowl there. In many other ways that will occur to any wild fowler, we can build up our sport and at a just reward enjoy better shooting.

Will the upland planter and fisherman be aided by the Federal Game Refuge Bill? Not directly to any extent. That is intended primarily for wild fowl. The refugees will not be suitable for upland game. In some cases ponds or streams within the refuge may be utilized as breeding or

The Federal Government is now committed to the policy of establishing and maintaining wild fowl refuges.
nursery areas for game fishes, but that is incidental. The proper function of the Federal Government does not extend to include upland game. That is purely a local problem. It can be handled satisfactorily only by the sportmen in each locality aided by their state. The general laws at least must be administered by the state. In some cases, however, additional restrictions or special rulings may be enacted for counties or by smaller localities so long as they do not exceed or conflict with the state laws. The state must also maintain a force of game protectors, establish game refuges, game farms and fish hatcheries—in short, its proper function is to undertake work which individuals cannot do and to supervise and encourage individual initiative.

Too many sportmen seem to feel that their responsibility to their sport has ended when they have paid their license fee. Let us consider the conditions right in your own home covers and local streams and ponds. Are you satisfied with the supply of fish and game available, or would you like to have better hunting and fishing there? During your vacation of a week or two you may travel to some distant sportmen’s paradise of virgin streams and primeval wilderness where the hunting and fishing is ideal—like the good old days. But, for the other week-ends in the year, fifty in number, not counting holidays, you must depend on your sport in the supply of fish or game within easy reach of your home. Of course, you would like to have better hunting and fishing there. The question is: How are you going to get it?

A moment’s thought and you will realize that the amount of your license fee cannot possibly pay for the game needed to restock your favorite cover much less to employ a man to serve as game keeper for the area. You will agree also that game breeding and game farming is the direct and quickest plan if not the only way to increase the supply of game in your local covers and to improve your sport. The Federal Government cannot do that work for you. Your state can help so far as its funds permit, but it can never build up an organization large enough to do all the work or raise funds to pay for it. The only answer is that you are the only one left, and if you want better shooting, you must develop it yourself. The Game Restoration Program is designed to show you just how to accomplish that.

Perhaps you are depending upon natural increase to keep up the supply of game in your covers. Natural increase is important, but it is uncertain and cannot be depended upon. That is, unless it is aided by game keeping which is even more important than game breeding. Game keeping generally refers to preparing the ground (or the water) for the introduction of new stock and cultivating (clearing out the weeds) to keep it suit-

There will be more game next year with this Great Horned Owl out of the way, reported by Ralph E. Williams, Round Lake, N. Y.

The Head Man in the back-yard pheasant pen of Morlan E. Davis 3rd, (age thirteen) Green Bay, Wis.

able for game or fish and their natural increase. It also includes the establishment and the maintenance of game refuges on lakes and marshes all or in part suitable for wild fowl and the setting aside of other areas for upland game.

It is easy to understand that where conditions are suitable for any kind of game and fish, if natural enemies are controlled and the food supply increased, the fish or game there can be increased up to any desired quantity by restocking or by natural propagation. For example, the pheasant shoots in England are conducted by placing the gunners in position, after which pheasants are driven to the guns, flying over them, just as many as are desired by pre-arrangement with the game keeper. In other words, it is simply a matter of raising, liberating and feeding pheasants. It is also a matter of dollars and cents.

Under the conditions in this country it is likewise a matter of game breeding, game keeping and of dollars and cents. Fortunately, however, for those of us whose dollars have to be conserved, we can accomplish similar results by giving some of our time and efforts to game breeding and game keeping instead of paying some one to do that work for us.

Let us suppose that upland shooting is your favorite sport, and that the law says that you can take too many pheasants in a season. All you need to provide your legal limit of shooting in your favorite cover is to entrevise the wild birds. Half of these would be females, and there would be a few cocks left over for seed. Under conditions existing in many places, most of these birds would be killed by vermin. So, before liberating them you would have to clean out their natural enemies and keep them under control right through the year. You might have to increase the food supply either by feeding grain, especially in winter, or by planting natural fruit-bearing shrubs. That is all simple and reasonable, but the big point is: Where are you going to get the pheasants and who is going to take care of them? You are going to do it yourself, or it isn’t going to be done.

The problem of how to restore and maintain good upland shooting is well enough understood so that many sportmen are getting good results from their own efforts. The only thing that most of us do not understand or appreciate is that no one can or will do this work for us. Certainly, we cannot look to the Federal Government to restore upland game. That is a local problem. The state department cannot raise enough birds to meet the needs nor can it possibly give the close (Continued on page 43)
If you want just 1 rod
Here it is . . .

There is no larger or finer selection of fishing tackle for each and every angling use than is shown in our new catalog. In its interesting pages he who holds to fly casting as the greatest of all sports will find rods and reels and lines to delight his exacting needs. As well, the bait casting enthusiast will discover a wide range of choice of the tackle best fitted to that sport.

But if you are a fisherman to whom every form of angling from casting to trolling is sport of the best—then let us introduce to you two rods to suit you—Bristol No. 11, the finest rod made for general angling purposes, and Homaco No. 2700 which has never been equalled at a price of $3.00.

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"EVENING"

By Frank W. Benson

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I was just twelve years old when I first became enchanted with the idea of going fishing. The desire came suddenly and most violently one day, while I lay prone on the bank of a marshy stream watching some large red-fins which were sunning themselves on the rippled sand bars in the warm June sun.

The first impulse had been to capture them. I tried to scoop them out with my hands and attempted to corner them in a shallow end of the pool as they darted here and there through the sparkling spring water.

Of course I did not get any of them; they were much too quick, too clever, to be taken by such methods, but I did get soaking wet, besides very much out of breath and I certainly learned to respect the little fish for their ability to take care of themselves, before I finally conceded my own defeat.

How to get them then became the mighty problem. I asked Dad about it and he fitted me up with an eight foot, steel bait rod, an inexpensive reel, an old enamel line of his own and a package of hooks.

I was certainly proud of the outfit, especially the hooks, as they were swelled and not the common ringed variety. He then told me to dig some worms and said that I would surely be able to catch the red-fins with them.

The very next day I was back to the brook, sitting on the bank in great contentment, my bare feet dangling and splashing in the crystal clear water, my mutilated worm resting inactive on the stream bottom and every fish in the pool frightened beyond any desire of feeding by my proximity to their habitat.

I could not understand why I did not get some fish. Dad had said that they would surely take the worms. I pulled my bait out of the water and looked at it critically. "P'haps," I murmured, "I should spit on it. Spittin' on anythin' is allus good luck." I went through the ceremony very solemnly indeed and was just prepared to drop the worm back in the stream when I heard a twig crackle behind me.

"Hullo sonny. An' what d'ye think yore tryin' ta do?"

I was startled and jumped to my feet in confusion.

"Nuthin'," I replied, rather sullenly.

The old fellow smiled broadly as he stooped to pick up my rod which had fallen to the ground.


I was extremely bashful; a boy who shunned company and lived in a world of dreams. For a moment I stood there silently, in abject misery, on the verge of running frantically away and then the full import of the old angler's proposal penetrated the riotous confusion of my brain. "Like ta ketch trout?"

The words rang in my consciousness and conquered my hateful backwardness.

"Aw, g-g-gee. --I'd I-like ta," I stammered.

I followed him down stream through the tangled underbrush, of a second growth woodlot and into a ravine where the brook began to sing a merry song as it tumbled along the rocky bed. He stopped within sight of a high, steep bank against which the waters of the stream dashed in reckless glee and then turned abruptly at right angles to spend its force in the forming of a deep, black pool.

"That's what they is sum big 'un,' said my guide. "Lett see yer wurum. Wall, guess I better put on this new lively 'un. Ye musn't stick yer hook through the vitals of the wurum like ye did. It kills 'em an' spiles 'em fer good bait. Jes' hook 'em easy like through the skin, in two places and leave both ends dangle plenty,—like this." He held up the newly baited hook and I absorbed the graphic lesson.

"Ye must r'member thot trout kin notice ye purty well
ef ye ain't keerful," went on my tutor, "an' fer that reason ye must try an' c'n'eal yerself all ye can, specially on such a small brook as this 'un. Ye see that alder bush there? Well, jest get on the upstream side o' that an' then do as I tell ye ta. That's right. Now, jes' pull off'n sum lue frum yer reel till I tells ye ta stop.

I did as I was sold and stripped off some ten feet.

Thar, that's 'ougher fer now. Jes' dрап that wurrum in the water, right by yer feet an' as it starts ta float down the riffe wave yer pole back an' forth so thot it causes the slack line ta foller yer bait. That's it, yessir. Now pull in sum more, jes' a little; thar, that's 'ougher ta let yer wurrum folly that current down into the hole an' when it gets thare it will be close ter bottom, whar the fish is jest now.'

I HELD my rod in all intensity; nerves alert.

"Now start takin' in the slack—slow! Thar, ye see that twitchin' o' the line? That's a trout on that. Leave 'im have it a bit. Now take in the slack again, slow now, an' when ye feels sumpin' pullin', strong like, RIZ YOUR POLE QUICK!"

I did as he told me, quivering with eagerness. I felt the pull. I raised my rod and was fast to a struggling, pulling, fighting fish. I lost all sense of ethics. I forgot that the old angler was watching me. All that existed at that moment was the big fish, the first fish I had ever hooked. I wanted him, I felt that I must get him. In a panic I dropped my rod, grabbed the line and started pulling the big trout in hand over hand. There came a violent splash on the surface of the water, I saw a monstrous shape and the line parted from the undue strain it had been subjected to. In bojish desperation I dropped everything and made a dive in the pool. The cold water brought me to my senses and I pulled my bedraggled self out on the bank to come face to face with my friendly teacher.

"Hul!—ye shore done los' the bes' fish in this yere stream an' I callate it's the one I tol' Marthy I wuz goin' ta ketch t' day. I seed 'im long las' fall when I wuz trappin' fer mink here-a-bout an' fell 'eigh weigh a couple pounds. Why in tarnation didn't ye drag that line when ye heerd me yellin' at ye. That line was plenty strong 'ough to hold 'im ef ye played 'im on yer pole the way yer orta. Shucks!"

IT WAS a lesson on the correct way of playing a fish that was graphically illustrated and I never forgot it. I learned a lot more that first morning of my fishing career and went home with four native trout that made my dad's eyes open wide with astonishment. He could hardly believe that I had caught them and indeed it was enough to test his credulity; a twelve year old catching trout like that on his first day's fishing.

Like all beginners, riding on the crest of a wave of good fortune, I began to feel that I was the world's best angler and I was lucky, extremely so, until along in late June, when the streams became low. After that I couldn't catch a thing so quit until the following spring.

It wasn't until my fifteenth year that I started to think of fly fishing. Repeated failures, after the successful spring, gave up, had a lot to do with this new thought, as in my efforts to find out the reason why, I started to read the outdoor publications. The stories about fly fishing fascinated me greatly, so I went to work and earned the price of a fly outfit. It was not an expensive outfit but it was very serviceable and consisted of the following: i.e.—a ten dollar rod, a three dollar reel, a two dollar enamelled line and an assortment of flies. This last collection was rather meager but it was of good choice. The magazines had attended to that.

When the trout season opened in my fifteenth year I went fishing without my can of worms and my package of hooks. I thought that all difficulties were solved when I purchased my new outfit—that I was equipped to take trout under any circumstances.

WHAT a disappointment I experienced. I failed to take even one trout that first day and also for the following three weeks. This was not so much because of my faulty fishing as it was because of my lack of angling knowledge. The most skilful of anglers would have found it a hard task to catch even a few trout, on a fly, in the overflowing, discolored streams, filled as they were with snow water and bottom food.

Then one day, about the first of May, when the brooks were just beginning to get normal and the sheltered
woolseven were starting to take on a faint suggestion of delicate green, I had the good fortune to spend the day on a
turbulent mountain stream with a wet fly angler of great skill.
The stream in question was one which was located some
eighteen miles from my home, a long distance indeed at this
time when the bicycle constituted my means of transportation.
It meant work to reach new fishing waters then.

HOW well I remember my first glimpse of that brook.
The turbulent waters and the thickly wooded, hemlock
studded ravine, through which it rushed to the stately Hud-
son, fascinated me. It was wild, yet friendly and I was ex-
tremely happy as I followed its tortuous, rock strewn course.

But I did not make out at all with my fishing. I almost
believed that the stream was void of fish life. Of course the
truth was that I knew nothing of the fine points of wet fly
fishing. The only method I entertained was one of fishing
my flies down stream with the current and skittering them
along the surface of the water. In most places the water ran
so swiftly that my flies were
in the air most of the time, which might have been all
tight on some streams and under other circumstances,
but which was utterly use-
less here.

At noon I stopped to rest
and to eat my meager lunch.
Even my boyish optimism
had suffered beyond its
capacity of endurance and I
had about decided to call it
quits when the second charac-
ter of my angling experi-
ences made his appearance.

He had just come around
the bend just below me
when I first saw him and
my first impulse was to get
out of sight as quickly as
possible. I was still a pretty
bashful boy. However, fate
intervened, for just as I
started to leave I saw the
angler hook a good trout
and the fascination of seeing
the miracle held me rooted
to the spot.

HE was a friendly chap,
that angler. After he
had landed the trout he held
him up for me to see and
then started to approach me.
I could do nothing else but
wait him.

"Th' beauties are takin'
well t'day," was his greeting. "Spose you've already got all
ya want an' are takin' a rest." I
gulp and almost strangled. "Ain't got none," I man-
gaged to say.

"Huh? Well, that's too bad. What seems to be th' trouble?"
"Ever'thing," I replied. "Never did no fly fishin' before." "I see." He pondered for a time. Then, "I'd be glad to show
ya how if you'd like to learn."

"Be too much trouble," I muttered, rather ungraciously.
"Trouble? Why what do ya mean, boy. 'S never too much
trouble to teach a youngster how to fish, specially fly fishin'.
Now you just come along with me.

Just a bit up stream from where we stood was a rock
studded riffle. The current was swift but not enough to
cause white water.

"Just the place to start," said my new friend. "Now let
me see your cast. Himm—Not so good. Got a royal coach-
man?"

I nodded and dug one out of my
book, tying on the dropper.

"That'll do. And now, I
don't suppose you've got a
fly that might look like a
caddis creeper—no, I know
you wouldn't have that.
Let's see." He fingered
through a much worn fly
book. "Here, I'll tie on one
of my own, one that I tied
myself to imitate the choice
morsels—weighted too, so
they will sink to bottom.

YOU know, this stream
bottom is covered with
these caddis bugs and just
now the trout are gorg-
in' on them to the exclusion of
anything else. Now we
will soak these flies before
casting them where they
are likely to be seen by a
tROUT. A perfectly new,
dry wet fly will often float
in such a manner that it will
frighten a wary fish an' be-
sides we want our flies to
sink evenly, without any
hitch, the instant they touch
the surface of the water.

Another thing, I have al-
ways found that a bedrag-
gled, sorry lookin' wet fly
(Continued on page 34)
EARLY on the morn of the 29th of October, George
tooted his auto horn right under my window. Just
once...for I was awaiting that particular toot with
considerable impatience. Slipping into my shooting jacket,
I glanced out, and caught an eyeful of Gyp, George's red
and white setter, curled comfortably up on the rear seat
of the car.

I might mention in passing that George's last name is
Stobie...his native burg is Waterville, Maine, and Gyp
is one of the finest setters in the Pine Tree State..., a
field trial winner, and "considerable dog" as we natives
have it.

Two minutes...and we were rolling out toward Vassal-
boro...Vassalboro, where the grouse and woodcock covers
are as familiar to me as the grass on my front lawn...for
I was brought right up in 'em, and have at least a shootin'
acquaintance with every grouse family up there.

We pulled out beside a big pine and stopped, feeding
shells into the guns with eager hands. George had a beau-
tiful engraved gun, with ejectors, gold triggers, 'nd-every-
thing. I was toting a new little 20; a single gun, which
is well balanced and throws a nice, tight pattern. This was
the second time I'd had it out, for I stick pretty close to my
20 ga. pump. So I had to brag a little about the new gun
...to sorta make up for its lack of ornamentation. Later
in the day I wished I had restrained this impulse.

"SHOT at three hiddies and two woodcock with it last
Saturday, George" said I. "Killed both woodcock and
two of the hiddies...and got a half-length tail feathers off
the other one."

"Nice shootin'. Try and keep it up today" suggested
George. "What will we find in here?"

"We won't waste much time in here. There are a couple
of old hiddies that visit the thorn-plums in this corner, near
the stone fence, and when they flush they always fly across
a little opening just below the the end of the wall.
I'll go down there and wait, and you work Gyp through the
cover. One of us'll get a crack at 'em" I replied.

It was windy, and the leaves were dry and noisy. On such
days the birds

are generally "hysteric", and will flush wild. In five
minutes I was posted at the edge of the little clearing, and
could hear George and Gyp coming through toward me.
Then an old drummer roared up out of the thicket, with the
wind behind him. He came tearing out across the open space,
sixty yards high and still climbing. Leading him a good
six feet I slammed a load of chilled sevens at him, but he
kept on, and slanted down into the woods, too far away to

I was reloading when the second bird flushed; he came
boring along about four feet from the ground, twisting and
zigzagging through the dense thicket in the wonderful flight
that makes a prime drummer such an elusive mark. Ten
yards from the gun, and I scored the second clean miss of
the day. George joined me...smiling sardonically...also Gyp,
looking reproachful too. Neither George nor Gyp
said a word, however.

We pilled into the car and went on, across the electric
tline and up a cliff through hardwood growth...across
a "four-toppers" and down another hill. "Pull out to the
side of the road and stop" I said then. "We'll find both
woodcock and grouse along the wall here, unless they have
left since Saturday."

AGAIN George gave me the post of honor. I walked in
the edge of the field, while he and Gyp followed inside
of the wall, working slowly and carefully, for it was mighty
birdy in there. Suddenly I heard the whistle of a woodcock,
and saw the little brown chap boring straight at me. George
saw him, too, but neither of us could shoot without en-
dangering the other's eyesight. The woodcock escaped.
Then a grouse jumped from one of the old apple-trees dead
ahead, and I slammed my load squarely into an eight-inch
maple in line with his tail.

Not so good. Three shots and not a feather thus far.
George flushed two grouse and did not see either of 'em.
Then he spoke to Gyp, who was frozen in a beautiful point.
"Steady, steady Girl!" He walked in closer and flushed
the bird, scored a clean hit. Gyp brought the bird proudly,
head well up, and I took a picture of her in the act of plac-
ing the woodcock in George's outstretched hand.

Gyp hates the taste of a dead woodcock...it is an act
of sheer will-power for her to pick one up and carry it in
her mouth. But how she does love to retrieve a biddy!
We worked through an open cutting, and Gyp
located another big flight wood-
cock. That is, she almost locat-
ed it...and I finished the
job by practical
stepping on
the bird,
which buzzed
aloft, straight
up into the
sky. (Con-
(Continued
page 44)

A long straightaway through the "open".
Retrieving the bird—so a rule dogs are
almost a necessity, since the colors blend
so with the leaves.
THE court which had jurisdiction over the entire Indian Territory in all cases involving members of the white race was the United States Circuit Court for the Western District of Arkansas, at Fort Smith, Arkansas. This was the most remarkable criminal court ever established within the United States, and probably never had an equal anywhere else in the world. The judge of this court was the Hon. Isaac C. Parker. During his incumbency he hanged eighty-eight men. The business of making arrests and serving processes was entrusted to U. S. marshals and deputy marshals. To be a marshal in the Indian Territory was a most unwholesome job. During the incumbency of Judge Parker ninety-eight marshals were killed while in performance of their duty. Perhaps I can give no better description of the conditions which made Judge Parker's court the most famous court of our country than to quote a few sentences from one of his charges to a grand jury:

"The duties of this grand jury are much more onerous than those of a Federal grand jury usually are. Most Federal courts deal only with cases directly affecting their government. But here we have nearly all of the Indian Territory attached to this jurisdiction, and the laws of the United States are extended over it to protect that country which for years has been cursed with criminal refugees. They committed some crime back at their homes, and fled from justice, taking refuge in the land of the Indians where by their acts and their influence over the young men they have made a hot-bed of crime. The government in its treaties with the Indians obligated itself to keep all of these charaters out, to remove them as fast as they moved in but the promise has never been kept except in so far as this court having jurisdicction over that country has brought these criminals out to punish them."

JUDGE PARKER was a remarkable man, able, just, unflinching. Sometimes early in the year 1887, in company with a brother officer, I visited Fort Smith, and we called upon Judge Parker to pay our respects. His court was in session, but he received us most cordially, and sent one of the attendants of the court to accompany us. We made a tour of the jail where there were a number of prisoners already under sentence of death, and where no fewer than fifty-five prisoners were awaiting trial on charges of murder. A motley looking lot they were: white men, half-breeds, whose faces in every instance suggested criminal instinct and low mentality.

The attendant showed us also the gallows having accommodations for twelve victims at one time. Six was the greatest number ever hanged at any one time, but there were five under sentence to be hanged the following week. We saw these five men as we passed through the jail. They were together, and were playing a game of cards—as nearly a bunch of human beings as I ever looked upon. They begged us for cigarettes and tobacco. In the very shadow of the gallows these fellows presented a peculiar and grotesque side of human nature. What interested them in these closing days of life? Was it to prepare for another world? Not at all. Was it to take steps to help their families, or those who had suffered by reason of their crimes? No, emphatically no. Yet upon eve of execution these murderers all had one great ambition—an ambition to see which one of them could die the "gamers" death—which one could make the most flippant remark as the black cap was being adjusted. One of the five condemned murderers to whom I handed some cigarettes was a negro who thanked me with the remark: "I am going to kick off" gamer than any of this here bunch." With that he broke into a loud and brutal guffaw as though he had said something very witty.

