

THREATENED!—Page 23
Your Right to a Gun



FLEXIBLE FANNY—Page 17
New Trout Fly Invention

OUTDOORS

APRIL
15¢



LAUREN PEDRIN

They'd say so if they could—
**"If Weber makes it
 —a fish takes it!"**



Every fish takes the fly, and everyone can learn to fly fish . . . the easy Weber way, with tested lures and balanced tackle that bring you big fish and plenty of them. Start your season now . . . with a pre-view of Weber's new color-catalog . . . 112 pages showing hundreds of lures in living colors, rods, lines, reels, leaders, outfits, sundries, plus tackle tips and fish lore . . . everything "old timers" want or beginners need . . . correct equipment created by Weber, "world's largest in fly tackle" and proved on world-wide fishing waters. Send for the catalog, then see your dealer . . . use coupon.



SILENT REELS
 You strip or reel soundlessly . . . with "Silent Knight" No. 500 (\$5.00) or Weber-Henshall No. 104 (\$3.25). Both reels easily converted to click-action. Precision-built for lifetime use. Large capacity.



No. 104



TRUEFLOW TAPER FLY LINES
 Improves your accuracy and distance. Short casts easy. 4 sizes — for short, medium, long, extra-long pickups. Finest quality.



ALL-AMERICAN WET FLY SELECTION
 No. AWF6 America's 6 favorite wet flies. Sizes 8 to 12. 90¢.



No. 800 EYED AND SNElLED FLY BOX
 Unusual fly box value — Cover pad for holding "quick-change" flies, 8 transparent compartments with cover for storing complete selection. Sturdy aluminum case. Capacity 11 dozen flies. \$2.00.



PAIRED COCKED DIVIDED WING FLY
 A double-duty fly . . . fishes wet or dry. 14 patterns. Sizes 4 to 14 . . . 2 for 25¢.



TWO-PIECE FLY ROD
 Power failure for long casts, perfect short casts! . . . Dry-fly models 7, 7½ ft. Standard 8 ft. Extra tip, aluminum case. Complete line of 3-piece rods, 8 to 9½ ft. — famous for backbone!



FLOATALINE COMPOUND
 Contains no animal fat — floats fly boxes easily. Also prevents pickup of water on bait casting lines. Tin 25¢.



DRAKE-AKLE
 Lifelike translucent body with veined wings. Floats high and long. 6 patterns. Sizes 6 to 12 . . . Each 25¢.



O. L. WEBER'S PERSONAL "PAN-FISH" KIT
 8 assorted wet and floating "fish-getters" proved on many waters. Willowleaf Spinner, \$1.00.

Free
 Fly or "Vec"
 WITH 112-PAGE COLOR
 CATALOG . . .
 25¢



GENUINE SPANISH SILK-WORM GUT Highest strength and uniformity. Wide range of grades and sizes from 6X (.005") to Hebra (.023"), level and tapered.



WEBER "VEC" THAT NEEDS NO SOAKING Handiest all-around leader material. Ties dry. In coils and leaders down to .011" dia. Special twist for surf casting and salt water fishing.

SNElLED HOOKS "Falcongrip" quick-set hooks land more strikes. Falcongrips and complete line of standard hooks available in Spanish Gut, VEC or Syntex snells.



"WILLOWLEAF" SPINNERS
 22 K. gold finish—single 25¢ and 35¢. Nickel—single 15¢ and 20¢. 4 sizes.



POPPERAKLE
 Brings bass with a bang! Cork body floats, streamer wiggles. 12 patterns. Size 4 . . . Each 35¢. Sizes 1/0 and 2 . . . Each 50¢.

The Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Box 418J, Stevens Point, Wisconsin
 I enclose 25¢ for 112-page color catalog and Monogram Fly Casting Instructions. This entitles me to ONE of the following items absolutely FREE (check which):

NEW "O-C-UM" GLASS-EYE STREAMER FLY [Retail value 25¢] OR

10 YDS. VEC MEDIUM WEIGHT LEADER MATERIAL [Retail value 25¢]

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 Dealer's Name _____

WEBER LEADS IN LEADERS TOO!



At Last - - A Book

authored by a shooter who has won international fame through his championship marksmanship and successful coaching. In this authoritative volume he presents the knowledge gained in years of experience

to teach you

The ART of HANDGUN SHOOTING



The Author
CAPT. CHAS. ASKINS, JR.

former all around pistol and revolver champion of the United States, winner of an imposing list of championships and matches, former pistol and revolver instructor for the United States Border Patrol and coach of the Border Patrol pistol and revolver team, firearms editor of OUTDOORS

This book will prove invaluable to both beginners and experts. It will make better shooters of both. This is clearly indicated by the chapter titles which are: The Appeal of Pistol Shooting, Keep in Physical Trim, How to Stand When Shooting, Buying the First Handgun, Selecting Good Equipment, How to Adjust the Sights, How to Grasp the Handgun, The Gun-and-Hand Contact, How to Manage the Trigger, Rapid-Fire Shooting, Trying to Anchor Shot Groups, Basic Training for 50-Yard Slow-Fire Marksmanship, Match Shooting Psychology, The Confidence to Win, Things to Be Remembered in Match Shooting, The Pistol Team and the Coach, Trading For A Used Gun, Fundamental Handgun Ballistics, Selecting a .45 Automatic, Successful Handling of the .45 Automatic, Shooting By Instinctive Pointing, Hitting Objects in the Air, Hunting Guns, Guns for Defensive Use, Night Sights for the Handgun, Notes on Killing Power, The Grand Old Peacemaker .45, How to Handle the Double-Action Gun, Holsters. A big book, beautifully printed, profusely illustrated.

Read and Study "The Art of Handgun Shooting"—A Book That Will Be Your Best Shooting Friend.
PUBLICATION IN MAY—By A. S. BARNES & CO.

*A Limited Number of Auto-
graphed Copies
of the First Edition
Available to Those Whose
Orders Are Placed Early*

**SO ACT QUICKLY—USE
THE COUPON NOW →**

OUTDOORS
729 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

DO-4-41

Please reserve for me an autographed copy of the first edition of Capt. Askins' book, THE ART OF HANDGUN SHOOTING. I will remit \$2.50 when you notify me that the book is ready.

NAME

STREET

CITY or TOWN

STATE

(It is understood that this book will be sent to me in May, the date of publication of the first edition.)



OUTDOORS ANGLING EQUIPMENT IDENTIFICATION CONTEST

There is Still Time to Enter. Win a Big Prize - - 25 Awards Offered - - By Identifying the Articles Shown Above

COMPLETE DETAILS ON PAGE 58

Mail Your Entry to the Contest Editor, OUTDOORS, 729 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., Before the Closing Date March 31, 1941

HIRSH B. MALCOLM,
52 DRESDEN AVE.,
GARDNER, MAINE.
15525-10-41

OUTDOORS

Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office
 Published monthly except January and August at Louisville, Ky., by
 OUTDOOR PUBLICATIONS, INC.
 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Vol. IX

APRIL, 1941

No. 3

WHEN THE TROUT LILY BLOOMS.....	By N. R. Casillo	4
RANDY BEHAN, ANGLER.....	By E. Francis McDevitt	6
MILE HIGH BASS.....	By Kenneth Stanley	8
MAN! IT WAS COLD.....	By Ramon Chesson	10
SPENCER TRACY LEARNS HIS LINES.....	By A. D. Rathbone IV	12
CODRINGTON SETS.....	By Jonathan Eldridge	14
THREATENED! YOUR RIGHT TO A GUN.....	By Arthur B. Harlow	23
RECENT EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES WITH ARTIFICIAL FLIES FOR TROUT.....	By O. Warren Smith	37
VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF MAINE FISHING.....	By Earle Doucette	50
TRAINING FOR THE YOUNG RABBIT HOUND TRAINER.....	By Carl E. Smith	62
HITTING 'EM AT SKEET.....	By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.	66

Outdoors' Special Features

HANK, THE METER READER.....	By Hank, himself	16
INTRODUCING FLEXIBLE FANNY.....	By M. W. Burlingame	17
HANDGUNS AND HANDGUN SHOOTING.....	By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.	18
MUSINGS.....	By O. Warren Smith	19
CAMPFIRE SMOKE.....	By E. C. Jones	20
GUNS AND AMMUNITION.....	By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.	22
THE COUNTRY YEAR.....	By August Derleth	24
COME APART, A PLYWOOD TOTEABOUT.....	By Cliff Bradley	26
WHERE TO GO.....	By Edward Dreier	48
BOOKS FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN.....	By August Derleth	63

FRONT COVER BY C. ROBERT PERRIN

Editorial Staff

CLAYTON HOLT ERNST, *President*

VICTOR B. KLEFBECK, *Editor*

Department Editors: CHAS. ASKINS, JR., *Firearms Editor*; O. WARREN SMITH, *Fishing Editor*; AUGUST W. DERLETH, *Contributing Editor*; CLIFF BRADLEY, *Boat Editor*

Business Staff: NATHAN B. LINCOLN, *Managing Editor*; WALTER D. BROOKS, *Treasurer*; GEORGE G. LIVERMORE, *Vice-President & Circulation Director*; NELSON J. PEABODY, *Vice-President & Advertising Director*; RAYFORD A. MANN, *Advertising Manager*; MARK W. BURLINGAME, *Eastern Advertising Manager*. Home Office: 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; New York: 1 East 42nd St.; Chicago: 307 N. Michigan Ave.

Subscription Prices: \$1 for 12 issues; \$2 for 36 issues. 15c a copy. Canadian and Foreign: 50c extra for each 12 issues.

Publication Offices: 1109 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Administration Office: 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. Entered as second-class matter June 10, 1939, at the post office at Louisville, Kentucky, under the act of March 3, 1879. Manuscripts should be sent to the Boston office and should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for return. The publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Change of address should be reported as far in advance as possible, giving both old and new addresses, to OUTDOORS, 729 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Copyright 1941 by Outdoor Publications, Inc.

Printed in U. S. A.

ADVENTURE
for Sale!

\$50 *Monthly*



The Reliance "30"
STREAMLINER

THERE'S a new world
awaiting—new excitement and adventure for you—new health for you and your family—out on the briny, away from a mad, crowded world.

For the first time in history under \$3600—RELIANCE offers you a full sized 30-foot home afloat—a 2-state-room, sleek beauty for only, \$1995—(sold direct).

Write for your free copy of
"NEW WORLDS FOR SALE"!

Reliance Cruiser
CORPORATION

WOOD BASIN—CITY ISLAND, N.Y.

Telephone—City Island 8-1513

WHEN THE TROUT LILY BLOOMS



By
N. R. Casillo

ASK any number of ardent trout anglers when their favorite fish bites best and their replies will be as varied as their assortment of pet lures. Notwithstanding the geographical, biological and other differences of their favorite waters, fishermen usually swear by some manifestation of natural or imaginative phenomenon.

Perhaps, some particularly fortunate individual made a killing when the hooded skunk cabbage crunched underfoot. Another possibility achieved as much when the shadbush was in bloom. Still others will stoutly maintain that the water must contain a trace of silt.

"Just enough to rile 'er up a bit."

Indeed, one could continue almost indefinitely with the endless procession of angling idiosyncrasies. In spite of the fact that the fish itself may be a determining factor in this matter of when it shall be caught, we find the average angler steadfastly adhering to age-old signs and portents. And, further, if we deviate from the time-honored formula, then, we lose a lot of the fun of fishing. Nowadays altogether too many things are being stripped of their glamour.

Most manifestations are all more or less transitory. We do know however, that the trout lily or dogtooth violet or adder's tongue or whatever you choose to call it, spreads its blooming period (even in northern latitudes), over an interval embracing several halcyon weeks; those magic days extending from early April to mid-May. He who chooses the trout lily as the standard bearer of good fishing makes no mistake. And besides, even the most casual glance will convince the most unimaginative angler that the leaves of the plant are but botanical representations of the vivid flanks of the beloved brookie. Is there a more convincing argument than that?

The Caldwell in mid-April or the Branch in early May are high flanked by the nodding heads of the trout lily

although the streams are more than five hundred miles apart. This goes to show the truly cosmopolitan nature of the flower. It respects neither place or person. So, regardless of where you are or who you are, fare forth when the trout lily blows and be assured of good fishing—that is, if the fish are in the mood. And as the Bard expressed it, "there is the rub."

Trouting on the Caldwell is not only an event but an adventure. It is one of those brimming streams, running nearly as full in June as in April. Seldom is its pellucid water dimmed by sediment. On those rare occasions when it does run a bit roily the condition lasts but a day or so. Nowadays any stream that runs cold and clear and full is one to gloat over.

Another outstanding characteristic of the Caldwell is its startling resemblance to other streams that I have fished. One stretch just below the bridge at Selkirk Station is typical of many beloved New England brooks, even to the white pines, alders and profusion of wild flowers. Another stretch never fails to transport me to a favorite spot in eastern Ontario. An unusual stream you say? Not exactly, because it is so typical of so many others. You,



*The Vibrant
Moment!
George, at
the Instant
he Hooked
the Big
Brown Trout*
OUTDOORS

*Here's that
Trout!
Steel-trap
Mouth,
Beautiful
Spots,
and All*



too, doubtlessly have a favorite to which you ascribe unusual attributes whether it deserves them or not.

Singularly, when I first fished the Caldwell the trout lily was rampantly growing on every hand. The flowers were cheerily nodding, the distinctive markings on the leaves were vivid, and the fishing was superb.

When George Short and I arrived at Selkirk Station the first person we encountered was the warden. He was an easy person to talk to, indeed, so much so that in a few minutes he was telling us of good holes and riffles. For good measure he divulged the hideout of a big brown trout. "The fishing," he added, "is really good, and besides, the trout lily is blooming."

Incidentally, Selkirk Station is nothing more than a bridge across the Caldwell, so I might say that the warden led us to the edge of the Station, pointed at a stretch of water and said: "Anywhere along there under those hemlocks, you're practically sure to connect. And up there at the bend—well, there under a pile of driftwood is a brownie that's as long as my arm."

George and I exchanged significant glances. "How do you know he's there?" I asked.

"Because in the last two years I've had him on no less than three times."

"Break your leader?" George enquired.

"Smashed my outfit."

Trout or no trout, the locale was one to kindle the enthusiasm of the most listless angler.

"Let's get going," I said impatiently as I began assembling my rod.

The warden was unusually accommodating. "Okay, get your stuff together and come with me."

Our guide led us down past the edge of a game refuge, through a mixed beech and hemlock woodland, and finally, out into an enormous tract of large aspen where brilliant sunlight and dazzling tree trunks made a radiant picture. "The shining forest," I unconsciously muttered.

"There," pointed the warden. "Start in there at the forks. And here," he added, pulling a tin box from a pocket of his cruiser, "is what you should use." With that he handed me three diminutive, sparsely feathered lures calculated to simulate nymphs. My companion was given a like number.

Without a word George bent one of the microscopic flies to his leader and made his way across the main stream to the smaller fork.

I entered the water a short distance below a long pool and prepared to unlimber my casting arm. The warden looked on from the bank.

THE warm mid-April sun had already exerted its magic power and some of the creepers of a number of insects had begun to rise to the surface. There were many small, dark duns and a few of the larger brown drakes, the latter floating jauntily downstream like little sail boats.

The long stretch of water before me was sparsely dimpled by feeding fish. The sun was high and bright and the water uncommonly clear. Yet, in spite of these unfavorable conditions the fish seemed to be on the prod. However, that is usually the case with the first spring hatches. After the meager pickings of a long winter most of the trout are willing to feed at any time of the day.

Under the circumstances, perhaps, the fish would take the warden's unpromising creations, so I affixed one to my leader. At that they were fair imitations of the small duns that were abroad, albeit infinitely smaller.

After three or four false casts to once again get the feel of the long-idle rod, I whipped the fly out on to the shallow water close to the nearest bank. It was purely for experimental purposes. Nevertheless I saw a gray streak make for that mote of a fly and try to grab it. In my eagerness I missed.

Close to the opposite bank under the overhanging hemlocks the clear water shaded into a blue-green opaqueness.



A highly satisfactory part of the day's adventures

It was the choicest looking spot in the entire pool. Choosing my target on the hackcast, I flicked the fly and brought it down under the nearest hemlock. Of course I expected an explosive rise after what had happened on the trial cast. However, nothing transpired and I retrieved.

ONCE again the fly settled on the water. Those telltale circles betokening feeding fish were now to be seen on every hand. Indeed, I have never observed so much surface feeding anywhere so early in the season. But, it was the same story. Nothing doing. If the fish were rising to the natural duns, I reasoned, then, the fault must lie in the warden's fly. With that I hauled out my fly box and uncovered the kennel containing the Hellcat trio (and that's not only a plug but a fact). My choice of the unholy three was the Pink Pup dressed on a number ten hook.

When the Pup hit the water the circles that had been dimpling the surface disappeared. The fish were either

(Continued on page 28)



CAIN'T never tell 'bout fish," remarked Sam Chase, the wharfinger. "Like human beings, guess. Sometimes they're hungry, sometimes they ain't." Dutifully he checked the dock clew holding the Tally Ho's forward line.

"There aren't any fish in these waters," Jim Perry scowled, masticating the end of his cigar. "Not a nibble in three days. Phooey!"

Florence Perry jibed: "Well, there's one big crab up here on the pier."

"I'll tell ye," Sam said, spitting ceremoniously overside, "there's times all of us might's well put the gear away and take the day off—'ceptin' Randy Behan." He pointed a knobby finger down the pier. "There's Randy comin' in now for lunch." Chuckling, he added, "He knows where the fish are—even when they ain't."

Perry grunted and viciously kicked the heap of gear at his feet. "You can dump all that fancy literature about Rhode Island's fishing right here in Somerset harbor," he snorted. "Maybe the fish'll bite on that. I did."

"But it's beautiful here," Florence said, squinting at the white slab of beach over the east jetty and inside at swordfish boats, pert with jib pulpits; frail smacks and throbbing launches parading across the narrows.

"We're moving up to Maine tomorrow," Perry grimaced, thinking how he'd dreamed of Rhode Island waters and treasure-troves of blues and trout.

A man climbed from a dory at the end of the dock and Sam said: "Randy's a coast man, y'know, and he likes all kinda good craft—like this here yacht of yours. But the dory's good enough for him when he's fishin', and ain't no man in these parts can lure 'em in like Randy."

"Dad, I have an idea," Florence began. "Why not ask this Randy person to take us out this afternoon for one more try?"

He pointed a knobby finger down the pier. "There's Randy comin' in now for lunch"



By E. Francis McDevitt

"Phooey!" Perry demurred.

"Oh, come on."

"Randy's funny," Sam put in, shaking his head. "Maybe he'll take ye out, maybe he won't. Likes to be by hisself most times. Folks bother him."

THE subject of Sam's continuing discourse at that moment trudged slowly along the wharf. He was small and ageless, and his wizened face, shaded by a long-peaked clammer's cap, showed gray with wiry beard. Sam raised his hand.

"Ha, Randy."

"Ha, Sam."

"Luck?"

"Bout fifty, guess."

"Fifty?" Perry exploded.

The fabled master of the science of angling did not deign to answer Perry's rhetorical disbelief. He needed no tall tales to enhance his prowess, for the unvarnished truth was adequate to impress those who moved in Randy's orbit. Disdainfully he edged away.

"Randy," Sam ventured, "folks here from N'York been havin' lean fishin'. Thought maybe—"

"We'll pay you well, my man," Perry broke in eagerly.

Randy pivoted slowly, staring at them flatly. Finally, he swept the Tally Ho with an appraising scrutiny and asked, "Yours?"

Perry nodded.

"Trim."

"Well, how about taking us out to some of your secret fishing grounds this afternoon?"

"Ain't no secret fishin' grounds." Randy's face showed no expression.

"To us they are," Florence interposed.

"This craft ain't built for fishin'," Randy commented, but added, "Like to see how she acts though."

"Fine," expanded Perry. "What time do we go out then?"

"Two, three. Fish'll stay out there." And the little man walked toward the wharhouse after bestowing a withering look over his hony shoulder.

ABOUT four Sam sauntered down the dock to find the Tally Ho still lashed to the pier and its menage slouched in enforced idleness on her decks. At Sam's approach Perry rose, purple-faced and husky-voiced, to ask the wharfinger concerning the non-apparent Mr. Behan.

"Been waitin' for him?" Sam inquired coolly.

"Dammit, what do you think? Of, course I've been waiting for him! You know he was to take us out this afternoon."

"Seems we did say something to him 'bout it 'smornin'. Yes, remember now we did."

"Well, he hasn't shown up."

"Guess ye're right 'bout that." With Randy's absence thus confirmed by the

witness of his own beady eyes, Sam scated himself carefully on a piling and packed his pipe. "But he'll be here. Allus keeps his word, Randy does."

"Keeps his word, man! He said two or three o'clock."

"Trouble is, it's hard to pin Randy down," Sam observed through newly puffed smoke. "He mighta meant tomorrow, y'know, or Thursday. But he'll be here, because he said so. And Randy allus—"

"Well, I'm sorry, but I've made other plans for Christmas Eve," Perry growled. "So I guess we'll just have to move on and stand Randy up."

"Tell ye what I'll do. I'll sort of be drifting round the heer places this evenin' and if I see Randy I'll kinda hint you folks had an idea of goin' fishin' with him soon—like tomorrow fr'instance. No use pushin' Randy if he's a mind to go t'other way."

"Forget it," Perry said. "I've got to be back in New York next week. Briefly, nuts to him and the whole of Rhode Island, not excluding the governor!"

He plunged himself heavily into a wicker chair and dug a cigar from his pocket as Florence draped her arms over his fat shoulders. "Please, Dad," she cajoled. "Don't be stubborn. Randy's probably been delayed."

Sam's thin shoulders shook slightly as if he were laughing deeply inside, but his face betrayed no inner mirth. "Randy delays quite good, Mr. Perry. I'll do my best tonight to run ontö him."

"I've made up my mind," Perry said doggedly. "We pull out for Maine tomorrow."

Florence nodded meekly and slid out of sight behind a magazine.

RANDY'S appearance—and the Tally Ho's—at the dock the following afternoon attested to Sam's powers of persuasion—and Florence's. Randy scuffed down the pier, a lone and uncommunicative figure, gazing with all the calm of the bay in his eyes upon Perry, who stood with his hands on his hips, frowning heavily as he waited for the little virtuoso of hook and line to arrive belatedly at the trysting place.

"Well, where the hell—" Perry began in booming greeting.

"Got bait?" Randy broke in, swinging with unsuspected agility onto the gunwale of the yacht.

"Yes, but where—"

"Tackle?"

"Yes. Why didn't—"

"Kin cast off then."

Randy let himself into the cockpit and, nodding briefly to Florence, said: "Captain kin go through the narrows and pint northeast to the open sea till I tell ye to stop."

They passed the outer buoy at three-thirty, and heading for the open sea,

(Continued on page 41)



Florence appeared from the cabin, tan and lithe in a patch of bathing suit

CURLED up snugly in the narrow bunk, half asleep, I waked to full consciousness with the odor of frying bacon filling my nostrils. Getting quickly out of bed, I crossed the bare floor and stood shivering before the open window. The black, quiet waters of Big Bear Lake still mirrored the countless stars, and beyond the tall, silhouetted pines on shore, pale streaks of dawn marched across the awakening sky. The cry of a loon drifted through the stillness, and the faint "plop" of a feeding fish thrilled me and stirred my imagination.

Snug in our tiny cabin, high in the San Bernardino mountains, we were safely shut away from the rest of the world. Roy Jones and I, with our wives, had arrived from Hollywood the night before. Four days remained in the season—four carefree days in which to match our cunning against Big Bear's mile-high bass. It was a pleasant, soul-satisfying prospect. Absorbed in the splendor of the dawn, I forgot the cold. The next thing I knew, Roy's voice was calling me to breakfast.

Our boat moved noiselessly through the frigid water an hour later. A faint breeze, bearing down out of the east, carried away the billowing mist and stirred the calm surface of the lake into motion. The silence was unbroken save for the creaking of the oarlocks and a swirling, sucking sound as the oars slipped in and out of the green-black water. Ahead of us scores of ducks rose from the water with a roar and splashing of wings, and to our left a magnificent buck raised his dripping head and paused for an instant before bounding into the forest of pines that crowded close to the water's edge. The forest, too, gave evidence of life. Birds burst into colorful song, and the chatter of chipmunks drifted down with the wind. With the infinite simplicity of nature the rugged land and the sleepy lake shook off the heavy blanket of night.

Twenty minutes of steady rowing brought Roy and me to a large bay filled with huge, jumbled boulders and deeply fringed with endless stretches

of weeds that glowed eerily in the half-light. Our right to the hay was uncontested. We were the only boat on the lake. The cold, rainy weather had driven all but the most adventurous fishermen out of the mountains.

As we drifted slowly toward the shallow shoreline a big bronzeback shot out of the water not ten feet from the boat and disappeared in a swirl of spray. Roy swung around with an oath, startled by the explosion.

"Did you see that?" he demanded in a nervous whisper. Then, after a struggle for self-control: "Was—that a bass?" He leaned toward me eagerly, his broad, muscular body tense. This was his first fishing trip.

I nodded and passed back my casting rod. I had attached an injured minnow, my favorite surface plug for the bass of Big Bear.

"I'll row," I said, "while you cast. Drop the plug close to the edge of the weeds and retrieve with a slow, jerking motion." I swung the boat parallel to the weeds and started to row.

"Say," whispered Roy, trembling slightly, "this sort of gets in your blood, doesn't it?" He grinned and began to cast. Under his nimble fingers the lure soon began to dance and splash through the water with a tempting, tantalizing motion that should have produced results. But the bass refused to strike. An hour of casting produced only two half-hearted strikes, and Roy quickly downed both fish in his excitement.

INTENT on rowing, I'd forgotten the weather. Now, with an anxious eye, I studied the darkening sky. A storm was brewing. Great, dark, angry clouds scuttled over the rugged mountain tops, so close they scarcely cleared the swaying pines. As I watched, the far end of the lake became hazy with approaching rain, and thunder rumbled in the distant ranges. Big Bear is a treacherous lake in a storm. Hastily, we headed for the safety of the cabin.

Too late! We had hardly turned into our small home-bay when the chilling downpour swept over us. With a good two hundred yards still



MILE HIGH BASS

Kenneth Stanley

to go we were in for a soaking: I stopped rowing for a moment to draw the tarpaulin around me, and Roy, more in desperation than with any hope of getting a strike, began to cast while we drifted with the wind. On his first cast the lure streaked across the water and dropped with a splash close to a dead stump. For a brief instant nothing happened, then the lake exploded and the plug disappeared in a smother of spray. Roy had hooked his first bass!

The next few minutes were full of action. The old warrior took to the air, danced on his tail in an effort to throw the books, and then headed for the stump. Busy with the boat I could do little except shout encouragement, while Roy, flushed with victory, threw all caution to the wind. The line grew taut and the rod arched, and Roy began to horse him toward the boat. For a time it looked as if Roy might win, but finally the wily old veteran took to the

A faint breeze carried away the billowing mist. Birds burst into glorious song. With the infinite simplicity of nature, the sleepy lake threw off the blanket of night





The old warrior took to the air and danced on his tail in an effort to throw the hooks

air again and taking advantage of a slack line, sent the plug flying through the air. And Roy had lost his first bass!

For a long moment Roy sat quite still, frozen into immobility. Then, as the boat began to move, he cried out above the roar of the storm.

"Hey, wait! I'll get him on the next cast."

"Nuts!" I shouted back. "We're getting off the lake, pronto." The wind whipped the words back into my mouth. Cold rain lashed at my face. It was blowing a gale.

"Ken! Old pal . . . wait—"

But I kept on rowing. I'd had enough storm for one day.

When we finally beached the water-filled boat, great jagged streaks of lightning were ripping savagely at the livid sky, and the lake had become only a vague shape that blended with the rain. Roy made a dash for the cabin, and I staggered through the door just in time to see his wife plant a kiss on his dripping face.

"Roy, darling," she said, sweetly reproachful. "Look at your good hat. It's ruined."

He paid no attention. There was a moment's pause, then he turned and strode over to the window and looked out toward the point. Water

ran from his shoes and formed tiny pools on the bare floor. He was like a man in another world. Presently, Beth tried again:

"You're as wet as a spaniel," she said. "Get in there and change before you catch your death of cold."

"Damn the rain," he muttered. "Man! What a fish. The way he came

out of the water and threw those hooks. One more cast and . . . Ken, if you'd only waited . . . L—"

Beth quivered and bit her lip, out my wife, wiser in the ways of fishermen, only shook her head sadly. Hadn't she seen me bitten by the same bug?

With a suddenness so characteristic of mountain storms, the downpour stopped. By midafternoon the rain had given way to the sun. Out of a blue sky the sun blazed down on a vast, green, beautiful world. Roy, who had been pacing the cabin like a caged animal, was out and had the boat bailed dry before the last drop of water had tumbled from the retreating clouds.

"Let's go," he yelled impatiently. "It's getting late."

I grinned and dug down for a pipe of tobacco. I knew exactly how he felt. Those big fellows would be feeding after the rain. . . .

We had stowed away our tackle and were preparing to shove off when Roy's face went suddenly pale. He seemed to sag in the middle, and the spark went out of his eyes. "Wait a minute," he said weakly. "L—Look!"

I turned around. There in the doorway stood Beth and Alice, smiling, fishing poles in their hands.

(Continued on page 34)



Mile-high bass

IT WAS COLD MAN!

by RAMON CHESSON



MAYBE the sun did rise that morning, but nobody saw it. By nine o'clock the rain had turned to sleet and icicles hung from our gun barrels. It was a lovely day and we got ten ducks.

We put eighteen decoys out in Mill Creek at seven o'clock. The storm was driving in from the Delaware River and the creek was pretty choppy. By seven-thirty the decoys looked like gobs of ice and after four flocks of black ducks swung away from them we took them in.

"Now that," said Fran, "is a helluva note. No decoys."

"But I have my duck call," I told him.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, you have your duck call." He used seven matches trying to light a cigarette and then gave up. The cigarette had come apart in the rain.

"Are you going to use your duck call?" he asked.

"You bet," I said. I took it out and tried a practice blast.

"Well," Fran decided, "I'm going up the bank about two hundred yards." I didn't see him again for a couple of hours.

I found a spot down under the bank where there was some degree of shelter. The storm whipped over me and I was as cozy as a fellow can be with ice water trickling down his back. Under the bank I managed to get a cigarette going without too much trouble. Then I unzipped the rubber seat in the back of my hunting coat and settled on a bunch of grass with my back against a log.

I looked out through the rushes at the sheets of rain driving across the creek. Several flocks of ducks were circling over Eagle Island on the other side of the stream. I tried my call. It screamed like a gull.