I THINK our government made a terrible mistake—it seems to me an unpardonable one—when it permitted these hangings to be in public. It gave just the opportunity these weak minded criminals needed and ardently longed for. Every one of them felt that his reputation would be passed on to future generations if he could but think up some ribald jest that would pass his name on to posterity as the "gamest guy who ever kicked off from the Fort Smith gallows."

In drawing power these hangings quite equaled the crowds that might be expected on circus day. Let me quote from "The Western Independent," a newspaper published at Fort Smith, Arkansas. On the day that six men were hanged this paper published twelve columns concerning the men and their crimes under the caption "A CARNIVAL OF HANGING." The article began with these words: "A little over seven months ago we laid before our readers the details of the execution of six men on the gallows in the prison yard of the United States Court. Today the same prison yards and the same gallows have again been the scene, and we are called upon to chronicle the hanging of five other men sentenced at the last term of the United States Court to be hanged for murders in the Indian Territory." (Here follows a lengthy description of the criminals and their crimes). The article concludes as follows:

"It might have been expected that, with the number of previous hangings, the morbid (Continued on page 37)"
While fishing the previous evening, the Judge had ascended the river to a fall a mile and a quarter above Disaster Camp, as we called the camp where we had lost the tablet. He reported the whole stretch of water below the fall (which we named Roger Newell Fall) impassable for canoe, and therefore a portage was made to a point above the fall. Then the river work began again, more toilsome and difficult than ever. For several miles the stream, dropping down an incline that rose abruptly into the hills, was separated into two and frequently three channels. These were blocked by boulders and rock-ribbed bars, which made it necessary for us to work almost continuously in the icy water. Wherever bars occurred, we lifted or dragged the loaded canoe over them by main strength.

The only relief from this constant strife with rapids was on rare occasions when the main channel ran close to shore, and the rapids were too swift and big to risk putting the canoe into them. Wherever this occurred, portages became necessary, and afforded welcome interludes between long intervals of wading. Our outfit, however, was still too heavy, including the canoe, to carry in one load, and this required two trips over each portage, with actually slower progress than when hauling the loaded canoe through the water.

We had been enjoying fairly good weather, but on the second day after leaving Roger Newell Fall, a steady rain set in. A raw, bleak wind was blowing, and the river water was icy cold. Drenching wet, and with teeth chattering, we made camp that night among the trees on a slight elevation on the north side of the river. Here lay a beautiful amphitheater, the first substantial opening in the valley, not claimed by the river, with which we met. Here also the river was again confined to a single channel, and from this point so continued.

Our camp site was a most beautiful and romantic one. A brook fell in sparkling cascades from the summit of a hill on the opposite side of the amphitheater. Above us the turbulent river disappeared among rolling, forested hills, which closed in upon it to hide it in the exclusion of their unknown and mysterious recesses. In the far distance blue, bleak, weather-beaten peaks rose above the dark green of the lower hills. The forest around us was carpeted with deep, gray caribou moss.

When we had pitched our tent and made things snug for the night, we converted our tarpaulin into a lean-to shelter opening before a roaring fire. Thus we could enjoy the fire and still be protected from the raw and penetrating wind which blew down the valley. What a comfort a good camp fire is at the end of a hard day's work! How it mellowed one into forgetfulness of the hardships of the trail! How it soothes and banishes discouragement! How intimate and companionable it is, as one talks in its genial warmth and smokes his evening pipe! The evening hour at the camp fire offers ample recompense for all the toil and disappointments of the day. Here there is time to chat with one's companions, or to contemplate in silence while the darkening shadows of the night steal

![Image of Labrador Lures Me Back by Dillon Wallace](image-url)

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The camp in the foreground marks the forkhead advance on the Beaver river.

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Indian women and children at Northwest River.
travelin' lively and rough for him.

The Judge produced his tin whistle and struck up "The Campbells are Coming." He played it five times and then with soul-rendering effect tried his hand at some other selections. There was no applause from his audience, though Gilbert made the helpful suggestion as to one of them, that the Judge "might get to play un if he practiced un quite a bit."

"What a honeymoon trip this would be for a young married couple," the Judge finally remarked, laying his whistle to the relief of Gilbert and myself.

"I would a be a hard un I'm thinkin' for they to cruise on," Gilbert disagreed.

"Oh," said the Judge, "the bridegroom could track the canoe, and the bride could pick daisies by the way, and they could make love between times."

"I never see any daisies in this country," said Gilbert seriously, "and a man couldn't be trackin' the canoe alone, whatever."

That night a steady cold rain set in, which lasted for two days, and increased materially the discomforts of travel. When it did not rain, we were wet only to our waists, but on rainy days we were soaked from head to feet, and after a time we would find ourselves shivering like men afflicted with ague. Then we would call a halt to boil the kettle, and drink hot tea to warm and stimulate us, and make sport of each other's bedraggled appearance. Gilbert declared it was not a canoe trip, but a swimming trip.

On the evening of the twenty-second we were brought to a halt by a chute, where the narrowed river roared down in twin cascades between perpendicular walls of rock. From the top of the wall on one side, the hills, rising high above us, had a slope of sixty degrees, and on the other side a slope of forty-five degrees. The footing upon the hilltops was loose and precarious, and it was obvious that a portage around and above the chute would prove a most difficult undertaking.

We pitched our camp upon a level space below the chute, and a survey the following morning disclosed the fact that canoe. The boys were bedraggled and barefooted. They hailed us with joy, and their joy was not diminished when they were told that they were to return to the Post at once, and that the Judge, Gilbert, Poppy and I would make the crossing to the Susan River without their assistance. The afternoon was spent by them in repairing their canoe, and the following morning, in a drizzling rain, they left us.

Immediately the two boys had disappeared in their canoe around a bend in the river, the Judge, Gilbert and I slung our tumpline packs, and began the tedious ascent of the ridge. Windin' up the ridge in a snake trail, clinging to bushes to draw ourselves forward, we reached the summit, to descend the opposite side into a basin, where we passed a nameless lake two miles in length, and on the opposite side of the basin began the ascent of another ridge.

The drizzle had become a downpour, driven before the wind in sheets, and on the opposite side of this second ridge, drenched and shivering, we camped at the head of a beautiful lake some four miles in length, which I named Lake Malone, in honor of the Judge.

We pitched our tent before a rock, with the front facing the rock, against which a big fire was at once lighted. The rock reflected the heat, and soon the tent was warm and cozy. To reduce weight, we had brought no change of underclothing from our cache, and in the warmed tent we undressed, wrung the water from our underclothing, and donning them again hung our outer clothing in the tent to dry. Presently a kettle of spruce grouse, secured for us during the morning by Poppy's efforts, was stewing and
sending forth a delicious odor. To this Gilbert added dumplings, and I shall never forget that delicious meal, flavored by a ravenous appetite, and devoured as we sat in the front of the tent, our bare feet toward the fire, and our wet underclothing sending forth clouds of steam.

The next day we crossed two more ridges in a drizzling rain, and camped at night with the Susan River valley at our feet, and the song of her rapids in our ears. To see those rapids of the Susan had a distinctive note, quite different from those of the Beaver. A half mile from our camp was the spot where Gilbert and his three companions found me in the deep snow on November first, 1903, starved to a skeleton, helpless and weak, and with frozen feet and stockings, my only foot covering, clotted to my feet with blood.

WE HAD come upon the Susan River many miles below Hubbard's Camp. Gilbert had never been above this point, and I was now to guide our party to the camp. Our course was along the ridge, where better foot traveling was to be found than in the marshy valley. All day on the twenty-eighth it rained, but on the morning of the twenty-ninth the sun came out, bringing with it an avalanche of flies and mosquitoes. At half past eleven o'clock we came upon Goose Creek, which I recognized at once, and turning down the creek, a few minutes later reached its junction with the Susan, which we forced below the junction.

DIRECTLY above us a clump of black spruce trees hid the rock and the spot that we had come so far to see. The years rolled away. I cannot describe or quite understand the psychology of that moment when I stepped again upon the north bank of the Susan River. I was sure that hidden behind those dark spruce trees was our tent with Hubbard waiting to greet me, upon my return from a scouting expedition. I could almost hear his voice—"Hello, by. I'm glad you're back! What luck?"

The Judge and Gilbert waited upon the river bank, and I went forward alone. There was the rock. There were the boughs, now withered and dead, that I had broken and laid for Hubbard's bed, on that night ten years before. The blackened embers of the fire looked as though the rain of yesterday might have extinguished the blaze. There were the remnants of Hubbard's trail-worn moccasins, one of his skin mittens, a spindle of the black linen thread that we had used to mend our clothing, two spoons, some of the carbide bones that we had boiled and reboiled, and pieces of the tent, now browned by the snows and rains of ten winters and ten summers.

AS I STOOD there alone, I lived over that last night, and the morning of our parting. A decade was blotted out, and all that had gone between. It was night. Hubbard lay upon the bough bed, the flickering firelight lighting his poor haggard, weather-beaten face. George by his side was sleeping heavily. In the forest beyond the firelight glow the darkness was intense. The wind in the fir tops sighed wearily. Rain was patterning upon the tent. I had promised Hubbard that I would keep the fire burning. Instinctively I felt that I was keeping watch with Death. In my time I had seen many people die in many ways, and again I felt the Awful Presence. My heart was heavy with fearful foreboding. I dozed as I crouched before the fire, to be

(Continued on page 29)

Our raft as we drew it ashore after crossing the Beaver. Two miles through the forest led to the cabin at the head of Grand Lake.
WELL feller!” said Mark. “How about taking that fishing trip tomorrow?”

It had been a hard week. I was “fed up” on heat and perspiration and office work. I longed for fresh air and sunshine and I accepted the invitation.

“Where shall we go?” I asked, already upon the scent of the enjoyment I always extract from getting ready to go.

“Oh, anywhere.” Mark is agreeable about such things. “We might go northwest and take a look at the Pawnee while up there. We’ll just fool around, catch a few perch, eat our lunch and make a day of it.”

We went. I well remember that day of “just fooling around.” I hope I continue to do so. As I grow older I find that I look back more often and more fondly at peaceful, quiet adventures in my past, and less and less at the strenuous ones. Maybe I am getting old. But I don’t mind. As Cicero has put it:

“I am very thankful to old age, which has increased my eager desire for conversation.”

So that evening I sat and extracted details from Mark over the telephone until the subject was exhausted. Then I went to my quarters and spent two more pleasant hours going over and setting aside clothing and paraphernalia.

IT WAS to be a day of rest and gladness and we were in no hurry, so it was seven o’clock next morning when Mark honked his horn in front of my house and I carried out cameras, fishing tackle, and lunch, to find Harry and a huge box of pies and pastries from his bakery firmly planted in the rear seat of Mark’s late edition tin Lizzie.

At eleven o’clock Mark stopped the automobile beside a rocky ledge that overhung a long shallow hole in Paint Creek.

Mark and Harry pulled on hip boots and set up casting rods. I donned tennis shoes with heavy soles and assembled fly tackle.

Now this isn’t any brief pro or con in that old, often argued matter, bait-casting vs. fly-fishing, so I will just tell you what we did.

The big bunch of paw-paws and a ten inch “black perch.”

The wind was exactly right to ruffle the water, but exactly wrong to help me place my flies back beneath that overhanging cliff as I waded north.

About two casts convinced me of this so I stopped then and there, thigh deep in the water, and replaced dry flies with a black home-made squirrel tail fly tied on a number one hook, behind a number 160 tandem spinner. Upon the hook of the fly I trailed a thin, inch long, pork-rind. Half way up my 16 pound three foot leader I looped on a number eight black gnar perch fly.

That outfit was a game getter. My third cast back beneath that bluff was greeted with a yank and while Harry looked on from the shallow middle of the stream I fought in and created a nine inch black perch.

Twenty feet farther along I had a second strike, a vicious, rushing strike that thudded heavily, even as I found no bottom beneath my extended foot and went in with a gasp to the chin.

THAT water was breath-takingly cold and I lost my slack and lost the fish much to Harry’s amusement in scrambling back whence I had come. I will always believe that was at least a two pound bass.

Carefully detouring the hole that had caused my downfall I paused while Harry cast a red ibis fly and pork rind behind a number 4 spinner beneath my ledge.

That was a shabby proceeding when Harry well knew that I had just hooked one fish there. But the rain falls on the unjust as well as the just and Harry was soon ruthlessly dragging a struggling 20 ounce largemouth across my front, as though he were well aware of his guilt and half expected me to stop the fish and appropriate it as it surged splashing past.

Feeling my way along I returned presently to the ledge and began placing my lure back in where the water met the crumbling rock wall.

I had a nice time back in the cool dump and took four perch before we reached the end of the hole. Mark caught nothing there; Harry, the one bass mentioned.

Cutting across a bend in the creek to return (Continued on page 32)
Dry Flies and High Water

by Kenneth A. Reid

NO, MR. BROWN is out of town and will not be in the office until sometime Monday—he left only ten minutes ago." It was not quite four o'clock on a Friday afternoon and I had just stepped out of my car after driving more than a hundred miles into West Virginia for the express purpose of seeing Mr. Brown. My mental reflections concerning the vile detour that had delayed me more than an hour were not conveyed to Mr. Brown's secretary.

A few minutes later I was walking back toward my car wondering what to do next and thinking of driving back over the abominable detour without having accomplished a thing, when my attention was attracted by a display of fishing tackle in the window of a sporting goods store. My gaze soon rested on two photographs of rainbow and brook trout of an average size that one might expect to take from a Rocky Mountains or Canadian stream. The inscription read: "From the Upper Cheat," and "From the Greenbrier, May 1927." "Just a year ago," I mused, as I stepped inside.

The proprietor was a very obliging sort and gave me a lot of information on trout streams and how to reach them. I could drive to the Cheat in three and a half hours, he advised. Thanking him, I stepped outside and paused again to admire the photographs.

It was a four hour's drive home, and I was in no frame of mind to buck the miserable detour a second time that day. Besides, there was no particular reason why I should be home before Monday. In the steel trunk on the back of my car was all the tackle I would need, hip boots, hobnailed shoes—even some dried foods, blankets and a little shelter tent. The more I thought on these matters, the fewer reasons I could find for going home. My step quickened as I approached the car, and when I stepped on the starter I did not turn around, but kept going on toward the Cheat.

NEARLY ten years earlier, I had crossed this stream one October day and spent a pleasant hour walking along its banks planning to return and find the quiet water immediately. But that same month, fate carried me nearly fifteen hundred miles west of it and I had never been back.

According to my watch, I had barely time to reach the stream by dark, when I would either make a long camp or drive on to the little hotel at Darwin on the Greenbrier. A heavy rain changed my plans and I stopped for the night in a town some thirty odd miles short of my goal. The rain settled down to a quiet all night affair, and I finally retired, hoping for the best, but fearing that the streams would be badly swollen.

The downpour stopped at last about five in the morning, and in another hour I was on my way, splashing through the puddles of water on the road with the Sun still hidden by a fog and low hanging clouds. When I reached the Cheat, a glance sufficed to convince me that it was too high for fishing that day, so I continued on to the Greenbrier. If anything, the West Fork was higher than the Cheat, and before daring to look at the East Fork, I stopped to enjoy a hearty breakfast.

The East Fork was unquestionably high, but in better shape than either of the other streams, so I drove upstream several miles hoping to get above at least part of the worst of the high water. Above the mouth of Little River, the stream looked better, but I kept on as far as the road continued.

It was now ten-thirty, so I dropped downstream only a few hundred yards around a bend to fish back to the car by lunch time. The high water had fallen somewhat and was almost clear. With a cloudless sky overhead and the water receding, I felt greatly encouraged as I sat down on a log jam at the foot of a long riffle and tied on a number ten fan wing dry fly.

A WET fly about two sizes larger would have been more appropriate under existing water conditions, but I so much prefer the floaters that I was willing to forego several possible trout to watch the dry Royal Coachman bob down toward me over the uneven surface after each cast.

My first cast was over the rather quiet water immediately above the log jam. Nothing happened, but I was not disappointed as I did not expect a rise there—I merely wanted to offer any fish that might be there an opportunity to be removed quietly, rather than dash pell mell upstream to the consternation of his brothers above, when I waded in.

My eye was on a point some yards farther
upstream where the current ran along the rocky left bank just below the head rapid. I covered the intervening water carefully, and just below this point, in the shoal water to the right of the main current, an eight-inch rainbow came half out of the water for the fly and was speedily landed and released. I was optimistic enough to believe I would get some better trout from this stream.

When my fly floated over the chosen spot, I saw a rainbow colored flash under it, but the line came back limp on the strike. Such a flash was encouraging, even though somewhat disappointing, for it was made by no small fish. After resting him for a few minutes, I cast again and again over the same spot, but to no avail.

Extending my cast about two yards above and to the right, almost on the middle of the main current, I saw another pink flash, and this time the line did not come back slack. Just what did happen in the next few moments is a bit hazy in my mind. The fly was about twenty-five feet away when I struck, and almost in the same instant a magnificent rainbow jumped more than three feet above the surface and straight toward me. In two more similar leaps he was practically at my feet, while I was frantically stripping in slack line with one hand and holding my rod high above and behind me with the other. The next thing I knew, I was gazing at my fly dangling aimlessly in the air at the end of the leader, and the rainbow was nowhere to be seen.

To calm my nerves, I sat down on the bank and filled my pipe, reflecting on the fact that very few trout that persist in jumping directly toward you, are ever landed. But the vision of those magnificent leaps remained to tantalize me and I sat long meditating upon them. When I resumed casting, I could not resist another try in the same spot, although I knew the effort would be futile.

In the next deep riffle I took a twelve inch rainbow, and between there and the car, two more of almost the same size. All three were unusually acrobatic, but fortunately none of them jumped toward me. Opposite the car I took a plump ten inch brook trout from a narrow riffle between two boulders, and then stopped to build a little fire and “boil the kettle” for lunch.

In the afternoon I took several more fair size trout above this point and at forty-three returned to the car and dropped downstream some four miles to try the bigger water for the evening fishing. I literally slid down the steep bank to the stream at the lower end of a long sweeping bend.

Three rainbows, each about eleven inches, came to net in as many pools, and with twelve good trout in my creel, I was prompted to again take the car and drive farther down below the mouth of Little River for the last hour of fishing. The stream here began to assume the proportions of a young river, but it was also noticeably higher than above. One long pool where the current hugged a steep ledge overhung with dark hemlocks and rhododendron, looked particularly ideal, but not a fish did I rise in this part of the stream.

That night back at the little hotel while the fishing proprietor and I planned some real fishing in the main stream for the morrow, the unwelcome sound of rain greeted our ears and continued until we finally went to bed in disgust.

The next morning it was still raining softly, so after swapping a few yarns around the stove after breakfast, (in this I was hopelessly out-classed by the proprietor), I started homeward.

As I topped the mountain between the Greenbrier and the Cheat, the sun broke through the clouds and when I reached the latter stream the “Fisherman’s Special,” a Ford touring car mounted on steel car wheels, was about to leave with two fishermen bound down the river over the old logging railroad tracks. A glance at the river convinced me that it had fallen slightly, and a minute later I had climbed aboard with the driver.

I had previously ridden everything from a burro to an aeroplane, but a Ford running on a railroad track, was a new one for me. It was the only means of transportation for many a mile, as there was no highway of any sort along the river. About four miles downstream and a mile below where my companions got off, we stopped and I set up my rod while watching the driver turn the Ford around on the tracks by means of an improvised wooden turntable that he carried on the side of the car.

The upper Cheat is unlike any stream I know. For many miles it runs, as the natives say, “on top of the mountain,” in a north northeasterly direction through a trough between two big ridges with many summits well above the fourth thousand feet and several nearer five thousand. The river level at the crossing is something over three thousand feet, which is more than a thousand feet above either the Greenbrier, roughly paralleling it on the east or the Valley River to the west.

This altitude largely accounts for the unusual vegetation, which is more Canadian than southern. Dark stands of spruce line the river and climb to the very summits of the mountains above, and in several places are clumps of balsam fir which are isolated indeed, and do not occur to my knowledge anywhere else within several hundred miles of that latitude. Underneath the conifers are dense clumps of rhododendron, and mixed with them are many deciduous trees in which maple and birch predominate.

The water is tea colored, getting (Continued on page 50)
Your Rifle Needs the Extra Protection of Western Lubaloy Center-fire Cartridges

Metal-fouling in your rifle is an enemy of accuracy. Perhaps you pay little attention to the particles of metal that lodge in the bore when ordinary jacketed bullets are used—but their presence is affecting your marksmanship.

Western Lubaloy center-fire cartridges prevent metal-fouling, as well as rust, pitting and corrosion.

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Gun cleaning is ended, from the day you start using Lubaloy cartridges. Scrubbing the bore with solvents is a thing of the past.

Important scientific and big-game expeditions choose Western Lubaloy cartridges for their remarkable accuracy and because they permit expensive rifles to be taken into the field without being ruined by metal-fouling and corrosion.

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Without a Miss!