"Grass in it," I said aloud.

I stuck my hands inside my coat under my arms and when my hands had thawed enough for me to close

The two black ducks went on down to Fran and he killed them

my fingers I pulled the call apart. Sure enough, it was a piece of grass.

I put the call together and stuck it in my mouth for another try. But I didn't blow. I discovered that we had left one of our decoys out. I saw it floating about twenty yards from the shore and I decided to take it in before attempting to lure any ducks my way with the little wooden quacker.

I was just preparing to scramble to my feet when the decoy turned its head and looked at me. I wiped the rain out of my eyes and stared. It turned its head again. So I grabbed my gun and when it got up I nailed it. That wasn't the first time I'd thought a duck was a decoy.

Fran had the skiff. He had paddled around a bend in the creek and I didn't know how far he had gone. I called, "Fran." I cleared my throat and called again, "HEY, Fran!" If you don't think that's a hard name to call, try it.

From around the bend came an answer, "Hell's wrong?"

"There is," I yelled, standing out in the full force of the gale and taking it on the stern, "a juicy black duck drifting your way!"

"I'll get it when it comes around the bend," the answer came.

Thus relieved of responsibility I settled back in my shelter and watched the rain blow across the creek. Nothing happened for a while so I pulled out another cigarette.

I'VE never thought of myself as superstitious, but now that it comes up, perhaps I am. At any rate, when I paint a picture I always hang an old horse shoe on the easel to insure a sale, and when I write a story the same horse shoe is beside the typewriter. When I'm fishing and there are no strikes I light a cigarette with the feeling I'll have a fish on before it burns out. And when I'm after ducks I light up, really half believing I'll get a shot before the cigarette is consumed. Doggone if you wouldn't be surprised how many times it works out that way.

Of course I try to give that cigarette business a break and if a duck doesn't come along on the first I light another. I think I was, that particular morning, on my third when the flock of mallards came up the creek and passed so fast I didn't get my gun to my shoulder. They swooped down and settled about seventy-five yards above me.

They immediately began to swim toward me. (There's nothing so beautiful as a bunch of ducks swimming toward you.) On they came, hless their little hearts, their breasts low in the water as they bucked the tide.

When they were fifty yards from me they came in to shore and began to feed. I couldn't see them for the rushes then. I waited and waited and after a while I crawled down to the edge of the creek to have a look. I was sure they were within range. So down I went, very, very slowly, clutching my gun in one hand, expecting to jump the ducks any second. A mallard drake came over from behind

and whistled across my bow. My pulse stopped and I was temporarily thrown off my stride. But the drake went on over to Eagle Island and I finally got my head out far enough to see up the creek. The flock was still fifty yards away. It was obviously going to stay there.

THE situation called for a plan. I sat back on my heels and looked at the bank. There wasn't enough cover. No chance of slipping up on them that way. I leaned over and peered up the creek again. The ducks were very busily engaged in the pursuit of their breakfast.

Then I had a happy thought. I pulled out my call and sounded a note. It screamed. The mallards got up and left.

"Grass in it," I said, and I went back to the bank, thawed my hands and took the call apart again.

While I was thus engaged Fran let both barrels go down around the bend. Immediately a flock of teal came bowling along the creek just above the water. I dropped my call, missed my first shot and killed two with the second.

I got up on the bank and yelled, "HEY, Fran!"

"Hell's the matter?" he called.

"My ducks are—"

"I'll pick 'em up when they pass!" he interrupted.

Before I could get back to my shelter he fired two more times. My head spun toward the sound and I saw a flock of black ducks flare, swing



RC

in over the bank and come straight for me. They saw me and flared again, climbing out over the creek. I got two out of the flock.

I called, "HEY, Fran!"

"I will," he bawled, "get your damn ducks when they pass."

Then I went down to my shelter and tried to keep from freezing to death. My coat was stiff with ice and ice was caked on my gun. The rain had turned to sleet and a few big snowflakes were falling. It was a grand day.

I saw three flocks of ducks circling over Eagle Island and I fumbled for my call. Then I remembered dropping it when I shot at the teal. So I looked around and finally found half of it.

I tried to find the other half and began to think it had crawled into a muskrat hole. I was in a sore predicament. I simply can't hunt ducks without a call.

The sleet had turned into driving snow now. What a day! I stuck my hands back under my arms and started the blood circulating again. I wished I could get my feet under my arms. Then I saw the other half of the call. One of my boots had been on it all the while. It was caked with frozen mud, so I went down to the creek to wash it.

Two black ducks got up under my nose. Darned if I know where they came from originally. They went on down to Fran and he killed them.

I cleaned the call, put it together and settled back for the next flight. I was mildly sorrowful at having left my gun
(Continued on page 60).



The Au Sable fisherman as he appeared in film costume

AS I tensely watched the screen version of "Northwest Passage" depict the trials and tribulations of Major Robert Rogers and his Rangers, my gaze and thoughts naturally centered on Spencer Tracy playing the indomitable leader of that fearless band. Particularly was this true when the Rangers, faced with the necessity of fording the turbulent St. Francis river, hesitated on the bank, rightfully fearful of the roaring, plunging waters. Then, if you recall, the intrepid Major Rogers climbed down the bank into the torrent, hooked a strong arm about a tree and formed the first link of a human chain which succeeded in passing most of the soldiers across the river. There was, however, something very familiar about the movements of Spencer Tracy as he so carefully lowered himself from the bank into the swift river,—and then a strange thing happened.

Although the brilliant colors and action of the motion picture continued to enthral the rest of the audience, for me, the scene had shifted. Instead of the rapids of the St. Francis, I seemed to see the smooth-flowing current of

Michigan's Au Sable river sparkling in late afternoon sunlight.

As in the movie, a man was making his way down the bank into the water, but instead of the forest green uniform of Rogers' Rangers, this man wore fisherman's waders. Rather awkwardly, it seemed, he held a fly rod in one hand, and his landing net and creel joggled amateurishly.

The similarity of the screen character, Major Rogers, and the Au Sable angler was astounding,—and then it all came back to me! There should be a resemblance, for the man on the movie screen and the fisherman in my mental flashback were both Spencer Tracy, even though fifteen years had elapsed since, booted and attired as a trout fisherman for the first time in his life, he had entered the Au Sable river to try his luck.

My memory carried me back to a soft June night in 1926, and I was seated in Tracy's stuffy little dressing room in the Regent Theatre, in Grand Rapids. I was waiting for him to take the last curtain calls after the evening performance of the theatrical stock company, of which he was then the leading man, and the cool air drifted

Spencer Tracy Learns His Lines

By A. D. Rathbone IV

lazily through the window, bringing smells of the city and subdued sounds of traffic. There was a chatter of voices outside the door. I heard Spence say, "No, I'm sorry, but I can't tonight. I'm really very tired and we have long parts to learn for next week's show. Some other time, and thanks so much." And with that the door opened, Tracy slid in sideways, murmured "Good night" a couple of more times and closed the door and locked it.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Thank heavens that's over,—until tomorrow's matinee, at least."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"Do what?"

"Learn lines for next week's play, forget those you used last week, and act in a third show this week?" I had asked him that many times, but the procedure was still as mysterious as the answer was unsatisfactory.

"Oh, I don't know," he sighed, grabbing a make-up towel which resembled Jacob's coat of many colors and briskly rubbing the grease paint from his face. "You just do it, I guess. Gee, I'm tired."

"Why don't you knock off for a week? Get away from these stinking make-up pots, this worn-out air and,—hey! Why don't you and I go fishing?"

"Fishing?" questioned Tracy blankly.

The largest was 11½ inches long



OUTDOORS

stopping midway of his face with a great smear of cold cream half off and half on his fingers. "Fishing? Where do you do that?"

"Oh, up north about a hundred miles or so. Michigan's full of good trout streams, you know."

"No, I didn't know, or, at least, I never thought about it. Never thought much about fishing, anyway. How do you go about it?"

"Well, Spence," I replied, "that's a long story. Let's go get some popcorn and coffee and I'll tell you all about it. We could camp out, if you like. Could you get away for a few days?"

"Camping out," he murmured. "In the woods,—under the stars,—and you sleep right on the ground? And cook over an open fire? Gee!"

TWO weeks later the duffle-packed car rolled northward over the highway toward a favorite and secluded spot on the Au Sable river. Tracy was jubilant, with four days leave of absence from the theatre, during which a substitute would take his place, and he was filled with visions of pine forests, swift-running streams and trout tumbling over themselves to get into the frying pan. In vain had I tried to tell him that there was a bit of art and practice involved in the successful hooking and landing of a German Brown or a Rainbow, just as there was to the learning and speaking of the lines of a play. He would have none of it.

"Why, it sounds too simple to me," he had said during one of our many conferences prior to the start of the trip. "You just tie one of those fancy flies of yours on the line, flip it out

in the river, and,—well, there you are."

"Yeah, where are you?" I had sarcastically answered; and had then warned, "but you'll find out next week, old son." And, I thought to myself, he's going to discover there are just as many tricks to this trout fishing business as there are to his old ham acting.

A few hours later we bumped over an antiquated lumber trail, snaked our way across a stretch of ancient corduroy and finally rolled into a little clearing on the banks of the river several miles below the Mio dam.

"Well, here we are, Spence!" I yipped, tumbling out of my side of the car. "Come on, pile out," I continued, as he seemed to hesitate.

"Wait! Wait! Don't bother me for just a minute. I want to take it all in. Just think, no grease paint, no footlights, no lines to learn for four whole days. Just the woods, and the river, and—and—"

"Sure, I know, but come on, give a hand with this tent," and despite a little fumbling on the actor's part, we soon had camp set up, a fire going, and I was rigging up the rods, laying out boots, fly boxes, landing nets and other paraphernalia.

"Now, look," I began, and followed with a lengthy explanation of the whys and wherefores of the trout fisherman's impedimenta and accoutrement, until, eventually, I had Tracy in the stream ahead of me where I could keep an eye on him.

It was early evening and a lively hatch of light-winged flies was skittering across the stream. I had tied a pale evening dun to Spence's leader, a stone

fly to my own, and I was keeping fingers crossed in the hope the actor wouldn't get tangled too often in the trees. Of course, on his first attempts he did everything a fellow shouldn't do. The line fell in loose, crazy coils; it wrapped itself around his hat and over his shoulders; it absolutely refused to straighten out on the forward cast, persisting in resembling a convention of pretzels when it hit the water. But Tracy was as obstinate as his equipment and I could see he was endeavoring to study his faults and eliminate them. I was about to holler encouragement when, with my fly floating lightly down a brief, velvet-like stretch of water near a huge boulder, I had a vicious strike.

For the next ten minutes I was too busy with my own affairs to worry about him, but when I finally had that scrapping ten-inch rainbow in my creel, I looked upstream for Tracy and he was nowhere to be seen. Believing he must have passed around the next bend, I hastened on, for it was now rapidly getting dark, and I certainly didn't want to initiate the actor into the peculiar quirks of night fishing before he had even mastered the A-B-C's of daylight stream work.

I splashed up-river to the bend, and then I saw him. Poor Spence had fouled his line on a back-cast, and he was standing with one booted leg in the water, the other stuck high, around a tree which projected from the shore into the strong current of the bend. Desperately he was striving to untangle his line and leader from a hopeless mess in the alders, while the force of the water was nearly sweeping him off his one foot.

Between us, we untangled him and I led him out into the stream beyond the fringe of the evening shadows which were creeping out from the pines on the shore. "Now, look," I explained. "Here's how it is supposed to be done," and I lengthened line with false casts, then dropped the fly in a likely looking eddy. As good luck would have it, a fish struck and after a spirited few minutes of battle, I landed him.

"See?" I said. "See how simple it is?" Spence looked at me quizzically. "Say, what is this?" he said. "That's just what I do, but the bushes get in my way, or the line won't straighten out, or something else happens. What's wrong?"

I wanted more than anything else from this trip to see Spencer Tracy catch his first trout, so I insisted he stand there beside me while I explained as best I could, with gestures and motions. The Red gods were with me and I picked up two more nice fish, giving us four for breakfast. But that ended the lesson for the night so far as demonstration was concerned, so we waded to shore, replenished our fire and cooked our steaks, potatoes and coffee, and believe it or not, we had popcorn, too.

Next morning I awoke at daybreak to find Tracy's cot empty. I stuck

(Continued on page 42)





CODRINGTON SETS

BY
JONATHAN ELDRIDGE
Illustrator — Bruce Adams

I OPENED my eyes warily, just a little bit afraid of what I might be forced to look upon. It was morning. I wasn't quite sure what morning, but it really didn't make much difference. Light was streaming in through a window. I stared at the window and was vastly relieved to find that it was my window, and that I was undoubtedly safe aboard my ship, and in my own bunk, in my own room, on the boat deck.

I sat up. For a moment I stopped breathing so as to avoid disturbing the little men within my cranium who were banging away at it with pick axes. My mouth tasted vaguely like burned wool, and at the same time, like licorice. Licorice! That meant I was still in Turkey. If I were still in Turkey then the ship must also be in Turkey and last night I must have been drinking arak.

A white coated figure entered my room, gripped my leg and shook.

"Eight o'clock, Sparks."

I shuddered. "In the morning, Mess?"

The messboy nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Where are we?"

"I wouldn't know, sir. We left Istanbul last night. Just tied up here about an hour ago. The bosun says we're takin' on fuel oil."

I groaned. I knew what that meant. Another day in another dump. We'd had plenty of them that trip. Rodosto, for grain, and fleas. Kyllini and Cavalla for tobacco and licorice. We'd even stopped in Aghia Marina for five long days loading ore. The trip was being topped off with a sojourn into Soussa and Sfax, two of the crumbiest North African ports I know of.

"I'll get up sometime this evening," I said. "Go away and let me sleep."

"The captain told me to tell you to come down to breakfast," he said. "He wants to see you."

I got up and dressed, painfully. My head rattled. As I crossed the boat deck I could see the all too familiar Turkish landscape. It seemed to leer at me. In the distance a tiny village stood out like freckles on blond skin. We were tied up at a tiny dock adjacent to which were rows of oil tanks and two or three tiny buildings. That was all.

As I entered the officers' mess room the skipper looked up from his bacon and eggs. "Good morning, sir," I said.

"Good morning, Sparks." He waved his fork to his left in the general direction of a rotund gentleman with a very tiny mustache and a very red face. "Meet Mr. Smolley. He's the local representative for the oil company. Mr. Smolley, this is our wireless operator, Mr. Eldridge."

I shook hands with him. He grinned broadly and promptly crushed my hand to a pulp. I recovered it as soon as possible and looked mournfully down at it as it hung lifelessly at my side.

"Delighted, delighted!" he boomed. His voice was stentorian. "Captain tells me you write. Sport articles. Got you up to give you a go at some quail."

I blinked, incredulously. "Did you say quail?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, certainly! Place abounds with 'em. Sporting things. Do well here. Not like your American quail. Delicious eating. Grouse here, too. Liberated some myself. Doing well."

He prattled on and gradually I began to gather that there existed in this God-forsaken spot a species of bird which resembled quail. Also I gathered that he had released English grouse. He had planted several varieties of grain in the vicinity and the birds had multiplied rapidly.

After breakfast I went on deck. Mr. Smolley was busy with the skipper. I walked down the gangway to the oil dock. My head was still pounding and I was beginning to consider taking the pledge when I heard something move beside me. I turned around.

It was a dog, obviously a setter, but the most peculiarly marked setter I've ever seen. At first glance I thought he'd been rolling in oil or mud, but when I examined him closer he was quite clean. Black, white, brown and gray, he was so marked as to look de-

cidely muddy. He had a large head and intelligent looking eyes.

I rubbed his head.

"Hello, hello, hello, hello," rumbled Mr. Smolley. "I see you've made friends with Codrington. Fine dog, Codrington. Excellent. You'll see. Got a gun?"

I shook my head. "I'm a union man. They don't let us carry guns."

"Oh, quite. Never mind. I have plenty of guns. Follow me."

We entered one of the tiny buildings at the head of the dock. Mr. Smolley reached in one corner behind a pile of huge wrenches and brought forth two shotguns, both gleamingly clean. I took one of them. It was an ancient piece, hammer gun, double barreled, 12 gauge, with Damascus barrels. The other was also a twelve, but hammerless and a little lighter in weight.

"You'll like the old one better," Mr. Smolley said, ignoring the vibration his thunderous voice caused in the tiny room. "It was my father's gun. Put it up to your shoulder. Hangs beautifully."

I stepped outside and raised the gun to my shoulder. It nestled there like a Follies beauty on receipt of an ermine wrap. Mr. Smolley handed me a box of shells.

"How about game laws?" I asked. "Do you have 'em around here?"

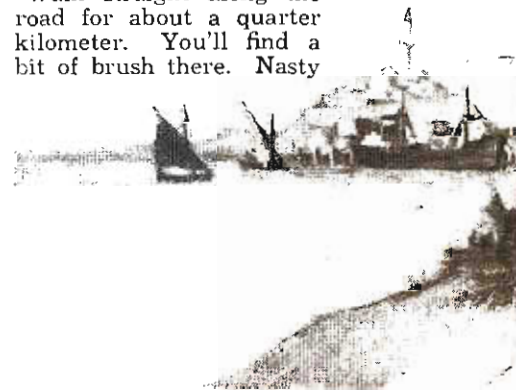
He cackled with laughter. "No, no, no, no, not at all. Shoot as many as you like."

"How about a license?"

"You Americans!" he roared between guffaws. "Always joking."

I shrugged. He ought to know what he was doing. Besides, I could see in all directions. There was but one road and if the game warden happened to appear I could always disappear. "Where do I go?"

He waved his hand toward the gate. "Walk straight along the road for about a quarter kilometer. You'll find a bit of brush there. Nasty



stuff. Birds like it, though. Hunt through the thickets. Then walk over toward the water's edge. Grain planted there. Birds love it!"

Codrington was asleep at my feet. "Do I take him?" I asked.

"Oh, quite, quite, quite. Codrington likes to hunt. Take him by all means."

The whole thing sounded screwy to me, but I wandered out through the gate with Codrington trotting at my heels. As we neared the spot Mr. Smolley had indicated, Codrington trotted a little faster, then put his nose to the ground, nosed a thicket for a second, then sat down.

I walked up to him, slowly. "Listen, Codrington," I said. "You're supposed to hunt, not just sit down like a—"

About that time there came a whirr of wings—and a dozen birds hit the air, scattering in all directions. Codrington looked up at me, I thought, disgustedly.

I stuffed two shells in my gun. Codrington trotted away, then stopped suddenly near another thicket, and again sat down. I wasn't fooled this time. Undoubtedly he was pointing. I walked ahead of him and flushed four birds. As soon as I pulled the trigger I knew I'd hit random and that all the birds were quite safe. When I lowered the gun and ejected the empty shells, I also wished I could eject the little men from my skull. Apparently they wished the same thing, for their clamor for release was more violent than ever.

Codrington was sitting down again. Once more I walked through a thicket ahead of him. Again a large covey of birds hit the air, and this time I hit a bird! Codrington actually ran over to the spot where it had landed, picked it up and retrieved it in quite the conventional manner. Somehow I had expected him to bring it to me on his back.

I examined the bird. It was a trifle larger than a bobwhite, with a plume on its head not unlike our California quail. Its wings were brown and it had a grey breast. I pocketed it and turned my attention to Codrington, who was already sitting

with his muzzle pointing at another thicket.

The gun was excellent, and birds were plentiful, but I was rather ashamed of my bag of only seven birds when I returned. Mr. Smolley had given me a full box of twenty-five shells. I must have disturbed more atmosphere than quail! I walked through the gate and over to the tiny office. Mr. Smolley was nowhere to be seen. A handle-bar mustached Turk was leering at me. I leered back. Apparently that was what he wanted because he turned, then, and picked up another box of shells from the bench. I took them and said, "Grazie, mein herr. Merci, bo coop."

He said, "Oh, don't mention it. You'll find more birds on the other side of the hill."

I thanked him again, and again departed through the gate. Codrington seemed bored, but trotted dutifully along. I walked around to the other side of the hill and Codrington seemed more interested. Ahead of us was a broad field of grain, a mixture of millet and some sort of other stuff that looked like oats, but wasn't. Then he sat.

I flushed the bird. It rose with a whirring of wings and departed in an awful hurry. I pulled the trigger and the bird came down. I was amazed.

So was Codrington. He retrieved the bird and I was even more amazed to find it undoubtedly a partridge!

Within two

minutes Codrington was again performing, his muzzle pointing beautifully, but his fanny firmly on firmament. I managed to get a double that time. The birds flushed wide and in all directions, but I was lucky enough to find one more still in the air after I'd dumped the first one.

Codrington retrieved the first bird, then trotted off after the second. He was gone a long time. I couldn't see him in the heavy growth of grain, so I

walked in the general direction he'd taken. He was sitting again, not ten feet from the spot the second bird had fallen. Again I flushed birds, and again I scored a beautiful miss! Codrington gave me another look of disgust, then got up and resumed his hunt for the other fallen bird.

I looked at my watch. Nearly noon and I was beginning to get hungry. Strangely enough the little men had stopped hammering. I pocketed the last bird and headed back for the oil dock. Codrington, however, wasn't through. He gave two more brilliant "sets" on the way out of the field.

That was just enough to relieve me of the last of the second box of shells. I was amazed to discover that I'd killed ten birds out of the last twenty-five shells.

I returned once more to the oil docks. Mr. Smolley was waiting for me.

"What luck, what luck?" he demanded.

I exhibited seventeen birds. Sixteen quail and one partridge.

"Capital! Capital!" he bellowed.

"That's quite a dog you have, Mr. Smolley. Train him yourself?"

"Oh, no, no, no. He's never been trained. Got him up in the mountains. Tiny town up there. Full of dogs and children. All the dogs just like him. Peasants use them for hunting wild pigeons. Took a liking to me and I found him in my car when I

(Continued on page 31)

"Listen, Codrington," I said, "you are supposed to hunt!"



Conway, N. H.
Editor of OUTDOORS

Dear Sir:

As I go driving around our fair County, busy reading meters, I notice that the sturdy farmers is busy boiling down maple sap to make maple syrup to sell to the travelling public at three bucks per gallon.

A cuple of years ago a feller come to me and he had a small sap orchard and he wanted that I should go into the maple syrup business with him and he said that the price of syrup was too high and that he was going to lower it. He said that they was hundreds and hundreds of folks thru New Hampshire who never had had a chance to taste maple syrup on account it cost too much, and if we lowered the price they would be eternally grateful to us and put up a monument in our memory, mebbe, or words to that effect.

So I listened to him and then I smelled around and I found out suthing about the game, and you aint going to catch your old uncle Hank making a thousand dollars every spring by reducing the price of syrup. According to this feller's tell, all you had to do was bore a little hole into a tree, stick on a spile and a bucket, catch the sap, boil the sap an hour or so, run it into a can and sell it. He said if they could sell the best motor oil at a dollar forty a gallon, that they had to dig a hole two thousand feet into the ground to get at, and refine it and lug it all the way from Pennsylvania, it seemed that you could do the same when you got the sap from a tree right beside the road and peddled the syrup yourself without no middle man and freight charges to take all the profits.

Like I said, I smelled around a while and I found that it costs about one hundred and fifty bucks for a good evaporator and then you have to build a house over it and build a chimney and set a foundation under it. That will spoil one hundred bucks more. Then you need about five hundred sap buckets and covers and spiles which will cost you about seventy-five cents per unit and a drain bag and a syrup thermometer and a bunch of cans at sixteen cents per each and five or ten cords of slabs and five or six hogsheads to lug the sap in and a sap siphon to get



Hank, the Meter Reader, Ain't Sap Enough to Go Into the Sap Business

the sap out of the hogsheads into the evaporator and a cuple of hosses and a cuple of sleds to collect the sap and a cuple of men to drive the hosses and collect the sap.

You only have to evaporate forty-five to fifty gallons of sap to get one gallon of syrup which will weigh eleven pounds. That is, provided the sled don't hit a stump under the snow and dump about every other load of sap and provided the old hoss don't get bogged down in the snow up to his belly and you can't lug no sap anyways.

Then generally after you have stood beside an evaporator awl day long, which is like standing in a turkish bath, and then stepping out into the cold every few minnits to get more wood or argue with the hired man or sum salesman going by, you have got a good cold which is running into newmonia and you have to pay out three to thirty dollars in doctor's bills. They is wun more thing I forgot, you have to hire sumbuddy with a strong back to bore five hundred holes in five hundred trees and drive in five hundred spiles and hang five hundred buckits and covers and if you think that that can be did sum morning before breakfast you is crazy.

You will get twenty-five to seventy-five gallons of syrup, providing the

weather holds good with warm days and cold nights, but generally you get warm days and warm nights and fog and you tap your trees and lug your slabs and hire your men all for nothing, for the sap don't like to run unless they be a sharp change in the temperature every twenty-four hours.

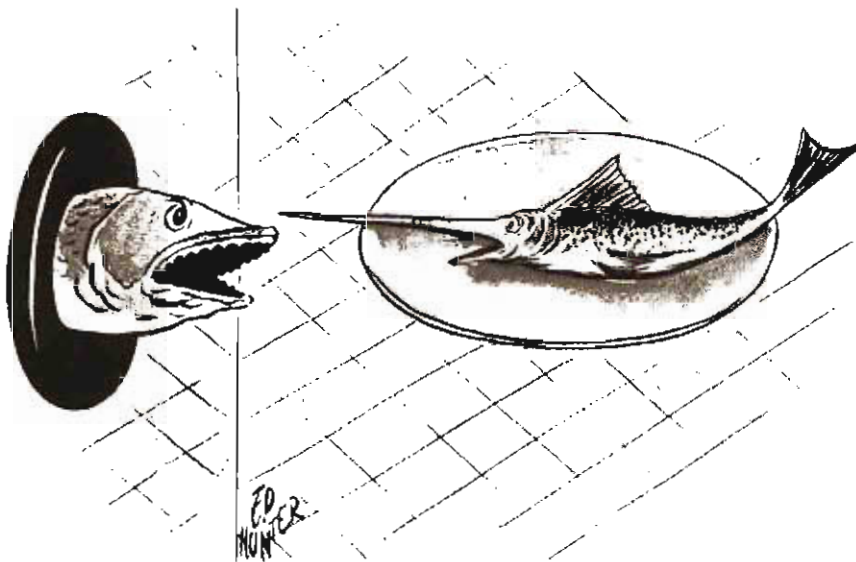
After I had made that short investigation I decided I would NOT go into the syrup business except as I usually go into it each spring. The way I go into the syrup business each

spring I go to Ellery Briggs in Ossipee or Ralph Brooks in Freedom and ast them how much syrup is and they always say "Three dollars cash or two dollars credit" for they figure when they lose a bad account, by only charging two dollars for credit syrup, they don't lose so much money as if they charged it at the cash price.

So I get a gallon and pay cash for it. They having just run out of credit that day, and take it home. That night I take about two quarts of that syrup and get it boiling real good and I boil it and boil it until you can take a spoonful and run it out onto a panful of snow and it sets up almost like thick cup grease, and is pure gold in color. Then I take a fork and sum pickils and sum donuts and I set me down and I run that thick syrup out onto the snow and let it set and wab it into the fork and chew it down and it is the sweetest slickest candy in the world. When my mouth gets so it don't want to taste no more, I reset my tasting machinery by eating a sour pickil and a cuple of donuts and then I am ready for more. After I have et all I can, I take a big dose of bicarbonate of soda and go to bed and sumtimes I wake up with a tummy ache and sometimes I do not.

That is what the old timers used to call making leather aprons and it is quite an indoor sport.

Then I use what syrup is left over to put onto my pan cakes mornings and sumtimes I use a little bit to pour onto vanilla ice cream and sumtimes Mrs. Hank uses some to flavor the frosting on a cake and then occasionally she will mix sum with cream, and wun or two things, and freeze it up in the ice box, making what is called moose and that is the sweetest and richest and most indigestible and best ice cream.
(Cont'd on page 45)

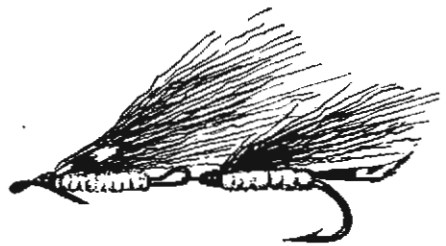


"This is a fine time to find out that we're in love"

GUYS AND GALS!
We Introduce
FLEXIBLE FANNY
NEW TROUT FLY INVENTION



GRAY GHOST



DARK TIGER

HERE'S a saucy new streamer for you gents of the angle who like your fly fishin' variegated! In this old timer's estimation this new streamer which I call "Flexible Fanny" for obvious reasons, has the conventional streamer's unbending body beaten by many fathoms. And here's why, and here's how.

Every time you give your rod tip a twitch Flexible Fanny shoots a shiver!

By M. W. Burlingame

fly was conceived to fill a definite need—to put more vim, vigor and vitality into a streamer fly of any tested pattern.

It was meant to carry eye appeal and heart appeal not only to fishermen but to fish. And it has proved that it does both. I have shown it to many real salmon, trout and bass fishermen, and their instant reaction was, "You've got something there, mister."

I hit on this idea too late in the season to try it out on trout and salmon, but man, oh man, did it do a job on small- and large-mouth bass and wall-eyes!

I showed one to Earl Baird at the Boston Sportsman's Show.

"It's a natural!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "But why not put a hook on the forward section, too, for those

fellows who like tandem hooks on streamers?"

Well, I don't own a fly-tying company, factory, or even squad, but I guess if anyone ever puts these streamers on the market they may want to provide a style with two hooks, as shown in sketch D.

One evening at twilight I cast out a big bucktail Flexible Fanny near some

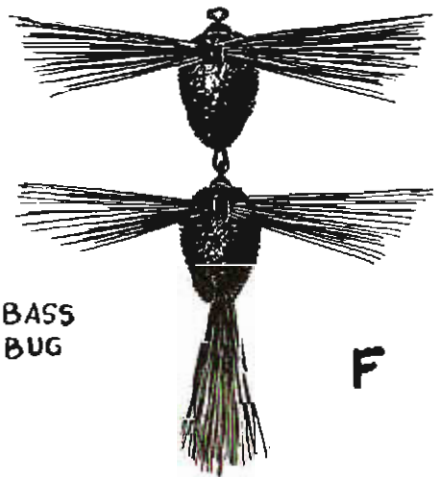


DOUBLE HOOKS (SUPERVISOR) **D**

The body, being built bi-sectional, has the bends every which way. It droops at the tail when you pause in your retrieve, and it straightens up again with a quiver when you twitch it taut. It can rear to the right, lurch to the left, tip toward the top, whichever way the stream swerves it.

And all these gyrations, gentlemen, are a heck of a lot more provocative to your piscatorial prey than the staid stances of the standard streamer!

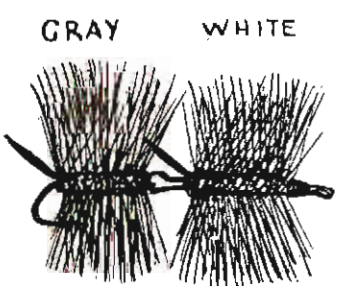
Flexible Fanny is the product of the same gigantic intellect which spawned the Hell-Cat's Pups a season or two ago. And protection has been applied for in Uncle Sam's patent office. The



BASS BUG **F**

rocks on a swell small-mouth underwater ledge. The dry bucktail floated the stream bravely, and it looked so much like a bass bug I gave it a twitch or two. The flexible body seemed to impart a lot of struggling action. "Gosh! A bass ought to smack that right on the whiskers!" my fishing partner exclaimed.

(Continued on page 31)



GRAY WHITE **E**
 FLOATER (BIVISIBLE)

OUR service pistol, the Colt .45 Automatic, is without question the finest military handgun in the world. A sturdy and dependable arm, perhaps the greatest virtue of the .45 Model of 1911 is its remarkable freedom from malfunctions. Too, it will handle a variety of ammunition varying from good to bad and continue to fire. Every part within the gun can be quickly and easily replaced, sand and mud do not easily enter the action and even with a generous amount of dirt inside, the weapon will continue to operate.

Our service handgun chambers the largest, most powerful pistol cartridge used by any military force. During the affair of 1917-18, the standard .45 ACP load delivered 378 foot pounds of muzzle energy, with a muzzle velocity of 860 feet per second. Since then the .45 Auto cartridge has been considerably boosted in velocity and knock-down drive. Utilizing the very newest load, a 173-grain zinc alloy bullet, we now realize a velocity of 1140 feet per second with an attendant muzzle force of 500 foot pounds. Not an inconsequential factor in this stepping up of velocities is the gain in flattened trajectory and increased range.

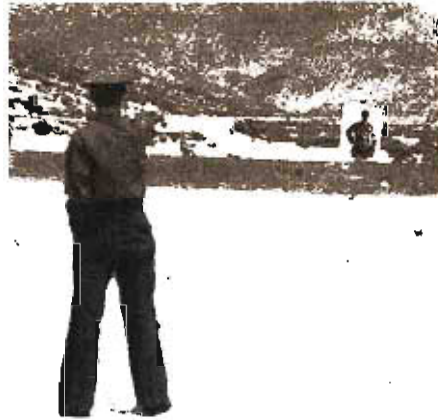
Recent military adventures on the Continent have impressed our Army strategists with the necessity for a number of quick-fire weapons. Those innumerable occasions when fierce street fighting has occurred, and those instances when ambushes and surprise attacks have thrown the combatants literally at each other's throats, have impressed our own tacticians with the very evident value of that great little gangster's gun—the .45 Thompson submachine rifle—the gun familiarly referred to as the "Tommy", a neat little cornsheller capable of spewing out something like 600 shots per minute.

Any consideration of specialized training with the Tommy should likewise include training with the service pistol. Both use the identical .45 caliber ACP cartridge, both are automatics and they are intended for similar kinds of fighting. Training methods, too, are identical for both guns; namely a plentiful amount of firing at "man" targets arranged at comparatively short distances.

There is a tendency among military men, unless I am badly mistaken, to regard the pistol as of little practical worth in modern warfare. This attitude is encouraged by a partial knowledge of the weapon. The handgun, it is true, as the tool of the soldier is strictly a sort of back-up weapon, a secondary line of defense, as it were. However, as a weapon of last resort it is dangerously lethal—far more effective, in fact, than the trench knife or other fighting implement of like size and weight. At close quarters the pistol is many times more effective than the longer more unwieldy rifle, and in fact is a killing tool without counterpart for the dirty business of hand-to-hand combat.

Despite these truths there has been

little disposition to accept the pistol at its full military worth. Soldiers are largely untrained with the service weapon and being mediocre performers have impressed brass hat observers with the seeming futility of the handgun in battle. But placed in the hands of cool, courageous men skilled



The military handgunner should be taught to hit targets in the shape of the foe

Handguns and Handgun Shooting

By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.

Outdoors' School of Pistol Marksmanship

PART 24

IS THE MILITARY COURSE OF FIRE ANTIQUATED?

in its use the .45 service pistol should prove a remarkably effective weapon for in-fighting. The big .45 should fill a very definite place in the training scheme, and with new lessons of warfare almost daily impressed upon us, it is to be hoped that pistol marksmanship, among other training strata-gems, will not be neglected.

The full worth of the pistol will never be entirely realized as long as our soldiers are compelled to spend so much time on the absurd bullseye

targets. The bullseye has no more place in the training scheme of an army preparing for war than does a pickle fork in the hands of a back-country Siwash. If men must practice to kill each other by all means give them targets which bear some resemblance to the enemy. If this serves no better purpose, it at least prepares the tyro gun wielder to expect the enemy in his own likeness.

IT IS my honest conviction that the bullseye is wholly without value for military training purposes. When we learn wing shooting with the shotgun we fire at a flying clay disc; when we aspire to be rifle snap shooters we do not fire at stationary targets. We put them into motion and then try to connect. Why then put the unprotesting soldier to plugging away at an elusive round bullseye, a mark which never moves, never dodges, never shoots back and in no manner resembles the enemy?

The military handgunner should be taught to hit targets in the shape of the foe, should be instructed how to fire quickly, and should get most of his training on targets which appear and disappear in a twinkling. He should be thoroughly grounded in rapid fire and should do scarcely any deliberate firing at all. If you were an aspiring half-mile runner you'd most assuredly not train to beat the champion by walking; by the same token the soldier who must shoot or be shot had better learn a brand of fast guns handling.

The British have realized the futility of training their defenders on bullseye targets and have completely and drastically revised their marksmanship training program. Now all firing is limited to silhouette targets. And not, let me add, silhouettes located at a known range on a beautifully situated, perfectly flat expanse of Bermuda grass lawn such as you will see at Camp Perry, site of our annual National Matches. The Britons have inaugurated simple yet extremely practical training courses, ranges laid out in rough hilly country where the targets are invariably screened by brush and weeds, and are exposed at unknown ranges and for short intervals only. By following the lead of our Cousin Jack we should eventually achieve some very practical results in our efforts to develop skilled battle marksmen.

I have schooled hundreds of rookie shooters. These included fellows who had never fired guns in their lives, others who had shot a little, and still others who were partly self taught. The bullseye was invariably baffling to them. Instead of a quick knowledge of the gun-pointing art, it developed a marked inferiority complex. It was elusive; invariably hard to hit, and discouraged instead of enthusing the groping tyro. After struggling along for years attempting to teach my men how to connect with the bally thing, I quit.

(Continued on page 46)

SOME time since I received a well-worded and apparently sincere letter from a young lady, stating that she was "contacting fifteen or twenty of the country's most prominent anglers," requesting that they, as tersely as possible, state what they thought was the "lure of angling." What could be more adroit and flatteringly enticing than that adjective, prominent? I arched my back and purred like any caressed tommy.

What was that? "Did I send an answer?" Most certainly not; no dame can work me with a bit of verbal flattery, or feed me mental soothing syrup. I am not easily had by those methods. (I hope the gentleman doth not "protest too much.") However, the lady has raised a very interesting question. What is the real enticement, attraction, as Walton hath it, "of fishing with an angle?" Why is it that so many people find in angling the ideal recreation, some to the extent that it almost becomes wreckreation?

The answer which rises unbidden, unconsidered, to our lips is something like "Why, to take fish of course." The man who fishes for fish only, is not an angler; he is a fisherman, a sort of apotheosized commercial fisherman it is true, but nevertheless a fisher for fish.

An angler fishes for an intangible catch, while he makes the catch his excuse and not his reason for "going a-fishing." I can say with utmost truth that some of my best days on lake and stream have been when I took hut few fish, while some of my most unsatisfactory days have been those when I caught the limit, and found myself regretfully reeling in and packing up because I could take no more without running the risk of being summoned before the court.

While I concede at once that one may be excused for taking the limit if he is able to catch fish when his companions are not, and the larder is empty, I am very certain it is not the best sportsmanship to take the limit when all are capable of doing so, and means only distributing the catch when home is reached. Oh, I believe in giving away fish, especially to those unfortunates unable to follow streams and lakes because of physical disability; but it is not true sportsmanship to give away fish just in order that one may catch more, for the mere sake of taking. No, it seems to me that fishing for fish, unless in dire need of food, is the very lowest ground one can stand upon.

The possession of good tackle and its skillful use, is, I think, a step higher. I do not mean by that, that a man employing a cane-pole, twisted cotton line, and worm-baited hook can not be, for he often is, just as good and true a sportsman. I must insist once more that it is not the tackle itself that makes the sportsman, but the manner in which it is employed.

I have seen as egregious "fish-hogs" using fine tackle as ever fished with tamarack pole and cotton line. Having
(Continued on page 44)



Then there stepped proudly out from the shore, a magnificent buck wearing a "rocking chair" upon his head

MUSINGS

THE LURE OF ANGLING

BY O. WARREN SMITH



CAMPFIRE SMOKE

By E.C. JANES

BY THE time this issue of **OUTDOORS** reaches you, daylight will brighten the horizon of the Amalgamated Brothers of the Angle. A rapid consultation of our almanac reveals that by then the sun will be rising and setting at times which will give us more than 2½ hours more daylight than during that dreary, shortest day in December. And, incidentally, the weather forecast says, "Disagreeable travelling," whatever that means.

Personally, we think all travelling is disagreeable but then, probably we are just an old homebody. Anyhow, the aforementioned A.B.A. will be in pretty much of a dither about this time. The first bluebirds will be bluebirding, pussy willows will be burgeoning in the aw-flooded swamps, the skunk cabbage and snowdrop will be thrusting through dead leaves on sundrenched slopes and tackle will be abloom in store windows.

It is in these last, hectic weeks before Opening Day that pisciphobia claims most of its victims. Rods are rewound and varnished, reels oiled, lines treated, fly boxes and fishing coat pockets bulge with untried Christmas offerings, the sun is warm and the

gentle south breeze is laden with moist, earthy smells of spring. All Nature cries out to the angler to go forth and fish but the law says, "Hold it, boys!" Small wonder that at this season, despairing members of the A.B.A. leap out of high windows and lie down in front of subway trains. There is, fortunately, a cure. Not a cure, really, but a method of treatment that has saved innumerable lives, this one among them. It is called "Looking At The Brooks" and it is a safe remedy and easy to take.

You get hold of Jim and Frank or,

as it may be, Sam and Charlie and set out, on a spring-like afternoon, to make a tour of as many local streams as possible. Equipment for this junket should consist of thermometer, notebook, boots and pencil. The first stop is by the cement bridge spanning a fast-running stream. You can remember the rattly wooden structure that used to stand here before the big freshet took it out. But the pool below is the same sparkling mystery, brimming and dimpling, invariably affording a home to several good-sized squaretails.

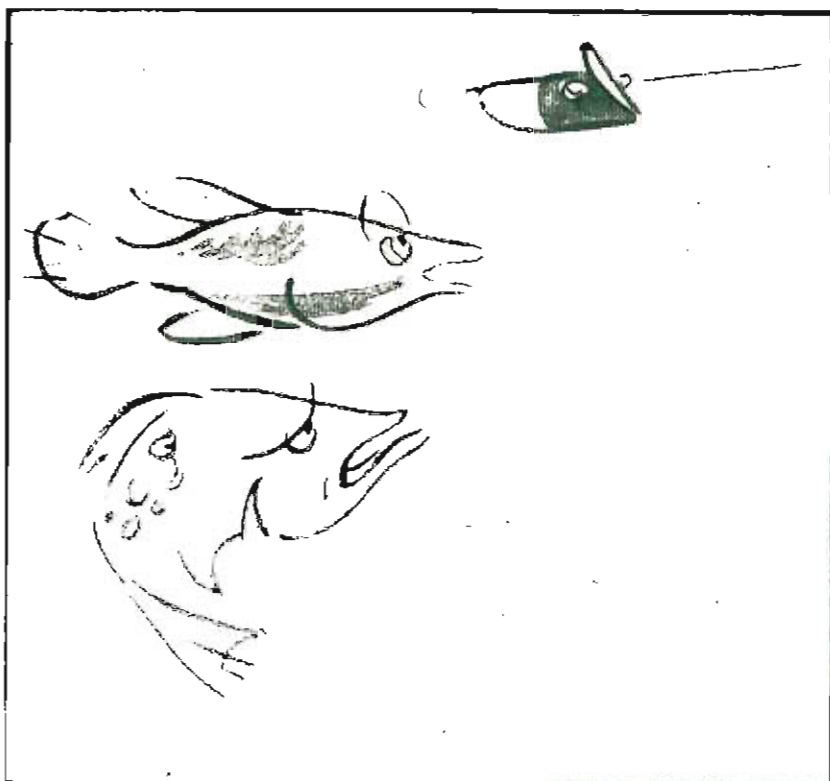
You remember, in particular, one monster of his species which you hauled from this pool on a memorable April day long ago. A few minutes should be given up to gloating, living over that desperate encounter in memory. Then you clamber over slippery rocks where the last ice of winter lies rotting and treacherous,

and dunk your thermometer into the swollen current.

"Boy! Does this look hot!" you cry eagerly. And Jim and Frank chorus, "Boy! Does it ever!"

Forty-eight, the thermometer registers and you enter the reading reverently in your notebook together with the date. A short tramp along the wet banks through patches of lingering snow, critically noting what the winter has done to the various riffles and pools . . . there's a new hole; you'll want to stand about here and lay your nymph alongside that brush jam.

"Unh huh!" Jim protests vigorously. "Look at that back current. You'll get drag if you stand there. Here's the way to handle it."



"Propaganda!"

And he flips an imaginary Stone Nymph looping behind the brush. Maybe he plays an imaginary brookie for a wistful minute. Then back to the car and on to the next stream. Here snow water is still pouring down from the mountains and ice clings tenaciously along the shore. Thirty-seven, the thermometer says.

"Won't be right before sometime in May," is the sage consensus of opinion.

Sometimes, in the course of these explorations, you will come upon freshly-posted territory enclosing a favorite stream, as we did last year. This is good information to have in time so that steps may be taken. When we saw the melancholy white markers that blossomed like a rash alongside the stream, we sought the farmhouse to see if something could be done. A gangling, freckle-faced girl answered our knock and we touched lightly on the chances of our fishing there during the season.

"I'll ask Maw," the girl said stonily and disappeared. A moment later she was back. "She says yes-and-do-you-want-to-buy-some-maple-syrup?"

We heartily protested our passion for maple syrup which, in reality, we find a bit on the sickish side, and came home laden with gallons of the stuff, much to our spouse's dismay. Right now we are having pancakes nearly every morning in a vain race against time to use up the detestable liquid so that we can buy gallons more (yes, gallons, Mrs. J!) this spring. We feel it is well worth it for there are strictly native trout in that thar stream.

A FEW of these excursions to nearby waters will enable the most desperate angler to pull through. There may be set-backs,—icy winds and spring blizzards, but what matter? The thermometer has registered 48 degrees in Trumbull Brook. The trout will bite like snakes. Just a word about that notebook. It should be thrown away immediately for it will become lost anyway and in any event, you won't ever look at it after the season starts. It is like the prescription the Doc has given you, once you are over the grippe.

Milton C. James, Assistant Chief, Division of Fish Culture, recently

had some interesting things to say in regard to the proposed stocking program of the Fish and Wildlife Service. In an effort to modernize the disposal of game and pan-fish production of Federal hatcheries, a new policy has been inaugurated which is described in a recent issue of "The Progressive Fish Culturist."

Since the subject is one of importance to all anglers, it might be well to "look at the record." Under

programs in certain waters until such times as these areas can be brought under organized control.

"These applications," Mr. James adds, "shorn of their status as an obligation and subject to sound administrative judgment and discretion will no longer keep the Federal hatchery man on a production treadmill."

Under this new policy, then, the bulk of the hatchery output will go to waters open to every angler and only the overflow, so to speak, will be available to privately-owned streams or ponds. It is felt, however, that much benefit will derive from the allotment of fish to farmers and small land-owners having a stream or pond on their property since these men are performing a public service as valuable as the planting of trees or the feeding of game-birds.

"In this shuffling of stocking objectives," Mr. James concludes, "the Government dealt from the bottom and took care of its own requirements first. Federal land holdings are extensive and as far as possible they are dedicated to multiple use. These lands include some of the premier fishing waters of the nation and many of them are readily subject to varying degrees of fishery management. Such management plans cannot be fully realized unless there is a dependable supply of hatchery fish to be managed. At this time, no one can say to what extent the strictly Federal requirements

will consume the output of Federal hatcheries. However, the ever-increasing production of game and pan-fish will probably be sufficient to leave a generous quota to be placed in State waters to complement and supplement the programs which the States have devised."

WE HEARD a story the other day from the lips of a sportsman whose veracity we have no reason to doubt. He declares every word of it to be true and we think it is a pretty good story so we should like to pass it along.

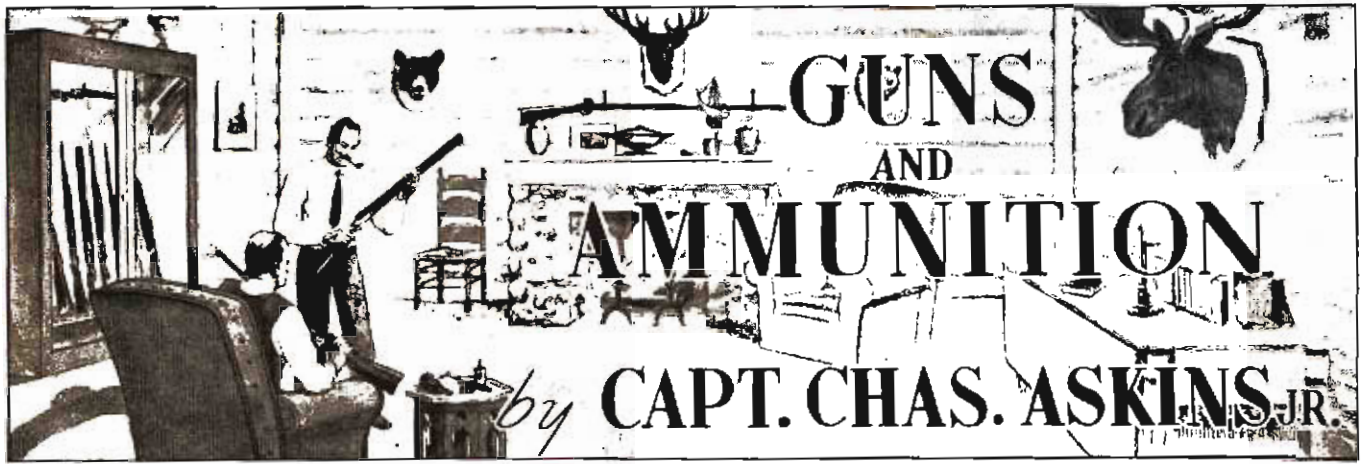
It has to do with a big Irish Water Spaniel named McSweeney and known as Mac for short. He is a highly efficient retriever and his owner can and, in fact, does tell you
(Continued on page 61)



"Just blaze our trail; don't get elaborate!"

the provisions of the new policy, the primary obligation of the Fish and Wildlife Service will be the stocking of waters under Federal jurisdiction, i.e. national parks, forests, etc. State waters, lakes, streams and ponds which are open to public fishing will come next and, after the hatchery output has been divided to take care of these first two objectives, any remaining fish will be used to fill applications, endorsed by congressmen, for private waters.

From now on, Mr. James declared, these applications will be literally applications rather than promissory notes of the U. S. Government. Treated thus, they will be kept from breeding those evils which have been charged to them in the past. Sportsmen, organized or as individuals, can be a vital force in taking care of stocking



A FULL-GROWN mountain lion kills and eats a deer each week. That amounts to fifty-two missing white-tails yearly. At the same time a less colorful yet withal dangerous predator, the hawk, accounts for at least twice that many quail. A hundred quail, the estimated annual take of the fully-matured sharp-shinned Cooper's hawk, would make up something like eight to ten very nice covcoys. I am not so well acquainted with the grouse and hawk situation but since the grouse is an uplands bird with habits more or less similar to Bonny Bob, I'm presuming that sky marauders must catch an average of one grouse weekly—maybe more—during the year. This is a terrific toll. Add then the depredations from foxes, weasels, skunks, coyotes, as well as the losses from unfavorable weather conditions during hatching season, and a fellow begins to wonder how any new birds come on at all.

This is the season when for the lack of a better game the hawks can come in for a lot of attention. A long winter is behind them, a winter during which pickings were mighty lean. Now, with small furred and feathered prey stirring from their retreats, the hawks are busy. Too, the mating urge has them moving toward nesting grounds and if you tramp nearby woods these days you will be surprised at the numbers seen.

Hawk killing is essentially the game of the rifleman—a rifleman equipped with a high-speed small-bore scope-sighted rifle. For me there is nothing

quite as satisfactory as the standard Winchester Model 70 in .220 Swift caliber. Hawks, of course, can be gunned with practically any kind of a powder burner you may have handy, but just for the sake of the discussion, let's talk about that gun which stacks up as about the best of the lot.

Winchester, with typical thoroughness, has available three dandy .220 guns. The first is the standard Model 70. This gun weighs 8¼ pounds, has a 26" barrel in the .220 caliber, sports a dandy fitting stock—13½" length of pull, 1⅝" drop at comb, and 2⅜" drop at heel. The standard M/70 has the NRA type stock with a comfortable, well-fattened forend, nicely shaped pistol grip, sling swivels, and a checkered secure-feeling buttplate. This model of the popular .220 comes without receiver peepsight, a fact which ideally suits the gunner who intends to attach a telescope.

The hawk who goes into the woods afoot after his game had best settle on this standard M/70. After the scope and mounts are attached he will have

a weapon weighing 9¾ pounds, or thereabouts, about all the average hunter wants to tote around. However, for those discerning gun pointers who want the ultimate in equipment, Winchester offers two better hawking models than the standard .220; these are the National Match M/70 and the Target M/70. The former weighs 9½ pounds and the latter tilts the beam at 10½ pounds. The added weight in these refined .220 Winchesters is for the most part found in the heavier barrels. A new, target-type black walnut stock accounts for part of the weight but in the main a semi-bull gun barrel makes up the difference.

Superbly accurate, equipped with the Lyman 48 WH receiver micrometer sight and the Lyman 77 front sight, with 1¼" telescope sight bases, Army-type sling, with a special accessory attached to the foreend to keep the sling from pinching the hand, are special features of the super National Match and Target grades of the .220 Model 70.

The inherent ability of the splendid .220 cartridge isn't fully realized until it's shuffled into one of these ultra-refined Winchesters. If you are one of these fellows who isn't content with anything but the ultimate in accuracy by all means consider the Target grade M 70. This gun, equipped with the Lyman Targetspot 8X, utilizing the Lyman micro-click ¼-minute adjustment and three-point suspension mounts, represents the hawk-getting outfit par excellence.

The Target (Continued on page 56)



"I understand that his new elephant gun has a terrific recoil"

THREATENED!

Your Right to A Gun

**A
Guest
Editorial**

By

ARTHUR B. HARLOW

President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, Chairman of the Massachusetts Division of the Committee for the Defense of British Homes



WE ARE faced with a serious danger. Oddly enough this danger has been created and is being increased by citizens with the best intentions in the world. We are referring to the various bills that have been and still are being introduced in state legislatures and may be shortly introduced in the Congress of the United States for the regulation of the possession of firearms by citizens.

Let's look this situation over thoughtfully.

Previous to prohibition, crimes involving the use of firearms were not committed in such large numbers as particularly to attract the attention of the public. Sportsmen owned their rifles and shotguns for hunting; farmers owned their shotguns principally for the protection of their chickens against crows, certain species of hawks and owls, rats, and other vermin, and no special firearms regulations were thought necessary by anyone.

With the introduction of prohibition, murders and gangster fights between bootleggers increased rapidly and soon became a public scandal. In an endeavor to stop this lawlessness, from

time to time many bills were presented to various state legislatures ranging from those requiring the registration of all firearms in the possession of civilians, to the extreme of having all firearms, so owned, stored in armories and only released to their owners for hunting, on permits.

The fallacy of this type of legislation is that no gangster will conform to any law. The gangsters, as a matter of fact, seldom use rifles, but do use sawed-off shotguns, machine guns, and to a small extent, pistols and revolvers.

The sportsmen could not see then nor can they see now how any such laws could possibly correct the gangster situation, but they could see how these laws would harass the law-abiding sportsman and farmer; and, believing that laws that required the registration of guns and the finger printing of the owners were simply the fore-runners of laws that might be passed that would take away the ownership of firearms, in spite of the fact that it is a Constitutional right of citizens to own firearms, they bitterly opposed them.

Following the repeal of prohibition,

many of the lawless element that had been in the bootlegging racket, gravitated to the "hold-up" and "suck-up" business, and agitation for regulation of firearms in general under the still mistaken idea that the gangsters would obey whatever laws were enacted, broke out afresh.

The national law which was passed, requiring the registration of firearms of less than 12-inch barrels, was directly aimed at the professional criminals. This was not objectionable to sportsmen, and well enough in its purpose, but it did not harass the criminals as was hoped for, and crime has continued.

Now since the European War began and the danger of the fifth columnists became a cause of worry, far more drastic legislation has been proposed, still with the mistaken idea that it will reach the subversive element and take their arms away from them. It is our belief that it will simply result in obedience to the law by the law-abiding citizens and in no way curtail a hiding of firearms on the part of criminals and the organized enemies of our country. But it is undoubtedly true that members of this subversive element are urging innocent citizens to spread propaganda that may lead to the disarming of all people excepting themselves.

(Continued on page 59)

1 April: The first turtle chortled today in the marshes near the second brook, on the east side of the trestle. I heard it in passing and stopped until it came again, unmistakably a turtle's sound. I heard it from time to time thereafter from my reading place at the first brook trestle, where, despite the strong northeast wind, I was comfortable enough. Blue-bottle flies buzzed noisily about today, and the frogs were legion along the now fallen brook, the sound of whose falls came muted on the air from the woods.

All afternoon geese flew aimlessly above, a flock of some size, possibly a score of them, flew high and darkly against the sky, calling from time to time, and the smell of smoke was strong in air, so that the somnolence was typical of the spring day. Bird-song came intermittently, accompanied by the urgent querulous sounds of foraging and mating birds, the spring arrivals already settling to the business of making homes.



Vesper sparrows

4 April: A cold day with overcast sky and a northwest wind blowing. In the Post Office this morning Verry Endres said he had caught three garter snakes out along the embankment beyond the Spring Slough yesterday. He said they were still very sluggish, having but emerged from their winter places. "I let 'em go," he said, as if he had indeed accomplished a great advance from the driving urge to assert their greatness which possesses so many children, to assert themselves by killing lesser creatures.

Standing in the harness shop this afternoon, I glanced casually toward the buds Hugh had got in the marshes Sunday last, and noticed among the alders, pussywillows, poplars and hazel a few faintly glowing spots of magenta. I went closer and discovered a singularly beautiful blossom in a kind of circular fringe at the bud ends of hazel twigs, not at the pollenating finger buds now in flower, but at the leaf buds and the naked stem ends as well, a beautiful calyx of magenta-colored cilia scarcely an eighth of an inch long. This remarkably lovely blossom on the still barren twigs made me to think again what wonders are for the seeing along the roadside, and gave me pause once more: how often

after hour. Observed a pair of juncos nearby, one of them making a warning sound very much like that of the cardinal, and not quite as full, well-rounded as sound as the similar note given by the myrtle warbler: the *tchek-tchek*. Heard also the voices of turtles, the deep chuckling sounds coming from the small sloughs immediately north of the brook, and from the brook heard in the course of the afternoon the year's first bullfrog giving voice.

At two o'clock the train thundered past, its acrid smoke briefly taking possession of the sweet air. The brook today was at its normal height, no great rise promising for this year, despite the fact that the season just past had more snow than most of those in the last decade; yet, so gradual has been the thaw, that the water has gone down into the earth, where it was most needed. All along the embankment, the alders blossomed, the tight maroon finger-buds lengthened at last, growing sienna and pale yellow as the pollen made its appearance.

6 April: At twelve-thirty to the hills. The sun shone warmly, little wind was manifest, and the ground on the hill slopes was warm despite the moisture still manifest here and there. But, save for hidden pockets on the north slopes, the snow was gone, unlike the snow-held slopes still visible in the Baraboo bluffs on the ride up this morning. A dusty orange butterfly flew ahead of me up the hill, vanishing when I paused beside the first pasque flowers, three of them alone on all the hillside, and evidently not long open, certainly not more than a day, if indeed before this morning.

I sat down in the dip atop the big hill, spreading papers carefully underneath, so that too much moisture might not penetrate me, and there sat to read and write, the while I looked out over the swelling river and the village to the prairie beyond, not yet in spring aspect, but looking still like winter, with its dark patches of earth, broken only rarely even by brown, and as yet by no green of winter wheat, which was not yet sufficiently manifest to show at this distance.

The Country Year:

April

By August Derleth

I have passed among the hazel growth in the spring and not seen this small beauty!

5 April: I sat at the trestle this afternoon to read and write, while bird song rose all around me, hour

Despite the fact that birds concentrate in the marshes, there was no lack of birdsong to fill the afternoon: redwings, killdeers, juncos, song sparrows, field sparrows, vesper sparrows, bluebirds. The sunlight was strong and warm, and continued warm even after a mistiness of clouds rose out of the west and overcast the sky.

The hills this afternoon were alive with boys, come in groups to go exploring, to play at Buffalo Bill, Buck Rogers, and similar games, to imagine themselves hunters or Boy Scouts, filling the air with joyous cries. They streamed past over the Big Hill and went back along the path at the bottom.

9 April: To the marshes at one-fifteen, there to sit in the warm sunlight at the brook trestle and hear the birds singing, the fox sparrows diligently searching for food under the willows. Over the embankment a hawk combat took place while I watched—between an osprey and a marsh harrier, the osprey succeeding finally in driving the larger hawk to seek security in the woodland areas adjoining the lower meadow. The osprey flew back in a series of long swooping dives to where his mate coursed low over the dried grasses and reeds near the railroad.

A cock pheasant walked for a while before me on my way in to the embankment at the Triangle, refusing to run, but persisting in a sedate if rapid walk until it could vanish among the willows in the lowland places. Turtles and frogs called this afternoon as well; here and there across the track-bed, moles had been at work; and at the brook the first phoebes called.