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POOLS and Ripples
A DEPARTMENT for FISHERMEN
Conducted by KENNETH A. REID

Opening Day
By KENNETH A. REID

THANK goodness, it won’t be long now!” Any ardent trout fisherman knows the meaning of that rather hackneyed expression when uttered about this time of year. The chances are that he has been glancing restlessly at the calendar, and perhaps even counting the weeks and days until the momentous day—the opening of trout season. If the tackle has not already been gone over, it is high time to do so.

Officially, opening day is neither a state nor a national holiday, but with trout enthusiasm it is the one red letter day on the calendar, eclipsing the Fourth of July, Christmas, and all other legal holidays.

Following the cold and snows of winter and coming at a time when the trees, shrubs, and other green things are just beginning to awaken after their long winter’s sleep, it symbolizes for most of us the beginning of a new year in the out of doors. The actual date varies in the different states from around the first of April to the first of June, depending on the latitude and climate, and consequently the weather encountered on opening day may not be very much the same, whether it be April first or June first.

In my home state, the season opens on April fifteenth, and it so happens that I was born on April fourteenth—forty-one in time. As a matter of fact, my birthday was not long past before I happened to catch my first trout, and the memory of its capture, with my mother hurrying to my aid and pulling it out, is my earliest recollection in life. This brook trout measured thirteen and one-half inches, and I might add that a number of years elapsed before I caught another of like size.

All through my boyhood, the opening of trout season was the one day that was marked on the calendar months ahead of time, and my birthday presents were always items of fishing tackle. The night of April fourteenth generally found me huddled close to a fire on the bank of some trout stream waiting for the first ray of dawn, regardless of weather or water conditions. With me it was almost like a religious rite to be performed on that day whether it rained, snowed, or thundershowered. I still count the days and look forward to opening day with the same old sentiment, but looking the cold facts in the face, and they are often literally chilling, it is generally a very poor day for real fishing enjoyment. In the first place, there are a great many more fishermen who have not used, and most of whom seem to think that they just have to be out on opening day, with the result that there is a problem in some states to find a place that is not overcrowded with other fishermen. On one famous and heavily stocked stream in central Pennsylvania, I am told it is the custom for fishermen to employ boys to sit on rocks along the stream the night before opening day to hold down these particular spots until dawn for their employers.

But entirely aside from this feature, opening day is a very uncertain proposition. The chances are good that the waters will be high and perhaps colored, and there are also good for a cold rain or snow—one of which contributes to good fishing or my enjoyment of a fishing trip. Occasionally I have taken some nice trout on a fly, but more often than not I have been a very successful lure on opening day. In spite of all this, I will probably be attaching my flies in the uncertain dawn of April fifteenth, 1929, or possibly on April first, when the season opens in an adjoining state.

The uncertainty of the weather at this time of year make warm clothing advisable. If you have a waterproof hunting coat, wear it, and wear a wool shirt or sweater under it.

Hobbed waders, or rubber boots are desirable, for streams are almost sure to be icy cold at this time. And don’t forget your matches, even if you don’t smoke, for a little fire along the stream may feel mighty comfortable.

Under the average opening day conditions—namely high cold water—the trout will not be as active as later in the season, either in feeding or in putting up a fight. The rifles are generally unproductive at this time, as
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the trout are in the deeper quiet water. Look for them in the holes, and in eddies behind rocks. In the late fall after spawning, many large brook trout work down-stream into deeper water for the winter, where they will be found in the early spring. On the other hand, the lower courses of the larger streams are apt to be so high that they are in no shape for fishing, and in that event there is nothing to do but fish the upper reaches or side streams.

In the eastern states, fly fishing is not generally practiced before the middle of May, and many are of the opinion that trout will not take a fly until that time. It is true that the artificial fly is rather uncertain before the first fly, but the real fly enthusiast, who is willing to sacrifice a few possible fish to use his flies in preference to bait, will have made an enjoyable day before the middle of May.

If the water be clear and not too high, the wet fly, properly fished, may be just as effective as bait in the early season. Personally, I believe the difference between the wet fly and the worm, fished in fast water, is no more marked than between the wet fly and the dry fly, correctly handled. Both the wet fly and the worm are sunken lures, and neither is a good imitation of a natural fly on the water, while the dry fly is. The wet fly, however, is frequently fished, by allowing it to sink and then jerking it straggly through the water, is more closely related to spinning than true fly fishing; that is, simulating the natural insect on the surface by employing the dry or floating fly.

I do not mean to malign the wet fly in comparison with the floating variety, although my personal preference in using the latter is very decided. Each has its proper place, and it is part of the sport of fly fishing, the sunken fly is undoubtedly preferable. You do mean to give the impression that the wet fly will take fish whenever they will take bait, but rather that it will take them more often than is generally believed. In discussion of fishing, very few statements can be made on the basis of exception, so my remarks must necessarily be based on averages rather than extreme cases.

The impression that trout will not take an artificial fly when there are no natural flies in evidence, is erroneous. I have taken many fine creels of trout on the wet fly when there was not a single natural fly to be seen on the water or in the air, and when there were no apparent insects from fish to anything except my own flies.

Many wet fly fishermen advocate fishing down stream, casting their flies down or across the current and dragging or jerking them upstream toward them before retrieving for the next cast. My early experiences at fly fishing were along this line, as it was then the accepted method, and it was quite by accident that I commenced fishing the sunken fly upstream. This method of casting up and across the current and allowing the fly to drift naturally in the line of the current, the fly is carried downstream by the current, before reel'ing it back up the current for another cast. A small split shot attached to the leader just above the fly to aid in sinking the fly is sometimes effective as a last resort. When so fished, it is more nearly approached the spinner than any other method, and even the slight weight of one
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No-Cum Camouflaged Leader
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split shot unfavorably affects casting with a light fly rod. Flies in size eight and larger will generally prove more effective under these conditions than the smaller sizes.

If all of the above methods with the wet fly fail, try a small spinner with fly attached, and fish it as described above in the latter method. Sometimes this lure will take trout when flies fail, but more often the lightly weighted hook is apt to save the day, for the failure of the fly is most likely due to high and discolored water. Then the angle of small minnow is supreme.

Many confirmed bait fishermen use the worm without sinker of any sort when the water is at normal or below normal stage, but under these conditions the fly should be equally, if not more effective, so we will consider bait fishing only as employed in water that is too high or discolored for the fly. Obviously, the strike is not feeding on or near the surface, or they would have taken the fly if properly presented. Very likely they are lying near the bottom, lastly taking in the abundant bottom feed brought down by the high waters, or if the water is unusually high, they will be seeking shelter in the protected edges near the bank. In either case, the bait must be fished near the bottom to get their attention, and under the water conditions described, it will not go to the bottom of its own accord. From one to three split shot, depending on the swiftness and depth of the stream, are generally sufficient to sink the bait. Attach them just above the leader loop rather than to the smell of the hook.

The customary practice with bait is to fish downstream. When the water is high and at least slightly discolored, the danger attending this method, of alarming trout below you, is materially reduced. Another factor worth considering in this method where the bait is travelling along with the current on or near the bottom, is that you are much less likely to disturb the trout than by using a streamer obstruction when the bait is worked downhill with the current and retrieved through practically the same avenue of travel.

Small minnows, either live or of thepickled variety, make very killing bait for large trout on the medium and large size streams. A live minnow will oftentimes remain alive for very long when tossed about in the currents of most of our boisterous trout streams, so it hardly seems worth while to bother with fishless fishing in usually quiet deep water. As a matter of fact, the pickled variety seems quite as attractive to the fast water trout and is infinitely easier to carry on the stream.

In most states, the legal size limit on trout is six inches. A six inch trout is a very small representative of his tribe and even on the lightest tackle is hardly capable of giving the fisherman a real thrill in his capture, or pride in his taking home. Small trout, even in many of the brooks and small streams of the eastern states one often gets as many as three strikes from trout under this size as over. When using a small hook, such as number six or eight, a large percentage of these undersize fish will be landed, necessitating releasing them.

In fly fishing, it is very seldom that a trout is hooked deeper than in the bony structure of the mouth or in the tongue, and if proper care is taken in releasing them by wetting the hand before touching the fish, or better yet by running the hand down the line and releasing the fish under water, very few of them are any the worse for the encounter. In my own experience, five per cent would be a high average for the mortality of released trout. On a small private stream near my home, I caught and released the same trout four times in ten
GETS THE FISH

Regardless of the kind of kilt, rod and reel you use—after all is said and done—it's up to that comparatively small, innocent looking lure—out on the end of your line—to "GET THE FISH!"

And it's the lure that's made to look, act, wiggle and swim exactly like the natural, living minnow, frog, crawdad, mouse and other water animals—that tempts, tantalizes and teases 'em to strike—and the kind that gets not only MORE—but BIGGER FISH! That's the reason Creek Chub True-To-Nature Lures are guaranteed to "Catch More Fish."

And—another fact worth knowing—more fishermen buy Creek Chub True-To-Nature Lures than any other baits made today!

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THINK OF THE THRILL FRANK E. ANDERSON, OAK PARK, ILL., feels when he caught this load-upped robin-hooded Great Northern Pike in Tool Hole on the Famous Minnow Stream, No. 7691. IT'S THE LURE THAT CAUSED "THE FISH."

The wire leader is made of hardened wire. The hook is made of strong steel. The body of the lure is made of solid wood. The jointed minnow stream, No. 7691, comes in 10's, 25's and 50's at $1.00 each. The best lure for large pike and muskies. Available in 6 sizes. Length of jointed minnow stream, No. 7691, is 5 1/2 inches. Price $1.00 each.
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Wherever you choose to fish this year—
you’ll find the same once used for Dardevle and the Dardevle Family. Every fish with a feeding instinct—Northern Pike, Pickerel, Muskie, Bass, or Trout can’t leave the old lure alone. You’ll never believe what this lure will do until you’ve put one on your line.

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soon the big fellows will be biting. They haven’t changed their habits since last year, and you can depend on them going for Dardevle. Nearly a million anglers can’t be wrong in choosing this universal lure. Be sure you have the right assortment in your tackle kit when the season opens.

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Let me send you this great FISH STORY written by a Veteran Angler and illustrated with pen and fish sketches. Send the name of your dealer and get the Evangeline Tackle Catalog and a copy of “Fisherman’s Luck”—both free.

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side offered a good surface for the inscription we scoured the rock on that side clean of races. Utilizing a tube of white lead, intended for canoes repairs, we mixed it with melted bacon fat in the frying pan to produce a liquid paint. The judge cut a hole in Gilbert’s coarse blouse, pushed it to a stick with a piece of fish line, trimmed it to a point, and had an excellent lettering brush, and keeping the paint liquid over a small fire, he lettered the inscription upon the rock:

LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.
INTREPID EXPLORER
AND
PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN
DIED HERE
OCTOBER 18, 1903.
With ye, I go to know
and the way ye shew.
John xiv-4.

I went to work with chisel and hammer, cutting the inscription into the stone. It was a slow and tedious undertaking for a novice, and though I was up and at it at a little after five o’clock the next morning, twilight was falling when I finished. Then, as protection against weather, the Judge filled the letters with white lead.

WE WERE to hold a service at the rock that night. When the Judge and I had finished our work, and had joined Gilbert at our camp fire in a belted supper of fried trout and hot bannock and to it was half-past eleven o’clock. When we had finished, we three filed back up the trail, and by the light of two candles set upon the rock, using the same testament from which I had read to Hubbard on the morning of our parting. I read aloud the XIV. of John and the XIII. of First Corinthians. The Judge followed me with the 143 Psalm, and then, standing together, we sang “Our God to Thee.” “Shall We Gather at the River,” and “Lead Kindly Light,” selections of the Judge. Gilbert and myself in the order given. Finally, the singing finished, we three knelt, uncovered, in silent prayer by the side of the widowed boughs where Hubbard lay when he died.

We felt that Hubbard was with us. We were all deeply impressed, as in silence we turned back to the tent. When we were in our blankets the Judge said, in a voice of subdued reverence:

“That little service by the rock tonight has paid me well for all the hard work we had in getting here.” Many times, in the years that have passed since then, he has repeated that declaration. Gilbert expressed himself in similar manner. Often, as the years multiply, have I lived over again that midnight hour, always with an exultant spirit, for deeply impressed upon my mind was a sense of having been in actual communication with my beloved partner of the trail.

While Gilbert prepared breakfast, the Judge cut a pennant shaped piece from a square of white oilecloth in which he carried his camera, and with charcoal from the fire lettered upon this the word “Michigan.” This improvised pennant and a small silk flag were draped above the inscription upon the rock. As substitutes for the pennant and flag we had lost with the tablet in the rapids.

At the base of the rock, below the inscription, wecached our hammer, three steel drills and a cold chisel, and with a last look over the ground shoulderled our packs and set out upon our return to the canoe on the Beaver. Taking a more direct route than that by which we had come, we reached the canoe the following day in midsummer, and at once launched our canoe, not to halt until late evening when we pitched our tent in our former camping
place in the amphitheatre. It was a night of marvelous beauty—a night one can find nowhere but in Labrador. The air was crisp and sweet with the perfume of conifers, the sky was lighted with the aurora borealis, the mosquitoes were asleep, and we sat late smoking our pipes and talking of our experiences.

When morning came ice was on our tea-pail, and the ground white and stiff with frost, and while we breakfasted the sun rose upon a clear sky and sparkling world. It was a morning to fill one with the joy of the heart. We decided to start before the middle of the steep slopes with safety, mile after mile of river bank shooting past us until afternoon, when we approached Roger Newell Falls. Here we portaged our outfit to a point below the rapid where we had lost the tablet.

In a bad stretch of water not far below Charles River, we were easing the canoe down with a tracking line, when without warning the line broke, and in an instant the canoe was adrift in white water. A moment later, to our consternation, it struck broadside against a high bird, the timbers splintered like matches, and the canoe wrapped itself around the bowler like a rag. Luckily the bowler was near shore and within reach, and we succeeded in saving the greater part of the cargo, which was lashed securely to the wreckage.

As we crossed the river and cutting out its big swing, we were forty miles by direct route from Grand Lake, and there was nothing to do but make the journey on foot. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to drying outfit and preparing a cache.

Not far from the scene of the wreck, the river split into two branches, the water deep and shoal-like for fifty yards in breadth. Here for a little distance the water was so shallow that we believed we could make the crossing. Early the next morning we set out with light packs, including blankets, tent, instruments and records, one rifle and one shotgun with ammunition, and in six days' rations, as well as our small personal belongings. At the fording place we removed our trousers and lashed them upon the packs, that the pull of water might be reduced upon our legs. The Judge fastened one end of our tracking line to his belt as a life line. Gilbert fastened the middle of it to the other end to the pickets, and went across, the Judge ahead. Thus if one should be swept from his feet the other might hope to brace and hold him, and indeed at one point the line saved Gilbert from a possible trip into heavy water. We found it unsafe to lift our feet from the bottom, but by showing them along, inch by inch, finally reached the opposite bank in safety, after twenty minutes in the water.

All that day we kept up a steady gait, stopping but once to boil the kettle, until eight o'clock in the evening, and at seven in the morning were pointing out the miles again until half past one, when we reached the Beaver again near Portwine Hill. I shall never forget that hike while I, live—over naked ridges, through fallen timber or thick brush, and across marshes knee-deep in mire, with swarms of flies and mosquitoes always about our heads, and the grass growing no more than my knees, saw the flies worse than in those two days.

This river, broad and placid, bore no smile at us now. It grinned at us derisively, its victims. We built a raft for our packs and Poppy, piddled our clothes on top, and swam across with it, and in a little while reached the cabin. Within, free from flies, we threw ourselves upon the floor to rest before eating.

New! The Reel with "THE MECHANICAL THUMB"

$10.75

HEDDON'S LATEST — Level Winding "CHIEF DOWAGIAC" No. 4

Goodbye "Back-lash Snarl" and "Burnt" thumbs. Put this new Heddon Reel on your rod—turn the adjusting knob to get the line play you want, and to suit the weight of your bait—then throw her out. This Mechanical Thumb makes it easy to end all objectionable thumb-b Kranking on the spool. If you want to troll, just give the adjusting knob a three-quarter turn and back your line in as it might lay out. This remarkable feature is yours without extra cost in the Heddon No. 4—a smooth, silent-running quality reel with a splendid precision of Cassoid jewel pivot—bearings—removable and adjustable. Reel can be used without taking apart.

DOUBLE LIFE to these Level Winding Parts by New Chromium Plating Process — Non-Rusting

The life of this reel is DOUBLED by the new process of plating the entire level winding mechanism and line-guide with Chromium—the very hardest and longest wearing metal known. Positively will not rust or corrode.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you this New "CHIEF DOWAGIAC No. 4". If he cannot supply you send us his name, and reel we will send direct to you postpaid on receipt of only $10.75.

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Billed and sold by leading sporting goods and hardware dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS Have you seen Hildebrandt's new HINTS with new ideas on using Hildebrandt baits for any kind of fishing? It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it—lots of pictures. Post to you. Tell us where to send it.

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Fish!
Get your share with a Bull's-Eye Meisselbach
Famous Straight-casting Level-wind Reel

GET to the right fish—the big executive! Put your proposition to each of them right. Straight from the rod, accurately, neatly there at his nose. Irresistible. BANG! They take you. Thanks to sharp-shooter, on-the-dot-casting with your Meisselbach Bull's-Eye Level Wind Reel No. 100. Horse them 'em! Get the sport you're after. Eat fish, and plenty—save the bacon to grease the pan! Good casting with your Bull's Eye does get results—catches The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co. 2925 Taylor Street

to yell about, bring home in triumph, feed everybody.

The handsetmost bait-casting and trolling reel. Big strippers, yet light and low, slung on its sea-casting type seat. Pillars deep anchored in Permo end plate—no wrack or twist, no matter how hard the battle!

Famous genuine Meisselbach design, precision workmanship and quality materials. Accurate, balance, easy running, long service. Choice of black, brown, green, or red end plates. Fully guaranteed, and highest value for the price—only $5.00. Sold by the best dealers. Be sure to get the genuine Meisselbach Bull's-Eye No. 100. Write to us for useful 'Bite Book' and catalog folder—FRE. Division of the General Industries Co., Elyria, Ohio

Here's Al's latest!
The Dixie Wiggler

$1.00

(As used with A. Foss Redtail Streamer, with or without pork rind)

I n twelve years in the tackle business, the word today goes, that "Al Foss has never yet sprung a 'dud'!

That's some record! And one that I'm proud of—and will go the absolute limit to maintain.

And now that I've won a sort of reputation, I'm not going to be crazy enough to bring out any lure that I don't know is right.

The Dixie is Right!

I know the Dixie is a fish-getter, because I've tried it out myself—and my many friends have given it a thorough workout—in all kinds of waters and weathers. Anglers know fish are usually in the weeds and other inaccessible places. So-called "weedless" lures usually have wire guards to ward off the weeds—and the fish get warded off, too!

In the Dixie, there's a spinner that cuts through the weeds, clearing a passage for the hook—and leaving it free to hook the fish.

The Dixie casts right to the spot like a bullet! All brass, nickel plated, or natural nickel if ordered. No. 13—weight 5/8 oz., 3/4 oz. or smaller hooks on request. Hook detachable, Red Brassail standard equipment. Can be had in white, yellow, orange, brown and black.

If your dealer can't supply you, use the coupon

AL FOSS
Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Redtail Minnow
2891 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

April, 1929

"I was all in before we reached the river, and ready to quit for the day," breathed the Judge. "I saw you going strong, Wallace, and I was ashamed to lay down on the job."

"If you'd pegged one word, Judge," said I, "I'd have dropped in my tracks. For an hour before we reached the river I didn't see how I could make my legs move, but I did because I didn't want to be a quitter."

"I was scragged back there, too," admitted Gilbert. "I was thinking 'about askin' you fellows to camp, but I says to myself, 'I belong to the country, and while them fellows keep goin' I'll try to keep goin' too.'"

That evening in an old rotten one man boat, abandoned two years before by an old trapper who was now dead, and so leaky that the man had to bail constantly to keep afloat, we made the passage to the mouth of the Nascapeau River where Gilbert had a canoe cached, and two days later paddled to the beach in front of the French Post at Northwest River.

Our adventurous voyage was at an end. We had done the thing we had set out to do. An enduring memorial to Andrew J. Hubbard of Hubbard had been erected in the wilderness he loved, and at the point where his life was sacrificed.

Now we were to part, the Judge to return home, Gilbert to make ready for long months of a trapping in the lonely wildernesses, the canoe cached in the beach in front of the French Post.

JUST POOLIN' AROUND
(Continued from page 19)

I found five on one stem, which I broke off and brought in with me.

Lunch in the shade, while the blue jays chattered, the crow cawed and the Bobwhites whistled contentedly off in the distance, was unalloyed pleasure.

After lunch we lounged about an hour or so, resting, sleeping and taking pictures before we loaded up and headed for the Pawnee.

The first hole we visited on the Pawnee was heavily shaded with a cluster of rocks along one side and a snarl of tree roots on the other. Harry chose the rooky bank, I waded toward the rocks and Mark started for the next hole below.

The bottom of the creek was a mass of boulders and the wading was awful. Harry caught an eight inch from the roots, gave it up as too much work and followed Mark.

I fingered my way over the boulders, fishing down my rooky bank toward a fish looking spot between a big sycamore and a boulder. Half-way to my objective a fish took my fly but escaped almost instantly. It was a strike that gave me courage by a streak that came my way, as though the fish had doubled back after my bait, I cast where I had the strike. I caught a 13 ounce smallmouth.

Announcing my catch to the boys by a whoop I fished slowly along, all by myself without a care in the world. Within easy reach of the pocket between boulder and tree I paused to inspect my tackle. I was attracted to a bird that fluttered and scrambled along a rocky ledge. It proved to be a heron perching on a hollower and to judge from rattle of the stones the chase was a lively one. At the edge of the ledge the hopper flew. The martin darted after it. The martin missed and the hopper splattered into the water, a foot from the boulder I had been stalking. The martin
Absolutely Safe!

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Life saving garments

are 4 times more buoyant than cork and 10 times more comfortable to wear!

They have saved thousands of lives in upsets, collisions, sightings and other accidents on the water.

Send for free catalog today.

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What's the Quickest Way to Grub?

Out in the woods with your appetite telling you it's noon. Shall you follow the long trail or hike through the brush? Take the trail unless you have a Taylor Leedawi Compass.

Leedawi Compass

More than 80,000 motorists, military men, batters, trapshooter, fishermen, yachtsmen, rangefind. Boy Scouts, are carrying a Leedawi. Go to your sporting goods dealer and ask to see the Taylor Compass Line. There's a Taylor Compass for every price and requirement. Leedawi Compass...$1.00

Your sporting goods dealer can supply you, or write direct to us, enclosing price, plus the postage, and we will send any of the above, safe delivery guaranteed. Taylor Compass Booklet sent free upon request.

Taylor Instrument Companies

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JEFFER'S SPECIAL WATERPROOF MARINE CANOE GLUE

Combines with water to form a bonding tough as binder. Takes a fine finish and resists wear. Carry an emergency can.

Ferdico Ferrule Stick

 férdico Rods Perfect

Every angler needs his handy package. Meet with a matchless opportunity to put fresh ferrule in place quicker, sets instantly when wet. Write for detailed, easy-to-read flyer.

Ferdico Liquid Aviation Glue

A tough, rubbery stuff that's the same for good looks—especially the jumping continental craft.

Stanzall Waders

JOIN THE FIGHTER!

Stanzall Waders. Sold at Sporting Goods and Northern Stores. Write for booklet on care of waders.

L.W. Ferdinand Co. 446 Tripp Street, Framingham, Mass.

STEEPING STONES TO TROUT (Continued from page 13)

always takes trout better than one that is new and perfect looking."

I had got over my bashfulness by this time and was thoroughly enjoying my first lesson on the use of the wet fly and loch. "There; we're all ready now. Stand by that rock there," pointing to a spot some twenty-five feet below the tail of the loch, "an' cast up well up that first rock, where the current swells 'round on either side: about six feet above it. That's right. Just let the flies act naturally. That fish is weighed just enough to cause it to sink at the right speed an' it will reach bottom just about where the water has formed a loop at the side of the rock. Keep stripping the line in, just about as fast as the flies are movin' and WATCH THAT ROYAL COACHMAN. That's what I put it on for, to act as a sort of indicator or signal to tell you when you've got a strike."

I managed to carry out his instructions in a very creditable manner. I marvelled at the clearness with which I could see the white wings of the royal as it floated towards me. Then I saw it make a peculiar, erratic movement and at the same time was conscious of my tutor's cry of "STRIKE!" By the time I awoke to the situation the opportunity was lost. I never even pricked the striking trout on the line, but I think I did claim to make the best.

Alkali Waterproof Silk Lines

The best Black W. P. Silk Line made. Strengthen, harden and prompt delivery guaranteed. Write for our catalogue of lines for every purpose. We do not compete in the striking trout on the line, but I think we do claim to make the best.

The Edwin W. Foxson Co.

STAYS DRY AND COMFORTABLE WITH HODGMAN WADERS

HODGMAN WADERS are made to measure. They can be adjusted to suit individual needs. They are chain link-irrigated and come in every size from 5 to 48 ounces. Made of the finest materials, these waders are oiled, dyed, polished and varnished. For small orders, ask your Dealer About Them or write for Free Samples Wader materials.

HODGMAN WADERS

446 Tripp Street, Framingham, Mass. 
take them with a fly. However, he failed to tell me how to fish my flies and therein lies the story.

I found the deep, quiet stretch of water all right. The stream paused a while in its rush to the sea and meandered for about a quarter mile through a bog meadow, a bit of water, by the way, that practically every angler passed by as worthless. Having found this place, I thought that all I had to do was cast my fly and catch the trout. Such colossal egotism, and so entirely unwarranted! I fished it four full days and only took one seven inch trout. However, that was the best thing that could have happened for the successful future of my angling. I began to realize that fishing was a complicated affair, full of contradictions and that one should never get the idea that one was invincible. It started me thinking of ways and means to discover the method needed to catch these trout.

Whether I would have solved the problem unaided remains a moot question. This time an aged man taught me what I wanted to know.

He was a queer character, this old angler, and he looked as if a breath of air would blow him away but he was tough as an iron-wood sapling, could handle an amazingly long line and knew his trout as well as I knew my own name.

The first time I spread my line was just at dusk, at the dam hole, the last resting place of the brook before it resumed its turbulent and mad journey to the sea. I had not intended to talk with him but as I passed by I heard the splash of a lusty trout and stopped to see him land a native of at least a pound and a half. We became quite chummy before parting that evening and had made a date to meet at the brook the following morning a half hour before daybreak.

I followed old Jim the best I could through the inky black. How he knew where he was going I do not know; I'm sure that I did not have the faintest idea where we were. After wallowing through endless mud holes and falling over numerous bogs, besides getting slapped unmercifully with branches we finally came to a halt.

"Now we'll wait 'til bay break," said Jim. "We is in jes' the right spot fer ta fish th' twin spring hole."

"Huh?" I queried.

"They's two springs as bubble up in th' bottom an' I calls it th' twin spring hole," he explained.

After a time I saw a faint ribbon of light some distance in front of us and I am sure that I heard a trout splash.

"Now's the time to start," said Jim. "It's jes' about twenty-five feet frum here ta the edge of the brook. A cast o' thirty-five feet will place th' flies almost ta th' tother bank. Thet's th' reason I uses a ten fin rod, so I kin handle m' flies out over th' line layin' low an' ketchin' in th' grass. How-some-ever I guess ye kin manage w' yore nine footer here, cause th' grass ain't so terrible high yit. Now ye jes' watch th' clement."

Off there on that ribbon of light Jim's flies settled soft as thistle down. We could not see them but he knew they were where they should be. Came a tense moment, then a violent splash and Jim was fast to a sure enough he trout.

The dawn had arrived completely by the time the trout was landed and a slight mist was arising from the stream.

That hole is always good fer a big 'un jest at daybreak;" Jim remarked with a chuckle. "The mist o' it is what th'ducted spits it fer th' rest o' th' mornin'. Now I is goin' ta show ye how ta fish th' dam hole an' then ye kin go it on yer own hook."

We started for our objective, going along

Wherever sportsmen gather on lake or stream, you hear tales of a wonderful rod.

They describe its marvelous action in playing large and heavy fish; how it yields to every rush without once releasing a firm and steady pull. Its softness and delicacy in casting are reported as taking away half the strain and effort of this strenuous sport; and men who have put in three and four years of heavy work with a single rod state it is as straight and true as the day it was first unpacked.

The reason is simply this: here is a rod of basic excellence. It is forged in one piece of finest rapier steel, tempered and balanced as surely as a surgeon's tool and finished and fitted with pains-taking care. It has no awkward stiff spots to spoil its perfect action.

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True Temper Fishing Rods

The Trophy, Porged and tempered steel. Spiral locking reel head and finger hook. Finished in black enamel; again guides and tip top. $9.00 at your dealer's. If he cannot supply, write us. Other True Temper Rods from $5.00 to $12.00. Catalog Free on request.
GLUERING A GRANGER ROD

Of all operations in rod-making this is most
important. The Granger-designed machine shown
above does a job perfectly, and puts a temporary
tracing on the cane section to hold strips in
correct position. The measurements of
granger rods and room must all be carefully
controlled if a good and tight joint is to be had.

"The writer gave one of your 6 ft.,
43/4 oz. Danvey Special Casting Rods a
real work out last season in Minn.
Being a great believer in fight tackle,
I tried my luck with this rod on North-
ern Pike. I succeeded in landing a
number of nice ones, including one
11-lb. N. Pike after a fight of about
three quarters of an hour. Needless
to say, the rod is as good as ever and
due to catch much larger ones yet."

FRED F. NORRIS,
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Granger Rods at $10.00 to $50

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Write for Catalog B-1 Wellesley Farms, Mass.

BaitSport, waterproof silk line, "guaranteed to improve your casting."
"Size for size, it's stronger. Test for test, it's finer. You can see the difference.

GLASS bottles left in old camp sites may be the means, through the sun focaling through them, of starting forest fires. To get rid of them hurry or conceal but don't break glass about as it is highly dangerous to newcomers.

BEFORE starting out on the lake or river via canoe, be sure that every-
thing has a place and is in its place. When needed it can be readily found
without the necessity of going through all the damage to get at it. Also, make sure
that hankings are securely made on the dura-
gage so that in case of a capsize there will be no minimum loss of equipment.
Axes, fireworks, blankets, rations, matchboxes, etc., can with difficulty be spared
on the trail and in camp and positive suf-
fery may overtake those who neglect these simple precautions.

GLASS bottles left in old camp sites may be the means, through the sun focaling through them, of starting forest fires. To get rid of them hurry or conceal but don't break glass about as it is highly dangerous to newcomers.

Mr. Rohrer writes that this OLD MAMA got pretty wise after being hooked up on a lot of other baits.

This is the one
She finally Fell for—

TIN LIZ

Famous Metal Minnow. 5-8 oz. $1.00. (1-2 oz. Baby Liz—$1.00. 1 oz. Big Liz—$1.10.) Also made Weedless same price, Silver color only.

Most realistic minnow made! Perfect in every detail. Easy casting! Sure hooking! ACTION and How! Effect of specially designed, flat body and novel, flexible tail-spinner causes bait to struggle along on its side with a natural crippled action that slays any old game-fish. And the Secret is the right amount of the right kind of action!

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Your everyday socialist have bigger brains than your hunting boots, so you will need arrows. Get H.A. Allen, made especially for hunters and fishing rods. (They go 70% of length.) Price $1.50 a pair.

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Your Pakbak Coat frees your arms with its genuine Pivot Sleeves. And its big expanding Pakbak pocket easily carries grub or what have you. Same cloth and make as our famous Duxbak Coat. See them at your dealer's—take your choice. Or write us. New book, "Serviceable Clothes," FREE.

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BOATS AND BOATING
A DEPARTMENT FOR THE FOLLOWERS OF THE WATER TRAILS

Boat Building ‘Mysteries’ Explained
By Arthur E. Doane

Thousands of fellows every year get into the boating game by building their first boat at home. And who says that first ride in that first boat which was built with their own hands, was not the best ride ever? And more, more than ever before, boat building at home is being taken up, and everyone is becoming interested in boats. The outboard motor is probably the main reason, because at small expense and with little or no engine experience, a real classy runabout can be built, or a race winning hydroplane. There are no shafts, steering, rudders, tanks, engine beds, exhausts, water connections, etc., to fit and adjust. Just a simple hull to build, bang the motor on the stern and with a flip of the flywheel you’re off. Also boat designs have been simplified almost to the limit and yet the finished boat need in no wise be considered a make-shift. Rather it can be a fine looking and fine performing little outfit anyone would be proud to own.

Many of you have built from the designs that appear from time to time on these pages. Many others who write me about the designs would build, I believe, but feel there may be some “mysteries” about the work that they could not get by. Although each piece goes together logically enough, once you get started, it would do no harm if these so called “mysteries” methods and “mysteries” names were explained more in detail than space permits included with each design. So I will go into the main points of building any of the designs that have been or will be published here, and if there are any other detailed questions, I’ll be glad to take them up with you personally.

First let me ask you to release from your mind any thoughts you may have about small boat building such as this, being difficult or impossible for you to undertake. Thinking of all the details at once is confusing, but by taking the work step by step, there is nothing to it, and I mean just that.

Right here, suppose I explain some of the boat terms that you may not understand fully, so that the following description will be more clear.

Form—The support or stanchion upon which frames, stem, and stern are held in place during construction. Usually made of two heavy planks (about two by eight inches) slightly shorter than hull, supported side by side, level and on edge at a convenient height, with ends at the bow of the boat fastened together, and the stern ends of the form planks two to three feet apart to carry the stern. (Accompanying photo shows planks supporting bottom frames.)

Base Line—The level or plane from which all dimensions are taken. Usually the inner edges of frames except the first one or two are on the base line, so if the top edges of the form planks are straight and level they can be used as the base line for supporting the bottom frames.

Table of Offsets—The dimensions of the outside shape of the hull. The vertical measurements are taken from the Base Line, and the horizontal measurements from the center line. The dimensions are usually given to the outside of the planking, and are in feet, inches and eighths, hence 1-7/8 on the offset table would be one foot seven inches, and six eighths or three quarters. From these figures, all the main frames can be drawn full size; frames being located at each station.

Chine—The point or line where the side and bottom of a vee or flat bottom boat intersect.

Sheer—The point or line where the side and deck or rail cap intersect.
RACING SPEED

Without Noisy Exhaust

The Lockwood Chief for 1929 embodies a most remarkable new feature—"Water-Sealed Exhaust." Everywhere it is being welcomed as the most distinct advance the industry has recently known. Instead of being noisily discharged into the air, the exhaust gases are carried down to the top of the gear housing and completely discharged under water through the hollow Water-Guide.

Never before has a powerful Outboard Motor been so quiet in operation and the astonishing fact about this new Lockwood improvement is—there is no loss of power.

If you want a Motor that won't disturb the neighbors, nor annoy your fellow fishermen—one that will immeasurably increase your own enjoyment of outboard motoring, choose the New—

LOCKWOOD
“SILENT CHIEF”

Silenced Exhaust—without ANY Loss of Power

Most Lockwood Dealers are now in position to extend convenient Time Payments

Here is a Class B Motor with a remarkable record for speed and power. Ten times out of twelve, in 1928, the highest racing records for its class were won decisively. Time and again it has matched its prowess against much larger motors and covered itself with glory.

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Other features include Extended Automatic Oiling, Protected Gasoline Gauge, Improved Carburetor and new convenient control.

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The "Ace"
Holder of all 1929 Class A Official Records. Weight only 50 lbs. Developed about 71 H. P. The Ideal Light Motor.

The "Racing Chief"
A Class B Motor that will, we predict, crowd the coveted 40-mile mark. A real racing bid. With dual carburetion and fresh oil lubrication.

All Have the Famous "Lockwood Pilot"—the "unsinkable hand" that takes hold of the Motor when you let go. To light your pipe, arrange your tackle or test your am. Worth 50% of any man's money. An exclusive Lockwood feature. Write for Free Catalog Folder.

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Winnipeg, Man.
Clamps.—Chine or sheer clamps site frame stringers or stringers running fore and aft of the hull. They are notched into the frames and carry the planking between frames.

Knee.—A frame member used to strengthen a joint.

Rail Cap.—The narrow side deck along the cockpit, between forward and stern deck.

Cockpit.—The open or undocked part of the boat for the use of passengers.

To Fair Up.—Taking the curve of the fore and aft stringers even. To take out the humps.

Step.—Usually a cross-wise break in the hull bottom, with the after planking higher than the forward planking at the step. A speed feature for reducing the surface of the bottom on the water.

Treeboard.—The height of the sides from the water to the deck.

Flare.—The outward slant or curve of the sides—usually forward.

Tumble Home.—The inward slant or curve of the sides—usually aft.

Rumbough.—A pleasure boat with automobile type seats, steering wheel, etc.

Outboard Motor.—An engine to power a small boat with a propeller.

Hydroplane.—A high speed hull that slides over the surface of the water. Usually used for racing, and may have one or more steps in its bottom or none.

Punt.—A boat without a pointed stem; usually with a wide square bow.

Sloop.—A sail boat with one mast, and usually two sails; the jib forward of the mast, and the mainsail aft.

Outboard Motor Class.—Alphabetical classifications given to the cubic piston displacement of the motor. Class A, 10 cubic inch or less; Class B, 10 to 9 cubic inch; Class C, 10 to 14 cubic inch; Class D, 14 to 20 cubic inch; Class E, 20 to 30 cubic inch; Class F, 30 to 60 cubic inch.

A good way to bring home the bacon.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 12.—"Sausage bacon," say Joe, pulling up his string. Every one over Blues Bridge. And they’re hungry for the frying pan as bad as his motor-driven Old Town will take ’em.

There’s surprising speed in this square stern canoe. Especially designed for a place in the race. Quick response to rudder; light draft; and carrying capacity make it ideal for lake fishing. Steady and dependable too.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many fine, water-tight models. Peddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-tall Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing, ski, and hydroplane. Old Town canoe Co., 516 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"
Thompson BEATS the World on Boats CATALOG FREE

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS — a complete line of strictly up-to-date racing models. Also some entirely new models for general pleasure use with speed of a racer. Build strong, staunch and durable, and absolutely reliable.

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The most complete line ever offered, at real money-saving prices.

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Some all wood, others canvas covered. Light, swift, sail, strong and durable. Choice of many distinctive color combinations.

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FIELD GLASSES FOR YOU WHO

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Precise optical qualities. Fine finish. Leather case free.

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Will outfit several ordinary boats. 2 models.
Non-sinkable—safe—sturdy. Low in price—high in quality.

Row Boats $45.00

Outboard Motors $100.00

Real proposition for dealers.

PIONEER MANUFACTURING CO.
626 Ferry Street
Middlebury, Indiana

There isn’t a single operation so far that a fifteen year old school boy couldn’t do successfully, and the worst part is over.

Look at the photo again, and you can see how the keel is notched into all bottom frames, and the bevel at each frame is the same as the angle of the vee. Therefore the bevel varies from less at the step or turn to more at the stem, where the keel is notched into the stem and fastened directly to it. So in giving this keel its variable bevel, continually sight along the keel edges to see where your bumps are so you can smooth them out with your plane, making the finished bevel fair and even. Once planing is laid against the same practice should be used in working out the chine bevel, which is done after the side planking is on.

When the bottom is planed smooth with battens under seams, the planks are shaped in the same manner as I have described for the side plank seams. When the bottom is laid planed, the planks at the chine are put in place first, and you work toward the keel. Your plank edges do not have to be to an exact angle with regular plank, but can make a lap from one inch to one and one-quarter inch for a tight seam and that is all that is important. Up seen the under plank bow is cut back, and the under planks below the stem are cut away to allow the top planks to drop into them, so that they are flush and even when they reach the stem. The cut in the under plank starts about eighteen inches from the stem end and gradually deepens to the full thickness at the stem.

The best way to plan a strip is to clamp it to the chine, and you will not have a line of wood to jump when the wood is attached by not curving all the planks around to end at the stem, but to allow two or three of the outside planks to end near the stem end of the boat. I assume that any one who can build the hull this far, can lay straight decks and bows and build a hull with care rather than waste space by explaining this work, I think perhaps many would like to know the kind of tools they would need in building their own little boat. Two hand saws will be needed, preferably with fine teeth. See that they are sharp and properly set before you start work. In fact, get all your tools in shape before you start work, as the tendency is to slight them once you get interested in the work. Two chisels, three choppers and one and one-half inch, are about the right widths, and for boat building, I like the short style. Two screw drivers—the kind with the ratchet will save much time and sore arms. A good selection of drills, and a brace of the gear type we call them "hurry-gurries" will be much used. The only others that are necessary are two planes—one of the small block type and about a fifteen inch joiner—three or four bateau clamps and a convenient bench with a vice.

So go to it with the determination to do a fine job and finish it—and you will. And your first ride in your own, home-built, will be the greatest ride you have ever had on the water, and I’ll bet it won’t be the last.

For Your Family—

The New Mercury

The original design of the 1929 Mercury is a new trend in V-type boats. Beautiful lines give it an individual gracefulness—yet safety under any condition is the keynote of its success. For it is truly a family boat—for every member of the family to use and enjoy. 16 feet long, built of genuine African mahogany and has a 59-inch fore deck.

Capable of speed up to 30 m.p.h.

There are other Boy-Martin family boats, runabouts, speed boats, from which to select the boat you want. Each has its distinct advantages. The World’s Champion—the fastest step-boat, the BULLET, is a Boy-Martin. Write for the 1929 catalog. Boy-Martins are illustrated and described in detail. Write now.

BOY-MARTIN BOAT CO.
356 Lee St.
Delphi, Ind.

For Three Consecutive Years

The Fastest Time Made by Any Outboard Make Class Any Distance Was Made with Boy-Martin Boats.

This undated fact is in outstanding achievement. In addition, Boy-Martin speed boats have more than their share of miscellaneous records.

BOY-MARTIN

TROUT FLIES

For early fishing, nothing has equaled the A. L. B. "Underwater" angler. Thoroughly proves and is taken as a standard against which all other stream flys are measured. Try these thrillers—will have to have more once you catch a fish. Fresh, Salt, Large, Small, as desired. So soft and shapeable. Ideal for children, and adults. Send 25c for assortment of 6 all along with free literature.

FISHING IN CANADA

Also authentic Angling and Fishing instruction, as used in Innsports.

ALLCOCK LAIGHT & WESTWOOD LTD.

225 BAY ST., TORONTO CANADA

Amazing New Rubber Boat

NEW! For Fishing, Swimming, Cruising, Yachting, etc. Spacious, Deep Hulling, Running, Afloat or Ashore, ice proof, life saving, Rolls up like a blanket. Ties in duffle bag with pump and take-down gun. Identical in every way. Two or three men's places. Ideal for children. Costing less than 50c. Used on oceans and Europe. Excellent in use through your dealer or direct from Factory. Write for catalog and 10c FREE TRIAL.