13 April: At twelve-fifteen walked down into the marshes, going by way of the east river shore, and finding myself almost marooned in the bottoms there, for the river had risen in the night, and dropped again, leaving much water in the sloughs, water which was now emptying into the back river through the familiar brook winding out of the woodland to eastward, a brook now doubtly high, and impossible to jump across. So had to exert myself and build a bridge of old logs; after half an hour managed to get

across, and then walked slowly along the back river to the embankment.

Two blue herons flew out of the willows clustered thickly along the water's edge and lifted themselves over Bergen's Island and away. The air was cool still, though not cold, and in the sun it was comfortable and warm enough. There were blue-winged teal in the Spring Slough, seven of them, who flew up at my approach with a wild complaint, and circled away among the trees, only to return when I had gone safely past.

Felt little inclined to work, though I read and wrote a little: but in the main, I loafed, sitting at the brook-

hope someone will be kind enough to enter the carcass.

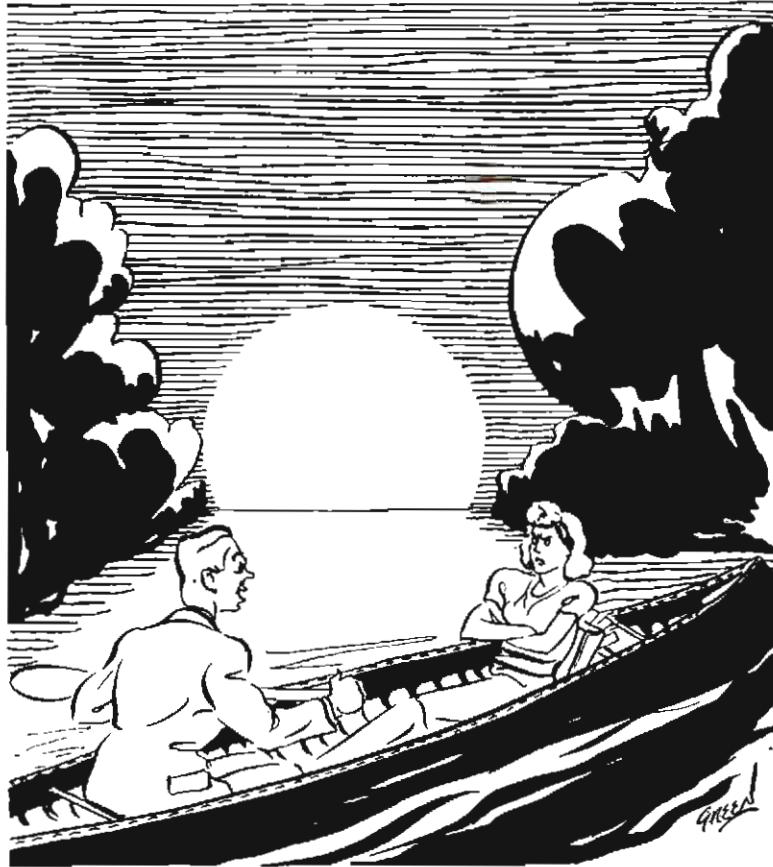
14 April: At twelve-thirty went over the river to the hills, where read and wrote all afternoon, disturbed only three times—by a troop of Boy Scouts leading in fox and hounds, and then subsequently by the hounds, and by a group of smaller boys, led by Jackie Bachhuber; these presently retired to the next hill on the south, there to build themselves a "hideout," and posted a "lookout" whose duty it was to inform them all when I left the big hill, so that they could be ready to walk back to town with me.

Many marsh fires burned this afternoon; great clouds of white smoke billowed into the blue, in the south and southwest, along the course of the river, and the smoke came sweetly on the south wind. The pasque flowers today made a lavender and pale blue carpet with yellow eyes in the grass, reaching from the hilltop to the base of the slope, so that, lying flat on the ground and looking down, the color was indescribably beautiful, incredible, indeed, in contrast to the pale green grass all around, though the river's blue off to the right was strong.

About four o'clock went leisurely along the hill crests to the valley, the old familiar wooded slope, and there descended carefully in fear of frost-held ground slippery on top, but found the frost out, and, after some careful hunting, discovered that here and there hepatica buds were above ground, and would soon be abloom... certainly this week.

So stood in the valley looking back over the past few years; filled with a peculiarly satisfying glow of realization that this coming to birth again and again was unending, no matter how difficult to bear the winter might be, or the rest of the year. Here all things were the same, save for a few trees cut down, the same as when I came here with Margery and later with Maris—the same lovely flowers budded again to bloom for a month to come, the same sweetness of oak leaves underfoot, the same aura of security between the hilltops on both sides. Meandered around the slope along the now dry brookbed to the front of the hill and there stood watching a bluebird launch himself into the sky

(Continued on page 33)

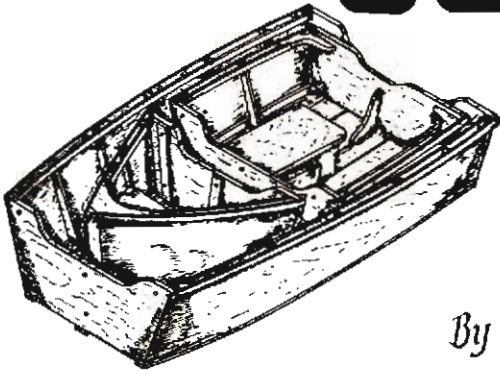


"Now, it was right along here where I caught the five-pounder"

side, drowsy in the sun, quite delighted that I had not forgotten how to loaf, that no press of work to be done prevented me from enjoying this leisure. Certainly a man is meant to loaf so many hours of his life away, and indeed, these may be his richest hours; if a man is able to throw away the burden of his small cares for only an hour every so often, it is far better than any medicine could be, it is in itself the best of medicines. To sit under the blue sky and watch the clouds go by, to sit beside the brook and look into the sunlit water to the sand below, to see in spring the grass push up and grow—what a panacea for the thousand ills that beset the mind! If some time the world's ills encroach so much upon my existence that I no longer know how to loaf, I

"COME APART"

A PLYWOOD TOTEABOUT



By CLIFF BRADLEY:-

COME APART! Perhaps an unusual name for a boat of any type. But then, after thinking it over, we believe it's a unique boat, this OUTDOORS craft of the month.

First off,—we were tempted to term the design "singular." Yet this would be hardly suitable. You see COME APART is not by any means singular, if you'll forgive a pun, but of three separate parts; a forward, a midship and an after compartment. Therein lies its unique feature.

When assembled, the three sections go to complete a most handy and practical fishing skiff of 12'-0" overall length and 4'-0" extreme beam. When knocked down, to be toted about, the forward and after compartments nest compactly in the 6'-3" midship section after the manner in the sketch.

Thus they can be "toted" handily, as a unit, strapped atop the car or stowed easily back in the station wagon.

As drawn, the boat is in no way tubby or bulky, though in all departments the hull is of liberal proportions and of pleasing appearance. She will row easily indeed, without dragging the whole water course under her counter. With one of the lightweight outboard motors affixed to the transom she'll scamper along in a surprising fashion and cover the down-lake bass spots in short order.

Yes, COME APART is designed for a specific purpose. That purpose is fishing those out-of-the-way, secluded ponds and lakes or those quiet back runs of many slow river stretches. For such a pleasant chore this little skiff makes an ideal, inexpensive outfit.

We don't suggest that you plan to use this type of boat in the churning surf amidst

the charging cavalry of white-horse wave tops. We have other models far more suitable for the dauntless chaps that are so inclined. However, if built in accordance with the drawing details, this little "yot" will render able performance and carry, in perfect safety, three fishing buddies to their sweet water playgrounds whenever it's fit to be out.

She is to be built, for the most part, of resin-bonded plywood. Make sure, though, that it's the out-and-out marine material, processed by the hot plate method. Along all seams and beneath all joinings, cold resin glue should be evenly smeared. Follow the marine plywood salesman's recommendations as to the kind. In the preparation and use of this resin glue, proceed in strict conformity with the maker's packaging instructions.

The actual fabrication of COME APART is boat building work of the simplest character. It's just the "agreed upon" practical method of skiff construction.

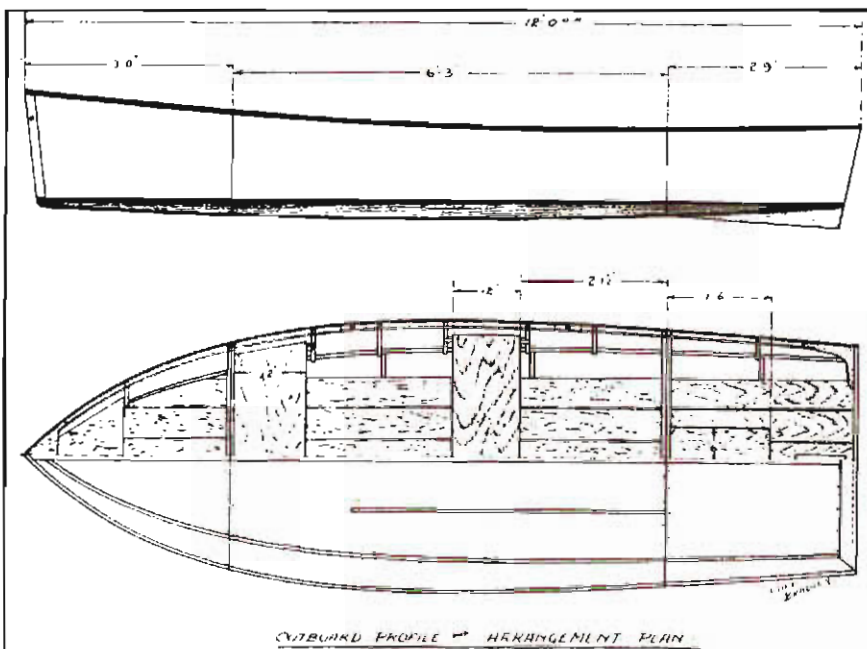
Start out by making a full-sized copy of the Laying Down Plan. Do it on heavy manila paper and do it carefully. Accurate bevels for the stem, four bulkheads, and the transom

are then before you. The four temporary molds can be put together from almost any "on hand" lumber that approximates 1" thick by 6" wide. Follow the dimensions in the table of offsets and take heed that all dimensions are to the outer face of the planking. Each mold, of course, will be notched neatly to receive the keelson in the center of the bottom and the chine stringers at the bilge edges.

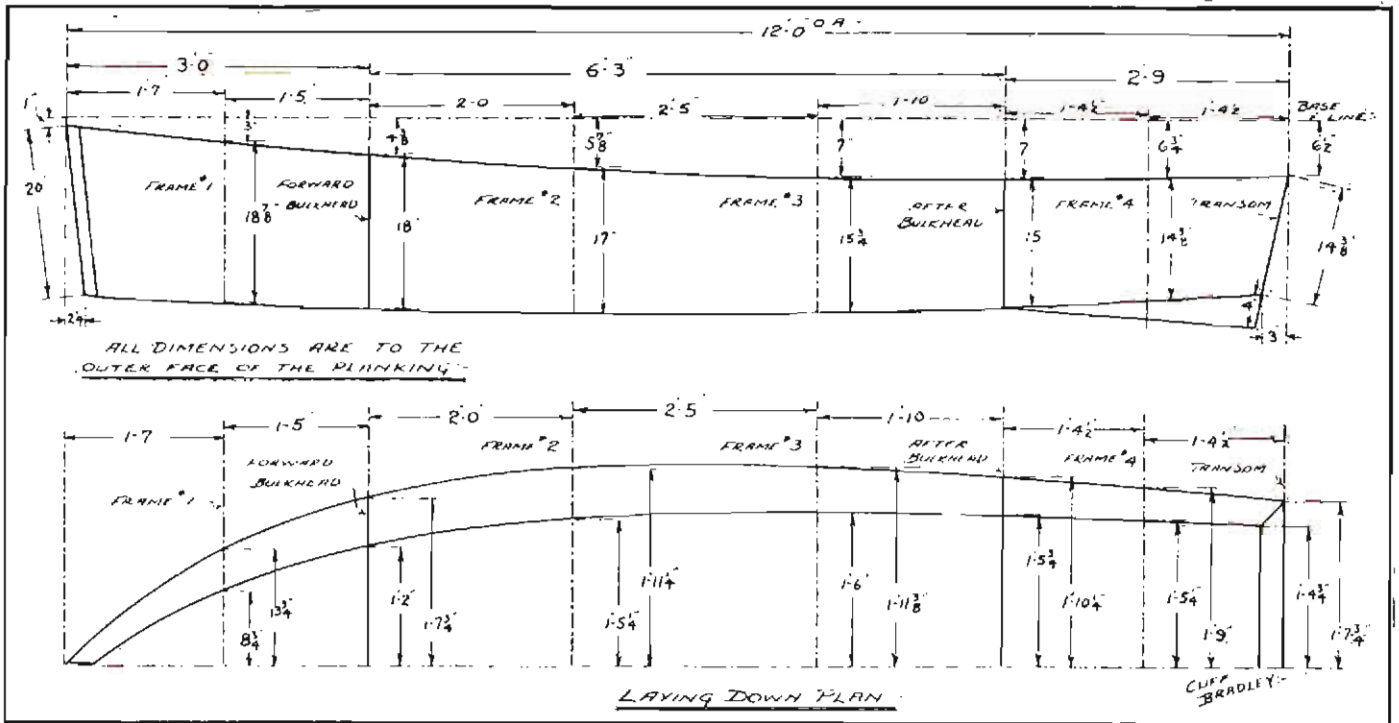
THE data for making the four bulkheads and transom are all clearly defined in the details and drawing notations relating to these several pieces. All are called for in cypress, the bulkheads in material of $\frac{7}{8}$ " thickness, the transom in material of 1" thickness. If you favor clear spruce, or even white pine, these are quite suitable provided you can obtain either of them in sufficient width. Should you hold to the cypress, however, endeavor to select boards that are not unduly heavy. Cypress boards vary surprisingly in weight and usually those that are light in color are also the lightest in weight.

The stem should be made in ash. This is of the two-piece type, namely the stem proper and the outside bolted-on cut water. The angle of bevel and amount of taper, from sheer to chine, are readily obtainable from the Laying Down Plan. Plane the plank-bearing surfaces of the stem proper so that same are flat and true over the entire area, thus insuring a perfect contact with the plywood planking at this point.

The inside keelson is but a straight length of clear spruce $\frac{7}{8}$ "x4" and aside from the cutting to length and a bit of fitting at the bow requires no atten-



OUTBOARD PROFILE — ARRANGEMENT PLAN



tion. The knees that establish the angle of rake at the stem and transom can be sawed to shape from suitably grained oak approximately 1" thick. Here again the required angles can be taken from the full-sized line drawing.

With the frame parts thus in readiness, the erection can be undertaken on any level platform or floor of adequate size. Solely for accessibility in putting on the planking, the frame-

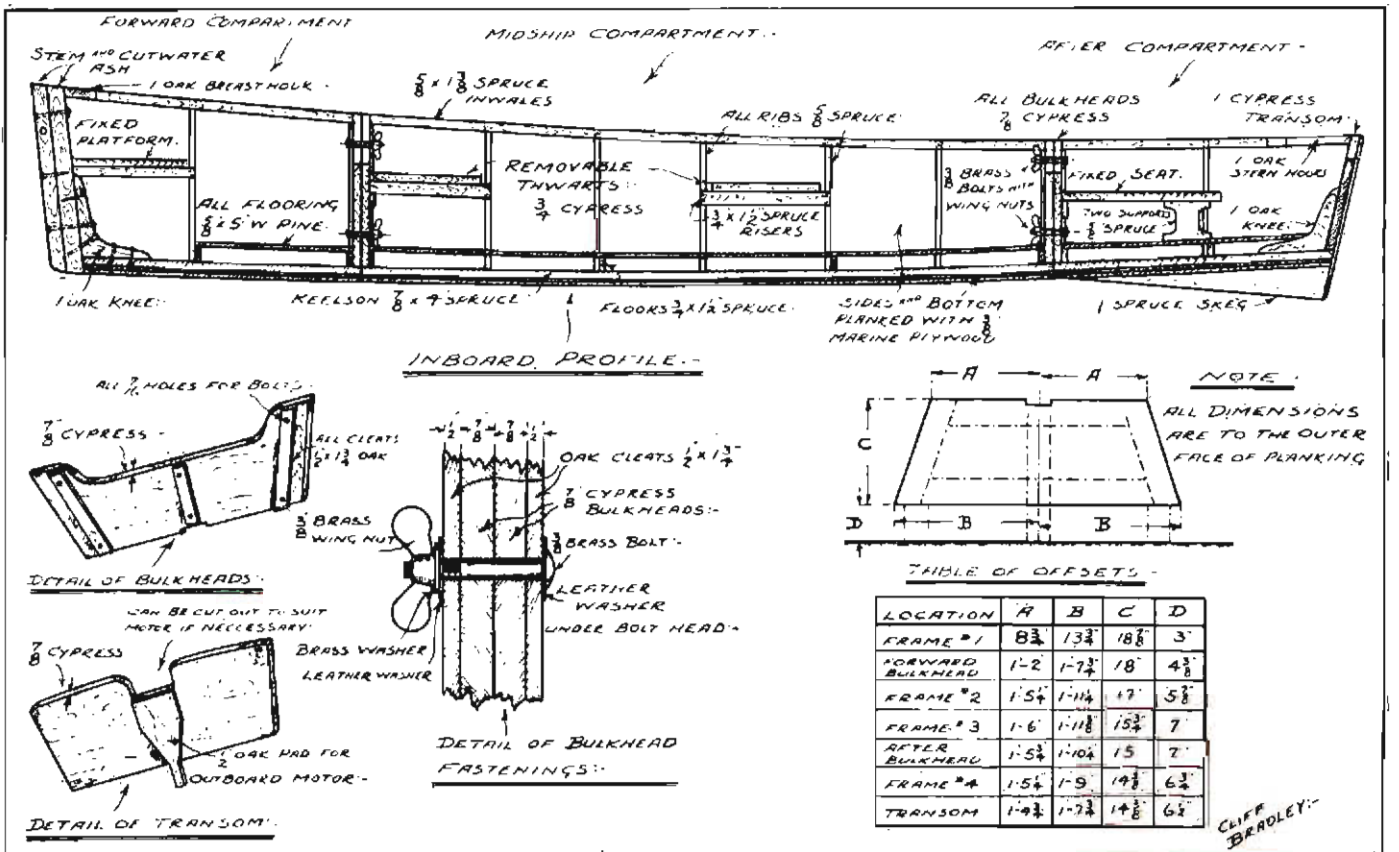
work should be erected in an upside down state. Work from the center line and arrange every component part in strict accordance with the dimensions on the drawings.

Take ample time with the setting of each and every piece. Brace and stay the parts plumb, square and equidistant about the center line. When adjusting the four bulkheads leave just enough space between them to permit free sawing through the planks

and keel portions when it comes time to sub-divide the boat.

The chines are $\frac{3}{4}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " oak strips. These readily spring into position along the bilges. Notch them into the bulkheads and transom in the usual manner but see to it that they do not break through to the outside.

With the frame thus rigidly erected and everything checked to your satisfaction, the bolt holes in the bulkheads (Continued on page 32)



A POWERFUL PACKAGE of NIGHT LIGHT

For Fishermen • Cottagers
Campers • Trailerites

THE DELTA POWERlite

2 LIGHTS IN 1

● Around a camp or cottage... for night casting or trolling, here's a POWERFUL light. Using a standard 6-volt lantern dry battery Powerlite gives 80 to 100 hours light life. Big 4 1/2" front reflector shoots 800 ft. spot beam. Top reflector throws broad floodlight. Either at the flip of a switch. Steel case, aluminum finish, Unbreakable lens. \$3.95 less battery. At most hardware, electrical or sporting goods stores.



RED BIRD
Heavy Duty Lantern
The famous Delta, red enamel, "old standby."
Uses 2 No. 6 dry cells.
Throws piercing spot beam or floodlight—flual reflection at the flip of a switch. A sturdy, steel case lantern. \$2.25 less battery.



BOAT LIGHT
Green and Red Combination
Regulation green-red deck light for boats under 26 ft. Entire unit housed in rubber-stanny deck contour. Uses 2 D's and one-fourth inch cells. \$1.50 less batteries.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
1100 W. 33rd St., Marion, Ind.

800 FT. SPOT LIGHT



GET THIS 60-PAGE BOOK ON FISHING—FREE!

60-page, pocket size book on fishing. Written by M. W. Burlingame, noted angling authority. Not theory, but tried, proven methods and means for day and night fishing, casting, trolling, still fishing. A guide book every beginner or old timer will want. SENT FREE! A POSTAL GETS IT!

The speckled trout were particularly attractive, full-fleshed and vividly colored; true denizens of roaring mountain torrent. I might explain that they were caught a short distance up a boisterous run emptying into the Caldwell just above the bridge.

Being lunch time George soon had six of our catch curling in the pan. And naturally, during the meal the conversation gyrated about the private life of a certain brown trout ensconced under a pile of drift.

Just before negotiating the bend the stream narrows down to about a third of its width and the heavy flow resulting sluices its way under a heavy canopy of hemlocks. At the tail end of the sluiceway, just before the water stretches itself into an expansive pool, was located the lair of the big fish. At least so it was explained to us.

"It's impossible to maneuver a line down into that mess without getting snagged," the warden went on. "But, if you stand up there by that dead stub," he indicated a riven tree trunk some fifty feet above the pile of drift, "you can let the current carry your lure down between the hideout and the bank."

"Yeah, but assuming that you hook the fish, the first thing he'd do would be to tear for that tangle," George pointed out.

"That's just the rub," agreed our guide. "If you can hold him and then work him up into the clear, you've got him licked."

GEORGE and I drew straws to see who would try for the big fellow and he won. "This certainly smacks of that old saw about counting your chicks, etc.," said I.

Ignoring my remark George went about the business of carefully checking every inch of his tackle. "How big did you say he was?" he asked the warden.

"Well, I said as long as my arm."

WHEN THE TROUT LILY BLOOMS

(Continued from page 5)

frightened stiff at the apparition descending upon them or too astonished to act immediately.

Now, I can't swear to what actually followed because when action did get underway it was fast and furious. Anyway, to this day I'm not certain but what that ornery Pup bared his teeth and sank them into the first curious fish that rose to investigate.

Boy, what action. That fish dragged the Pup here and anon. But, he hung on with the determined doggedness characteristic of his tough breed until brought to net. It was a nice eleven-incher, and I gave a whoop of delight.

The elated warden voiced his approval. "Them nymphs never miss," he beamed. He had not seen me make the change, and I said nothing.

Presently George came around from behind the fringe of bushes at the mouth of the branch and enquired as to what the excitement was all about.

The warden's attempt at an explanation was interrupted by another whoop. The Pink Pup had connected again.

"That's what it is," delightedly gurgled the warden.

After I had netted the fish George came alongside and quietly asked if I was using the warden's flies.

"See for yourself," I smiled. "Oh, oh, I might have known," he chuckled.

When we joined the warden at the bend we had accounted for eight good fish: four browns, a rainbow and three natives. None were over eleven inches, but, they were unquestionably the best conditioned fish that I have ever seen.



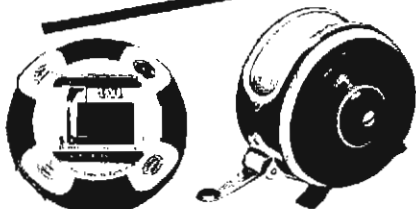
I flicked the fly under the nearest hemlock

NEW CONFICIENT GRIP

Now on a Split Bamboo Fly Rod priced at \$7.50



● Controlled casting—that's what the new Conficient Grip offers fly rod anglers. Your hand fits naturally on the grooved slip-proof cork grip while the recessed thumb seat acts as a guide for accurate casting. Get the "feel" of this new grip at your dealers. This exclusive feature available on South Bend Fly Rods No. 59 (Bass or Steelhead action); No. 1S9 (Trout action) and No. 359 (Dry Fly action). Price \$7.50.



FISH-ORENO Line
"Oil cured" fly rod line, durable, soft, pliable. In sizes H to C. Color brown. Size D, 25 yd. coils \$2.50; Double Tapered \$3.00.

OREN-O-MATIC Reel
The Balanced Reel
Free-stripping Fly Rod reel. Durable anodized maroon finish. 3 sizes: \$6.25; \$9.75; \$7.25. Aluminum finish \$4.75; \$5.25.

All New! 17th edition of "Fishing - What Tackle and When." Shows 52 fish in natural colors. Rod, reel, tactics, bait and fly casting instructions. Newest in Tackle. **SENT FREE!** A postcard gets it.



Sun Spot Spoon. Flashy, metal rolling spoon. "Flashing color" plastic windows. No. 510 Fly Rod size 50c.

Trix-Oreno Fluttering lure—3 fly rod sizes: 50c ea.; 3 bait casting sizes, 75c ea.

NEW RUBB-ORENO LURES



Most life-like rubber lures ever created. Perfect imitations. No. 2311 Frog, No. 4 hook, 50c.



No. 2301 Crawfish, No. 2 hook, 45c.

No. 2310 Cricket in No. 8 hook for fly rod or cane pole, 35c.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO., 1561 HIGH ST., SOUTH BEND, IND.

SOUTH BEND

A NAME FAMOUS IN FISHING

And with that the warden appraisingly hoisted one of his lanky members.

After a critical survey of the limb George said glowingly, "If he's only half that long I'll be plenty satisfied."

"Don't you think that a little later in the day would be a better time to try for a big fish?" I put in.

"Well, if it was an ordinary fish, I'd say yes. But, this fellow goes by moods and he's likely to be in the mood most any time," the warden replied.

In the meanwhile George had cautiously taken his position by the dead stub and was giving his terminal tackle a final check.

The warden's quick eye spotted the

Hellcat. "Say, what's that you've got on?"

"Oh, that—that's a Black Dog," answered George with a trace of guilt. "Just the ticket for a dark spot like that," he added.

The warden appeared a bit crestfallen. "Won't do," said he with a shake of his head. "That thing would scare this fish for the rest of the day or maybe out of these parts. Try the nymph and if it doesn't click there'll be no harm done."

I controlled myself while George made the change. "Do you think he'll even see this?" he asked peering at the puny creation. "It's doggone dark under those trees," he quickly amended upon seeing the look that flitted across the warden's face.

"That little fly has already fooled this fish on three different occasions," icily reminded the nymph's creator.

"No offense. I just wanted to make sure," said George, completely covering the disappointment that I'm sure was his. It's difficult for one to discontinue using a fly that has been putting fish in the creel.

George began stripping line and got the nymph underway. Swiftly the large amber coils of line straightened out as the completely invisible fly raced toward its destination. When an estimated fifty feet of line had been paid out the angler got set for come what may.

The warden hunched on a log in the middle of a sun-drenched sandbar, intently watching the spot where action might be expected.

George fingered his line and the rod tip dipped perceptibly. "Shucks," he grunted, "I'm snagged."

The bird-like look of anticipation etched on the warden's face caused me to look quickly in turn from George to the spot of the alleged snag.

Your President knows how to put aside the strain of war and defense problems, finding mental and physical rejuvenation in angling. Here's an intimate narrative of his fishing trips in the story

From Campobello to Cocos
with
MR. ROOSEVELT, FISHERMAN

By A. RANDALL SANFORD

Coming—
in the MAY issue of
OUTDOORS



For fishermen who want real service - plus genuine comfort. Boot foot and stocking foot styles in Wadewell and Zephyrweights. — Ask your dealer to show them to you.



FREE NEW 1941 BOOKLET

48 Pages describing the full line of Hodgman Waterproof Sports Garments and Outdoor Specialties. WRITE DEPT. F.

HODGMAN RUBBER COMPANY FRAMINGHAM MASS.

"There, I've worked it loose again," announced the angler as he slowly wound the reel handle.

The expression on the warden's face changed to one of high elation. Even as I looked his nostrils suddenly flared wide like those of a winded horse.

Length 2 1/4 in.
Wt. 3/8 oz.

No. 6300 Series
Price 85c

Outsmarts the **BIG FISH!**

The new POP 'n DUNK

"Dunking" is now "Legal". Better keep within the lawful limits when you "feed" Creek Chub's New "POP 'N DUNK" to Big Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Wall-eye and Muskie! "Dunks" as it "Plunks"! It's crazy antics create an entirely new technique in the art of catching Big Fish! "Save the Day"—the "Creek Chub Way"—get a "POP 'N DUNK"—and you'll get the Big Fish! At your dealers or direct!

CREEK CHUB BAIT CO.
204 So. Randolph St., Garrett, Ind.
Manufactured in Canada by Allcock, Laight & Westwood, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., for the Creek Chub Bait Co.

WRITE for FREE CATALOG

Give 'em the works with a

FLATFISH! FLATFISH! FLATFISH!

World's Most Active Lure!

Hundreds of thousands sold in 1940! America's most unusual and fastest selling plug. It possesses the most active and life-like swimming motion ever produced by an artificial lure. Everyone knows that **action makes the lure**, and we are serious when we claim it is impossible to duplicate the beautiful swimming action of the FLATFISH! We challenge anyone in the world to successfully equal it without using our patented features. Exclusive off-of-hooking. Not only attracts the fish but really outbites! Even if you have a kit full of plugs, spoons and spinners, you "ain't seen nothing" until you give 'em the works with a Flatfish. Lures in 20 colors—dyed to mimic sizes. Underwater, surface, trolling models, \$1.00 each. Musky \$1.35. Flyrod sizes, 1/2 or 1/4 oz., 75c each. Write for FREE 1941 Color Catalog, including 1000-word treatise on plug fishing.

Free CATALOG

HELIN TACKLE CO.
4776 CONCORD AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



BIG MONEY
ASSEMBLING NEW
BOAT
In a Few Days!
At Home!

DOUBLE BLADE PAADLE or DARS
Now INCLUDED With Each Kit!

Make big money on each 20 lb. Motor Kit. Ask you easily assemble at home from complete cut-to-fit kit at amazing Low Factory Price! Portable, Seaworthy, Fast! 3/4" KAY sizes for paddling or sailing. 2 OUTBOARD KAYAK models for rowing, sailing, motor up to 20 hp. Patented aluminum ribbed construction guarantees sure, stress-free, quick, beautiful job. Write for FREE, lavishly illustrated Circulars, Low Prices.

MEAD GLIDERS, 15 So. Market, Dept. OD-41, Chicago, U.S.A.