THE FLATBOAT

The New England Airship Company, 15 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.
EPICS OF THE OLD FRONTIER
INDIAN TERRITORY INCIDENTS
(Continued from page 37)

sition cast anybody doubt that these public hangings were a mistake?
At the time I wrote about Fort Gibson there was a sort of consensus of opinion that the
Creek half-breeds were the worst of all criminals. There were many despicable and
despicable gangs who roamed at large in the Indian Territory. None of them
were worse than the infamous "Buck Gang" consisting of five half-breed Creek.
This gang was in existence but thirteen
days. It was organized just for one purpose—to make for itself the worst criminal
raid ever made on the American soil.
They had an ambition to make the Dalton
gang, the Starr gang, and all the other
gangs seem mere pikers. They succeeded in that ambition. The more heinous the crime
the greater was their zest for it. This
gang sprang up suddenly near Okmulgee
in the Creek nation under the leadership of
Rafat Buck. They began by killing in
cold blood the deputy U. S. marshal at
Okmulgee for the express purpose of
giving them a wider and more unbridled
field for the villains they proposed to commit.
For thirteen days this infamous gang
pursued its carnival of crime so that it
might be headed down to posterity as
America's all star gang of criminals.
Robbery, murder, arson, every crime they
could devise was committed. Calling at
the house of an American farmer living
on Snake Creek they forced his wife to
prepare dinner for them. Standing the
father off with their revolvers they
brutally assaulted his wife. They wound
up their orgy of fiendishness by requir-
ing the farmer to dance, making him
genuflect by shooting around his feet with
their revolvers.

At last just thirteen days after they
started out they met their fatal mistake.
The gang had made an unusually successful
raid on a store, and were busy dividing
up the loot. Such a bunch of cut throats
could not treat their victims with
mercy. While the
spoil was being divided not one of the
impulse would volunteer to keep watch—he feared his companions would not give
him a square deal. The deputy marshal
and his posse came upon the band while
they were dividing up the loot. The whole
gang was captured and hanged, but they
had succeeded in their ambition. For pure
fiendishness, and a desire to commit crime
for crime's sake the Buck gang stands
easily at the top of the list.

If the infamous "Buck Gang" is en-
titled to the palm for the worst of all
criminals, then undoubtedly the
individual palm must go to one man, Craw-
ford Goldsby, alias "Cherokee Bill." This
notorious outlaw was born at Fort Coonoo,
Texas, in 1876. Of course no outlaw,
whatever his viciousness, nor however
enious his crimes, can pay with his own
life more than once. But for this limina-
ty Goldsby might have been hanged once
for each of the cold blooded murders that he
committed. The turbulent career of
Cherokee Bill lasted for less than two
years. But within that period he established a record for pure human fiendishness that we
hope may last for all time.

If the infamous Buck Gang, and the
notorious Cherokee Bill held the spot
light as far as the male sex was concerned,
then they were almost seconded for a place
in the hall of infamy by Belle Starr, a ban-
dit and murderer who died with her boots
on. The life of Belle Starr has always
served to me a peculiarly tragic one. She

LEATHER GRIP

AXE and KNIFE to MATCH!
for
Life Long
DEPENDABILITY

In All Uses and Weathers

Handle and grip GUARANTEED by FREE replace-
ment to snap break or freeze
Unbreakable edge
Full swing on crackling grains
Plainly all over
Axe in 1/2 In. handle long. 1/4 In. handle in leather
100% guaranteed delivered 30.50.

ESTWING MFG. CO.
ROCKFORD, ILL.

Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR

A Friend in Need

HUNGRY SPORTSMEN—when hungry enjoy the delicious foods cooked and
appetizing for you here using your own bread and sup-
plies from the convenient Hawkeye Basket Refrigerator. It makes better meals, with approval.

Keep Game and Fish Ice Cold

Keps Game and Fish Ice Cold at all times while hunting,
camping, hunting, cooking, fishing, hunting, cooking, fishing,
and keeping your fish and game ice cold, too. Luggage
and other food equipment keeps food fresh. Easy to pack, ready to carry.

Write for Illustrated Catalog

BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY
Quaker Basket Makers 40 Years
322 Hawkeye Bldg., Burlington, Iowa
Tough Is the Word

HAMMER away—you can't cast the strength out of your Ashaway Extra Strength Bait Casting Line. Hook them as fast as they'll hit your bait. "Horse" them out before they hang something on you—the big bad ones. Slam-bang fishing just limbers your line up.

For all-around bait casting and trolling, with abundant reserve strength and endurance—you'll agree you've got "Inch for inch and pound for pound the toughest line there is.

Your dealer should be glad to show you one. If he can't, please write to us. "More Fish Stories" FREE.

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
Loading Line Makers Since 1824
Box 784, Ashaway, Rhode Island

ASHWAY Fishing Lines

For your long rod, get an Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line. Here too is remarkable durability, with the very finest of casting. Super quality silk, soft finished in high vacuum. Never known to harden or turn sticky.

Attention to your local cover which it must have if it is going to provide you with satisfactory sport. Natural increase cannot be depended upon to do more than maintain the food supply and that only if it is aided by a systematic control of varmints. So the job comes back to you and fortunately you can easily raise your quota of pheasants, twenty-five or more, with little expense. You may be able to secure eggs from your state department, but if not, you can purchase them from a commercial game supplier who caters to hunters. A good domestic hen will handle the eggs and chicks much as you would domestic chickens.

As an example of what some sportmen have done, showing what can be accomplished and also giving perfectly good, simple instructions on how to do it, we are pleased to print a letter recently received from a thirteen-year-old boy, Morton E. Davis III, of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

February 6, 1929.

National Sportsman Magazine,
Benton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I am very interested in game restoration, and I am enclosing this snapshot of one of my pheasants and a little story on my experiences.

I have always been interested in birds and animals, so when I found that our Conservation Commissioner had only twenty-five live pheasants bought a Rhode Island Red hen and set the twenty eggs under her. Twenty eggs are too much for one hen, I think, but it turned out all right. I have a nesting box made like the game farms.

ACME BOAT CO.
47 Holt St.
Mansfield, Ohio

Great With Outboard Motor

Three easy steps make building home less. Built all over the water. Well cushions and get the facts. Learn how our boats are built and what they're made of. The usual boat for your fishing, hunting and sightseeing trip. Price is right. Use the coupon for write-in —Reader.

ACME BOAT CO.
47 Holt St.
Mansfield, Ohio

Unfold your boat and Shove Off

This your Autumn into your car, or carry it over your shoulder. When you get to the water unfold it, and in eight minutes you are there. That's what you can do with your own Acme Folding Boat or Pontoon. These boats will do everything smaller boats can do—-and more. They are lighter, easier to handle and far safer. They won't sink, burn or leak, can't burn, can't leak. And they carry more than twice and four times more than any boat.
use. For the nest I cut a square piece of sod, made a depression in the middle, and lined it with straw.

While the hen was setting, I gave her fresh corn grits and water every morning. If the day was clear and warm, I took her off the nest and made her exercise for about fifteen minutes. I turned the eggs every day, every two days I moistened the sod and eggs, and once a week I squatted the hen, using pyrethrum powder to kill lice and other bugs.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth day, I went out to see how the hen was, and when I saw the four young pheasants I was very much excited. By the end of that day fifteen of the eggs had hatched; I opened the other eggs and found that four had dead pheasants in them and the fifth was not fertile. The next day the hen stepped on one chick and killed it, and later while they were out at our cottage four of the chicks took to the woods. None of those left gut any disease or died, so now I have ten full grown healthy birds left.

I fed them the usual egg custard and fresh green plants in a weather jar. Then I began to mix in chick grain and two weeks later gave up egg and fed them mostly on fresh chicken food. Of course, I gave them fresh water, grist and charcoal, and they got lots of insects themselves. I moved the coop every day to give them fresh clean ground and frequently let them run with the hen.

After about two months these birds next spring I am going to start again hatching and raising a dozen Mongolian Phasianet eggs that I have ordered from a well-known dealer. The eggs that I will get from these birds next spring, I am going to offer to anyone in town that are interested in trying to raise Game.

Yours for better and more GAME RESTORATION.

Sincerely,

MORTON DAVIS  
(13 years).

Another example, in this case of game keeping is found in the following letter from Ralph E. Williams, Round Lake, N. Y.

There will be a lot more rabbits, partridges and pheasants in the vicinity of Round Lake, N. Y., that one of their worst enemies has disappeared.

The last day of the hunting season, Edward DeGarmo of that village, commonly called "Jake," with L. P. "Bud" McKean, were hunting in the swamps near the lake shore. They had bagged three cottontails and were on their way back when they saw a flock of crows, madly excited, making for them with loud caws.

Ahead and above them, silently drifting through the air like a huge dirigible harassed by scout planes swept a big owl and far in advance, wildly belaboring the air with angry wings, was its mate.

Bud claims that the first one she came near her brother killed in a tree. Although she is an experienced hunter, he had forgotten to throw out the empty shell after shooting his last rabbit so the hammett, to his dismay, the pump gun fell on empty brass as he pulled the trigger, and Mr. Owl slipped into the safety of some big tree.

Jake was luckier. His second shot brought down the largest greatest-boned owl ever taken in this vicinity. When unveiled on the shed door, the wings spread fifty-six inches, and he weighed nearly ten pounds. The claws were like strong fingers pointed like needles and seemed capable of gripping big huge easily would have supported in the air. A rabbit or a big goose such as in that region would have been easy meat for that fellow. They may eat in peace at night now, however, because the owl is in being nowhere and soon will picture beside the big cock pheasant on the old-fashioned sideboard under the buck's head in my home.

ELAINE WILLIAMS

Information on raising game can be secured free of charge by addressing the Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., or a booklet entitled "The Game Restoration Program," containing practical information on the restoration of both fish and game will be sent to you on receipt of ten cents by NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE, 138 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

Subsequent articles in this magazine will also give information and suggestions on how to raise and liberate pheasants, quail, and other game birds, how to improve cover and to get them back from vermin. They will also include similar information on the rearing of game fishes from small to adult size for restocking local waters.

With reliable information on fish and game breeding and game keeping so easily available and when the results of your efforts are so direct and sure, why not take up this program for more and better Game Restoration? Can you afford not to take up this work? If you want better hunting conditions in your local covers, better fishing in your streams and want to make your local streams? Can you afford not to take up this work? If you want better hunting conditions in your local covers, better fishing in your streams and want to make your local streams? Can you afford not to take up this work? If you want better hunting conditions in your local covers, better fishing in your streams and want to make your local streams?
MORE FUN THAN FLYING— that's what everyone said of last year's championship Evinrudes. The improved 1929 models make it truer than ever — more power, more speed, more features!

Think of it — Evinrude Speedtwin, world's fastest "twin", increased full 25% to 20 H.P. for 1929, with a speed range of 6 to 45 miles per hour. Fastwin increased full 16 2/3% with a speed range of 5 to 35 miles per hour.

Send for Free 1929 Year Book
—an interesting 32-page book that tells the latest and complete Evinrude story. Graphic action pictures. Complete line of motors. Record-holding Evinrude-powered boats and drivers. Features of 1929 models illustrated — Torpedo Streamline, Spray-Proof Carburetor, Pressure-Vacuum Cooling (no moving parts), Water-proof Ignition, Straight-ahead and Self-steering, etc. Also the copyrighted Evinrude Boat Speed Guide that tells at a glance which motor to select to get the speed you want on the boat you own. Send for your copy today.

EVINRUBE MOTOR COMPANY
317 27th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Division of Briggs & Stratton Corporation — World's largest builders of portable gasoline engines.

Evinrude Factory Branches — Sales & Service
112 Second Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 117-119 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.
111 First Street near FRONT, Norfolk, Va. 124 Second St., Portland, Ore.
115 E. 23rd St., New York City, N.Y. 70 Columbia St., Seattle, Wash.
64 King Street West, Toronto 2, Ont., Canada
this baby, tho! She's going yet, for all I know.

"I think that bird was hit," opined George. "I grinned. "She should have been... getting right up in plain sight like that," was my reply. "Guess I'm getting old... that makes five clean misses for me so far." Pretty dusty shooting, for a fact.

Well, we crossed a road and walked up through a stubble, barren field till we came to a birch run, in the upper end of which was an old deserted orchard, scantily and roughly and birdy as sin. George took the brush, while I followed along the edge. He had not gone fifty yards when two birds flushed and he made a sweet double... both big cock grouse.

A third biddy flushed ahead of me and again I drew a complete miss. It was commencing to get my goat... again I didn't care who knew it. Looking around for an alibi... any alibi, I decided that maybe the shoulder strap on my camera was slowing up my swing, for I'd been shooting behind every bird we'd raised.

Working down toward the road, Gyp located another woodcock and guided me to his location when he jumped, a pretty shot, too.

"Let's go back to Augusta. You have dinner with me and then we'll try to cover a near home. I want to find out what's the matter with my form," I told him. George again, a good sport that he is. We sought to go to Belfast this afternoon, but couldn't let business interfere with this sort of sport" he said smilingly.

We rolled back to Augusta and got outside of a couple of hot shots stews... then resumed the day's sport in a combination grove and woodcock cover west of the city. And this time let the camera in the car... I was out for a come back.

We walked down a muddy little cow path, entering an alder swamp. Gyp flushed a woodcock, which promptly flushed and came twisting out of the alders right at my head, leaping in the air with the camera on my shoulder and there was a burst of feathers as the stout mallet of the little Lefever hit her, changing my mind and spin on my heel, watching the bird with uplifted face and ginned my shoulder. She had cut down on her at a safe thirty yards. "Dead Bird" called George as the twenty spoke and a moment later Gyp brought her in.

A few minutes later another woodcock got up wild, and we marked her down when she pitched in a burst of feathers as the chilled nines intercepted her flight.

Then we started down a little woods path through the alders, and suddenly Gyp stopped, nose lined on a game parting just right beside her. The bird smashed upward instantly, swerving sharply to the left, and my shot-clearly a yard or so... a scant twenty yards away. George grinned... "Commencing to hit your stride again," he said.

We went into the dense alders, and flushed a bird from beneath a thorn-pom-bush. This one swung up and burred through a little pine, through a thick again I managed to center my charge where little was no damage. The grouse thudded down. "You pulled it out to the right time on that one" said George. "If an alibi, I'd likely taken her out from under your gun." He seemed, too.

"What do you say? Let's call that good for today" I suggested. George was
willy’s, for we had both covered a lot of ground since morning, and poor Gyp, scratched by blackberry bushes, covered with mud and water, had covered five miles to our one, and was commencing to feel the strain. But she didn’t quit, so long as birds were to be found.

Then I discovered that I had pulled the prize hook of the entire season. In some way, while we were tearing around the brush during the latter part of the forenoon, my fillet adapter had come out, and I lost the hook, with eight splendid pictures of Gyp doing her stuff. Of all the stunts!

But there was no help for it. In the car I had a plate-holder with a couple of plates unexposed. We used these to photograph the day’s bag; and a picture of Gyp with the birds, but those did not console me for the ones we had lost.

However, as George expressed it, “You can’t have everything... and we sure did have one good day’s shooting, so let’s not kick about the fillet.”

And that’s the way it goes. When one gets to thinking he’s licked, he’ll have a regular epidemic of mice — to take the conceit out of him. That adds pep to the game and keeps us from getting swollen-head about shooting, besides giving the birds a break.

In two days the 1928 season on woodcock closed, but believe me, business couldn’t keep me from the covers. Sweet little gammon, Breő’ Timber-Doodle!

AMATEUR MOVIES FOR THE OUTDOORS MAN.

There is no better way that we know of to work up a compelling feeling for fishing or hunting than to see movies actually showing these sports. There is no better way to provide appropriate entertainment at meetings of sportsmen’s clubs than by showing movies of hunting and fishing. An increased interest among the members in these sports means greater interest and enthusiasm for the club and its activities. There is no less effective form of entertainment, provided of course that an amateur moving picture machine is available. Fortunately there are so many people interested in taking their own movies that one or more projector’s as well as cameras may be found in almost every locality. Sportsmen’s clubs are especially fortunate because the idea of making motion pictures has not had a particular appeal to sportsmen and cameras are now commonly included in a complete equipment.

The movies are kept at home and even taken to camp on occasion. Sportsmen’s clubs which have taken advantage of the Plan of Cooperation offered by National Sportsmen are familiar with the films in the collection which carry the trade mark of the Canadian National Railways. These pictures, especially the newer ones were taken by Mr. H. Robinson, official photographer of the Canadian National Railways. Mr. Robinson offers a few suggestions to those who plan to bring a movie camera with them on their trip this year. But first of all we must announce the addition of five new films bearing the Canadian National Seal to our collection which brings the total to fifty-five full reel subjects carefully selected for their interest to sportmen. The new additions are as follows:

43. Battles of the Flies. A salmon fishing scene on the Margaree River, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, with a combination of good scenic and action shots. Plenty of fish and fishing action.

44. Salmon Rivers of New Brunswick. Showing salmon and eel fishing on the Tobique, the Miramichi and the famous Restigouche River, New Brunswick. The province in all its magnificence. The film includes Rex Beach, noted author, and Gene Byrne, cartoonist and creator of

with

Heddon “Tempered” BAMBOO RODS
(Split-not-Sawed)

You can trust their springy, scrappy qualities, their sturdy strength and matchless endurance, because they are made of “Tempered” Bamboo. Rightly named “The Rod with the fishing fight.”

Built out of six precision-tapered tight grain strips of split bamboo—the pick of the crop—tempered for years—“tempered” like the steels of old Damascus by the exclusive Heddon process, joined into a solid elastic shaft and silk wound at frequent intervals, each Heddon Rod is a match for the fastest fish that ever grabbed a lure.

Their beautiful brown tone is NOT just superficial, as is the case with “split” bamboo, but is the result of the exclusive Heddon “Tempering” process.

Their light weight makes casting easy. You get increased distance and greater accuracy. Heddon Rods do not split and can be twisted, woven, and vibrating at your will. They are fast and marvelously to the sport of casting, whether you are using lures or flies.

Irvin Cobb, famous humorist, once told a story about a man who gave his son a Heddon Rod “The best I ever saw.”

This year get Heddon for every purpose and every price. Salt Casting Rods, $5 to $20. Fly Rods, $5 to $25. Salt Water Rods, $20 to $50.

Write for Free Catalog.

HEDDON-OUTING

Tackle Boxes

in Colors

Write for Circular.

Patent Pending.

Write for circular.

Aluminum Grill.

Price $3.00 for 2 cases with grid-Ply $1.00.

Write for circular.

Aluminum Grill.

Price $3.00 for 2 cases with grid-Ply $1.00.
When fishing brings a fall -

When you slip and fall in the excitement of fishing, rely upon Absorbine, Jr. to soothe the bruises and relieve the aches and stiffness which follow. Put a bottle in your pack this season. After a bad fall, rub it on at once. Your aches will be soothed, the pain and soreness relieved, any inflammation soon allayed. If your muscles object to working after winter’s inactivity, try a rub down using Absorbine, Jr. Massage your body vigorously. It starts active circulation immediately, cleanses the pores of poisons, revitalizes tired tissues. Apply Absorbine, Jr. full strength for cuts, skin wounds and burns. Its antiseptic properties greatly minimize the danger of infection. Your druggist has Absorbine, Jr. — ask him how good it is! Send for "Temporarily Suggestions," a booklet describing other camp and home uses.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, $1.25

Send for Free Trial Bottle

TIDE TABLES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C., has published tide tables annually since 1853. These tables give for each day of the year the time of high and low water, the phases of the moon, and the times of sunrise, sunset, moonrise, and moonset. The publications are issued in convenient pocket size and price, and are available for the use of fishermen, yachtsmen, and hunters as well as the general public.

In addition to tide tables (price 75c) giving daily predictions of the tides for eighty-eight ports throughout the world and tidal differences from which predictions can be obtained for over 300 other places, there are smaller tide tables for the Atlantic Coast and the Pacific Coast (each 10c in pocket size), tide tables for New York and Boston Harbor (each 5c), and current tables for the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts (each 10c), which latter contain daily predictions of tides of slack water and velocities of maximum current for eleven places on the coast and differences for about 300 other places.

Sporting magazines advising copies of these tables should apply to the Director, U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C., or to field stations of that service at New York, New Orleans, Seattle or San Francisco.

PRIZE FOR SOLUTION OF FORESTRY PROBLEM.

The Society of American Foresters has announced that a first prize of $1000 and a second prize of $250.00 will be given for the two best essays present for solving the present forestry situation in the United States and proposing a practical nation-wide remedy for its solution. The purpose of the prize contest is to indicate the novelty of the nation's problem of forestry and to bring out constructive suggestions for meeting it in an effective way.

Essays submitted in the contest which cover the actual forestry situation in the United States today offering a nation-wide remedy applicable to actual practice which will help to meet this nation's needs and which if applied will solve the problem of a permanent and adequate supply of forest products and secure other benefits of forests essential to the public welfare.

The essays must be typed and should not exceed 2000 words exclusive of a summary of conclusions which should be presented at the beginning of the paper. The contest is open to any individual who desires to compete. Further information about the details of this contest may be secured by addressing Mr. S. T. Dana, School of Forestry, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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DARK FLIES AND HIGH WATER

(Continued from page 21)

darker as the stream rises and lighter as it falls. Just the same, it was very deceptive as to depth as I soon found when I waded across an apparently shallow eddy where the stream spread out at the foot of a broad riffle. I heartily despise rubber boots for trout fishing and generally wear hobnailed shoes over heavy woolen socks and get wet to start with, rather than as a chilling surprise later. But this morning, with the clouds gathered overhead again and a cold drizzle falling, I simply couldn't continue over the idea of deliberately wading into the icy stream, so I risked the rubber boots. Besides, I really didn't expect to catch any trout from the swollen stream and didn't relish getting wet for nothing.

My first casts were over the eddies near the bank, for under such water conditions the trout might be expected to hug the shore in comparatively quiet water. But the number ten fan wing Royal Coachman floated serenely along without interruption after each cast. Then I cast out in the middle at the foot of the riffle and was surprised to see an underwater flash of a small fish that missed the fly. Several trout made tentative lines, a fish an inch brookling. Just as a token of his foolishness in rising to a dry fly that day, I creased him. Two yards farther toward the opposite bank I hooked and landed another, a nine inch rainbow. By this time I began to shake off my misgivings and even forgot the rain, which necessitated tilting my head every few minutes to let the pools of water run off my hat brim without going down my neck.

I floundered around in the Devil's own invention, otherwise known as hip rubber boots, until I could reach a narrow riffle between two barely submerged boulders directly upstream. The fly bobbed down between them over the rough water with wings cocked prettily, and as I retrieved it only a few feet above me, a good rainbow turned under it and disappeared upstream. He had evidently let the fly pass over him, then turned downstream after it a moment too late.

I was afraid that he had seen me, for I had looked right into his eyes, but I stood motionless for a few minutes, then cast again. This time the fly disappeared in a swirl after floating a bare yard, and I was fast in a good fish that gave me plenty more action before coming net under him a few minutes later.

In the next few pools I landed two more good rainbows, and then came to a place where the stream spread out, forming an
immense shallow pool that is really a miniature lake. With its border of dark spruce framing its placid bosom, it looked for all the world like a wilderness pond of eastern Canada. Toward the upper end, the shore lines closed in gradually and the current increased perceptibly, terminating in a long rapid at the head. Below the foot of the rapid the water deepened into an eddy with many submerged boulders on my side, and the main current swirling toward the far bank, which made casting difficult with a solid bank of trees behind me. I took one fair rainbow from mid-stream, and then picked my way cautiously from one underwater boulder to another until I could reach the far side of the main current with my fly. It was necessary to cast almost directly across the current, which made it a difficult problem to overcome drag, but by employing a right curve cast, the fly was enabled to float naturally for about two yards.

But it never got that far, for with a splash it disappeared as the tail of a good rainbow smushed the surface. I had the extreme pleasure of seeing him make two beautiful leaps down the current before it was all over, and I reeled in the slack line to examine the fly.

My next cast, in practically the same spot, caused another explosion, and again I was fast in a leaping, tearing rainbow. This time the hook held in spite of the spectacular leaps and stubborn rushes, and some minutes later the net rose around a fourteen inch rainbow. Several more casts over the same current brought another stubborn rainbow, a shade larger, to net. Then the rises ceased.

By this time my creel felt comfortably heavy and my stomach uncomfortably empty, so I started up the track toward the car and home. Several hundred yards farther up the river I stopped to examine the current of an inviting rapid, and a minute later was back in the water.

In the chute at the head of this rapid, a pyramid shaped boulder split the current forming a long narrow eddy below it with fast water on either side. Some yards below, as the currents began to merge again tending to eliminate the eddy, another submerged boulder arrested them forming a deep pocket just above where the water swelled over it.

My first cast to that pocket was short and was speedily whisked downstream. The next one was a little better, for the fly had scarcely floated a foot before the line started dragging it away. Almost in the same instant, a rainbow so large that my heart nearly stopped beating at the sight of him, stuck his head and back out of the water missing the fly.

I had thought fourteen inch rainbows very creditable fish for this stream, but compared to this one, they were small trout. Marking the spot carefully, I retired to the shore, sat down and lifted my pipe to help pass the seven minutes of suspense before again daring to cast for this fish. Then I carefully waded back to a more advantageous position from where I could float the fly over him for a longer period by employing the "hose cast." The fly floated prettily for perhaps a yard and then disappeared in a mighty swirl. My heart rose as I felt the hook snap on the strike, and then fell as the line came in slack a moment later. For a few minutes I stood in a daze. Then the trickle of water down the back of my neck reminded me that the rain was coming down in steady drops.

Reluctantly I climbed up the bank and walked back to the car. But the vision of this monster rainbow remained with me as a pleasant memory on the long drive home. To-day, months later, I need only close my eyes to see every current in the glorious rapid above them.
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Conducted by Dick Wood

Into the West

By Dick Wood

EVERY confirmed motor camper and tourist sooner or later succumbs to the lure of the Far West. Since the days of the gold rush of '49, and the long covered wagon treks across the Plains, this scenic playground has beckoned to hundreds of thousands of outdoor lovers, and in most instances the call has been heeded.

Now it is no longer necessary to suffer the hardships of desert travel, and touring over endless country to reach this sportsmen's mecca. There are several all-year transcontinental highways that are maintained in good shape by state highway departments friendly to the rolling army of tourists. The past year or two has seen many missing links in these ocean-to-ocean highways connected.

When the East decides to meet the West, so far away, and yet so near—by auto—there is usually much planning, outfitted and anticipation. Even though fast drivers have crossed the continent by auto in less than a week's time, few of us are Cannonball Bakers, and we prefer to travel along, taking two or three weeks for the trip across. To most of us this means a long time from home, so that more than ordinary care should be taken in equipping for the encampment, and in planning the itinerary, to insure a successful trip.

In deciding on the route to take to reach the golden Far West, a glance at any reliable automobile highway map will show that there are five or six possible transcontinental trails. The Theodore Roosevelt International Highway closely parallels the Canadian border much of its distance between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. No experienced motor tripper would attempt to negotiate this highway before June or after August due to the possibility of snow-filled passes in the mountains. Generally, snow plows keep most of these transcontinental routes open the year round, but there is always the possibility of getting stranded in a sudden blizzard. The southeastern route, the Old Spanish Trail, extends from St. Augustine, Florida, to San Diego, California, a distance of nearly three thousand miles. Only a few years ago there were many miles of dirt bridges and ferries on this route, so that the combined toll amounted to almost as much as the gasoline bill for the entire trip. However, these ferries are being rapidly replaced by bridges, fills and alternate routes, so that the Old Spanish Trail is now an all-year route, with most of the distance surfaced.

The next nearest southern route is the Lee Highway from New York to San Diego by way of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, Chattanooga and Memphis, Tennessee, Little Rock and the Southwest.

The National Old Trails, starting at Baltimore, Maryland, might be classified as a central route as far as Kansas City, as it deviates little from a straight line between these cities, but at this metropolis of the Central West, the N. O. T. takes a dive southwesterly for Trinidad, Flagstaff and other southwestern towns, terminating at Los Angeles. It is also in good condition the year round, being paved practically all the way to Kansas City and...
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wait for a day of sunshine, when one can proceed in safety.

Most easterners trekking westward for the first time are accustomed to larry going the way. There are the "ten thousand" lakes of Minnesota, teeming with gamey fish, and bordered by a sloping shore, affording ideal campsites. A few miles farther west are the many attractions of the scenic Black Hills, noted for which are numerous trout-streams of Coolidge fame.

Thus directly in the trail looms the Yellowstone Park—a attraction that no tourist will wish to overlook, or should. All means plan to include this spot in your itinerary. The entrance fee is generally reduced to a negligible sum, and the place known as "Cinder's Hell" will be of unusual interest for a week or a month. The streams are well stocked with trout, and fishing is permitted. The parks are generally in good condition but narrow in places and some of them are one way trails. There are a few simple Park regulations to observe, such as giving the right-of-way to cars coming down hill, leaving no refuse on the camp grounds, and camping only on designated sites.

Motorists carrying guns and entering Yellowstone Park will get the arms sealed by Park officials, and it is an offense to break the seal by leaving the Park. In this connection, it is well to remember that California has a law prohibiting the carrying of fire-arms in a car, except for protection, when a permit is secured from a sheriff or chief of police, by showing the proper credentials. The writer dares to venture that this law is violated almost as much as the Violator act in the same state, since hunters have a right to travel by motor car, and so have they must have arms.

There are other laws, in the various states that motorists should familiarize themselves with before starting on the trip west. Since they give a digest of the laws affecting motorists in all states, I will say this information can be secured from the state motor vehicle commissioners, addressed at the state capitol.

In general, the tourist who has on his car two headlights, bright and dim, a tail light, up to six spare tires, and for license (if required by his home state) and observes the speed laws, will get by anywhere. Some states require the non-resident to register his car on entering the state. Minnesota is one of them and a 60 day permit is given. The tourist entering California must register within ten days, and he may remain in the state six months before it becomes necessary to purchase a California license. Oregon requires registration within 72 hours after entering the state, and a permit for 90 days is given. Washington state does not require non-residents to register. There is no charge in connection with these permits.

It is well to remember that California has a law prohibiting the tourist from carrying camping duffle protruding more than six inches on the right running board, and beyond the hub caps on the left running board. This law is a little severe for the motor camper who starts out to do the Far West with a trunk or kitch enette violating this regulation will either be barred from the state of California or will be inconvenience by having to re pack his equipment. In many cases it might be necessary to have to discard a good deal of your stuff and you're your packed right on the car before leaving home. The tourist must be on the right side of the lane in case an accident on the road among strangers.

To traverse the 1,760 miles of Pacific Highway leading from Tia Juana, Mexico to Vancouver, Washington, is the goal of every Far West motorist. I do not
know of a single highway in the East which offers half so many attractions as this Pacific route. Starting at the historic city of San Diego, where the mission of De la Guadalupe was founded in 1769, the tourist will find the forty-three miles to Ocean-side extremely interesting. Between La Jolla and Del Mar are the Torrey Pines located on the rugged Pacific coast, and adding so much to the picturesque landscapes.

The highway continues to skirt the shore of the blue Pacific as far as Serra, where it turns inland to the San Juan mission, dedicated in 1798, and said to be the richest of all the missions. The highway now traverses a rich farming and citrus fruit country, paralleling the Santa Fe railway all the way to Santa Ana. This distance of fifty-four miles, all macadam will be clipped off in less than two hours. The remaining thirty-five miles to Los Angeles is also macadam. At Whittier is located the old home of Governor Pio Pico, a Spanish ruler when the state was under Mexican control. It is a relic of the past of interest to most tourists.

The sportsmen should not hasten through Southern California. Between Los Angeles and San Diego there are wonderful bathing beaches, fishing resorts and camp sites. Cottages may be rented by those who wish to locate on a beach for the winter months.

Between Los Angeles and Ventura there are three alternative routes, and as all are paved all the way, with no difficult grades to encounter, it is up to the tourist to choose his route. All are scenic highways. The one by Pismo Beach is eleven miles long, but it passes the ranch home of Ramona, one of the country's most famous heroines, as an inducement for making this extra mileage.

In Ventura is the mission of San Buenaventura, now in a good state of preservation. Here the highway again flanks the Pacific for the next thirty miles to Carpintera, and scenery that baffles description. There is another interesting mission at Santa Barbara, the town celebrated by Dana’s “Two Years Before A Mast.” Vasquez, the notorious bandit, once roamed this territory, hiding out on the summit of Gaviota Pass.

From Buellton north the route traverses mountain and valley, passing several other missions, more or less in decay. At Pismo Beach is one of the three longest and most beautiful beaches in the country, which is thronged during the summer season.

The next 130 miles takes one to Salinas through a varied scenic country of mountains, valleys, by ranches, ancient missions, and modern farms, dairies and orchards. The tourist who makes this trip when the trees are in bloom will never forget the ride through such a land of enchantment. The next fifty and one-half miles to San Jose continues to be paved in excellent condition, with another mission the attraction at this burg. Here the highway again branches in leading to San Francisco, and pavement continues both ways.

San Francisco is undoubtedly one of the three most interesting cities in the United States, and while the tourist may motor around it if he desires, I believe the majority will prefer to “do” the town. Every one has heard of the Golden Gate, the great harbor, China town, and knows that Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, John Muir and other famous authors lived in the city. In leaving the city, one can ferry across the bay to Oakland or take the steamers to Vallejo, and he can continue his journey up San Francisco by taking the short cut between San Jose and Stockton and proceed to Sacramento and thence northward.

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ARNOLD WOLFF, 145 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.
the day should find himself around Yreka by night, after covering a distance of 311 miles. The highway continues to be paver- 
ment, bisecting scenic mountainous and roll-of-century. Many of the towns passed 
scraped up during the gold rush days of the late 1890s and 1900s. 
Just south of Weed, Mt. Shasta, 14-
3865 feet above sea level will be passed. 
This huge volcanic mountain seventeen miles in diameter is alone worth a trip west.

From Yreka it is only twenty-four and one-half miles to the Oregon line, and soon after crossing, the motorist tops the Siskiyou Mts. at an elevation of 4,516 feet above sea level. At the next town, Ashland, there is a model camp ground for motor campers. In fact all along this highway are located well-equipped public camp grounds, most of them operating on a fifty cent fee basis. 
The rest of the trip to Seattle, a distance of 585 miles, I shall not describe in detail. The Pacific Highway is practically all pavement, and this section traversing Oregon and Washington is scenic all the way. The route is bordered by towering mountains, long slopes of forests, or immense orchards. Most of this country is of historic interest, having been visited by such intrepid explorers as Lewis and Clark, Jedediah S. Smith, who discovered the Rogue River in 1836, and Gen. John C. Fremont.

The tourist entering the Pacific Highway in the Northwest will likely come through Spokane or Walla Walla. The sportsman should route himself through the wilds of Idaho, claimed by many hunters to be the big game state in the Union at the present time. By all means try to make the big Pendleton, Oregon, Round-Up the third week in every September. In 1925 this famous rodeo was attended by 14,000 people.

As many readers will recall, the first two white women to cross the continent, the wife of missionary Whitman, and Mrs. Spalding, settled six miles west of Walla Walla, where they were massacred by Indians in 1847. Between Bend and The Dalles, the motorist tops a ridge and views at one time the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Hood, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Diamond Peak. The Three Sisters and Maiden Peak, as well as the other snow-covered peaks not named—in all twelve massive peaks, snow and glacier spires keeping watch over the Pacific. Between Portland and The Dalles is the ninety mile scenic Columbia River Highway, following the south bank of this historic stream. The highway is not only a remarkable piece of construction work, admired by eminent engineers, but the scenery rivals anything in the Alps, Switzerland, or Italy.

The Pacific coast tourist has the opportunity to visit six National parks, in addition to Lake Tahoe, which is an attraction worth the trip to the Sierras. The visitor to Tog-
comai should visit the Ranier Na-
tional Park, which is seventy-two and one-
hundred miles distant from June 15th to Sept. 15th. This park has an area of 324 square miles and there are 48 square miles of ice-formation ranging from 50 to 200 feet thick. The park's features are enhanced by a profusion of wild flowers said to rival any similar display in the world. The rim of the park is macadamia. 

Cramer Lake National Park is reached by turning east on a graded road seven miles south of Ashland or northeast from Med
elia. Its greatest attraction is Crater Lake, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano. The depth is 2,000 feet, the diameter six miles, and the lake is ringed with many fantastic shapes. There is an auto road around the rim. Persons can take the trail down to the water. During the summer season,
boat takes passengers around the lake for sight-seeing purposes. There is an entrance fee of $2.50 per car, and the season usually lasts only between July 1st and Sept. 30th.

OUR FIRST WHITE WATER
By H. S. Parker

GRANDPA was keeping out of mischief by sitting in the extra hard seasoned oak from a blow-down of a tree a year ago—and then splitting it—and the "missus" was amusing herself loading a kitchen stove that we never used, and putting wood into a truck—and I too was hard at work trying to think up something in the way of "real sport"—when a bright idea hit me in the head.

It had rained steadily for four days—not a letup during all that time. April is "weepy" we all know but this was just a "splotch of it" and the brooks were getting out of bounds and noisy. The ponds must be plum full by this time, I thought, and then the "idea" struck me, and I bought a 14-ft. birch canoe up to Lily Pond and take a trip via the big cedar swamp down the river to sale it to the owner of the thing when it could be done it was right now. So far as I knew nobody ever had accomplished this and I was ambitious to be the first one to go through. I got the "thing" and called up A. P. He thought well of the scheme too. We put the birch on a wagon, team up to the pond, launch it and then took the other end through the swamp.

The actual canoe trip would mean a distance of a trifle less than five miles but the river was in flood (and it surely was) it would mean crossing the "white water" to navigate before we finished or the river "finished" us.

"I'm with you," said A. P. "If we can't get through on this water we never can, that's sure." He had a good deal of faith to my ability as a riverman and canoeist—more than was justified under the circumstances I felt. If we came to grief in the rapids—we, I presumed I would just naturally have to find an excuse for the misfortune (If we were caught on the canoe or to a misunderstanding of signals—anything constituting an alibi would answer providing anything was cared to be done)

As we drove down to the shores on the pond A. P. remarked that it was "some full pond" and he was right. The fourth day of downpour had raised the water level to an unprecedented height and we both had a presentiment that, barring an accident on the river on the other side of the swamp, we would yet make the trip.

We took the canoe from the wagon and launched it. Aside from our paddles and about ten yards of mooring rope A. P. and I constituted the entire cargo. If we met with a disaster in the rapids it would mean only the loss of the canoe and paddles and possibly our lives in a drowning match. Anyhow, it was worth the attempt, we thought.

Paddling quickly across the pond we entered on the South side the great cedar swamp ordinarily at this time of year quite impassable on account of treacherous undergrowth and mud holes. The freshness had overflowed this area to a depth of fully three or four feet and there was a pronounced current towards the South or away from the meadows beyond. Our objective was to reach the swamp what a sight met our view. The meadows looked like a vast lichen and stone walls and fences on the distant hillsides were merged in the flood and disappeared under the waters. Here again the current was plainly to our left (East) and we paddled without a paddle fence and stone walls plainly to be seen beneath us.

The narrow river was somewhere ahead that we knew, but on a flood like this was a question of "where do we hit it?"

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P.O. Box 102, Central Falls, Florida, until April 15th, then Eagle Lake, Maine.
The alders and swamp maples bending to the current indicated where it might be found and a little exploration soon located the faster water—the river itself. Down the foam streaked surface we went dipping our paddles only enough to maintain direction. This was an unknown canoeing water to us and we were in no hurry to round successive bends—they would be behind us soon enough. And what was that? A muffled roar ahead that rose and fell on the ear. The water was faster now and it was high time to get to the bank, go ashore and see what the river below looked like.

A.P. got out, made the canoe fast and disappeared among the trees lining the bank. Thinking that I would prefer firsthand information concerning the rapids, if we were to run through them, I followed him. Clinging to the alders and maples I made my way carefully along the bank and finally overtook A.P. He was gazing at the crest of the rapids and did not hear my approach. "Some fast water there!" I yelled to him, and he nodded assent.

The spectacle was not exactly reassuring to any canoe men and the uppers was discouraging. The stream here was about fifty feet wide, the banks steep and densely bushed with alders and willows. The water twisted past in a torrent to the crest of the falls where it broke into white spray in its descent of about one hundred yards to a large deep pool below. The declination of these falls was fully thirty degrees and the spume flew high in the air from some submerged rocks of which we made careful note.

We had come and we had seen—it remained only for us to "conquer"—we had come for that purpose. Into the canoe we clambered and started off into the stream above the rapids. We had removed hats, shoes, stockings and coats—an upset in the fast water would be no joke but we were now on the train of the swift current and there was no turning back or getting to the bank as we had wanted to do so.

The saying, "It won't be long now" hadn't been said at that time but inwardly I had presented that a very few moments would develop success or failure for us and our trip. Over the brink we went down into the mainstream of foam and waves we plunged. I held the stern paddle but it was of little use excepting to keep the canoe on its course or as possible in the middle of the falls. It was soon over—we emerged from the descent with one grand plunge which "hoggled" the bow well under water and deluged A.P. as it nearly filled the timber. Thankful to have come through safely we at once started for the shore of the pool to empty the canoe of water shipped and to wring out our wet clothing. Standing on the banks of the pool, viewing the white waters above us and listening to the roar of the torrent, we surely felt proud that we had been the first ever known to have come through these waters in a canoe or craft of any kind.

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The Cutts Compensator
BY WILLIS O. C. ELLIS

BY THIS time a great many National Sportsman readers have no doubt heard about the Cutts Compensator; doubtless many more have never heard of such a device; so I believe that an article devoted to this really remarkable firearms accessory will prove both interesting and instructive.

Colonel Richard M. Cutts, of the U. S. Marine Corps, invented the new device. I spent many pleasant and profitable hours with him at the Skeet Field at Camp Perry, Ohio, last fall (1928), and had the pleasure of examining the compensator and firing the Colonel’s No. 7 Ithaca trap gun to which the Compensator was fitted. I also saw several rifles fitted with the Compensator.

Colonel Cutts is one of the most affable men I have ever met. Large of stature, kindly, warm-hearted, always ready to answer any questions asked him, he has a frankness of expression that impresses you with his sincerity. I do not believe that he is backing up the wrong tree. He believes in his invention with all his heart. He will make it go. He asks no one to believe anything about his Compensator that he cannot prove. And during the National Rifle Matches last fall he demonstrated to the great many army men, service rifle shooters and shotgun devotees, that the Compensator would do all he claimed for it.