MORE FUN MORE BASS

Send 25c for "BASS SECRETS"

Confidential not published in sporting magazines. How, when, where to catch game small mouth and large mouth Bass by spotter methods. 40 years' experience east, west, north, south, condensed to help beginners and teach old timers new tricks. Money back at once if you don't get more fish, more sport, more unangry bass. Send 25c coin or stamps.

Old Fisherman
Box A
c/o OUTDOORS
729 Bowdoin St.,
Boston, Mass.



How To Catch Fish

Everybody that goes fishing wants to know how! Send the coin or stamps for an old reliable Prescott Spinner, on which you can attach a hook, and catch more fish. I will include with the spinner a copy of my book.

"HOW TO CATCH FISH"
Write today CHAS. H. STAFF, Prop.
PRESCOTT SPINNER CO.
Box J, Prescott, Wis., U.S.A.



OUTDOORS
Filson

SEND FOR THIS
FREE CATALOG
OF HIGHEST GRADE
OUTDOOR CLOTHING

C. C. FILSON CO.
2nd Ave. at Madison - Seattle, Wash.



"You've got him," he cried, leaping to his feet.

I thought the man had gone stark mad until I caught a glimpse of the fisherman. That worthy was in the throes of something or other when it finally dawned on him that it *might* be the fish.

"There, there see him!" The temporarily demented warden grabbed me by a shoulder as I attempted to follow a quivering forefinger.

I LOOKED hard at the spot indicated and it was my turn to go haywire. In the semi-gloom I saw something dark and long and broad roll with the heavy current.

"Man alive, that can't be a fish!" I gasped.

"Yes sir man, that's Moby Dick himself," almost shrieked the warden.

At a protesting screech of the reel George got down to business and masterfully held the rolling fish.

"Watch 'em now, watch 'em," warned the warden. "He'll twist off if you let 'em do that too long."

George was now as cool as a spring run smelt, and when it comes to handling a rod and big fish, I don't know of any one else who is as capable. Without loosing a single inch of line he swung the fish into the shallows.

As the warden indicated, this was no ordinary fish and he proved it immediately. Upon perceiving its plight the brown changed its tactics in no uncertain manner. *Zing!* Like a flash of mottled light it plunged upstream, careened past an exposed bar and disappeared into the deeper water at the head of the sluiceway.

However, despite the rapidity with which the fish executed the unexpected move, George was even faster. In two quick backward rushes he moved approximately thirty-feet above the spot where the fish sulked. The battle settled down to a test between the springy four-ounce wand and the doggedness of the seasoned old brownie.

Many are the anticipated tough and long battles that are unexpectedly and suddenly terminated. By steady judicious pressure the angler soon had the fish exhausted. Anyway, he experienced no trouble working it close and slipping the net under him.

As is often the case, the fish was not as large as it had been pictured. However, one should not quibble when the specimen measures only a few inches less than the anticipated length. Like all large ones of its kind the old cannibal had a mouth like a steel trap, an efficient trap that had disposed of countless smaller fish.

Now I suppose you're raising your eyebrows and asking me if I really think that the trout lily had anything to do with all this luck. All right! If you choose to fish when the shadblow blows or by the dark of the moon or with a rising barometer, well and good,—and I hope you'll catch plenty of 'em, too. But, by all the signs of the Zodiac or maniac, I stubbornly maintain that the trout hite hest when the trout lily blooms. Anyway, *sometimes*.

Attention!

Angling Equipment Identification Contestants

In the Angling Equipment Identification Contest in the March issue of OUTDOORS, 26 items are shown on the front cover, all to be identified by the contestants. Through an error, unfortunately, the contestants' entry blank printed on page 59 of the March issue provides only 25 lines for identifications. Contestants are advised therefore to identify the 26th item in the space below the lines provided for an address, or to list their identifications on another sheet of paper.

—EDITOR.

FLEXIBLE FANNY

(Continued from page 17)



BLACK GHOST

I answered, "I'd take a slam at that myself if I were a—" Wham! I was interrupted by a vicious rise, and I was instantly into a hell-bender of a small-mouth. So why not make up Flexible Fanny into a real floater of clipped deer hair. See sketch E. or a big dry fly of stiff hackle, for bass, etc., as shown in sketch F?

In the other sketches of this flirtin' fly, the artist shows you how several of the well-known patterns look. It can of course be tied in any pattern of bucktail or streamer. As I designed it first I merely made a hinged body, on an ordinary Black Ghost streamer. But on trying it out in the water I found that feathers were needed on the back part of the body in order to give resistance enough to straighten out the tail piece when the fly was twitched. I also cut down the length of the feathers on the front body so as to decrease wind resistance on the cast.

As Flexible Fanny now stands, she is dressed a bit more lightly than standard streamers for'ard, and very, very, lightly aft.

CODRINGTON SETS

(Continued from page 15)

was leaving. Nobody seemed to mind so I just kept him."

"You must have trained him to retrieve, didn't you?"

"No, no, no. Retrieved the first time I shot over him."

"He sits when he points. I never saw a dog do that before."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Quite, quite. Noticed that the first time I took him out. Difficult to see him sometimes in heavy thickets. Knows his business, though. Loves to hunt. Slow, but efficient."

He scratched the dog's head.

"You know; a fellow told me once that originally all setters set when they pointed. That's where they got their name. Says Codrington must be some sort of a throwback. Interesting, what?"

I nodded and said, "Oh, quite, quite, quite!"

TAXIDERMYS

Those of our readers who are interested in mounting their own fish and game can obtain copy of the Taxidermist News Magazine if they will write M. J. Hofmann Company, 989 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

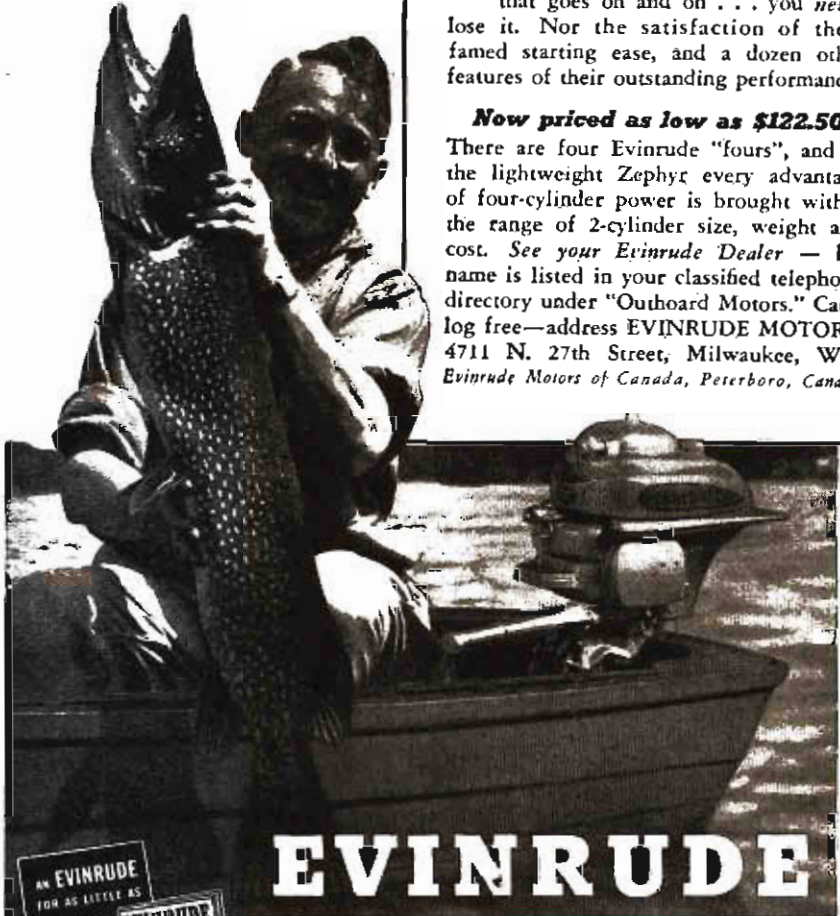
APRIL, 1941

LOOK what you get ... with an EVINRUDE "4"

Everything you've likely dreamed of in an outboard motor is right here . . . perfected, proved and eager to go . . . in these smooth-as-silk Evinrude "fours". There's nothing else like them . . . for fishing, for family boats, or for smart runabouts! The thrill of their matchlessly smooth flow of four-cylinder power is a thrill that goes on and on . . . you never lose it. Nor the satisfaction of their famed starting ease, and a dozen other features of their outstanding performance!

Now priced as low as \$122.50

There are four Evinrude "fours", and in the lightweight Zephyr every advantage of four-cylinder power is brought within the range of 2-cylinder size, weight and cost. See your Evinrude Dealer — his name is listed in your classified telephone directory under "Outboard Motors." Catalog free—address EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4711 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada



EVINRUDE



NINE GREAT EVINRUDES FOR '41 . . . CATALOG FREE . . . There's an Evinrude for every boat — priced as low as \$29.95. Easy payments available. Write for Evinrude catalog . . . also catalog of 6 Elto models priced as low as \$26.50 . . . handy Boat-and-Motor Selector and Boat Guide of leading builders—ALL FREE. Write today.

When writing to advertisers, will you kindly mention that you have seen their advertisement in **OUTDOORS**.

100 Kinds of Trees

at 25 cents each (18" — 24" tall). Send for list 100 kinds "Junior Trees." Dept. 28.

HEMINGWAY TREE FARMS Boyne City, Mich.

SHANNON TWIN SPINNER WINS First Prize

H. G. Coffman, Kingman, Ariz., holding 10 3/4 lb. Large Mouth Bass, Caught Lake Mead, 1st Prize Northern Zone.



FIELD & STREAM 1940 CONTEST

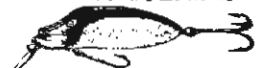
Fishermen swear by World Famous SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS. Mr. Coffman says: "I find the SHANNON best for catching large fish—besides this 10 3/4 lb. prize winner. I caught several 6, 6 1/2, and 7 lb. bass with it." SHANNON Lures are tops for Bass, Pike, Musky and various salt water species. For New Prize Records, try SHANNON Life-Action WIG-L-TAIL, TORPEDO and TINY-MITE. Sent postpaid for price if dealer can't supply. Write for Circular.

Original SHANNON Name and Patented Lures Protected

SHANNON LURES, INC. 1547 No. Western Ave. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



TINY-MITE \$1.00
Weedless—for Casting and Trotting.

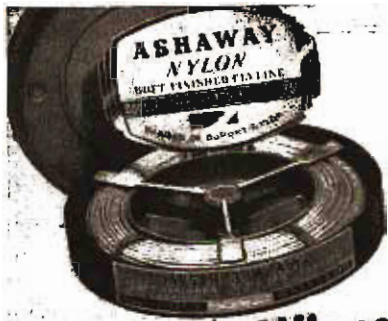


SHANNON TORPEDO \$1.00
A tiger in action—Tenite 14 Colors.



SHANNON WIG-L-YAIL \$1.25
Swims like living fish. Flexible Tail. 14 Colors.

Demand Genuine Twin Spinners—Made only by SHANNON



Now YOU Be Winner!
 USE A **ASHAWAY**
 1941 **NYLON** FIGHT-SETTLING
 FISHING LINE



**Your Fly Line
 for SUCCESS**

WHEN Esther Haslett rigged up for taking this 9-lb. Oregon rainbow trout, she used an Ashaway Nylon fly-casting line. Chosen for its fine casting qualities—Ashaway's latest in up-to-the-minute improvement. Chosen, too, for its demonstrated fight-settling ability, natural floating, together with immunity to mildew (no drying bother). . . . And you, too, will find the Ashaway Nylon fly line a superb

caster that holds its full strength amazingly. Its duPont nylon yarn is non-absorbent, and it is Ashaway vitalized—specially braided and expertly dressed—for world leadership in fishing-line service. Level, single or double taper, or three-diameter torpedo-head style, size to suit your rod and casting.

Get One Now

**Successful
 ASHAWAY
 NYLON**



**Your
 SERVICE Line
 for Bait Casting**

Down in Florida, Larry Sebastian was giving the Ar buckle Creek black bass a work-out with an Ashaway Nylon bait casting line when this picture was snapped. Chosen like Mrs. Haslett's fly line, for its combined good casting qualities and demonstrated fight-settling ability. Also highly prized for its full adaptability to both fresh and salt water, sustained strength and durability. . . . You, too, will find this important new line gives you remarkably good service for bait casting and trolling. Made of duPont nylon yarn, braided and waterproofed by special vitalizing Ashaway methods that insure greatest strength and resistance to wear. Non-absorbent, won't mildew—no need to dry it. Choice of black, gray or white, in seven popular sizes.

Ask your dealer for Ashaway Nylon Lines

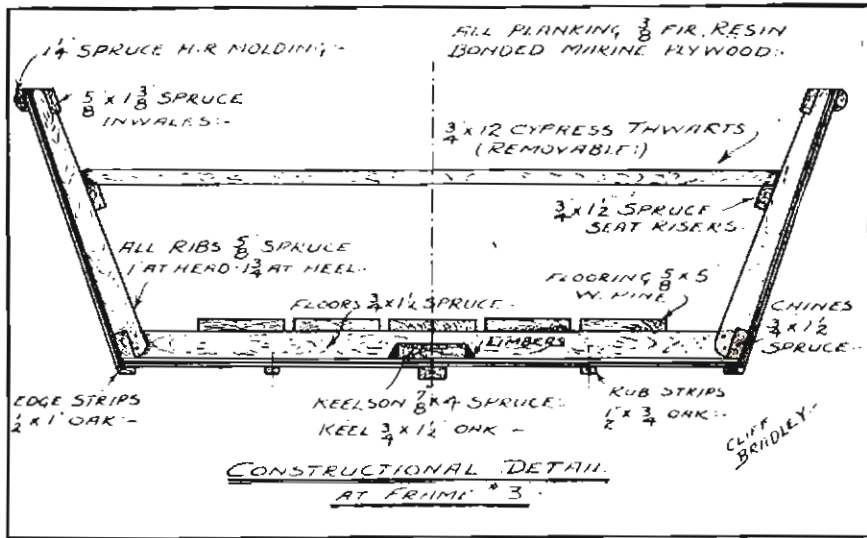
Send Coupon TODAY

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Box 21
 Ashaway, Rhode Island

Yes, send me FREE your 1941 Ashaway Fishing News, annual rotogravure magazine . . . showing new world's record big fish, scores of others, and information on world-famous Ashaway Fishing Lines.

Name _____

Address _____



"COME APART"

(Continued from page 27)

can be carefully drilled to receive the brass clamping bolts and wing nuts. Drill these holes so that they all coincide properly and so that no enlarging of any of them will be required.

THE bottom will be planked first. Use three-ply 3/8"-thick resin-bonded fir. This will be in two sheets with the seam running full length along the center of the keelson. At all face and edge joinings smear an even coating of the cold resin glue previously mentioned. For fastenings use No. 7 flat head brass screws 3/4" long. Countersink the heads very slightly, just enough properly to clear the surface is all that is necessary. In this light type of boat construction it is well to pitch the plank fastenings at something approximating 3 3/4" centers.

When planing the outside edge of the plywood bottom to conform to the curvature and slope of the chine strip, use a plane nicely sharpened. One with the cutting lip raked fairly low is to be preferred.

The side planks are from sheets of material similar to the bottom covering. Since the boat is to be parted thwartship at the specified fore and aft locations it is not absolutely necessary to put the side planks on in one single length sheet unless you so desire.

Be careful when working the side planking so each compartment can terminate at the outer face of each bulkhead and thus be put on as individual shorter pieces. A temporary cleating together of the compartments can be done if you wish to provide further against likelihood of disturbing the hull shape. Also use No. 7 brass screws, closely pitched along the chine edge of the side planks. At the bulkheads and transom, however, we would suggest No. 8 brass screws about 1 1/2" long. Where the side planks are fastened to the fitted ribs

it would also be well to use No. 8 screws about 1" long.

With the outside, 3/4"x1 1/2" oak keelson screwed hard in place, the short skeg affixed, and the rib strips put on according to details, the hull is in shape for turning over for the fitting of all internal parts and the outside trim.

The Arrangement Plan and Inboard Profile drawings clearly show the simplicity of the parts that go to make up this portion of the work. These are all but plain bits of joinery and their fitting will go along quite rapidly indeed. The two cross thwarts within the midship compartment are not to be permanently fastened to the seat risers. Both should be left readily removable so that the full area of this portion may be had for nesting the other two compartments.

Now,—the longitudinal members that hold the compartments together can be sawed through, and their edges worked smooth. Following a thorough sandpapering of the hull both inside and outside the little craft is in readiness to receive the dress-up coats of paint and varnish.

At this time we are going to take a mighty big chance. We are going to suggest a painting scheme. We of course have in mind that the little boat is to be a fishing smack,—so—a dark green bottom,—dark grey top sides, sheer molding and transom left natural with a spar varnish finish, dark green floor boards and all else inside a medium tan. That's our suggestion and see that it's all done with bona fide marine products, put on according to the makers' directions.

So may all good fortune attend your building of this unique little "tote-about." Also, may the unlimited enjoyable hours over the quiet out-of-way sweet water fishing spots amply repay you for the time taken in its fabrication.

And,—for those chaps who would like the large scale blue prints from the original design, same are available at a cost of but \$1.50 for the full set, post paid from the BOATING DEPARTMENT of OUTDOORS, 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

IT'S GOT "GO!"

POWER? You bet! *Amazing power* for units so compact as the new Sea-Horse Streamliners!

But the "go" in Johnson comes from something far more basic. Johnson's excellent construction. Johnson **DEPENDability**. There just isn't anything in outboard motoring more important!

In addition, Sea-Horse Streamliners give you *Perfect Alternating Firing*... *Dual Carburetion*... *Reverse*... *Patented*

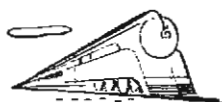
Co-Pilot... *Ready-Pull Starter*... and a dozen other quality features! See your Johnson Dealer for a demonstration.

WRITE for new Sea-Horse Handy Chart describing the 10 great motors of the '41 line—seven of them Streamliners! Priced as low as \$52.50 f.o.b. factory. Time payments available.



JOHNSON MOTORS
1901 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
Johnson Motors of Canada,
Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE *STREAMLINERS*



AERO-BUILT COMPACTNESS
Slip-stream design; everything "built-in," protected.

LOCOMOTIVE RUGGEDNESS
Advanced metallurgy for strength and light weight.

JOHNSON COMPLETENESS
All the fine features you want. Nothing missing.



THE COUNTRY YEAR:

(Continued from page 25)

and sing. So on slowly back to the big hill, where picked up my briefcase and went reluctantly down the hill.

I thought I might slip up on the boys unobserved in their act of changing lookouts, but I was not quick enough; they saw me, gave the signal, and immediately came pellmell down the steep slope, leaving me momentarily breathless until I remembered that I too had come down slopes at that same speed in those early years not yet too far gone— In the Days of Buffalo Bill, yes, when I was given inevitably the role of Sitting Bull because I could die so magnificently! So homeward, with a dozen boys flocked around, chattering like redwings.

16 April: Over the hills this afternoon heard a bluebird run the gamut of his songs and calls, and realized suddenly that the early "oriole" so often reported by Effie was nothing more than this same bluebird, one of whose calls has the clear whistling clarity of an oriole's note. Lying over

Eugenie Grandet, was suddenly startled by a weird screaming and cawing and rising; with binoculars in hand, discovered in the dip north of the hilltop a crow's nest, over which hovered three crows, one of them evidently feeding young; all flew off cawing angrily at sight of me, and the noise ceased at once.

Late tonight leisurely along the Mazomanie road with Ray. Northwest of Ring's farm, the marshes burned, great towering clouds of smoke against the low dark sky, and the flames redly against it in a long line, almost a quarter of a mile long, leaving in its wake and at its southern edge, burning groves or logs, the whole making an entrancing sight against the night's darkness. Drove slowly in order to keep our eyes to the flames and the red clouds, and at the marshes below Rings, listening to the frog choir, saw still where over the ridge behind the trees singularly black against the smoke billows, the fire glowed more redly than an evening's afterglow.

19 April: At twelve-thirty to the hills, where now the pasque flowers

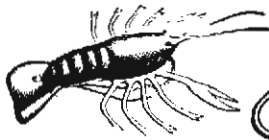
are at their height, making lovely sunlit patches of lavender among the old brown leaves. Lay in the dip on the Big Hill and looked around me; everywhere the pasque flowers broke the line of earth and sky, great in their smallness from the earth's level, their blue-lavender soft against the sky, their yellow eyes strong; they tipped a little and bent in the northeast wind blowing. Read and wrote a little, looking around me from time to time. The sky was clear, but for a few cirrus clouds low in the southwest, and the air was warm, save for the wind blowing; the cottonwoods were swelling; the poplar catkins had lengthened and were beginning to fall; the elms were opening their red blossoms; the birch catkins were beginning to grow less stiff, and soon the buttercups will be open.

At three-fifteen walked leisurely back into the valley, where found the hepaticas almost ready to blossom. Roman was dragging the northeast field, he and his three brown horses with their white faces making a warming picture against the dark earth and the blue sky, limned there in his movement up and down the rolling ground.

Wise Fishermen Say, P&K

A COMPLETE LINE

for Fly Rod, Bait Casting and Cane Pole Fishermen



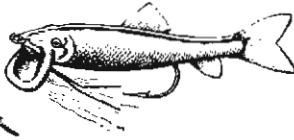
Softly, the Wonder Crab. Four Sizes: Midget Fly, 50c; Fly Rod, 75c; Medium, 85c; Bait Rod, \$1.00.



RIVALURE One size: 35c



SPOTTY, THE WONDER FROG. Two sizes: Fly Rod, 75c. Bait Rod, \$1.00.



P & K SHINER—Two Sizes: Fly Rod, 40c. Bait Rod, 85c.

Also: Lifelike Mouse, Grasshopper, Grub Worm, Hellgramite, Dragon Fly, Cricket, Marvelure, Minnow Saver Hook, Five Feature Trolling Rig, Snelled Hook Holder, Raparound Sinkers, Tournament Casting Plug, Hot-Tite Pole Holder, Snarl-Gard, Gut Leader Holder, P & K Mosquito Repellent.

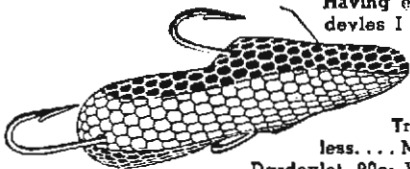
P & K live rubber, natural acting lures are amazingly life-like in color, appearance and performance. Long lasting. Created following exacting tests of their ability to be of sensible aid to fishermen. P & K fish catching accessories, too, are unobtainable. Get some P & K real fish catching aids, today. PACHNER & KOLLER, Inc., 2325 West 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

Send for your Free Copy of this illustrated Color Folder, with Detailed Description and Prices of Complete P & K Line.



TESTED AND PROVED LURES AND ACCESSORIES

50% OF MY CATCHES MADE WITH --- WINGED DARDEVLE

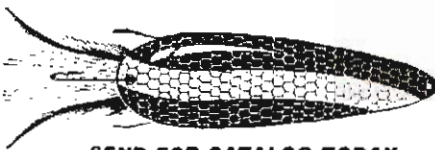


Having enjoyed such good success with your Famous Dardevles I decided to try your New Winged Dardevle. On a recent trip to Snow Islands over 50% of my catches were made with your Winged Dardevle.—W. C. Little, Ford Building, Detroit.

Try this killer. It is a sure hooker—practically weedless. . . Made in four sizes—Winged Dardevle, \$1.00; Winged Dardevlet, 90c; Winged Dardevle's Imp, 80c; Winged Huskie, \$1.25. At your dealer, or send direct.

Genuine DARDEVLES Win Again

Year in and year out famous Dardevles take prize winning fish in leading fishing contests. Carl Edgren, Rockford, Ill., says one Dardevle has taken 101 Northerns, 18 Bass, 14 Walleyes. Illustrated—Scale finish single weedless hook Dardevle. Three sizes—Daredevle, 85c; Dardevlet, 80c; Dardevle's Imp, 75c. At your dealer, or send direct.



SEND FOR CATALOG TODAY

LOU J. EPPINGER, Inc., 133 Cadillac Sq., Dept. O, Detroit, Michigan

The Sharpest, Safest AXE

for Camp Use
When you camp, hike, hunt or fish, take along a

MARBLE'S Safety Axe
in your belt or pocket. Keen edge, fast worker. Safety shield folds back into handle. No. 6 Wood Handle, \$2.25; No. 2 Steel Handle, \$3.25. Write for Catalog. MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 5719 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.

New Catalog —of Bargains in Military, Outdoor and Sport Goods, Clothes, Shoes, Boots, Blankets, Tents, Firearms, Boy Scout Supplies, etc. Send 10¢ for copy to be redeemed on first order.

A AND N SUPPLY CO.
4828 Lester St.
Richmond, Virginia EST. 1868

PICK THE WINNER!! GET YOUR LIMIT

The new "Daily Double", molded of plastic, is really 2 baits in 1. It can be pulled from either end, one way the bait goes down deep; when pulled from the other end it goes shallow. In no matter which way you use it, its action is tremendous. It has the action that fish go for, wiggling, live, erratic action.

WITH THE "DAILY DOUBLE" Trade Mark

WIGGLES SHALLOW OR DEEP

Perfectly weighted for long casting, regardless of wind conditions. Being molded of plastic, it's indestructible, and floats when still.

Buy your "Daily Double" today, and cash in by taking your limit on your next fishing trip. Made in two sizes.

No. 700 Series—Muskie Size—Length 4 1/2 in., wt. 3/4 oz.
No. 800 Series—Bass, Pike Size—Length 3 7/8 in., wt. 7/8 oz.

12 POPULAR COLORS IN BOTH SIZES

Send for new free illustrated folder

MILLSITE FISHING TACKLE 254 N. Michigan Ave. Howell, Mich.



BOTH SIZES PAT. PEND.

MILE-HIGH BASS

(Continued from page 9)

Just like that it happened, suddenly, and without warning.

Of course they went along! Women usually have their way, don't they? Roy sighed and looked longingly toward the point where he had had his strike, but we didn't get near good bass water. As a matter of fact, we didn't get much farther than the end of the pier. "Just a tiny little way," they cooed, "so we can get back in a hurry if it starts to rain."

What an evening! There was Alice, catching bluegill with disgusting regularity and there was Beth, beaming as placidly as a dancing-school chaperon, while Roy and I baited their hooks and fumed silently as we whipped the water in a vain attempt to get a strike. It was all pretty humiliating, especially since they spared no effort to remind us that, without them, it would have been a fishless day. That night I dreamed of murder.

THE next morning I woke to the sound of rain falling quietly. The lake became formless and vague and faded. For two days the rain beat steadily upon the cabin. Inside, we basked in the warmth of the fire and spent the long daylight hours in pleasant relaxation. A new and stirring excitement possessed Roy. He talked of fishing, and spent hours poring over a huge map of the lake.

Toward the end of the second day, however, restlessness seized us all. Roy, who was sitting by the window staring out across the hazy lake through the field glasses, suddenly got up and studied the dark sky. He stood there for a long time, saying nothing. Then he wheeled around and walked over to the table and stuck a pin in the map just off the rocky point where he had hooked his bass. He raised his blue eyes and gave me a slow smile.

"My bass," he said. "I'm going to get him tomorrow if I have to swim out to that stump."

Our last morning came with a crisp, gray silence. The rain had stopped, but the sky remained overcast, threatening. I dressed quickly in the cold room and went downstairs. Roy greeted me with a sly grin.

"Boat's ready," he said.

"This is your last chance," I reminded him.

He nodded, "The rain's let up," he said. "I'll get him today."

I washed my face in the cold water from the pump and sat down at the table. A pot of coffee steamed and bubbled over the fire, but there wasn't a sign of breakfast. Puzzled, I looked around for the women. They had taken possession of the only bedroom and left the narrow, uncomfortable bunks for us. Their door was still closed and there was no sign of activity. Roy, watching me, looked a little shamefaced.

"I didn't wake 'em up," he con-

Do you plunk a plug?

Need a line that casts, spoofs, thumbs easily? Hard braided to stand up longer under harder use? Then ask your dealer for

U.S. LINE BLACK KNIGHT

A BLACK WATERPROOF BAIT CASTING LINE YOU CAN RELY ON

Expertly braided of "better than the best" pure silk, Black Knight is the favorite of hundreds of thousands of experienced casters.

Free

"Facts of Life" booklet, presenting "the high minded lowdown" on fishing lines and fishing facts. Or, if you'll send 10c stamp or coin we'll send 58 page 1941 "Kinks" booklet—see our ad over there

U. S. Line Co., Dept. O, Westfield, Mass.

U. S. LINES STAND UP EVEN UNDER ABUSE



Alice holds seven beauties taken from the cold waters of Big Bear. They were big and solid, and full of fight

fessed. "I thought maybe we could—that is—I was afraid they might want to go. . ."

Grinning like a couple of school kids, we gulped down the steaming coffee and sneaked out of the cabin.

As we approached the point, Roy leaned forward eagerly and sent his plug close to the old stump. Breathlessly, he waited. Nothing happened. A dozen casts failed to tempt his bass. Disappointed, Roy finally consented to move on, and we headed for the big bay.

We were not alone on the lake this morning. Two men, bundled up against the cold, were fishing just inside the bay. As we rowed slowly past them, the fat one in the slicker and the battered hat stopped fishing and swung his arms briskly against the biting wind. The other, red faced and smiling, waved a friendly greeting. They had been on the lake since daylight and had taken five good bass. Perhaps, at last, we would get the fishing we had hoped for.

WE HEADED for the shallow shoreline, and Roy started casting immediately. I selected a tempting spinner and began to cast and row alternately. On my third cast I picked up a small bass. Our first bass! Certain that the bass were feeding deep in the weed beds, I had Roy change from the plug to a weedless lure. The next fifteen minutes, however, brought no results.

Suddenly Roy let out a yell. His rod arched and the line streaked across the small pocket and headed for the weeds.

"Keep him out in the open water," I yelled. I reeled in my line. Roy would need plenty of room.

Snubbed, the bass turned and headed back, and Roy began to reel like mad. With a swift, powerful rush the crafty old bronzeback reached the weeds on

Do you flip out feathers?

or still fish

Want a level line that's flexible as an old glove but tougher than a top sergeant? Heavy enough to bring out rod action? Tuf enuf to take abuse?

Ask your dealer for

U.S. LINE TUF NUT

Tuf Nut is smoother'n glass—but crack it, chip it or check it you can't!

"\$100 WORTH OF INFO"

for 6c in stamps, 58 richly illustrated pages of secrets, methods, kinks, little known ways of getting more game fish, having more sport. Or "Facts of Life" booklet free.