Up to the present time the Compensator has been tried out on hand operated and automatic firearms, up to and including the 103 MM howitzer. Where its field of usefulness will stop is not yet known.

The Compensator was designed and developed for military firearms. It is claimed that a compensated new Springfield rifle (Springfield fitted with Compensator), has about the same recoil as a .25-26, and there is little if any jump to the barrel at the moment of firing. This means that infantry equipped with compensated rifles will have an increased speed of firing with much better accuracy, with practically the elimination of recoil fatigue.

The term is that of hunters using powerful rifles. With recoil and jump reduced to a negligible degree, it is possible to repeat shots instantly and with great accuracy, which often means the bagging of game that might otherwise escape for the time to die a terrible death in the fastness at the Camp Perry Skeet field, I was able to call every shot, due to the absence of jump, and I broke every target at which I fired. The usual muzzle “bounce” simply was not there. Also the recoil was so slight that I did not notice it.

To prove the point further, the much the recoil was actually reduced, Colonel Cutts loaded the gun with a standard trap load, held the fore-end of the gun in his left hand, and lightly grasping the stock with his right hand pressed the trigger, while I placed my hand (back to the gun) between the stock and his shoulder. The sharp recoil was gone; only a mere push was felt.

The reduction of recoil is of great importance to the Skeet shooter who must
call for the target before placing the gun to his shoulder. This form of shooting, like civil service post office examinations, calls for speedy, accurate work. The gun is thrown to the shoulder and fired quickly. Shooting under these conditions recoil is far more noticeable than in regular trap shooting which permits the bedding of the gun to the shoulder before calling for the bird. The reduction in recoil fatigue is of great importance to all shotgun shooters who are often called upon to fire long series of shots.

The end of the Compensator is threaded to receive the Pattern Tubes of which there are five. It is the tube secured to the Compensator, and not the boring of the barrel, that controls the pattern. Any tube may be screwed into place giving the correct degree of choke for the shooting at hand. Roughly speaking, these pattern tubes correspond to super-choke (a closeness of pattern that cannot be obtained with improved cylinder, choked, modified, improved cylinder, and super-cylinder which is here meant an opening up of the pattern for close work that is not possible with present half-boring methods.

Of course, the Colonel told me about these Pattern Tubes, how they worked, etc., but he didn’t ask me to take his word. We went over to the Ernie Proctor Ground fence, pinned up large sheets of paper and shot the tubes for pattern. They did all the inventing and more. The Colonel was not going to leave me with theory and demonstrated patterns. We went back to the Skeet traps and here was given an actual demonstration how the Compensated shotguns would perform on clay birds.

I was particularly interested in the short range demonstration. A high grade double gun with right barrel improved cylinder bore was used at 15 yards, admitted choke of a shotgun, and the pattern noticed. The most open pattern tube was affixed to the Compensator and patterns made at 15 yards. The patterns made with the compensated gun were several inches larger in diameter than those made with the uncompensated double gun, and the shot mightily evenly distributed. In fact at all places the different causes at which the compensated gun was fired, the pattern sheets showed a wonderfully even spread of shot —no bunching of shot or holes that gape and slip through. The pattern percentage was considerably higher than patterns made with the ordinary shotgun.

Briefly, the actions of the full choked shotgun and the compensated shotgun are as follows: When a shell is fired in an ordinary shotgun, some of the powder gases escape past the wads and take refuge in the spaces between the shot. Naturally, this gas is under pressure but it is held in check by the shot and walls of the barrel. When the shot clear the muzzle of the gun, this gas suddenly expands and imparts small outward velocity to some of the shot, many of which fly off at a tangent and never reach the target. Naturally, the heavier the powder charge the greater the amount of gas that escapes past the wads and with the shot. This is why excessive powder charges and poorly balanced loads often give blown patterns, the patterns being spoiled by the expansive action of the gases among the shot and the action of the wads against the shot column, when the shot clear the muzzle of the gun. In addition to this there must be also added the disturbing effect caused by the upward movement (jump) of the gun.

In the compensated shotgun all is changed. The higher the velocity of the shot the denser the pattern. This is just opposite to the action of the ordinary shotgun where heavy powder charges often lead to blown, patchy and reduced patterns.

LOOKING from the outside only, you cannot see the quality of steel. But if you examine a Winchester barrel or any other component in the gun under a powerful microscope, you would find that the steel has a fine velvety grain—

—proving that exceptional care and special precaution have been taken in the forging of the steel.

—proving that the forging had progressed through a complete series of intermediate steps—with no short cuts taken—no unnatural forcing into the die that gives it final shape.

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—and disclosing still another reason why Winchester quality is found only in a Winchester gun.

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A firearm has to be superior in design and manufacture if it is adopted by the U. S. Government. It is significant, therefore, that the Government has selected every Browning arm entered in competition with all others.

You are familiar with these arms: Browning .22 caliber, Machine Gun; .30 caliber Machine Gun; .50 caliber Machine Gun; .45 caliber Automatic Pistol—all standard equipment, for U. S. Forces, and the world's finest arms of their kind, all designed by John M. Browning, the foremost firearm inventor of history.

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When the shot column emerges from the barrel proper, it exhibits all the defects found in shot columns fired from ordinary shotguns, but now on clearing the barrel the shot and powder gases unite to form the Compensator. That part of the Compensator next to the barrel is known as the expansion chamber, and while passing through the gas this gas trapped by the shot column escape through the parts of the Compensator, as do most of the gases behind the shot. As the shot charge moves forward, it enters a more restricted portion of the Compensator, known as the re-compression chamber, where the shot that are out of line and would normally fly wild are pressed back into line. Also, finally, the shot charge passes into and through the pattern tube which determines the degree of spread the shot will have. As the shot emerges from the pattern tube, or choke, of the Compensator, there is no disturbing of the shot by the powder gases mixed with the shot. The shot column gives up its gas in the expansion chamber of the Compensator, and what little gas does remain among the shot as the shot column clears the Compensator is under such low pressure (due to the major part of the powder gases having escaped through the ports of the Compensator behind the shot) that it does not disturb the shot. Therefore, the shot emerge from the compensated shotgun realigned and compressed, to speed on to the target with a degree of accuracy by reason of the discharge of powder gas never before attained with shotgun loads.

Although the barrel length is reduced to 24 inches, there is no decrease in shot velocity. The wads follow the shot through the Compensator and are blown away as usual.

The Compensator cannot repair or correct the flight of those shot that become deformed while passing through the gun. Neither will the Compensator make a poor load. All that the gun can produce accurately will come through with good ammunition.
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Hорace Lytle, author of Bird Dog Days, Breaking a Bird Dog, The Story of Jack, et c., has produced a new book that takes a high place in the field of outdoor writings. Not only is this new book one of dogs, field trials and real men, as Horace Lytle can so ably portray them, but it brings in an open and fearless discussion of an important hunting problem that every sportsman in the country must recognize. This book rings with the best in the bird dog game. It startled with its vital message on hunting conditions.

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For the Trapshooter who Demands Quality at Medium Price

The Olympic Grade L.C. Smith Gun

A single barrel, raised rib trap gun, built to retail at $100.00

This gun is a logical contender for trap-shooting honors anywhere in the world—at registered shoot or Olympic competition. It is built to the highest L.C. Smith standards—bored by the exclusive L.C. Smith method. Get behind an L.C. Smith “Olympic” and watch your scores mount. Your dealer should have Smith guns. If not, write for our descriptive Booklet D 43.

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then, I have never taken the trouble to write of it. So here goes:

First, I want to make the statement that for the last year and a half I have and still am located in some of the finest fishing country in the U. S. today.

Did you ever hook into a Royal Chinook salmon, up on a casting outfit, in stream fishing and have him bit for swift water? Or a silver side? Or a fresh water tiger, commonly called the Steelhead of from 10 to 20 lbs.? All these kinds of fish in the same stream and four such streams within a radius of three or four miles from Tillamook. These fish start running later part of September. First come the Jack’s or male salmon, in both the Siskiyou and Silvies and then come the big run of larger fish both sexes up to 50 or 60 lbs. caught on spinners and salmon eggs, and about November comes the Steelhead, taken on eggs and once in a while on spinners. The fall run of Chinook and Silvies ends about Dec. 1 and the Steelhead about first of or middle of March. Then there is a spring run of Chinook in the Trask and Wilson and Tillamook rivers. With a spring run of Steelhead in the Kaches about first of or middle of March. Then there is a spring run of Chinook in the Trask and Wilson, about May taken on spinner and eggs. As for trout in all four streams they can be taken all the year around in tidewater, and above tide-water from April 15 to Dec. 1.

The common and mostly used tackle here is a one piece rod about 5 to 7 ounces of bamboo, average 5½ feet long, real that will hold 75 yards of 24 lbs. test line, 60 yards of 30 to 38 lbs. test, gut leader several pounds lighter than line. The largest one I caught this year lacked 2 ounces of weighting 39 lbs., a Chinook, took me about 55 minutes to land and fight, using a Marloth reel, 36 lbs. test line and 26 lbs. test leader with a Mustad No. 1 double hook, the reel and line were Shakespeare. How would you like to try some of this fishing? The Steelhead is called by some a sea-going-rainbow, and he sure battles and acts like a rainbow, too, all fight. We have a world’s famous Steelhead stream here called the Rogue River farther south, where they catch Steelhead on a fly and spinner, but the Steelhead here are a fall and winter fish, and run very much larger than there, and will not take a fly. The trout fishing is wonderful in the summer and fall months. Guess I had better ring off.

Yours for hunting and fishing,
HARRY MOORE.
Tillamook, Oregon

HERE’S A STRANGE ONE!

GAINESVILLE, Florida (Special)—Boy, page Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson! The University of Florida, located here, has its twentieth century counterpart, Professor A. M. Skellett, who seeks buried treasure by radio!

A short time ago, Charles R. Enlow, a colleague of Professor Skellett in the college of engineering at the University, lost a Johnson outboard motor in Orange Lake, 18 miles south of here.

Professor Skellett, who is also an electrical engineer for radio station WRUF, devised a strictly scientific scheme for recovering the lost outboard. He decided to use radio waves, and contrived an electrical apparatus somewhat similar to an amateur’s radio sending set.

Armed with their “treasure hunter” they motored to Orange Lake and took a boat to the approximate spot where the motor took its plunge.

The apparatus was lowered into the lake and the electric current turned on. A meter was also lowered to record the strength of the current. As soon as the hunters neared the submerged motor, the meter reading dropped off, due to the fact that the motor absorbed more of the electric current than did the sandy bottom. The motor was recovered and was soon running again, none the worse for its bath.

Since word of Professor Skellett’s invention has spread abroad, he has had numerous offers from individuals asking him to help them seek buried treasure.

I N BOTH summer and winter camping be sure to lay in a supply of firewood at night in preparation for tomorrow’s breakfast. A rain or snowfall may interfere seriously with the morning’s cooking and make everything disagreeable for the one who has to Sally forth to cut firewood in the ‘gray morning.’
Skeet Department

Send in your scores in time to catch the next issue of National Sportsman. Booklet giving full particulars how to install, conduct and enjoy Skeet, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps or coin.

Address Skeet Editor, National Sportsman, 108 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

SKEET RULE, No. 5

By W. H. Foster

The First of a Series of Skeet Problem Discussions by the President of the National Skeet Shooter’s Association.

Of all the questions that come to the National Skeet Shooting Association regarding the sport of Skeet, the one bearing on the proper position for the shooter to take in Skeet shooting is the most common. This is, perhaps, because the proper position is hard to describe, there being a certain attitude that must be recognized in the shooting positions of different men. So many questions have come to the association asking for a more complete analysis of this question that a few words at this time may not be amiss.

Rule No. 5 as it appears in the rules and regulations of Skeet reads as follows:

“The shooter shall not raise his gun to his shoulder until after calling ‘Mark.’ While it is understood that the field positions may vary, the referee shall disqualify any shot where the shooter raises his gun before ordering the target or assumes a position before ordering the target that, in the judgment of the referee, appears to be nearer the shooting position than the informal field position.”

It is obviously difficult to define what the “informal” position is, and this rule leaves a great deal to the judgment of the referee, and quite often, a question in the minds of the contestants.

In order to aid referees and to help contestants to determine on this point, we can best take the situation and handle it in terms of field shooting.

Skeet is designed to furnish practice for the field shooter, and since it favors the field gun the handling of such a gun in the field position is obviously the only practical way to shoot Skeet.

The question then arises as to what position the shooter would take if he were in the field under certain conditions. There have been those who question this point by saying that a man does not walk through the woods or fields hunting with his gun up to his shoulder ready to shoot. This is quite true. However, those who put it that way are missing the point.

The Skeet shooter, when he stands at a station and is ready to call for the target, is assuming exactly the same role that he would if he were standing over a very reliable bird dog. He would know by the dog that a bird was sure to rise at a command from him that would make the dog step ahead and flush. The position of that bird, owing to the reliability of this dog, would also be known. The Skeet shooter is in exactly the same relative position. At Skeet he knows that there is a target and that it will appear at his command. He knows where it is coming from and where it is going. The conditions are similar to those where a reliable dog is pointing to the location of the bird, and the shooter knows that he can flush the bird when he wants it.

What position, then, would the shooter take under such conditions? Would he hold his gun up to his shoulder in the manner of the trapshot? Would he cover up the foreground with his arms by holding the gun close to his shoulder? The answer as is worked out through the style naturally adopted by some of the best wingshotes and proves that none of these things would be done. The shooter, even though he knew there was a live bird to be produced at his command and could even see it on the ground, would not raise his gun above an easy position where he could swing it up into line readily, and yet have the foreground clear for observation.

If the reader will study the two accompanying photographs carefully he will see exactly how this is. Neither of these photographs is posed. They are of three reliable field shots, in exactly the attitude they have taken naturally with the anticipation of birds rising at any instant. The first photograph shows Dr. J. S. Goodwin, the dog editor of HUNTING & FISHING, and the writer, standing behind two
SKEET

is the new, fascinating, all-year-round sport for shotgun shooters that has taken the country by storm.

There’s a thrill in SKEET shooting, an element of uncertainty, a sporting risk that exists for the “champ” as well as the beginner. There’s a nervousness that never wears off and the difference between the veterans and the club is less noticeable than in other forms of clay pigeon shooting. SKEET gets you. It keeps you on your toes and as a training school, for field shooting it has no peer.

Henry E. Ahlin, President of the Everett, (Mass.) Gun Club, says: “I have been interested in the gun clubs around Boston for 19 years and never have I seen more shooters or more good men. Shooting has been the case since the SKEET at our club. I have seen more shooters at our club in the last six months since we started SKEET shooting than I ever saw in the 18 years previous.”

In shooting Skeet no special guns or shells are necessary. Just get your favorite shotgun out of the closet and buy a couple of shotshells. Happen to have on hand, and with a few pats you can have an afternoon of real sport and fun.

On receipt of 10¢ in stamps or coins we will send you a booklet giving complete directions for laying out SKEET grounds and rules and regulations for conducting this new all-year-round sport for shotgun shooters.

Two traps are required for Skeet shooting. The Western Practice trap shown above is suitable for the purpose as it can be set up anywhere in a few minutes.

We will send two of these traps as a prize to anyone sending us 20 One-Year subscriptions to NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at $1.00 each. Get busy to-day. Tell your pals about SKEET and ask them to subscribe for NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. In a few hours you can secure enough subscriptions to win these traps so that you can start Skeet shooting right away and have some fun.

Subscription Department

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE

108 Massachusetts Ave., BOSTON, MASS.
SMOKE-TALKS AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

LONGER AND COLDER WINTERS

Editor, National Sportsman:

I HAVE read your magazine for a number of years and certainly enjoy it. However, I should like to register a complaint against ice fishermen in general. Are they all so engrossed in the pursuit of red flags that they haven't time to bring their adventures before the eyes of the world? Perhaps this will serve as a starter.

Early Sunday morning, I concealed myself under a mountain of fishing paraphernalia and adhered stoutly to the darkness of the garage. The car started; so I gathered up Walden, Wheat and Dave and headed for Farm Road, which is located a short distance from Wareham on Cape Cod. It took us a good two hours to reach the side road leading to the pond—I, e, it is called a side road but it is nothing more nor less than an ordinary and ordinary cart path, trying to imitate a roller coaster.

We were two more ancient fishermen from Foxboro at the pond and as we were not sure of our way, they had marked it for us with pieces of cloth. They certainly did their duty and when we bumped up to our destination twenty minutes later, we half expected to see them tripping about in their D.D.'s. They were just setting in (fully clothed) and we followed suit. When the big boy of the party, chopped the holes, forty of them. Forty holes which seemed like eighty before we had the reels set in.

A flag went up and Dave rushed half the length of the pond only to find it was a false alarm. Fate was kind after that and endowed us with four, flopping pickerel. How these fish did take the bait and run for parts unknown and what a thrill! I must bring their flight to a standstill.

At eleven o'clock we took tier off for appetizing bacon and egg sandwiches and coffee, fit for the gods. Here's a helpful hint for your fellow anglers who want a good meal and want it quick. It always seems as though just at the time you are ready to injet your meals into a sandwich, one or two flags go up and it's part of the game to drop everything and run to the water.

Only one thing prevented our day from being perfect and that was the invasion of an army of snow fleas (a native told us what they were—we had been calling them a variety of names). We had to keep the food on top of a box and were indeed glad that climbing is not included in a snow flea's category.

During the afternoon we had very good luck and when we pulled up stakes had fifteen fish, ranging from ½ lbs. to 4 lbs. Our arrival home at eight o'clock, red-eared and feeling on top of the world, was heralded with watering mouths by all the neighbors. We were bringing home their breakfast.

Three cheers for longer and colder winters, when the ice fishermen can come into their own.

Sincerely yours,
E. H. Shortiss, Jr.
Treasurer of the Framingham Fish and Game Club.
Framingham, Mass.

AN IDAHO ENTHUSIAST

W.E. just started taking your magazine and if it's any use to say it now—we wouldn't be without it hereafter. I don't hear much from Idaho anymore, although I am a woman and an amateur in the art of fishing, I've got a few things to say on the subject.

I love to wade out into the middle of a nice stream, not too swift, without there being any deep dark holes and just "have at it." From my dad I inherited my love for fishing but he did most of his in Missouri around the Ozarks and he likes to fish for bass in preference to trout. As we still have a lot of snow here we haven't been fishing as yet, but my hands are sore itching to get that rod out and try my luck. My mouth is watering for a nice eight-inch trout rolled in cornmeal fried to a golden brown—mm-m-m—BOY—I'm not saying how many I could eat. I get more thrills from catching a fish than from wearing a new hat and you'll have to admit that's saying a lot—don't forget I am a woman. Hope that you will print this and that it will break the ice for a lot more women anglers to relace their experiences. Wishing you the best of success to your magazine.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPHINE JORDAN LINTICUM.
Burke, Idaho.
AND experts all over the country are drawing more and more upon the dependable features of Savage Sporter Rifles. For, this line of sturdy, repeating, bolt-action rifles offers at a popular price, the best workmanship, finest materials and highest degree of technical perfection that can be built into a rifle.

**SPORTERS**

Model 23-A (shown here) is the popular .22 caliber, and is ideal for squirrels, woodchucks, coons, muskrats, etc. Price $18.50.

Models 23-B and 23-C are beautiful examples of what can be delivered in .25-20 and .32-20 calibers respectively. Action and general design are similar to the model.

**SUPER-SPORTERS**

Models 40 and 45 within a year’s period have amounted the big-game hunters of this country with their many advantages and low price. These rifles embody features found generally in expensive custom-made rifles—such as shortened bolt throw, faster ignition, detachable magazine, etc. Model 40, Price $95.00. Model 45, Price $44.50.

For complete information on these and other rifles and shotguns, send for the New Free Savage Catalogue.

**SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, Utica, N. Y.**

**SAVAGE ARMS CORP., Dept. 56b, Utica, N. Y.**

Gentlemen—Send me your new, free catalog.

**Traveler’s Safety Wallet**

Made especially to carry simple, easy-to-read papers for identification of driver, traveling on public roads, into hotels, etc. Made of high-grade leather with sturdy safety clip. Designed for use at all times. Opened at a little wallet that never falls out of the case. Made of hard leather. Designed to be used with small money clip.

Price, postage prepaid, $1.00.
WANTED!

A manufacturing client wants men who are interested in guns and target shooting to be local representatives in their towns for a sporting goods novelty.

You make a handsome profit on each sale. Our client will furnish you with the names of interested parties and show you just how to plan and organize your work. This is a connection that will make your evenings and week-ends interesting and profitable.

Write us today for complete details of this opportunity.

HUTCHINS ADVERTISING COMPANY, INC.
Cutter Bidg., Rochester, N. Y.

CAMPING

By Horace Kephart

A handy pocket manual of over 600 pages, full of practical, expert information on how to live in the outdoor. The best food to bring and how to preserve it, kinds of camp beds, tent and other equipment, etc. Bound in a book cloth binder. 100 cts.

Hunting & Fishing

Is a 32-page monthly magazine crammed full of information about hunting and fishing, camp and trail stories and pictures, various kinds of guns and equipment, laws and regulations, and advice on where to go and where to fish. 10 cts.

12 BIG ISSUES Both for $2


SO. Before building a fire, with a handy pocket manual of over 600 pages, full of practical, expert information on how to live in the outdoor. The best food to bring and how to preserve it, kinds of camp beds, tent and other equipment, etc. Bound in a book cloth binder. 100 cts.