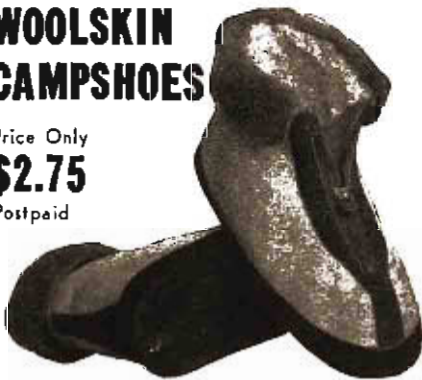
U. S. Line Co., Dept. O, Westfield, Mass.

U. S. LINES STAND OUT FOR ALL KINDS OF FISHING

WOOLSKIN CAMPSHOES

Price Only \$2.75

Postpaid



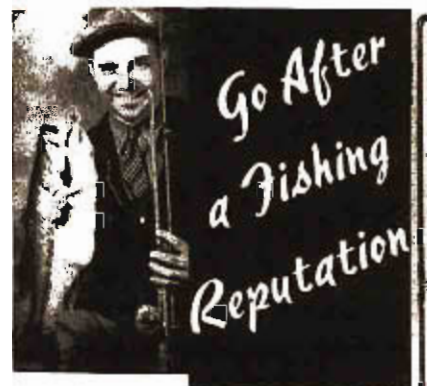
After a long, cold day in heavy boots, there is no relief more welcome than to slip on a pair of these Woolskin Camp Shoes. They roll up into a pocket size bundle, easy to take on your hunting trip. Heavy boots are a blistering nuisance around any hunting lodge . . . these "sheepskins" keep your feet warm and restful.

Made of select, tough leathared, heavily furred sheepskin; wool side in, leather side out. 2" beaverized sheepskin cuff at top. Outer sole of soft Split Cowhide, for long wear. All seams strapped with same leather. Shoe opens and closes with Talon Slide Fastener.

Six inches high—just right for poking around home or camp—nothing like them to give you "solid comfort" for your feet. Women's sizes 4 to 7. Men's 5 to 13. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$2.75. Satisfaction Guaranteed. No. C. O. D.'s.

TRADER BOB

721 Prairie Ave., Wilmette, Illinois



3 1/2 lb. black bass taken on a Montague bait-casting rod by Walt Clark, Ashland, Ohio.

Your Montague Bait Casting Rod Is Made for It

YOU know from your first cast that you can get somewhere with your Montague Split-Bamboo bait casting rod. Like every Montague, built for service. Last year, Montague sea-angling rods set two new world's records, one U. S. record. Carefully chosen to suit you, your Montague for bait casting can give you more accuracy and distance—more success in hooking large, prize-size black bass, pike, muskies, sea fish. When the fight starts, your Montague will back you up with stamina to spare. And day after day, indefinitely, you will glory in its easy, strike-getting casting, its lasting "backbone".

Get yours at your dealer's—all prices, \$2.00 to \$20.00. For FREE de luxe catalog, please address Drawer A, J.

MONTAGUE ROD & REEL CO. Montague City, Mass.

MONTAGUE SPLIT-BAMBOO RODS

HAWAIIAN WIGGLER Wins Prize

at Fishing Rodeo



Mac Thomason

William Gilmore

Ben Smith

"Caught these prize winning bass at Limestone Co. (Ala.) Fishing Rodeo on No. 2 Hawaiian Wiggler."—W. Gilmore, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

"Restored Faith in Artificial Lures"

"I thought fish could not be caught with artificial lures in our heavily fished waters. But on opening day I was only one out of a dozen fishermen to get game fish when I landed small-mouth bass and a large northern pike on the No. 2 Hawaiian. Your lure restored my faith in artificial baits."—Hubert Bougeois, Milwaukee.

"Took the Hawaiian Wiggler to northern Wisconsin. On three consecutive mornings I caught the limit of large mouth black bass."—Gale Smith, Janesville, Wis.



With
Single Spinner 90c
Double Spinner \$1.00
Extra Skirts 25c

No. 2
Hawaiian
With Skirt Reversed for Most Action

FRED ARBOGAST • 204 North St., Akron, Ohio

If you really want to catch more fish, concentrate on Hawaiian Wiggles with their multi-color rubber skirts. For surface fishing, try the Jitterbug, particularly at night. Write for FREE CATALOG—it's loaded with illustrations and constructive ideas.



Full Size, Cut-to-Shape Paper BOAT PATTERNS

blueprints and complete specifications. Newest designs by Naval architects. Cruisers, runabouts, sloops, outboard boats, sailing canoe (Kayak), etc. 7 1/2 ft.-38 ft. Surprisingly low prices. Rush the money for latest illustrated catalog. Send \$1 for "HOW TO BUILD BOATS" book, postpaid. CLEVELAND BOAT BLUEPRINT CO. Station A-226 Cleveland, Ohio

JUST MAIL COUPON

Win \$100.00 Cash

Name this Unusual Lure
You can take that long wanted fishing trip . . . Canada, Alaska . . . if you win 1st prize. Or you may win any of the 53 other big prizes . . . outboard motors . . . landing nets . . . radio. It's easy.

Amazing New Plastic Lure—Guaranteed to Catch Fish
You've never seen a sure-catch bait like this before. Only 60c at your dealers . . . see them . . . try them.

Made by the Makers of the Original Shannon Lures.
We want you to learn how you may win big prizes. No obligation. Act now. See your dealer or mail coupon.

SEND NO MONEY MAIL THIS COUPON

W. J. JAMISON CO., EST. 1904
5809 W. Division St., Chicago

Please rush me simple rules showing how I can win that \$100.00 cash first prize or any of the other 53 big prizes, by naming this lure. No obligation. I am also to receive color folder FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

COUPON 23C

the opposite side of the pocket. Once there, he sulked. Slowly, stubbornly, Roy brought him into open water again. He came out of the water in a twisting jump, but Roy, wiser now, kept the line taut. Carefully, he brought him to the net. I found him well hooked. He was a beauty. Big and solid, he weighed just under three pounds.

The struggle left Roy breathless. He sat with his eyes fixed on the bass, a swift surge of happiness flushing his face. His eyes sparkled. He looked at me and grinned. "Maybe we'll catch more," he said hopefully.

We did! The wind shifted to the west, and the sun, warm and friendly, broke through the clouds. We started fishing in earnest, and caught fish, plenty of them. By noon we had taken fifteen bass without moving from the bay. Then the wind shifted again, bringing with it a darkening sky, and our fishing was over. With the first drop of rain we reluctantly quit the bay.

By three o'clock we were packed and ready for the long drive out of the mountains. An hour later we were still waiting for Roy to come in off the lake. He had braved the chill, drizzling rain alone for one more try at his bass by the stump. He finally returned, soaked and noncommittal.

We were nearly out of the mountains before he spoke.

"I hooked him again, but he got away," he said simply. "Next year, when the season opens, we'll come back. Maybe I'll catch him then."

A gray squirrel scampered across the road ahead of the car and disappeared into the forest of glistening pines. The rain had stopped, and the sun was turning the giant peaks into a golden red.

I didn't look at Roy. I didn't tell him that I'd been watching through the field glasses that afternoon—that I'd seen him lick his old bass to a standstill and then carefully release the tired old warrior and return him to the water again. I just nodded, and squinted into the setting sun.

"Yeah," I said, with a deep understanding, "maybe you'll catch him then."

There's Fishing As Well As Fighting IN CHINA

Our correspondent in North China writes that in his daily life he is like the man "sitting on the edge of a volcano."

So, to escape the turmoil and strain he took refuge in a little village where rickshaw coolies carried him to a shore where he transferred to a sampan.

Soon he was fighting sea bass, mackerel and other piscatorial battlers of Oriental waters.

Read about it in

FISHING HOLIDAY
from
CHINA JITTERS
in the MAY issue



An Opening Day photo of the fishing editor.

Recent Experiments and Experiences with Artificial Flies for Trout

By O. Warren Smith

WHILE any fish can be compelled to take an artificial fly upon occasion, it is the trout that is the natural fly-fish. It is not hard for me to believe that rainbow and brook trout take flies "just for fun" when in the rising mood. How many times have we seen a rainbow knock down a fly, with his tail, and not take it? Oh, I know the answer, "He did not even know he hit it, the whole thing was an accident." It is easy enough for us humans to reason for a trout but not as a trout.

Friends sometimes exclaim over the rows and rows of books on fishing which grace the walls of my den, some even turning up their "practical" noses at what they term "bookish angling." Well, I owe much, very much indeed, to those books, from Dame Barnes, down to the latest experimenter who has been moved to spread his ideas on a white page. But, and it is a big BUT too, there is more value in coming at a truth by your own observation and experimentation than by reading the other fellow's conclusion. Remember, an ounce of personal experience is worth a pound of theory. Each spring, when the season opens, I enter my laboratory anew, expecting to have some of my preconceived theories and notions knocked into a cocked hat, and seldom am I disappointed. Just the same, past experiences and experiments leave a residue of real solid material to build upon.

Sometimes I meet anglers who are absolutely certain that color has nothing to do with the takability of flies, that placing and action are the whole thing; while others are equally certain that color is wholly and entirely determinative. I belong to neither school, or more accurately, I belong to both schools. My liking for and trust in the Royal Coachman, a fly, unlike any natural insect Nature ever thought of evolving, is well known. Undoubtedly my confidence in the ornate fly has much to do with my success, but my sight is none too good and I can see the Royal, even when tied to a No. 14 or 16 hook, where less conspicuous flies would be next to invisible. Which reminds me . . .

Last summer I was on the bank of my river experimenting. I already had the four fish I required, eviscerated and packed amid moist ferns in my creel. Of course I had my bird glasses with me, for when one can not take fish, or takes them too easily, there are the elusive warblers left for study. Watching the—to me—always attractive chestnut-sided warbler pursuing insects in the low shrubbery which bordered the opposite side of the pool, my glasses inadvertently dropped to the surface of the water.

I saw the turn of a splendid rainbow, a businesslike turn, none of your flirtatious performances. Focusing closely my powerful binoculars, I made out a tiny dark insect, too tiny a

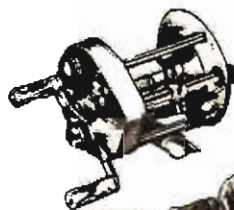


Pfueger SKILKAST Reel—Brings New Thrills in Fishing. Gives any angler a bait-caster's skill. "Mechanical Thumber" makes "thumbing" unnecessary. AUTOMATICALLY released when reeling in.

Free from Backlashes



New Pfueger SKILKAST Level Wind with Mechanical Thumber No. 1933 \$7.00
Pfueger SUPREME Price.... \$25.00



Pfueger SUMMIT No. 1992 \$10.00 No. 1993L Light Spool \$10.00



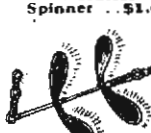
Pfueger Medalist 4 sizes \$4.80 to \$8.25



New Pfueger "ZAM" Weedless Spinner...\$1.00



Luminous Tandem Spinner No. 1998 7 sizes 40c to 80c each



Pal-O-Mine 15 finishes 3 sizes 65c to 90c each



Send for Pfueger Pocket Catalog

Shows leading game fish and catalog of Pfueger Reels, Baits, Hooks, Lines, Leaders, Rods, Spinners. Sent free. Mail coupon.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. COMPANY
Akron Fishing Tackle Works, Inc.
Dept. 20-4 "The Pfuegers" Akron, Ohio

PFLUEGER
A Great Name in Tackle



THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
Akron, Ohio Dept. 20-4
Akron Fishing Tackle Works, Inc.
Please send me, without cost Pfueger Pocket Catalog No. 101.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

GOT A GHOST IN YOUR HOME?

You'll bring a lot more game fish home if you have a Black, Gray or Green Ghost in your home. Each costs only 40c at your dealer's—or postpaid 40c; or all three in standard style for \$1.00 if dealer can't supply.



BLACK GHOST
(Standard Style)

Probably best known and most effective under many conditions of all streamer flies for landlocks, trout, bass, pike, pickerel and pan fish.

Gray Ghost Runs Black Ghost close second conditions; proves better under some. See glass eye Gray Ghost below for pattern.

Green Ghost For very clear water and on bright days Green Ghost often beats its two brothers. Any or all above patterns 40c each, or 3 for \$1.00.



GRAY GHOST

GLASS EYE GHOST

"The eyes have it!" A killing variation of the standard style. Has lifelike glass eyes which gleam in water. 60c each in any pattern. Gray, Green or Black Ghost, Water Wren, Mickey Finn, Red & White Buck, or 2 for \$1.00.

Catalog of Flies, Streamers, Light Trolling Tackle, etc., Free.

PERCY TACKLE COMPANY
506 CONGRESS ST., PORTLAND, MAINE



WHALTEX TROUTER'S COAT

"Whaltex" is a lightweight tightly woven fabric of high tensile strength. Light olive color, vat dyed. Dupont Zelan waterproofed, this coating will not wash out in cleaning. A beautiful soft plaid fabric.

Coat has three large bag pockets in front, one breast pocket, lamb skin fly pool, rod set-up strap, net ring, and extra pocket on sleeve. Back is made with large bellows pocket, having side T-bar opening. Back is cut with full flaring in each shoulder.

No. 8-88 Trout Coat Price \$8.00
Four other trout coats \$3.45 up.

Wading Pants of Wool

Fine pure wool Cassimere Oxford Grey, medium weight, cut full, tapered legs, with knitted worsted half cuff. Talon Fly. Excellent for wader or boat fishing—eliminates inside wader damp.

No. 21-22 Price \$8.50



FREE Four color catalogs and 101 test-letters. Send the for waterproof, non-shrinkable Super Dux match box, holds 75 matches \$1.00 value.

SUPER DUX CO. 4250 14th Street
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

creature, it seemed, to have animate life. Instantly I bethought me of a tiny dark fly a Milwaukee fly-tier had given me, like nothing so much as a spider, though much more delicate, ephemeral, than any spider I ever saw in Nature. (By the way, that man calls himself an "amateur fly-tier" but he is an honest-to-gosh expert; an illustration of what a real fly-fisherman can do with feathers if he have patience and necessary finger skill, combined with actual fish knowledge.) I bent on the tiny thing—and cast.

Instantly there was a rise, fierce, determined, and I was in one of the best rainbows of the season. Oh, I lost him, for I was not prepared for such a fish; anyway he might not have been well hooked. One must always cast believing a fish will take, or he will lose many a good rainbow, for if there is anything quicker than thought it is a well-conditioned Silver-sides.

JUST at that instant a fellow angler appeared, coming down the river, sending dislodged straws and debris with the current. I observed him with all the rancor of a confirmed upstreamer. Why in the name of Isaak Walton does a fly-man fish with the current, when casting over the shoulders of the fish is so much more logical, therefore successful? Downstreaming is all right if employing worms or live bait, but not when using flies and when streams are low and clear.

The gentleman saw me, sitting with my back against a stump, apparently resting, and climbed out to have a crack with me. I liked him at once, though I did not admire his method. You see, he apologized for trespassing upon my pool, not having seen me. I told him I was not fishing exactly, that I had four, which was my limit, and anyway was glad to have an auditor. Just the same I kept a weather-eye bent on the surface of that pool, waiting for the debris he had sent down to clear away.

We talked flies of course, and I showed him the tiny creation on my leader. He was quite contemptuous, insisting that a trout would have to wear glasses in order to see it. When you step on a man's ichthyic toes you step on something. We were off. Naturally the argument waxed warm, as such arguments have a habit of doing, but I had one eye on the pool, while he sat with his back to it. I saw the big fellow turn over, the thing I had been awaiting.

I said, in effect, "Now see here, my worthy antagonist, I'll prove to you that this little fly you term 'too insignificant for a trout to look at' is not only large enough but will raise a fish at the first cast." He essayed to rise but I bade him sit still, and in the name of all fairness to *keep still*. He grinned, appreciatively, for he would not disturb a "crazy angler's temper," as he might have said.

I rolled over, rose on one knee, and sent the light thing out over the pool, the gentle breeze aiding the cast. Once

more Luck, or whatever god of chance there be, was with me. The almost invisible fly struck the current above the pool, tiny wings cocked and dry, and swung down into the pool. The Rainbow was waiting for something very much like it, rose against the current, was met with a taut line and then—!

What a battle it was! My chance acquaintance was on his feet, dancing here and there, but never getting in the way, or offering a word of advice. I loved him with my whole heart, a real disciple of Izaak Walton. Forth and back, up and down, here, there and everywhere raved and raged that doughty Silver-sides. Twice he went into the air, and twice everything held.

The Fates were kind. After something like ten minutes or ten years the fish wearied, surrendered and came to the waiting net of my new acquaintance. On his scales, the rainbow went just under two pounds, a very good fish for my stream, or for any stream for that matter. I was proud, inordinately proud and happy on the inside, though I hope not a hint of it showed in my manner. I tried to look and act as though such adventitious happenings were in the usual course of my angling, and that I could, if I so desired, take a bigger trout at the next cast. (What hypocrites and grand-stand players we fly-men are!)

All this took place in a few seconds, as the reader understands if he be an angler, for a second may be a minute and a minute an hour; all depending on what is happening, and how much depends upon it. More than once I have played a trout for what seemed half an hour, and discovered upon consulting my watch, that less than five minutes had passed. You all know what I mean.

"Shall I kill the fish?" asked my companion, looking down upon it with great admiration and perhaps some covetousness.

"Not unless you want to take it with you," I replied, "you see I have my self-imposed limit in my creel yonder—four good, medium sized rainbow just right for frying; this fellow is too big."

"I never took a fish I didn't catch, but—" he began.

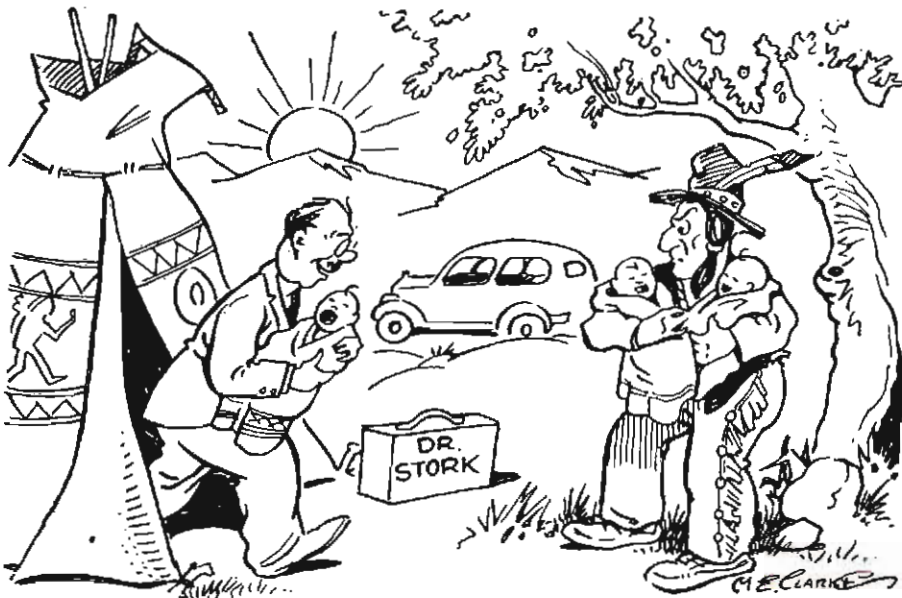
"Nuf said," I retorted, "kill him quickly and take him with you and no one will be the wiser. After all, what is one good trout between disciples of Izaak Walton."

"All right," he exclaimed, "I will do it, but on condition that you tell me your name."

"Smith," I replied, nonchalantly, with a straight face and somewhat bored air.

He looked at me sorrowfully and said soberly, "You didn't have to lie; but I'll take the fish anyway. Good-bye."

Just why is it that Smith, Jones or Brown can't do a great deed, ichthyic or otherwise; that if one uses any one of the three common cognomens, it is because he has something to cover



"Humph! Paleface medicine man got 'em HEAP magic!"

up? Undoubtedly that chance acquaintance thinks of me as some expert ichthyologist and angler; and feels resentful to this day that I covered up my real identity. (I hope he sees this article.)

WHEN streams are low and preternaturally clear, as happens in midsummer, the smaller the flies the better, from mid-forenoon to mid-afternoon. And, strange as it may appear to some, the tiny flies are the takers. My preference is for black under such conditions, especially the Black Prince, tied to a small hook, the strands of red in the tail seeming to have some value, at least, as aids to the angler in keeping track of his cast. One should have good eyes, better than mine; bifocals somewhat increase my difficulties. If I could have known when I had good eyes what I know now about the ways of trout,—but then, probably reading of angling literature has been partially responsible for my poor sight.

One of the much discussed questions in my neck of the woods, and, I guess, wherever and whenever trout anglers meet, is regarding the respective merits of the three common species of trout,—brook, rainbow and brown. (I am speaking of course as an Easterner, for I have had a little experience with the glorious trouts of the West, but not sufficient to allow me to speak with any degree of authority.) The cut-throat seemed to me to be a more unquestioning fly taker than the rainbow, even out there; but then, most of my Western fishing was done where streams were not over-fished, speaking as an Easterner again. Where I fished cut-throat, in Washington, there was "nothing to it"; they took, hooked themselves and I held the rod. Rainbow were fishing for fishers, if you get my meaning.

As perhaps I have already said in this article, the rainbow impresses me

as being the most finical, discerning and unknowable of our trouts. In clear water and weather, even a shade off color will render a fly unappreciated. I had rather fish rainbow than any other trout that swims. Later on this summer I propose to give you an article on "Hopper Fishing For Trout" when I shall have something more to say about this Silver Streak from the West.

Frankly, I am not a great lover of browns, and am sorry he has invaded our Middle West streams in the way he has. He is a good, strong fighter, I will say that for him, but when he takes a fly he takes unquestioningly. He does not depend upon leaping skill and activity, ability to throw the hook as does the rainbow. Some of my angling friends fish for him at night, using bass flies and heavy tackle, catching some unbelievably big fish. Not for me, thank you! I want to see the whole game from first to last, whenever possible, when I do not actually need food. If I can not take my fish, give him every chance to escape, I don't want him. Once again I want you to note that proviso, "unless I need food."

There is a small creek near my fishing shack up on the shores of Lake Superior which is noted for its trout in early spring—fish up from the Big Lake. Along in the summer no one visits it unless after a heavy rain and then with worms and cane poles of course. The lower reaches of the creek are almost never fished save at such times, and then by fish-getters.

In the summer I have it to myself. Last year I could not see a sign of anyone having fished that section, the grass standing straight and tall. I used to prowl along its banks, ostensibly looking for bird's nests, but really spying out lurking places for fish. Well, I found two good holes, and after considerable investigating I knew both were preempted by sizeable fish.

- EASIER CASTING
- GREATER ACCURACY
- LESS FATIGUE

You'll like the beauty, durability and Actionized "feel" of GEP Adjustable NU-GRIP RODS. Their patented shape positively prevents rod twist and they are easily adjustable for more casting comfort. Wide range of models and prices. Write for catalog—then see your dealer.

FLY RODS GEP Actionized Tubular Steel Fly Rods are recognized everywhere for their high quality, sturdy action, extreme lightness, willing response on casts and moderate prices.

SALT WATER RODS GEP ARMOR-OID Solid and Tubular Salt Water Rods are unconditionally guaranteed against salt water corrosion. Many models—all popularly priced.

GEPHART MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Specialists in Steel Fishing Rods

Mail COUPON FOR New Catalog!

GEPHART MFG. CO.,
938 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your NEW Catalog on
GEP Actionized Rods.

Name.....
Address.....
Town & State.....



HOOK 'EM AND COOK 'EM THE INDIAN WAY

• GET the ring of a reel and the thrill of a reel that's loaded with silvery fighters. Then paddle to camp and kindle a fire and sample the Redskin's pleasures.

The dip of a blade and an Old Town leaps... a flick of the wrist and she wheels. Here's the birchbark's twin, made tough and strong for fishing and fun on the water. Easy to own. Inexpensive to keep for years of use.

FREE CATALOG shows all kinds of Canoes for paddling, sailing or outboards. Also Outboard Hauls, including big all-wood family boats, Row-boats, Dinghies. Write today. Address Old Town Canoe Company, 791 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.



... The ...

AMERICAN FIELD

An Illustrated Weekly

OLDEST sportsman's publication in America and still the ranking favorite with red-blooded outdoorsmen devoted to hunting and bird-dogs. Plenty of good hunting yarns, the latest and liveliest news of bird dog trials, authoritative articles by practical sportsmen and many special features of exceptional value to sporting dog owners, including veterinary advice. You will enjoy every issue. Use the coupon for a trial subscription.

AMERICAN FIELD PUBLISHING CO.
222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Illinois

Here's my dollar—please send me next 10 issues

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

Go Where The Big Ones Are Striking!

CAMP ON THE TRAIL WITH Ta-pat-co SLEEPING BAG

FREE

Sleep on the bank of that unfisher stream 'way back in the secluded spot where the big ones are waiting. Map your route—you have your own bed with Ta-Pat-Co. Comfortable, light, compact, it's equipment every sportsman should have... See your sporting goods dealer.

Outdoors With Ta-Pat-Co...
Colorful, illustrated camp tricks—trail secrets—that add fun, pleasure and comfort to your outdoor trips. Includes styles, prices of Ta-Pat-Co Sleeping Bags.

Write for Your Copy Today!



AMERICAN PAD & TEXTILE CO. Dept. K-1

Greenfield Ohio

ONE forenoon, I had been writing my monthly stuff for OUTDOORS until my head ached. My Piscatorial Partner came out on the porch to say, "Wish we had two good trout for dinner this noon, I am fish-hungry."

"O.K.", said I, "I'll be back in an hour with two good ones!"

Now I have a rough and ready rod for just such dangerous fishing, a rod I wouldn't weep over if I broke it, one I knew was stout enough to lift a fish out by main strength if necessary. A telescopic steel, weighting 7 ounces, line running through guides on the out side. The reel, a plain single action; and the line, a 20-pound test enamelled silk. No leader but a wire gimp 8 inches long and a strong hook. "A crude outfit", did you say? I grant you, but this is not exactly sport fishing, it is going to market.

Usually I use worms in such fishing, but the weather had been hot, with no rain, and there were no worms in the stream, none being washed in; but grasshoppers were coming down from the meadow above and I knew those fish would be feeding on them. I have no objections to 'hopper fishing as will appear in a later article, but I did not have the right kind of hopper-grasses and anyway I wanted to try a big gray-brown scraggly fly I had originated, which looked like a grasshopper as much as it looked like anything.

So, armed with that rod and line and hook, decorated with that barn-yard contraption, I set out. I fought my way up through the tangle of grass, wild cucumber vines and rag-weed, and came to the first "hole"—by no stretch of imagination can I say "pool." I pulled out the rod to its full length, 9 feet, for the pool was on the opposite side of the stream.

A log had lodged against the roots of a black ash in the spring freshet, digging out a deep hole off under the out-reaching bank, a hole filled with roots big and small, a very haven of refuge for a trout, providing he could reach it. Lying prone, I sent out my "artificial fly" to strike just where the current set back under the bank, back, under, amid those roots! Naturally I kept the line taut, continuous strain on the rod. There came a movement, a swirl in the water, and I struck. There was no field for a battle or anything of the sort; I just swung that fish up and out by strength of tackle alone. He landed with an audible "plunk-ker-plunk" in the grass. A sleek, fat brown that weighed just under a pound.

With my crude outfit poked ahead of me, for that is the only way in which one can get up or down that section of the creek, I hurried toward the next "hole." Here a stub had fallen into the creek in some past age, been worked down by many a flood, until both ends were firmly pushed into the banks upon either side. Naturally, much flotsam and debris had accumulated, until the whole strength of the current sucked under at the far

end. Lying low, I crept up until I could drop my strange, nondescript fly, or lure, just where the current sucked down.

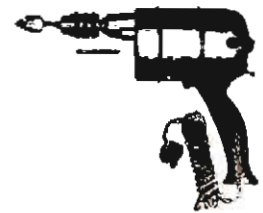
Down it went and instantly, almost like a moving echo of the first tug of the current, came a savage pull. I knew I had him on and just as before, I pulled him violently up and out from proximity to the log, then in a parabola out upon the bank itself. Another pound-brown, two ounces heavier than the first. I shoved the battered old rod together and made my way back to the shack, from which I had not been absent quite 20 minutes.

"Well," said my Piscatorial Partner, "you gave up quickly, but I don't much blame you; too hot to fish."

"Give up' nothing", I retorted; "got all you asked for, two one-pound fish!"

Some of my readers will object that this last was not true fly-fishing, but I do not know about that. We take trout with regulation flies, because they "think" them living insects, and these two brown took because they "thought" they were gobbling 'hoppers, or, at least, something good to eat. The thing I am emphasizing is this, I captured those fish because of my intimate stream knowledge and understanding of the habits of the trout I sought. Someone long ago said, "You must bait your hook with your heart." Well, until you do you will not understand the fine art of fly-fishing, orthodox or unorthodox.

Got an Axe to Grind?



The Whiz Electric tool

Have you ever wanted to polish up your spoons and spinners, drill a hole in some fishin' gadget, or grind your fish or hunting knife, hatchet, axe, or lawn mower?

Are you tired of sandpapering by hand to smooth-finish wooden work, furniture, etc.—or to remove rust, paint and what not from metals?

Do you want to cut and shape metals quickly, or give a mirror finish to 'em?

Would you like to engrave steel, copper or wood? Or etch glass? Or carve wood, plastics, bone, cork, or other materials?

Many sensible sportsmen are finding the answer to all these problems in that handy all round household and shop electric portable powerhouse and combination of many tools, the new "Whiz" Electric Tool. And it doesn't weigh more than a fair size bass—just 3½ pounds.

RANDY BEHAN—ANGLER

(Continued from page 7)

the Tally Ho caught the vibrancy of the day and nosed happily into the long, rolling swells, flatly glossy in the slanting sunlight.

Perry and Florence sat a little forward while Randy crouched on the afterdeck, munching tobacco and staring expressionlessly into the horizon.

"He's lived among fish so long, he acts like one," Perry grunted.

"I haven't," Florence yawned, stretching lazily, "but I shore could join 'em in that thar water." She sat up, her eyes gleaming. "Maybe I will at that."

Perry twisted about. "Hey, Randy, sign of anything yet?"

"Yep."

Perry signalled Captain Gregg and the motor died sharply, leaving a silence sliced by the shrieks of gulls.

"Can we let go?" Perry asked.

"Guess." Randy replied, sliding into the cockpit and beginning to bait a hook. "School of sea trout in here."

Perry promptly cast and within a minute he shouted, reeled in excitedly, and swung a three-pounder to the deck.

"Oh, boy," he grinned. "Randy, my man, you're a wonder."

RANDY disengaged the hook and tossed the squirming trout into the barrel with movements that were measured, economical. It went that way for an hour and a half: Perry's arms ached and his breath came quick and heavy as he snagged the glinting, thrashing trout. Throughout Randy was imperturbable, wordless, a silent machine.

Once Randy's face registered a genuine anxiety. Florence had appeared from the cabin, tan and lithe in a patch of bathing suit. Kicking off her sandals, she clutched a stanchion and sprang to the deck rail with a mocking laugh toward Perry.

"Hey!" Perry sputtered. "Don't go in there! You'll scare the fish away."

"Lady," Randy protested with a strange light in his eyes, "current's mighty strong right here."

But she was a frozen figurehead, riding the pitch of the yacht. Then she leaped and disappeared in an aura of sizzling foam. Fifteen feet away her cap broke through the slope of a billow and she crawled to the crest with rapid strokes, swimming on and on until she was but a blue fleck in a greener immensity. Randy's eyes remained riveted on her and he kept muttering. "She'd better come in. That's a mighty long swim back."

It was he who caught the troubled note in her cry and he advised Perry, "She's tired now, gittin' panicky. Better git the boat over there."

Perry shouted to the captain, but Gregg yelled back: "The boys have a cylinder down, sir. It'll be at least a half hour before we can start. I'll send Joe over in the dory."

There was a scream, pulsing and

thin, as from a greater distance. Perry gripped the rail, shouting hoarsely, "Randy, can't we—"

He heard a splash and looked astern. Randy was in the sea, beating with flawless timing against the broad breasts of water.

To Perry, welded to the rail, hours went tumbling by and the sun raced down the sky to swallow time in transit and bring quick blackness.

But at last the sea flattened and Perry sank into a deck chair. Randy was wriggling back, with the blue cap close to him. Perry closed his eyes, forgetting the glistening, struggling trout; for Randy was inching through the water, bringing in the only catch that really mattered.

ON THE pier at sundown, Perry gripped Randy's freckled hand, saying around the lump in his throat: "I don't know how I can repay you for all you've done today. Perhaps this hundred might—"

Randy shook his head. "Five dollar's my wages," he said quietly, but his eyes were roving over the Tally Ho and Perry thought he saw in them a watery gleam. "That's a fine craft ye have." He paused, then said: "If ye want to pay me, ye'll let me take a real voyage on her."

Perry's face broadened into a wide grin. "Do you mean—you want to sign up? Boy, I can use you the rest of the summer. Would you like to?"

"I would, guess."

"Good. Can you be ready to start up to Maine with us at nine tomorrow morning?"

"Yep."

With a lingering glance at the yacht Randy melted into the dusk and Perry purred to Florence: "This is fishing, when you catch a prize like that."

Perry stopped pacing the pier at noon next day, looked at his watch and threw away his cigar butt.

"Now where the hell is he?"

Sam Chase locked the gas pumps and grinned at Florence. "Cain't never tell. Guess ye know what I meant when I said Randy's not what folks down your way call prompt."

Perry clambered down into the Tally Ho, barking: "Let her go, Captain!" The engines' pulse and the boiling of the water astern smothered Sam's chuckle as he waved a long arm.

Under way, the Tally Ho weaved among the bobbing catboats and lofty-masted schooners, pointing the while to the channel. At the narrows Perry started below, but he was flung heavily against the companionway as the yacht lurched and heaved hard to port. The Captain shouted. "Aho, there! We almost rammed you."

"What's the matter?" Perry stutted, then suddenly strode to the starboard rail. "Randy!"

The bearer of that name was sitting in a little black dory, jauntily riding the swell of the Tally Ho, and Perry's eyes bulged from their sockets.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he bellowed.

Randy lifted his head slowly and

(Continued on page 61)

If Weber makes it ... a fish takes it!

... and Weber makes fly casting (easiest fishing method to learn), now more fascinating than ever. New 1941 catalog packed with 112 pages of flies and specialty lures in living colors; rods, reels, lines, leaders, outfits and sundries, with dozens of new items, plus tackle tips, fish lore, etc. See special offer below.



WEBER WET FLIES
Standard and specialty styles from 10c to 20c each. (Sizes 4 to 12).

"VEC" ... Ties dry—no soaking; 10-yd. coils and standard leaders.

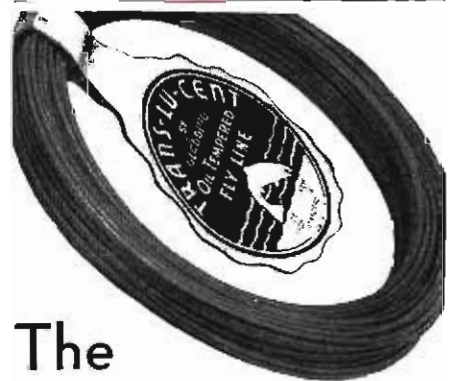
SILENT REELS

RODS famed for "back-bone" and balance

FREE FLY or "VEC" with **25c**

Send 25c for catalog and fly-casting lessons and get FREE, either 25c 10-yd. coil "VEC" dry-tie leader OR 25c "O.C.U.M." Glass-eye Streamer Fly (specify which).

The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
Box 4182
Stevens Point, Wisconsin



The Outstanding Fly Line

FLY CASTERS everywhere are talking about this amazing fly line. Its translucent mist color absorbs light and color shades, producing an invisibility in the water.

For those who want the best fly line, Trans-Lu-Cent is the answer. It is made of the finest quality silk, with a smooth, soft, velvet-like finish, yet it is exceptionally tough and stands long, hard service. It has plenty of weight with extreme flexibility and is non-kinking and non-sticking. Ask your dealer for Gladding's Trans-Lu-Cent.

LINE UP WITH GLADDING

FREE You'll enjoy Gladding Catalog No. D-4. Mail the coupon now for your free copy.



Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

B. F. GLADDING & Co., Inc.
SOUTH OTELIC, N.Y.



**GUIDE SAYS
"BASS BOOTS"
GIVE
SAFE FOOTING..
DRY FEET..LONG WEAR"**

"I weigh 280, measure 6 feet 4, and carry up to 300 pounds by tump line. Bass Boots give me safe footing in rough country. Since wearing them, I haven't been layed up from wet feet.

And they wear like iron." Strong statements from anyone, but doubly important from a man like J. B. Scott of Mont Laurier, Quebec—trapper, guide, outfitter, game warden and official vendor of licenses. The only thing J. B. Scott omitted was the comfort of Bass True Moccasin construction, with a single piece of soft leather cradling the foot. Send for FREE catalog of Bass Moccasins, Ski Boots and Sportocasins for men and women. G. H. Bass & Co., 44 Canal Street, Wilton, Maine.

BASS TRUE MOCCASINS

**FAST!
SAFE!
LOW PRICED!**

THOMPSON BOATS with Full Length Spray Rails
Keep passengers perfectly dry—even at high speeds. Catalog also shows today's five most popular models of sailboats. Two big factories. Prompt shipment.

- Canoes \$70 and up
- Rowboats \$42 and up
- Outboards \$42 and up

CATALOG FREE
Write for your copy. State kind of boat in which you are interested.

Very fast utility model
THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (108)
235 Ann St. (Write to either place) 115 Elm St., N. Y.
PESHIGO, WIS. CORTLAND, N. Y.

**CANADIAN LANDS
Seized and Sold for Taxes**

\$ 49 buys lake front lot
\$ 72 buys 25 acres on good road
\$ 99 buys 10 acres lake front
\$144 buys 100 acres good sport
\$261 buys 100 acres, buildings

Our 21th Annual List, just issued in the form of a beautifully illustrated booklet, describes the above and many other choice properties offered at Tax Sale prices. The amount quoted is the full price asked, perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps where there is real sport; summer cottage sites, heavily wooded acreages. Now is the time to invest in CANADA'S minerals, forests and farms. Small monthly payments if desired. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET with full explanation.

TAX SALE SERVICE, ROOM 637,
72 Queen St. W., TORONTO, CANADA

NYOIL
A MOST HIGHLY REFINED OIL

CLEANS, LUBRICATES & POLISHES

Is indispensable in the home, office or afield. The finest oil for golf clubs, bait casting lines, reels, guns and household appliances. Never gums, hardens and is colorless, odorless and stainless.

Handy Can 35¢ postpaid
If your dealer cannot supply it, write to
W.M. F. NYE, INC., Dept. O
New Bedford, Mass.

SPENCER TRACY LEARNS HIS LINES

(Continued from page 13)

my head experimentally outside the tent flap and noticed that his boots and his rod had disappeared, but the creel still hung on the old cedar. Hastily donning my clothes I hurried to the edge of the stream, and there he was, working like a Trojan on the rudiments of dry fly casting. As I watched, he managed to wrap the line around his neck in a horrible tangle. His lips moved rapidly, and although the river smothered his voice, I could imagine that his choice of words never came from lines he had spoken in a play. No playwright has quite reached that point, yet.

Carefully, patiently, Spencer untangled himself, and looping the line in his left hand, he began again. This time it worked better and the little fly actually flicked down onto the water in almost lifelike fashion. Then it happened. There was a surge, a swirl in the current just beneath the fly, which quickly disappeared. The rod bent sharply downward and I could see the force of the strike travel up Tracy's arm to his shoulder. I could sense his sudden and startled wincing, and then I heard a yell which would have made the wildest Irish banshee pale in terror.

With both hands Spence grabbed the butt of the rod and yanked upward, forgetting all about the slack which he had dropped onto the water. Of course, he lost the fish, which, judging from the strike, had been a dandy, and the line, the rod and Tracy went limp simultaneously.

"That's the stuff, kid!" I yelled across the water. "You almost had him that time!"

Somewhat sheepishly Spence reeled in his line, started for shore, and as he clambered up the bank, he said, "Hey! That was a whopper! How big do you suppose he was?"

"I wouldn't know. Maybe twelve to fifteen inches."

"Oh, you're crazy! He was three feet long if he was an inch!" cried Tracy, and no amount of arguing throughout breakfast could convince him that he hadn't had hold of the granddaddy of all Au Sable trout.

Even if I hadn't liked Spencer Tracy prior to that trip, I would have been forced to esteem him highly before the day was over for the perseverance and unquenchable optimism he showed in trying to master the intricacies of dry fly trout fishing in the swirling waters of the Au Sable. When we called a halt during the heat of the day, he said, "Why can't I do it?"

"Spence," I replied, "if I tried to read the lines in your part in next week's play, I'd probably sound exactly like one of Mr. Edison's first phonographs. There'd be about as much proper inflection, emphasis, modulation and expression to my mouthing of your words as you could expect from a rip saw

buzzing through a knot. You've been concentrating on the art of acting while I've been tossing flies on Michigan rivers, and that's all there is to it."

"I know," he objected, "but it looks so simple when someone else does it."

"Sure, and so does acting,—when someone else does it. The angler and the actor are much alike, Spence. Both strive for control over their lines, only yours are spoken and mine are silent, and double tapered. You see inflection and emphasis on the proper words and phrases to portray your character. I use 'em on muscular effort and nerves to control direction and make the fly do my acting for me."

"I'm afraid I'll never get the hang of it," sighed Spence, as he knocked the dottle from his pipe. Then, in words far more prophetic than either of us could know at that time, "If I never get any farther on the stage than I have with trout fishing, you can call me a 'ham' the rest of my life." And although it was once my special privilege to use that term in good natured raillery, it is needless to remark that for several years it has hardly been appropriate.

I don't think I ever wanted a fish half so badly myself as I wanted Spencer Tracy to take his first trout, alone and unaided, on this, his first angling expedition. But as the third and last day in camp wore to a close and still Tracy's creel swung lightly in the breeze, I began to give up hope. That lone and perhaps freakish strike had been just one of those things which could happen to anybody, but Spence simply hadn't had the experience to tell him what to do next. Meanwhile, his arm had grown weary, his wrist was numb, yet he worked on.

There was no doubt about it, his casting was infinitely better than it had been the first evening on the stream, but still the line, the leader and the fly wouldn't go where he wanted them to with any consistency. And when they did roll out nicely in the intended direction, it was usually to some part of the stream where there was little likelihood that fish would be found.

In the light of the years which have followed that fishing trip, the persistence, the tenacity of purpose, the good fellowship exhibited by Spencer Tracy during those days long ago on the Au Sable river have come back to my mind time and again. No man who could cheerfully and doggedly stick to the job of learning to toss a trout fly as did Tracy could conceivably fail to get to the top in his chosen profession, be it acting, medicine, the law, or just cooking hamburgs.

AT LENGTH, on our last day, weary in every limb and as hungry as two men can be, we rounded the bend below camp just as the sun was sliding behind the purpling hills of the Au Sable valley. I had taken four fish during the day, all nice ones, but none outstanding, while Spence, despite his never-ending efforts, had had only the brief but heartening thrill of two small strikes.



Spence lends a hand at breakfast

"Look, Spence," I said, "we've only about a hundred yards of water left to fish and not much light in which to do it. You fish on up carefully and I'll tag along to be of any help I can. Somehow you've got to catch a trout."

Tracy grunted something and nodded his head. But before he began the final effort, I tied on a new leader for him, a fresh, buoyant white miller, and deliberately and silently we worked our way upstream. As I pointed to possible habitat of trout, Spence would try his best to drop a fly on or near them. The first night hawk swooped from the shadowy forest and zoomed over our heads. A whip-poor-will called plaintively and the red ball, which had been the sun, dropped from sight, leaving Au Sable hills silhouetted against a crimson sky. Although the setting was perfect, the fish for some reason refused to be enticed by the efforts of the man who was destined to become one of the great American heart-throbs on the silver screen.

However, no thoughts of Academy Awards, studio contracts or Broadway-blazoned names were in Spencer Tracy's head that evening. One serious purpose and one only actuated his

every nerve and muscle, and that was the job of the moment,—to catch one good fish. The vacation was over. Ahead lay the old grind of concurrently memorizing one play, acting in another and forgetting a third. Tomorrow he would go back to the grease paint, the foot-lights and the land of make-believe with slight possibility of another respite in the woods for many months to come.

Then the river blew up, or so it seemed at that instant. A vague shape flashed up out of a pool into the half light of the sunset, curved gracefully and splashed back into the river. As it disappeared beneath the surface, Spence's fly went with it, and I began to yell instructions. What I howled must have resembled the frenzied incantations of an African Voodoo man from the the depths of the Congo, and was probably just about as coherent and helpful to Tracy.

To this day I'll never understand how he did it, and I doubt if he has any conception himself, but I've always felt that the habit of constant rehearsal was so strong upon him that when the crucial moment came his hours of practice and preparation came to his rescue automatically to help him land that fish.

It was a tough battle, nevertheless. There in the dusk, with dark waters swirling about his legs, Tracy braced himself and fought it out with a coolness and calm serenity which I'm sure he was far from actually feeling. Time and again the fish took line and threatened disaster, but always Spence managed to retain control of the situation until, after what seemed several lifetimes, the splendid trout came to net.

Millions of eyes have looked on Spencer Tracy's face since that night on the Au Sable, long ago, and they have seen many expressions portrayed. But none ever saw the unacted, unrehearsed flash of triumph and victory which I witnessed as Spence held up his first trout and gloated over it. Secretly, I've always thought that that supreme moment was really Tracy's first Academy Award.

"Those persnickety, double-crossin' silver streaks will ruin any man's disposition," the guide warned when Doc Warren and his wife asked about bonefish. But the warning was interpreted as a challenge. Read about how the challenge was met in an unusual story from the Florida Keys:

The
DOUBLE-CROSSERS
 By
 LINWOOD L. RIGHTER
 in the **MAY** issue

6 GREAT
Elto
 OUTBOARDS
 FOR FISHERMEN

PRICED AS LOW AS
\$26.50



Priced with the lowest, but packed with the features fishermen want — exceptional starting ease . . . Co-Pilot steering . . . low trolling speed . . . trouble proof Centrifugal Pump Cooling . . . rugged construction with light weight. 6 models, in sizes most popular for fishing. Prices start at \$26.50 for the "Cub", world's lightest, handiest outboard—weighs only 8½ lbs. Elto "Pal", now only \$35.00 All prices F.O.B. factory, subject to change without notice.

Catalog Free! 1941 catalog, together with handy Boat-and-Motor Selector and Boat Guide of Leading Builders, free on request. Address: EVINRUDE MOTORS 47 E. N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis.



WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Cherish
 and protect
 thy rod!



waterproof it!
 sunproof it!
 climateproof it!

Just easily, quickly apply liquid Rod-Skin with a bit of cloth. Rod-Skin's rich, protective waxes keep out water and salt-stains from every check, snap, and track in the original finish.

50c A Bottle

Extras! Rod-Skin floats line and dry fly or bass-bug without oil ring. Rod-Skin can be applied to temporarily remove all flash and fish alarming glisten from rods. Available wherever quality sporting goods are sold.

ROD-SKIN IS MADE BY CRESSON PRODUCTS CO. 305-311 East 46th St., NEW YORK

FISHING? — OR FOOLING?

Experts start out right . . . with the right sort of rod and tackle. Many of them insist upon a Richardson Rod, because it has the correct balance, weight and flexibility. If you are tired of "fooling", look over the Richardson Rods at your favorite dealer's. Each rod is tagged with "The Sign of the Fish" which explains its features. The Richardson Rod Handbook will prove helpful. Mail the coupon for it today:

Richardson Rod & Reel Company
 1154 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Send me your Rod Handbook — FREE
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

RICHARDSON RODS

Try a NEW STUNT
with
this RIVER-RUNT



Pick out the toughest spot you can find... where the water is full of snags, weeds and reeds. Then toss in the new...

Heddon "NO-SNAG" RIVER-RUNT-SPOOK"

Watch it come through without catching anything but the fish. And when they strike, you know that scrappy little bait at the end of your line will hook 'em sure and hold 'em. Be sure to take along this newest addition to the Heddon "River-Runt" family. All popular finishes, including "Shore-Minnow". Price, \$1.25.

FREE! Heddon's 1941 Catalog with new developments for the angler and latest Bait Chart. Tells what to use, when and how. Write for copy today.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. DD-41 DOWAGLAC, MICH.

A New Book by August Derleth

Contributing Editor of *Outdoors*, whose articles "The Country Year" appear each month in this magazine.

VILLAGE YEAR
A SAC PRAIRIE JOURNAL

Here is the life of Sac Prairie—its small tragedies, joys, town characters, gossip and anecdotes. Mr. Derleth's kindly humor, sympathetic understanding and poetic beauty of expression make this a delightful book. At all bookstores illus. \$3.00.

COWARD-McCANN

Safer STAR METAL BOATS
WITH NEW SPRAY RAILS!

LOW PRICES!

Non-Sinkable

New full length STAMPED-IN SPRAY RAILS. Eliminate spray — make STARS speedier, easier to handle, sliding and stronger with no added weight. Offered on cartop models, outboards with rocket keel, row-boats; fishing and resort boats. Air chambers make them unsinkable. Leakproof seams—no wood to rot—no upkeep cost. Sturdy, lightweight.

STAR METAL BOAT CO., 164 Cottage Ave., Goshen, Ind.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY!

Nichols' Leather TACKLE CASE

Compact and convenient; non-10"x4" \$1.20
water-tight; 5 bellows pockets 12"x4" 1.49
hold day's tackle supply; zipper fastening; leather bound edges; add to wear and appearance.

Write for complete Catalog, over 150 items.

NICHOLS CORP.
18 Main St.
YARMOUTH, ME.

SEMI-ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS

The near perfect appearance of Minnows with the taste of Minnows do not miss. In Colors, Perch, Green, Plain, Rainbow and Specks. 4" \$2.00, 2" \$.75.

SEMI-ARTIFICIAL MINNOW MFRG.
Lodgepole Nebr.

MUSINGS

(Continued from page 19)

said this, now I add that the possession of well-made and valuable fishing-rigs does add to the angler's satisfaction and enjoyment. There is more sport, greater thrill, in playing a trout on a 3½-ounce fly-rod than there is in playing the same fish with a stiff cane-pole and heavy line. Using the first, the angler is up against a real proposition, and unless he possess skill and understanding of no mean proportions, he is going to wreck his outfit.

Enjoyment—I will not use the hackneyed and often wrongly exploited word, "sportsmanship"—is increased almost in exact ratio to the lightness and fineness of the outfit. A sportsman seeks sport, and his eye is not fixed on the contents of the creel, though he most certainly is delighted when he safely creels a 3-pound trout, using the lightest of tackle; and, may I add, his satisfaction is proportionately greater than is that of the man, using heavy pole, line and hook, who throws a fish of equal size incontinently out upon the bank, never having given it a chance for its life.

Which leads me naturally to my third point, which has been embodied in the foregoing sentence, but deserves further emphasis. However, I must confess that I am somewhat put to it to find words to express just what I have in mind. Oh, there are set phrases, trite words, like "sportsmanship", which spring immediately to one's lips; but somehow they have lost luster, meaning, virility—now we have it—through much profane handling.

THE love of fair play, raised to the nth power, adds life, thrill and deep enjoyment to angling. One can not quite reach that with heavy tackle, for he runs no chance, at least small chance, of losing a fish if well hooked. This is in nowise true with modern light and easily wrecked tackle. Last season I was fishing my river, when all unexpectedly a mighty brown trout, fresh from Lake Superior, took my end fly. I was fishing wet, using two flies, therefore I had one dangling from the leader. The great fish fought with all its might to get back under the log from which it had barged to grasp my end fly, and I knew that if he ever drew the second hook under the log, the battle would end forthwith.

It seemed an hour that I battled with that fish, holding with all the strength I dared use. Then the inevitable happened, the hook straightened out, and "my fish" was no longer mine but the river's. I am free to admit that it was some time before I could regard the escape of the monster with cheerfulness, but to-day, while I am not exactly "glad" he got away, still I do get some satisfaction from thinking of him as roaming the deep waters of Superior, and maybe—maybe, you understand—I shall be permitted to try conclusions with him next season.

Maybe even while you are reading this, Fellow Angler, I shall be doing battle with him!

So we touch a not-often-mentioned lure which holds us to the angling game, the lure of the fish that escaped. No fish, no matter how favorably situated, ever grows as fast as does the one that got away. Strange, is it not, that we never approach the scene of the defeat without a tingling of the nerves, for maybe "he" is waiting.

Away up toward the head-waters of "my" trout river there is a long, deep pool. The river rushes into it through a rock barrier, with many a groll and whine; therefore a row of bubbles and a spear of foam are always moving aimlessly across its surface. The pool is deep; a venturesome wader will find himself drinking standing up, unless he minds his Ps and Qs.

Now, I never approach that pool without experiencing a real thrill; sometimes a shiver runs up and down my spine, playing hide-and-go-seek with my nerves. I have no doubt but there is a big rainbow there, but somehow I never am able to try conclusions with one. Maybe some day, "next season", I will go up there and camp in my pup-tent, casting early and late, with long intervals between casts, and maybe I shall have a yarn to spin worth while. Ah, is there any lure like the lure of the fish that got away? However, there is something more than the lures enumerated, it seems to me.

There is the lure of the Open. I am a bit ashamed of myself that I have made so much of tackle, love of fair play, actually catching fish, and the irresistible lure of the one that got away. They all become almost as nothing when we think of God's wild and untamed places, the kiss of the wind upon our cheeks, the smell of the flowers in our nostrils, the songs of the retiring warblers, and the resinous tang of the upland fern which has an odor peculiarly all its own, and the chance of seeing deer.

THE last of August, 1939, I made my way up "my" river, treading carefully, casting circumspectly, not often but wisely. As a result half a dozen very nice rainbow, eviscerated, reposed between damp ferns in my creel. Though I was taking and releasing rainbow every little while, paying strict attention to the work in hand, my mind was leaping ahead to the "Deer Lick"; a marvelous mineral spring that supplies salt to the great herd of wild deer which tramp down through deeply worn trails from all points of the compass. It is a literal fact that those paths are as well trodden as are those of a farmer's sheep-pasture. I have seen many deer, have stood and watched them when they were all unconscious of my presence.

Well, upon the day of which I write, when I approached "dangerously" near, I let the fishing go by default, and crouched down under the low-lying branches which arch the river from side to side, keeping my eyes



"Gotta have some fun somehow.
Nothin's bitin' "

focused upon the spot of sunshine away up above, for I knew it as the spring. All at once a doe stepped out from the bank and turned her graceful head down river. Fortunately the wind was blowing strongly in my face. I did not stir, and hardly breathed, though I was 300 feet distant.

However, something had aroused her suspicions; perhaps I had splashed, or maybe some deer had moved away from the forested stream without my being aware of its presence. Anyway that doe was certain all was not "quiet on the Potomac." She stamped impatiently with one front foot, then swung her head in-shore, toward the spring in the bank. Then there stepped proudly out from the shore a magnificent buck wearing a "rocking-chair" upon his head. He smelled noses with the doe, then both peered intently down the stream.

I was well shielded by the branches, and yet they sensed that all was not well, something wrong. I was carrying my camera; but they were too distant, and anyway the brush where I stood was too dense. Well, either they caught my scent, or succeeded in separating my form from the shrouding branches, for suddenly, as upon a preconcerted signal, both whirled and dashed up the river and away. So that day stands out as a red letter one.

Again. Last June, following a trail, I was attracted by what seemed a peculiar bird-whistle, and though I endeavored to locate it, failed to do so; and knowing my companion would get beyond calling, I let the matter go. Two hours later, we were walking back, and in the same place we heard the strange note. My companion who had preceded me going up, had heard the note also. Well, we searched and searched, but the "singer" was not to be found. Suddenly I caught the note as coming from the ground. Some ten feet in front of me was the head of a wood-chuck protruding from a hole in the ground, and the animal was whistling!

I heard a rustle, or shuffle, and there back of me was a baby ground-hog, perhaps half grown. The mother, alarmed by our presence, was endeavoring to call her wandering children

home. We picked up the little fellow, who showed no alarm or fear.

The butterflies! There is something about a certain gravel-point on this stream that attracts butterflies by the hundreds. It is all of a mile, as the crow flies, above the deer-lick, and never in August have I failed to find the cloud of airy witnesses present. I have counted over a thousand, and 15 varieties. My butterfly knowledge is somewhat complete, but I have seen rare butterflies there which I could not name. Always, too, the ravens come out of the pines and croak lugubriously; once heard and seen, even a tyro will not confuse them with crows. Three times I have seen the pileated woodpeckers, which undoubtedly nest somewhere in that territory.

By the way, that reminds me of something that happened up there last summer which cast a gloom over the whole day, and I doubt if the like of it ever happened to any other fly-fisherman. I was working up-stream, fishing fine and far off, as the stream was clear, the trout preternaturally shy. A rainbow rose, with that electric flash of his gleaming sides, shining like burnished silver in the sun. Right out in the open, he was. I struck, lifting my rod with full force, up and back.

I felt it strike something in mid-air and heard the thud. Something splashed in the water well up-stream from my position, which the current brought down to me. I caught it in my landing-net, and lo, it was a ruby-throated humming-bird, with a broken neck. Whether or not the bird dashed at my flies, or attempted to alight on the rod, I can not say. Tenderly I wrapped the little body in my handkerchief and gave it decent burial.

So, Reader, you see it is none of the things we think are so important to angling,—tackle; skill and all the rest, that makes it the greatest and most satisfactory, the cleanest and sweetest sport known to man; but it is those things, intangibles we might call them, though they are tangible enough for those who will to see. So I am not saying anything about the superiority of fly-fishing over worming, or that a delicate cementing of split-bamboo is more satisfactory than a cane-pole. If we can go out into God's open, and see the unseeable, come home at night tired in body but at peace within, then I say we have found the true lure of angling.

HANK, THE METER READER

(Continued from page 16)

That is the part of the maple syrup business that I like real good and I am ready to go into it at the drop of a hat. But as for this business of emptying five hundred sap buckets every morning, you can do it. Me, I'll just wait till you have the syrup all made and I will pour it onto my pan cakes.

Is that using the head, or aint it?

Sincerely,

HANK



YOUR CLUE

To a Contest Prize!

(SEE INSIDE FRONT COVER)

Does this picture of the Perrine genuine Free-Stripping Automatic Reel match the reel pictured on the inside front cover of this magazine? Look it over carefully. Easy, isn't it?

Well, old-timer, that's just how easy you'll find fly-fishing with a Perrine Free-Stripper. For the exclusive Perrine Free-Stripping mechanism is the only one allowing line to strip entirely free of brake drag. In fact, twice as easily as the next best automatic!

In close contests between fish and fisherman, whether or not you pull in the prize often depends upon your reel. Perrine's Free-Stripper works easily, simply. It's made for your pleasure. It's built to stand up, and serve you—for years!

PERRINE

genuine
free-stripping
AUTOMATIC REEL
Patented

3 sizes, \$6.30, \$7.40, \$7.90 at your dealer
Perrine Mfg. Co., Dept. 04, 766 S. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Bean's Fishing Blouse



Something new in a fishing garment. Made from fine count aeroplane cloth. Windproof, brin-proof and water resisting. Three large front pockets, sleeve pocket, also large back pocket for lunch, rain coat, etc. Tab at shoulder to hold rod in upright position while changing flies. Also good for skeet shooting and golf. Color: Sand Tan. Sizes 36

to 50. Price: \$4.75 postpaid. Send for free sample and spring catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 59 Main St. Freeport, Maine

Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties

Fishing Tackle



**ALL SPORTING GOODS
LOW PRICES**

For sportsmen, big Free 150-page Catalog and Fisherman's Guide. Contains Fishing Calendar. Every item top quality; money-back guarantee. Fishing Tackle, Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Archery, Guns and clothing. Typical values—

\$17.50 Fly Rod, aluminum case, 2 tips . . . \$6.95
3.25 Automatic Fly Rod Reel . . . 1.79
4.00 Solid Steel 1-piece Casting Rod . . . 2.88
7.00 DeLuxe Level Wind Casting Reel . . . 3.95
1.35 Nylon Casting 15 lb., 50 yd. Line . . . 63¢

Free Catalog Send today for big illustrated Catalog with hundreds of bargains to save you real money.

GATEWAY SPORTING GOODS CO.,
904 Gateway Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR TOP NOTCH VALUE/

PIONEER
NON-SINKABLE
BOATS

BUILT TO ENDURE
13 Models—36 Sizes!

Always ready to use—PIONEER Boats give you everything you want—speed, safety and care-free boating! America's Outstanding Values! No work, worry or up-keep cost! Time tested for 30 years! Endorsed by leading summer camps and resorts!

PIONEER MFG. CO. 204 Perry St. Middlebury, Ind.

SEND POST CARD FOR

HANDGUN SHOOTING

(Continued from page 18)

The "man" target which I adopted was easy to hit. Marksmen who flinched when they squeezed trigger all commenced, miraculously, to puncture the target.