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12 BIG ISSUES Both for $2

HELPFUL KNOWLEDGE

**National Sportsman**

**The** description which has just expired was my first, though I have bought the magazine from the newsstand for several years. I have learned many new ideas from reading it and my knowledge has been greatly enlarged on the question of outdoor sports. Your articles are written in such a way that I can read every one of them and gain much knowledge through them. They certainly keep the fire of enthusiasm burning and more than once they have caused me to take up my gun and go hunting when I probably would not have done otherwise.

Here's hoping for the continued success of the National Sportsman and that I will not miss my next copy.

Yours very truly,

L. O. F.

Lufkin, Texas.

OWING to unusual severity of the weather and snow depth in the Okanagan (British Columbia) country, it is said that deer herds driven to the valley have for the first time been found on different varieties of tobacco that had not been harvested and left sticking up above the snow, from Mild Virginia to Burley chewing.

THE Caribou doe of Newfoundland is known to naturalists as one of the few female of the deer species that carry antlers. These are small and sometimes well developed but never of the fine proportions of those of the stag.

CARRYING CRATES FOR DOGS

CARRYING crates which fit on the running board are now on the market which serve the purpose yet with such a crate clamped in position it is impossible to use but one side of the car for entrance or exit. Many of the present closed and open models are equipped with fork racks at the rear. In most cases, the space provided is large enough to hold a fair sized ordinary dog crate which will comfortably accommodate at least a pair of dogs. In very cold weather a canvas covering may be made to snap over the crate and adding to the occupant's comfort.

With roadsters and coupes having the usual covered space in the rear the following suggestion will work out nicely. One enters the compartment to a height of about sixteen inches holding the lid open by means of a stick of that length. Take measurements necessary to make a wooden frame that will exactly fill the space left between the lid and body.

This contrivance is simple to make, light in weight and is held in place by cleats at the bottom of the frame and the weight of the lid which rests on top. The frame is lined with straw and is so notched in the compartment so formed with a small wire door in the back panel of the frame allows the dog to ride comfortably, well protected from the weather.

**National Sportsman**

**3500 New Leever Trap Gun $3500**

The best selling trap gun ever. Also a $16.00 hammerless single, and a double hammerless for $28.25.

Who ever saw a broken Leever?

LEEVER ARMS CO. ITHACA, N. Y.

**Beautiful Your Grounds This Spring**

**HAENEL**

**NEW HI-POWER AIR PISTOLS and RIFLES**

The soft rich beauty of growing trees, shrubs, plants, vines and flowers are necessary before a "house" really is a home. And the grounds that are poorly or only half planted only emphasize the ugly barrenness.

**Plan Now to Plant This Summer**

Make your grounds a beauty spot this summer. You can do it if you will plan now and be ready to plant this spring. Spring planting season will be here shortly, and by the time you get your plans made and make selections of flowering shrubs, shade trees and evergreens, get your order placed and delivery is made, it will be planting time.

*Our Descriptive Catalog, and other Literature, sent free on request.*

Forest Nursery Company, Inc.

McMinnville, Tennessee.

**Improve Your Shooting**

**CHAS. DALY, Inc.**

**Wire Netting at Wholesale**

A big saving on wire netting in all sizes for any type of bird or animal enclosure. Wholesale prices and prompt delivery from large stocks at Clinton, N.C., Chicago, San Francisco, Minneapolis.

**Free Catalogue on Wooden Por Material**

Crown Iron Works Co., 326 Filer St., N. E.

**30 Days' Trial**

The ROCHE ELECTRIC HYGIENIC MACHINE HELPS NATURE IN HER FIGHT AGAINST DISEASES AND PAIN

If you take regular treatment with this machine regularly, you will feel more energetic and vital, and will find that you can do your daily work with less fatigue. It will help to prevent colds, flu, etc., and in time will cure them. And by using the machine you will enjoy a better state of health and comfort.

**THE VIGOROUS MAN OR WOMAN IS LEADER OF ALL**

If you desire to be a better person, if you would like to live longer and more healthily, then you should use the ROCHE ELECTRIC HYGIENIC MACHINE.

**BOOK TREE**

Your Satisfaction is GUARANTEED. ROCHE ELECTRIC MACHINE CO. Dept. NS-3 Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.
End Your Rupture

No sugars or gummy gels to pull into the ruptured opening. Instead, clamps on the surgical stapler bring the edges of the ruptured section together. A watertight seal, which won't leak or rot, it works for any case, it has never failed. The most modern and the shortest healing method known to existence.

Gives Absolute Freedom to Motion

Because the Technical Trial Don't. Painful—Rupture is a dangerous thing.


Factory to Rider

30 days Free Trial

Tire Mender

$7.89

CHAMPION SERIES

This champion setter, Eugene's Ghost, owned by W. D. Albritt, Jefferson City, Tenn. Eugene's Ghost is the greatest living setter ever having sired over sixty field trial winners and champions.

CARE OF THE SPRING LITTER

About seventy per cent of each year's crop of sporting dog puppies are whelped during the first four months following the month of February. This is because the average breeder realizes that the earlier in the spring the puppies arrive, the better the chances they will have of developing before the next hunting season rolls around. A March litter will be eight months old the following November and if they are bred right and have had the benefit of a reasonable amount of training during the summer months they will be worth nearly twice as much as puppies born during May or June.

Puppies that arrive early must, of course, receive extra care for during the first four months of the year there is much colder weather and a puppy once thoroughly chilled will require a lot of nursing to bring him thru. A siege of sickness brought
on by exposure will nearly always result in a destroyed, backward pup.

It has been the experience of the writer that as a safety measure against the chilling of the early arriving litter, nothing can equal the kennel, the features and construction of which is described in the March issue of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. If the kennel can be placed in a shed or outbuilding (don't place your cages as this is a poisonous gas-exhaust fumes have been known to wipe out a whole litter) out of the cold winds the puppies will be safe from exposure and all other conditions are right should thrive just as well as the horn during warm weather.

During extremely cold weather a soap story or a few handfuls of chaff can be heated and placed under the straw in the nest. These should be wrapped well in heavy paper not only to retain the heat but to protect the puppies from injuring themselves from laying directly up on the hot stone.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. C. J., LaPorte Ind.

I have recently bought at a low price a female hunting pup of the best of fox hunting breed. This pup is now 4 months old. When will she be due and should I allow service at the first opportunity? Her dam had 25-inch ears and her mother 24-inch ears.

ANSWER—Your pup should be in season during her eighth month. Unless a pup is exceptionally well developed and matured I would not allow service at this time but wait until the second season which should follow the first within about six months to take all precautions to guard against a stillbirth or accident during the first period. It is a good plan to put your foxes to the left or a buck in a little space where she cannot be reached; also keep the immediate premises with a strong wire or kness screen to kill air scents which will attract unwelcome visitors. Your pup is in very good for her age and she should mature with at least 24-inch ears.

G. F. Vickburg, Miss.

My two-year-old pointer dog has developed a tremor or twitch in the local veterinary office does not seem to know what it is or what to do for it. His mouth is sore and he eats very, very little.

ANSWER—Your pup's sore mouth could be caused by bad tooth or a bad stomach. I would suggest that you give a dose of physostigmine sulphone powder on an empty stomach. It is important to keep the bowels open. Feed soft foods as much as possible. Molasses and milk for fresh baked bread with vegetables mashed. Raw fresh beef is good at any butcher shop and should be fed in a fed form. Treat the sore mouth by basting with a syringe every twelve hours of a solution of boracic acid and water (one teaspoonful of powder to one cup of water). Treatment should be applied four or five times daily. Procure a rubber glove for your hand and open the ears inside of mouth. Care should be taken that your pointer doesn't bite you. Your troubles should subside with tincture of iodine (full strength). There are other treatments but I have found this the most successful.


I am in the process of building a new dog house on our farm. Could you give me some tips on the construction of such a house? I want to build a sturdy and protective structure.

ANSWER—1 and 2, I am assuming that you mean the Springfield type. While the Springfield type is the type of dog house the Scottish suddenly got the equal of the beagle for rabbit hunting. This breed has been improved in this instance. The beagle has been taken and made better. It is a good idea to start with a rabbit house. It should hold a rabbit and work rather closely, but there are other varieties of rabbit hunting which would make this house very useful. It might be used to house small dogs and rabbits and the Springfield type. The Walker for hounds will always develop into a good rabbit dog when properly trained. It is important to see to it that the Walker is fed well. From your letter I believe that a registered beagle should suit your purpose exactly. I would choose either the Scottish or the Walker and I would suggest one with a coat of bright, shiny black. The adventuring of many sporting dogs will be found in our classified business pages.

ROB WHITE QUAIL

Free 1926 catalog explaining planting game preserver. Sent free on request. Bob White, White and Black, game officials, etc. Delivery Decemver 1 to late April. Free samples anywhere guaranteed, any quantity. Largest producers of the Best Game Bird Seed. ORDER NOW. M. E. BOGLE. Box 832, San Antonio, Texas.

Get Ahead

Raising Poultry

Read Poultry Tribune

9 great issues for 25c on a special subscription offer. County agents, agricultural colleges, poultry authorities all send Poultry Tribune. More than 200,000 readers daily. Regularly containing the latest on raising egg production, keeping flocks healthy, stamping out disease, raising chickens, building best type brooders and poultry houses, etc., all in a 9-month, 25c subscription.

Poultry Tribune, Box 236

MOUNT MORRIS, ILL.

Poultry Tribune, Box 234

F. J. P., Toronto, Ont.

I want to raise poultry in the city. Can you suggest a good flock to start with?

ANSWER—A good flock to start with would be the Rhode Island Red. They are hardy, thrifty, and lay well. They also are good for meat and can be raised for both purposes. It is important to have a well-drained and fenced lot, as well as a good water supply. A good shelter and proper management will ensure success.

F. J. P., Toronto, Ont.

I am thinking of starting a poultry farm. What should I consider when selecting birds?

ANSWER—When selecting birds for a poultry farm, it is important to consider the breed, the size of the flock, the purpose of the farm, and the market for the birds. The breed should be chosen according to the desired purpose, such as egg production, meat, or dual-purpose. The size of the flock should depend on the available space and resources. It is also important to consider the market for the birds, whether for local consumption or for sale. A good selection of birds should ensure the success of the farm.
Show this copy of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN to your friends who like to hunt and fish and ask them to give you $1.00 for a year's subscription to this magazine. Mail the money and names of subscribers to us as fast as you get them so we can mail them the magazines promptly. We will credit you with these subscriptions and as soon as you have sent us the required number for the prize you want we will send it to you immediately. If you don't find, on this or other pages, what you want as a prize, let us know and we will make you a special offer.

South Bend No. 12 Split Bamboo Fly Rod. Three piece with ring 10 1/2, 8 1/2, 4 3/8, 3 ft. 9 1/2 ft. length. Given as a prize for 15 subscriptions at $1.00 each.

South Bend No. 20 Split Bamboo Fly Rod. Four piece with extra 150 rods, 10 sections with extra 100 rods, 7 sections with extra 75 rods, 5 sections with extra 50 rods. Given as a prize for 25 subscriptions at $2.50 each.

South Bend No. 10 Split Bamboo Half-Casting Rod. A quality two-piece rod with all 9 1/2 ft. length. Given as a prize for 10 subscriptions at $1.50 each. Fitted with 26 inches of aluminum. Given as a prize for 10 subscriptions at $1.00 each.

South Bend No. 14 Split Bamboo Half-Casting Rod. Excellent quality two-piece rod, with all 9 1/2 ft. length. Given as a prize for 15 subscriptions at $1.00 each.

South Bend No. 19 Split Bamboo Half-Casting Rod. A quality two-piece rod, with all 9 1/2 ft. length. Given as a prize for 10 subscriptions at $1.50 each.

South Bend No. 13 Lash Joints Steel Half-Casting Rod. A quality two-piece rod, with all 9 1/2 ft. length. Given as a prize for 15 subscriptions at $1.00 each.

South Bend Fly-Ore- me for trout, steel-head and other game fish. Given as a prize for 10 subscriptions at $1.00 each.

South Bend Flexiblute Salt Finish Fly Casting Line. #24, #20, #18, #16, #12, #8. Given as a prize to 15 subscribers at $1.00 each.

South Bend "Black-Ore" Steel Casting Line. Given as a prize to 15 subscribers at $1.00 each.

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South Bend "Black-Ore" Steel Casting Line. Given as a prize to 15 subscribers at $1.00 each.

Small size for children $2.75. Given as a prize for 15 subscriptions at $2.50 each.

Large size for big fellows, $9.25. Given as a prize for 15 subscriptions at $9.00 each.

Address all orders to Subscription Department

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
108 Massachusetts Avenue
BOSTON, MASS.
Random Notes for Sportsman’s Clubs

NEW BRITAIN FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION

LEGISLATION PRESENTED

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the New Britain Fish and Game Association was held at the City Hall on Monday, March 6, 1922. The meeting was called to order by President L. E. Wadsworth, who read the call of the Board of Directors for the meeting. The minutes of the last meeting were presented, and it was moved by Mr. S. J. Taylor, seconded by Mr. J. H. Smith, that the minutes be approved as presented.

The next order of business was the presentation of legislation to the Association. Mr. W. H. Putnam, Secretary, read the bill introducing the legislation. The bill was then placed on the calendar for further action.

The meeting adjourned at 9:30 P.M.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW BRITAIN FISH AND Game Association will be held at the City Hall on Monday, March 15, 1923, at 9:00 P.M. All members of the Association are urged to attend.

BROCKTON SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

The Brockton Sportsmen's Club is composed of men interested in hunting and fishing. We believe in the Game Restoration Program, and are concentrating our efforts on maintaining the Quail population. We encourage the use of our club facilities by members of the public and other organizations. Our club is open to all interested in the sport of hunting and fishing.

BEAVER POND FISH AND GAME CLUB, MILFORD, MASS.

The fifth meeting of the Beaver Pond Fish and Game Club was held at the Men's Hall on Tuesday evening, January 19. A banquet was served, and the Club's Community Singing Society gave a program of songs. The evening was concluded with a dance.

MIDDLEBURY FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION

The Middlebury Fish and Game Club is composed of men interested in the sport of hunting and fishing. The Club is dedicated to the protection and restoration of wildlife and is actively involved in the preservation of natural resources. The Club encourages the participation of all members in the activities of the Club and welcomes new members. The Club meets monthly and is open to all interested in the sport of hunting and fishing.

Hunting and fishing are not just a hobby; they are an integral part of our culture and heritage. The sportsmen who participate in these activities have a responsibility to protect and conserve the natural resources for future generations. Let us work together to ensure that our children and grandchildren will have the same opportunities to enjoy the great outdoors that we have had.

LEAGUE OF ASSEX COUNTY SPORTSMEN

The League of Essex County Sportsmen is an organization dedicated to the protection and conservation of wildlife and the natural resources. The League is made up of sportsmen from all over the county and is committed to the preservation of the sport of hunting and fishing. The League meets monthly and is open to all interested in the sport of hunting and fishing.

RHODE ISLAND FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, RHODE ISLAND

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Fish and Game Protective Association was held on May 25, 1922, at the Narragansett Country Club. The meeting was successful and the Association is looking forward to another year of successful activities.

DEDHAM HUNTING & FISHING ASSOCIATION, DEDHAM, MASS.

The Dedham Hunting and Fishing Association is a club for men interested in the sport of hunting and fishing. The Club is dedicated to the protection and conservation of wildlife and is actively involved in the preservation of natural resources. The Club encourages the participation of all members in the activities of the Club and welcomes new members. The Club meets monthly and is open to all interested in the sport of hunting and fishing.

The club is a member of the Massachusetts Chapter of the National Sportsman's Association and is a part of the larger national organization.

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The club is a member of the Massachusetts Chapter of the National Sportsman's Association and is a part of the larger national organization.
A committee has been appointed to look up the Association Club. It is a matter of trust and allowing fishing only to members of clubs affiliated with the organization. Once the scheme proves feasible, it is planned to take up some waters from time to time and place these at the disposal of open water sportsmen, all of whom will have the same kind of fishing. We believe that every sportsman should be an active member of the men's club in his locality and that club should be affiliated with the State Association. Consequently these streams will be open to all sportsmen.

The fishing contest will be continued this year with prizes to be awarded for the catching of the following species caught in Rhine Island waters during the open season of 1929 with red and brown trout. The species included are: Smallmouth Black Bass, Large Mouth Black Bass, Brown Trout, White Perch, Yellow Perch, Crappie, White Bass, Tautog, Saugers, and Striped Bass. At the annual meeting of December 23, Everett L. Bournes was reelected president, Frank A. Caudle, vice-president, T. J..hl. L. Palmer was reelected secretary-treasurer. We are proud to have a list of club officials and members who are giving their time and services to the advancement of fishing. The officers and members are: President—Frank A. Caudle; Vice-President—Walter H. Hamley; Secretary-Treasurer—Harvey R. Allgood; and William E. Wafsten. At the executive committee meeting of December 18, several new members were appointed: Albert E. Stener, legislative; Harry R. Brace, treasurer; Walter A. Alger, member. On Friday, December 19, the members enjoyed a lecture by William L. Finley, illustrated with slides of moving picture pictures, the Northwest. H. L. Pauley, secretary.

UNITED SPORTSMEN, SUGAR NOTCH CAMP, NO. 205, SUGAR NOTCH CAMP, TALFORD, PA.

THE phonograph at the Hotel No. 205 is held at the Town Hall in Sugar Notch on Thursday evening. The music will be provided by the band and an orchestra is being advertised by the Roberty-Wright Company. Just as this is being printed there is a meeting of the hotel board which will make the music. If you wish to join the committee, please do so. It is $5.00 per month.

$5.00 Monthly

There is an extra charge for the Budget Plan without music. There is a number of rooms to be advertised by the Roberty-Wright Company. Just as this is being printed there is a meeting of the hotel board which will make the music. If you wish to join the committee, please do so. It is $5.00 per month.

SEAVIER-WILLIAMS CO.

295 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE MONEY RAISING SQUAWS! We'll teach you how to raise squaws and show you how to make money. You must be over 18 years old. The minimum investment is $50.00. We will furnish you with all necessary equipment and supplies. You can start raising squaws on your own land or on land we will provide. We will guide you every step of the way. You can make a substantial income raising squaws. Call or write for more information.

FREE CATALOG, Write to us for free catalog. We will send you a free catalog with all the information you need to start raising squaws.

"Quick Lunch!

A New Food for Your Dog

Pure fresh meat combined with favorite vegetables, including bananas, milk, eggs, etc. A nutritious meal that your dog will love. Send 25 cents today for 3 lbs. of food.

Battle Creek Dog Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
ANGLERS ASSOCIATION OF ONONDAGA, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The President's report of the activities of this organization for the year 1927 includes a number of reports of Club members, with reports on the various aspects of fishing and conservation work, and a detailed discussion of practices and policies of the various clubs. The report also includes a summary of the activities of the association during the year, and a list of officers for the coming year.

In conjunction with the New York State Fish Camp and Forest League, we are endeavoring to advance the study of fish and game by providing scientific education. Through these activities, we are working to promote the conservation of natural resources and to ensure that future generations will enjoy the same benefits from nature that we do today.

FAMOUS SURGEON'S DISCOVERY

Here is a possible personal, home treatment, called Derm-Relax. At a home method endorsed by doctors. Certain users report that this cream helps to bring results in 3 to 5 days—usually in 7 days. You can use this method to remove wrinkles and skin blemishes. It is available only at your local drug store for approximately $2.00. Be sure to ask for Derm-Relax by name.

SEND NO MONEY

Complete facts above scientific discovery, published in authority, (remanufactured) chemical and compound, contained in this part of the trial offer, and by mail, you can make this offer without sending a cent. No risk. If you use this cure you will love it. We ask that you mail this coupon now! We will then send you a free 10-day supply of Derm-Relax.

H. C. JENNINGS, Secretary.

ELLISBURGH FISH AND GAME CLUB, ELLISBURGH DEPOT, N. Y.

At its annual meeting, Jan. 28, 1929, the Ellisburgh Fish and Game Club elected new officers and committee members. The Club is working to increase the fish and game population in the area and to ensure that these resources are available for future generations.

WAYNE COUNTY, INDIANA.

The sportmen of Wayne County are doing everything possible to increase the stock of native bobwhite quail. There are not many quail in the region, and this is a concern for hunters and sportsmen. The Club is working to ensure that these resources are available for future generations.

W cheerleader, boy, and girl, were present at the annual meeting of the club held on Feb. 4, a happy event for all. There were representatives from other groups and organizations, which were present to provide entertainment. The officers of the club hope that members will plan to attend many future meetings.

SOHSHOEING in a bright sunlight is apt to produce great discomfort unless one is provided with glasses of amber or brown lenses. The symptoms of eye distress are gradual but progressive, and those who have gone through a "sieve" of it seldom care to "demonstrate" it a second time. Snowshoeing is a musical pastime in that it is a simple form of exercise for all ages and skill levels. It is a great way to enjoy the snow and keep active.

March 20, 1929

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

FREE TRIAL Grows Hair

MEN ONLY!

The most successful men have the right hair! And the same is true of women! The average man is no more a success than the average woman because his hair is thin or balding. The secret of success is the right hair, and the secret of having the right hair is knowing how to grow it. The National Grow Hair Service is here to help you.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH & GAME ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association was held on Jan. 28, 1929. The meeting was well attended, and dinner was held at the Hotel Staging in quorum.

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