Overnight their flagging interest revived. They were happy again, interested in the heretofore impossible business of pistol pointing. I made progress after that and it was a rapid sort. When in the beginning all I could hope to do was to see that my pupils kept all their bullets on the huge silhouette, I eventually found that practically all of them were steadily decreasing the size of the shot groups. Not only were they always hitting the "man" but were puncturing him in vital regions.

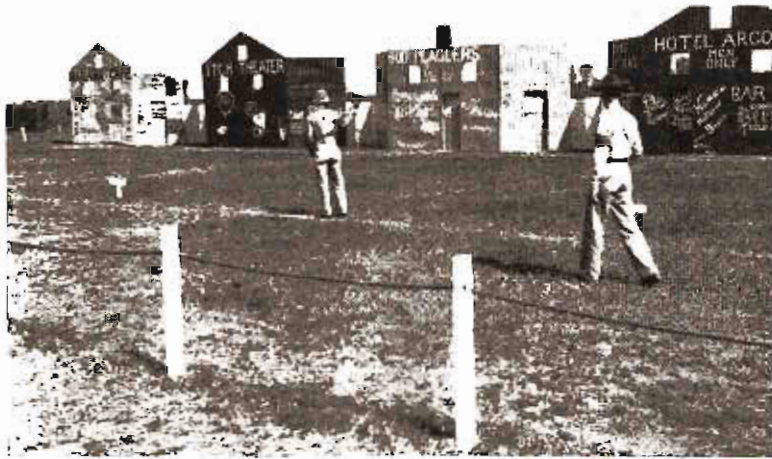
The truth that the bullseye target was well nigh worthless for training men in the serious business of guns handling was brought home to me for all time.

And so it is with the modern soldier. He might well never see a bullseye target. He should fire at a single silhouette at first and keep at it until he is well grounded in the fundamentals of stance, grip, sights alignment and trigger squeeze. After that he should be hurried into rapid fire practice. Rapid fire, provided a competent coach is on hand to impart the correct fastfire technique, is not difficult, and when the principles of quick shooting are thoroughly understood, skill is simply a matter of plentiful shooting practice.

ONCE the soldier-marksman shows he can hit the single silhouette at rapid fire, he should be graduated to two silhouettes, firing alternately at each. This having been satisfactorily accomplished, over a period of several practices, it is then time to fire at blinker targets. I can think of no better arrangement for this than to use the target system fired on in the Olympic rapid fire matches. This set-up consists of six silhouettes arranged in a row and made to appear and disappear by lever control. Such practice as this has no equal in the

development of the really practical—and I might say, dangerous—gun pointer.

After the practice firing on the six-in-a-row, the budding experts should be put to firing at a running man target. It is simple indeed to con-



Hogan's Alley offers spectacular and practical pistol training

struct a traveling silhouette target. A light track and any sort of metal carriage will suffice to hold the cardboard and permit it to pass through an opening of 20 yards length. It is by no means easy to place shots on the galloping target. At distances beyond 20 yards a lead must be maintained and of course at any range the gun must be swung along with the racing mark. Soldiers taught to hit a moving figure with the pistol would be unique. To my knowledge the Army has never attempted any practice of this kind. This does not mean it

each training grounds should have a Hogan's Alley range. Hogan's Alley is a familiar landmark to all National Matches veterans. The "Alley" is a match fired annually at Perry, a match which in the opinion of experienced marksmen is the most practical shot at the National Tournament.

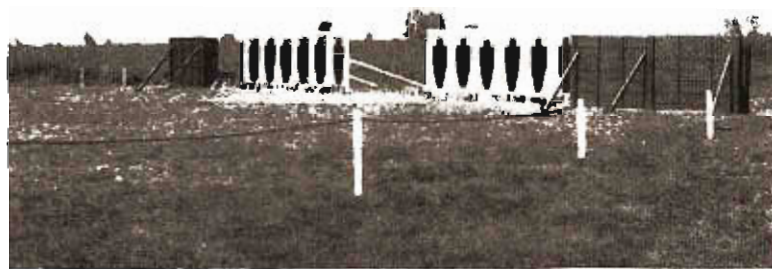
Shooters firing the Hogan's Alley Match walk parallel to a number of false fronts, painted to represent buildings. As they step briskly along, meanwhile keeping a keen eye cocked for the enemy, a figure appears at a window, or rooftop, doorway, or in the alley between the houses. The gunner must instantly level his weapon and fire, a time limit of two seconds being allowed for each shot. After firing, the marksman again steps smartly along and very soon another man pops up,

a hasty shot quickly follows and once more the gunner moves out. It is a zestful sort of game, one bound to stir the imagination, and invariably appeals to the shooters, for all realize the value of such practice. It is worth while, in passing, to explain that not a single one of our crack bullseye champions have won the Hogan's Alley Match. Their training is so foreign to this snap shooting game that they simply cannot connect quickly enough with the flitting silhouettes.

Ranges similar to the Camp Perry Hogan's Alley set-up should be standard equipment at every military training center.

The Army lists among its personnel some of the finest pistol marksmen in the world. Among these I know of no better or more practical-minded handgunner than Major General Kenyon A. Joyce. If the service pistol is to be counted in as an effective secondary weapon for parachutists, pilots, tank operators, runners, intelligence scouts as well as the entire officer personnel, I can think of no better individual to direct the training of a Pistol Instructors'

Corps than General Joyce. A fine marksman himself, Joyce shoots away thousands of rounds of ammunition annually in practice, and he probably has a better conception of the full capabilities of the service pistol than any other man in the Army today. As assistants to the general, the Army



The type of blinker target that is advantageous for army pistol practice

would not be greatly beneficial. If I shoot at you, you will either shoot back or run and you may do both. The enemy will react in similar manner. It behooves us to teach our soldiers how to connect with a fast moving antagonist.

As a further part of the program,

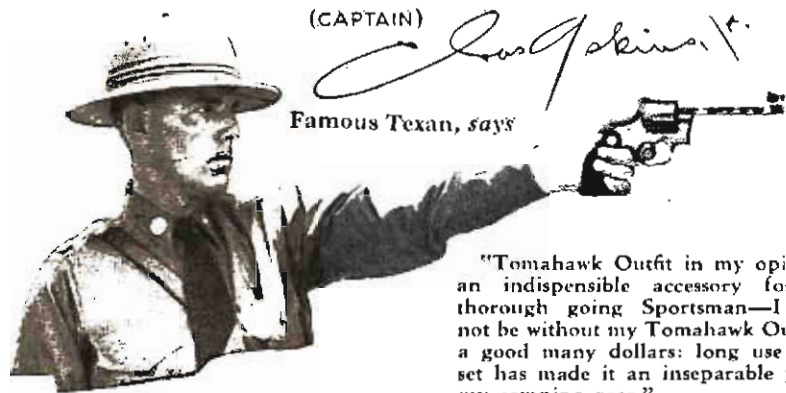
could assign a dozen of the finest coaches to be found anywhere: fellows like Major Dick Bassett, Captains Sid Hines and Charley Rau, Sgt. Dick Wilzewski and others. From this coterie of shooting-instructor talent hundreds of sub-instructors could be trained, coaches capable of imparting the new theory of military pistol training.

FIRING LINE FLASHES

STABILIZATION OF PRICES: The Marlin folks were the first guns firm to place all their weapons under the Fair Trade laws of the forty-four states which now have Fair Trade statutes. Next to take this far-reaching step was Remington; and yesterday I learned that all Winchester firearms have been placed under the protection of these newly promulgated acts. My informant confidentially predicted that all ammunition would quickly be brought under the Fair Trade provisions. Fair Trade laws as adopted by all our states save four simply stabilize prices. A Winchester rifle listed in Stoeger's at \$30.27 cannot be sold by some cut-throat hockshop dealer for less money. And while the law affects retail prices it also regulates wholesale costs as well.

THOSE ENTICING MIAMI MATCHES: If you'll hurry there is yet time to line up with the hottest handgunners in the country for the opening round of the greatest winter matches—the Flamingo Open Pistol Tournament, fired annually in swanky Coral Gables, Florida. Dates this year are March 18-22. Neath wavy palms, over a carpet of beautifully kept grass, with the gentlest of tropical breezes blowing, the Flamingo is staged in lush Floridan atmosphere. Purposely arranged to beguile us southward during the meanest season of our long winter, the Flamingo Tournament is a heartbreaker to miss. A. T. "Flamingo" Kelley, is matches impresario, and if you have missed the great tournament this year it isn't too early to write the obliging Kelley for information on the 1942 shootfest, greatest below the Mason-Dixon line pistol show.

SIGHTS PROJECTOR: The Deve-reux-Wappler Sight Projector, made by the American Cystoscope Makers, Inc., is a most worthwhile device for teaching the fundamentals of pistol pointing. The Sight Projector is used in a darkened room. The target is illuminated and the sights are reflected onto the target by the Deve-reux-Wappler gadget. Then when the tyro is guilty of errors in aiming, holding, or trigger release, it is instantly perceptible to both him and his coach. The device costs twelve dollars and will save many times twelve bucks in ammunition and time. It should be standard equipment in every club, police department and other organization where pistol training is stressed.



"Tomahawk Outfit in my opinion is an indispensable accessory for the thorough going Sportsman—I would not be without my Tomahawk Outfit for a good many dollars: long use of the set has made it an inseparable part of my camping gear."

**WE WILL NOT CUT THE QUALITY—WE CANNOT MAINTAIN THIS PRICE
BUY NOW! PRICE MUST GO UP!!**

**—Some Costs On Next
Inventory Already Up 50%!—**

FISHING or hunting—on the trail or in camp—you need this lightweight, all-purpose outfit. Tomahawk head forged from highest quality axe steel ground to keen edge, riveted and welded tubular steel handle, black knurled pistol-type grip, heavy chromium finish . . . Hunting knife, 4 1/2-inch quality steel blade, just right shape for cleaning fish. Locks in axe handle. Holster stoutly sewn of heavy russet saddlery leather . . . As fine a belt for general wear as you can buy. Secret safety pocket for money and licenses. Everything of the finest quality.

Price Only
\$4.50

**—WHILE
THEY LAST!**



X-RAY VIEW
above shows
how hunting
knife fits into
handle.

LOOK AT THESE 11 BIG FEATURES

1. Sportsman Axe
2. Quality Steel Blade Hunting Knife
3. Hunting Knife Locks into Axe Handle
4. Sharpening Stone
5. Key Case or Neckertchief Slide
6. Pistol Type Holster
7. Holster can be used for a pistol
8. Special Combination Leather Belt
9. Snap-on Belr for Hiking Equipment
10. Secret Money Pocket in Belt
11. Leather Sheath for Carrying Knife without Axe

Sold With Money-Back Guarantee

NELS PEABODY
The Tomahawk Man

729 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

↓ ACT NOW ↓
**SEND THIS
COUPON TODAY**

Nels Peabody, The Tomahawk Man
729D Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

I am enclosing \$1.00 for my Tomahawk delivered.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Waist Measure..... Inches

On C. O. D. Orders, Send \$1.00 Deposit

A *Welcome* AWAITS YOU IN NEW BRUNSWICK *Canada*



WHERE lakes and rivers offer unexcelled sport angling . . . Enjoy a combination hunting and fishing trip this spring. Bear license complimentary. Angling fees reasonable.



NO TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS

Write
New Brunswick
Tourist Bureau.
Dept. 41-Q
Fredericton, N.B.,
Canada

TRAVEL TO NEW BRUNSWICK BY TRAIN, AUTO, BOAT, BUS OR PLANE

Where To Go

By Edward Dreier

Camp Idlewild, the only sporting camp on the famous Second Connecticut Lake, New Hampshire, is located just off the Daniel Webster Highway from Boston to Quebec (U. S. Route No. 3). Here you'll find lake trout, landlocked salmon and squaretails, and can put up overnight or for a month in great comfort. The affable Harry Scott, famous exhibition caster at many a Sportsmen's Show, is manager. He will show you how to add yards to your cast if you wish.

Quimby's Cold Pond Club is located in far Northern Vermont where you can fish not only the Green Mountain State waters, but cross over into Canada if you wish. Several kinds of trout, as well as landlocks, and bass are all offered for the anglers' delectation by this famous sportsmen's and vacation camp, which has a far reaching reputation for making its guests comfortable and feeding them well and appetizingly.

GUIDES' MEET

GHT . . . The Michigan Open Guides' Meet will be held this year on the Big Muskegon River, at Newaygo, Michigan, April 11-12-13. There will be a guides' boat race from Croton to Newaygo . . . very picturesque—can be seen from high banks where county highways swing in close to the river. It is expected that between 25 and 30 guides will enter boats in this race. This is row, pole or paddle for about 18 miles. There will be a lot of entertainment . . . trap and pistol shooting . . . archery . . . bait and fly casting . . . story telling . . . photo contests, etc.

CANADIAN TROUT STREAMS

FSG . . . Trout fishing in Canada. Here are a number of places where you can get GOOD trout fishing early in May:

Steve Lewis' Camp on Ranger Lake . . . you can drive to the shore of the lake. The camp is on an island and you'll be taken over in canoes or motorboat. Good fishing in Ranger and Steve has several camps.

Fisher's Camp on Saymo Lake . . . drive out from the Soo to Ranger Lake.

"landlocks"
"brookies"
"lakers"

Good Fishing!
The Only Camp
On Second Connecticut Lake

Modern comforts and conveniences. Good meals, home ranking, 1/2 mile off U. S. Route 3 to Quebec, 7 miles from Canada. Good hunting in season. Special weekly rates. Guides and licenses available at camp. For further information write Harry Scott, Mgr.
CAMP IDLEWILD, Pittsburg, New Hampshire

GUESSING GAMES
ARE OK



BUT WHEN YOU'RE FISHING
You want fish



LET US TELL YOU WHERE
TO FIND THEM!

• When you take that trip you've been longing for, you want to get fish! And that's just where we can help you. Our FREE fishing service will tip you off on the hot spots not only for trout, but for bass, muskies and other sporting fish—give you up-to-date information on conditions. You'll get the thrill of a lifetime tackling the fighting fish of Canada's wild, secluded regions.

Tell us the kind of fish you prefer. Let us make specific recommendations—put you in touch with reliable guides and outfitters. Write or wire A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, 4124 Windsor Station, Montreal, Quebec.

U. S. Citizens require no passports—and their travel dollars go farther in Canada

Canadian Pacific

COMING TO NEW YORK?

Stop at HOTEL McALPIN

Because it is located in "the center of convenience", McAlpin guests have more time to devote to business and for pleasure.



1 block from
Penn Station
and Empire
State Bldg.

B. & O. Buses
stop at our
door.

LARGE
BEAUTIFUL
ROOMS WITH
PRIVATE BATH
FROM
\$3 SINGLE,
\$4.50 DOUBLE

**HOTEL
McALPIN**

BROADWAY AT 34th ST., NEW YORK
Under KNOTT Management
JOHN J. WOELFLE, Manager

QUIMBY'S COLD SPRING CLUB

Satisfying the fisherman and his folk—Five "home" lakes and many streams, excellent salmon, rainbow, brook and lake trout waters. Private cottages, main lodge, pleasing hotel service. Experienced, likeable guides when desired. Illustrated folders, Ice-Out card on request.

48th Season Horfense Quimby AVERILL, Northeastern VERMONT



You'll be transported up the lake by motorboat and your fishing will be in Upper Saymo.

Wolf Bielhart has a fine camp on Patton Lake . . . north out of Bruce Mines east of the Soo. Good gray trout fishing in Patton . . . Chipman and Stuart, and speckles in a fine lake up in the hills. You can drive right to the camp.

Bill Phillips has about 30 cabins on Wakwekobi Lake (Basswood) near Thessalon. His fishing will be in some of the outlying lakes in the hills and up the White Valley.

The Outpost . . . on Lake Jobama-geshig . . . is an outstanding camp . . . 28 miles north of Thessalon and 78 miles east of the Soo. Good fishing for gray, rainbow, salmon and speckled trout right in the home lakes (my wife took a six-pounder and several four-pounders there last May). They have several other lakes across the Missis-sagi for mountain trout and speckled trout . . . some of these lakes are fished but once or twice a year. They have several outlying camps.

There is no red tape at the border. The license is \$5.50 . . . or \$8 for a family license . . . or \$2 for three days. **DO NOT** take guns . . . unless you are going to hunt for bear during May . . . then get special permit from Provincial Police. Write them at Ottawa, Ontario, for permit, giving make, model and number of gun and tell where you are going to hunt. Give references.

American money is worth 10% more over there. Rates at several camps are based on U. S. currency . . . and worth every cent you pay.

UPPER PENINSULA

HER . . . I wouldn't advise fishing Upper Peninsula of Michigan streams in May . . . they are high and muddy—anyway, they are high and cold. You'll not get good fishing and you'll have a lot of physical discomforts. Wait until June and really enjoy those beautiful trout streams. The Fox in Schoolcraft County is excellent. The Two Hearted in Luce . . . Ontonagon in Gogebic, Chocoy in Marquette. There are a lot of others, but any one of these will give you most excellent fishing.

IDAHO FISHING

JJB . . . So you want to go to Idaho . . . well for what you want I would suggest Pond's Lodge on Highway 191 on the banks of the Buffalo River. They have 20 up-to-date cabins and there is marvelous (and I mean just that) fishing in the Buffalo and in Snake River. If you want a change you might go to Warm River Resort at the entrance of Targhee National Forest on Highway 191. Mighty nice cabins and restaurant . . . fishing, dancing, mountain climbing and other sports. Only a short drive to Yellowstone Park.

ONTARIO

ERT . . . Buffalo . . . Up at Dorset, Ontario, Ben Russell runs the Moun-

tain Trout House. It is located on Kawagama Lake and is open May 1st. It is 150 miles northeast of Toronto in the heart of the speckled trout and salmon fishing. Rates are \$18-\$20 per week.

DUNE CLIMBING

Miss G . . . Chicago . . . Dunesmobile Trips in Michigan . . . well, I'll tell you . . . a fellow by the name of Mac Wood who runs the Floradale Resort on Silver Lake in Oceana County—near Shelby—is somewhat mechanically minded. His front yard is the largest shifting sand dune in Michigan. Always he wanted to climb up over those sand hills . . . on foot it was hard work. No ordinary car could make the grade . . . so he built a TEN WHEEL FORD and he roamed the sand dunes at will. Last year he added more of his "Dunesmobiles" and carried over 10,000 visitors on scenic and thrill trips—and if you don't think it is a thrill to drop off the edge of a dune and go straight down for a hundred feet or more . . . and then roar almost straight up another dune—well, go over and try it. Write Mac Wood, Floradale Resort (mighty nice place to headquarter), Mears, Michigan.

TURCOTT'S PLACE

TD . . . N. Y. . . . Pete Turcott has a nice camp at Greenville, Me., where you can get all the trout fishing you want in a season. You don't have to stick to one stream, because there are over a hundred streams, ponds and rivers right close by. Later in the season you can take your family for they have a lot of social activity. They have a booklet which will be sent free.

NOVA SCOTIA

FR . . . Boston . . . I've had a lot of fun on the North River out of New Glasgow, N. S. Did most of my fishing close to the highway and had all the 9-inchers that I wanted, with now and again one that would go to 12 or 14. Did get back in away from the highway at times and found some splendid pools where the big fellows holed up . . . and there we got them up to 2½ pounds. Another great stream is the Musquodoboit near Musquodoboit Harbor. You can get a nice run of sea trout in this stream early in the spring and some corking big speckles. Make a canoe trip down from Gibraltar and you'll have some fun.

KATAHDIN

GH . . . Woonsocket . . . Yes, we've been in to the Katahdin Lake Camps where our good friend O. R. Cobb is genial host. You'll go a long way to get better trout fishing than he has in both lakes and streams. Your family will enjoy this camp for the various members can find things to do. I would suggest that you take your movie camera along with plenty of film. You'll get plenty of trout action.



LAND HIM!
and you'll land a
hundred dollars!

Come to Ontario, Canada's Fishing Province, this year. Enter the "Big Fish Contest." Fishing in Ontario is famous . . . every lake and stream is stocked with game fish . . . beauties that strike hard and fight all the way to the landing. Fine highways lead you to the heart of good fishing. Accommodation and boats are reasonably priced. Don't forget your money goes further in Ontario . . . there's a handsome premium on U. S. funds. Let us plan a fishing trip for you this summer . . . you may land one of the Big Fish prizes.

New \$2 Angler's License

A special Short Term Non-Resident Angler's License, good for 3 days is available this year.



\$600 FOR 6 FISH

Ontario offers a cash prize of \$100 for the biggest fish caught on a Non-Resident Angler's Permit during the 1941 Season in each of the following classes: Speckled Trout, Lake Trout, Small Mouth Black Bass, Maskinonge, Yellow Pickerel or Wall-Eyed Pike, Great Northern Pike. Write now for entry forms.



There's Grand Fishing in Ontario
CANADA'S VACATION PROVINCE

Ontario Travel & Publicity Bureau,
50 Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Send me particulars of the prize fish contest; also booklets "With Rod and Gun," "Ontario Welcomes You" and Official Road Map.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

NO PASSPORT REQUIRED

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written regarding the many attractions that Maine has for the angler, very little has been said on one particular phase of the subject that, to me, is the most interesting of all. I refer to the great variety of major game fish that inhabit Maine waters.

Not being absolutely certain, I would hesitate to say that the angler will find more species of fish in Maine than in any other state. However, I am morally certain that he will.

Although different bodies of water are known to anglers as "salmon lakes" or "trout lakes" or "bass lakes" the predominant part of Maine fishing waters harbors more than one species of fish. By way of illustration allow me to point to Branch lake, near Bangor. This six- or seven-mile-long lake is a virtual piscatorial grab bag. Let the angler venture out on it in the spring or early summer and there is no telling what will take his lure. It might be a ten-pound brown trout—there are many of that size in Branch Lake—a so-called landlocked salmon, a small-mouthed bass, a brook trout or a pickerel. This uncertainty as to the nature of the prey adds to the sport of angling, at least in my opinion.

I have mentioned Branch Lake just as an example. Those who fish Moosehead Lake, the Rangeleys, the Belgrades, the Fish River Chain, the Grand Lake Stream region and other favorite Maine fishing spots know that, to a greater or lesser extent, the same holds true in those places.

While this multiplicity of species probably appeals greatly to the run-of-the-mill angler, I know that others would not hold it to be an advantage at all; that, in their opinion, it is preferable that only one species be present in any one fishing water. Those who hold this view will find scores of places in every section of the state where they may concentrate on their favorite antagonist. Thus Maine is admirably fitted to satisfy both groups.

One misconception about Maine fishing that I would like to dispel is the conviction held by many novice anglers that, in order to bring our big game fish to net, one must be very adept at handling rod and reel. When using a very light rod and a fine leader it goes without saying that one must have considerable experience behind him in order to outwit and outfight a scrapping salmon, trout or bass. But there is no need for the beginner to use light tackle. If he uses ordinary equipment recommended by the guides or fellow sportsmen he will encounter



Two scrappy landlocks from Sebago

there is no reason why a person who has never fished before in his life cannot acquit himself well.

I have been asked many times by anglers who were planning their initial trips to Maine to tell them what to bring along in the way of clothing and gear. A few have seemed to think that the expedition required the same preparation as a polar trip. This, it goes without saying, is not true. By far the greater number of anglers who come to Maine stay at the many fine sporting camps that are found on the shores of our fishing waters. One can arrive at one of these places with no gear or equipment whatever and be fitted

out in no time at all at a minimum of expense.

A good general rule, however, is to bring along an assortment of old clothes—shoes, old trousers, a sweater, a raincoat and a coat such as a mackinaw—and whatever fishing gear one may happen to have. If said gear is not adequate it can be supplemented by the stock maintained for just such purposes at the camp. Guides, of course, can be obtained at any and all camps. Thus it is not necessary for the angler to make any elaborate preparations at all.

OUTDOORS carries many advertisements of Maine sporting camps. I don't see how you can possibly go wrong in getting in touch with any of these advertisers if you are planning a Maine trip. They have a long and honorable record of service to anglers behind them. I have stopped at a great many of these camps and I have yet to find one that didn't more than live up to its promises.

Have no hesitancy about coming to Maine by automobile even in the early spring. Good, safe roads lead directly to virtually all of the fishing grounds.

Another question I am often asked is this: "Do I have to hire a guide to fish in Maine?" The answer is no—unless you plan a trip back into unorganized regions where you would have to have a guide along if you wanted to build fires.

However, let me point out that a guide is greatly to be desired wherever you fish in Maine if you want to get the utmost possible out of your trip. A Maine guide knows where to fish, when to fish and what to use in the way of lures at any specified time. Thus you will have a far greater chance of taking your daily limit of fish if you have the advice and counsel of a guide. Too, by hiring a guide you will encounter an experience that will be etched in your memory to your

Variety Is the Spice of Maine Fishing

By Earle Doucette



Percy Morrow of Bangor proudly displays a 9-pound brownie

dying day. I refer to the outdoor meals that your guide will cook for you at noontime. If you have never tasted one of these banquets you "ain't et," as we say in Maine.

Without a doubt there are many questions regarding Maine fishing that I have left unanswered. If you have any in mind just drop me a line in care of OUTDOORS. I will be more than pleased to help you.

MOOSEHEAD HAS THE FISH!

By the Old Fisherman

I LIKE to fish in Moosehead. It's such a tremendous body of water that the fascinating gambling element in fishing is intensified. You are apt at any minute to strike into a tremendous salmon, laker or square tail—and you can find so much difference in the nature of the bottom and the contour of the shore that there's always plenty of variety.

I have fly-cast over rocky shoals, top-trolled along craggy shores and deep-trolled in vast depths, and have fished off sandy bars in the lea of long islands, and on the windward shores where the waves were pounding. Somewhere or other in these places during the day I have always found fish except on one occasion when I was thoroughly and humiliatingly "skunked." However, as this was on a perfectly calm and tremendously hot day in mid-July. I really had no expectation of catching fish when I started out.

Sometimes when the smelt and shiners run thick in the coves. I have seen so many splashes, as salmon and square tails rose, that it almost seemed as if one or more fish were continuously in the air. At other times I have had to fish hard and persistently to induce any rises. But Moosehead's average holds up for me as high as that of any lake I have ever fished.

Going back in my mind's eye over many fishing trips on this big and productive lake, I have tried to remember on several occasions what I could perhaps call outstanding locations for taking fish. But whenever I start to enumerate them, I just keep on going and can clearly remember at least two dozen, far too many to enumerate here. Perhaps as vivid as any is the spot on the shore about two miles above Greenville where there are a number of pockets among the big rocks in which I have generally managed to get big square tails. Then there are places off Sugar Island where I have had them coming mighty fast at times. I can think of at least three good ledges and shoals between Caribou Point and Greenville which have furnished some hectic fly fishing.

Then there is the Moose River and North Bay and around Kineo where they come very, very fast at certain times.

Spencer Bay, Squaw Bay, Beaver Creek, are all names to conjure with



Sure Cure for Fishin' Fever—



A TRIP TO THE STATE OF MAINE!

FINGERS itchin' for the feel of your fishing rod? Feet itchin' to wade fast water? Mister, come on down to Maine!

Here's what the doctor ordered for winter-weary fishermen: 2500 lakes, 5000 rivers and streams, *more than half the trout waters of the eastern states*; plenty of hungry brook trout, lake trout and big

landlocked salmon; fighting black bass if you make the trip in June; real Maine guides to help you net that whopper; everything you need to make your Maine trip the *perfect fisherman's holiday!*

Mail the coupon for information—full facts on camps and camp-sites, hotels and inns, guides and where-to-go.



HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 862 St. John Street, Portland, Maine
Please send me the Official Maine Fishing Guide for 1941.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SPORTSMEN

and Their Families
Get More Out of Life

IN BANGOR

For Instance

- Good hunting and fishing nearby.
- All the necessities and comforts of a thriving city—but a simpler, more healthy life.
- More friendly and closer relations with everybody—including your friendly bank.

EASTERN TRUST and BANKING COMPANY

MACHIAS - BANGOR - OLD TOWN

for those who know Moosehead. In short, this big lake from Greenville to Sebomook contains so many thousands of good fishing spots that it is impossible to mention them.

FISHING OUT OF BANGOR

Bangor is the portal through which 50 or more mighty good fishing waters can be reached. First, because easiest of access, is the Bangor Salmon Pool, right in the city itself. This fishing runs in cycles, and is apparently on the upswing again.

Only 18 miles away by way of Bar Harbor Highway is Branch Pond, 8 miles long, which seems to run to heavy fish: brown trout, bass and salmon. Percy Morrow, a friend of mine, took a 9-pound brown trout from these waters last year.

About 22 miles away, via Bucksport, you'll find salmon, trout, white perch and pickerel in Alamoosook Lake, while Toddy and Heart Ponds, with salmon, lakers and trout, are in the same vicinity. Small-mouth, pickerel and white perch can be taken from Chemo Pond, 12 miles from Bangor via Eddington. Cold Stream Pond is 41 miles away via Lincoln. There you will take some fine salmon and lake trout. In Duck Lake and at least a half dozen other lakes in this section reached from Bangor via Lincoln and Enfield, you can find goodly trout, salmon and lakers.

There are some mighty big bass and pickerel in Graham Lake above Ellsworth Falls, 25 miles away via Bar Harbor. Green Lake, an 8-mile-long salmon, bass and perch lake, is one of the original four homes of land-locked salmon. Go via Bar Harbor Highway 18 miles from Bangor. Mountain Pond is only 12 miles from Bangor. The pond is 2½ miles long and it is another original home of the landlock. Go in by way of Hatcase Pond and

carry for a mile. You will find salmon, trout, bass, pickerel and very big white perch there—up to 2 pounds and better.

Moosehead, in which the writer has fished for many years with memorable success, is reached through Bangor. Travel via good motor roads, Bangor & Aroostook Railway, or Hasey's Maine Stages to Greenville, 75 miles away. You can reach the justly famed Millinocket-Katahdin-Norcross section, or the grand fishing waters of the Fish River chain of lakes, by way of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway, which gives exceedingly comfortable accommodations, and whose dining car service is exceptional.

The lakes we have mentioned are typical of many, many others within easy distance of Bangor. We must omit mention of many of the finest fishing waters because of space limitations, but I would like to call attention to Niatous and the group of lakes and streams in its vicinity, 52 miles away via Lincoln and Enfield. Niatous is 9 miles long, and is the center of a fine salmon and trout region.

Sebec Lake, reached via Dover-Foxcroft, is 7 miles long and furnishes landlock, bass and white perch fishing. There is good salmon fishing in the group of smaller lakes near Tunk Pond which can be fished in conjunction with it. Among them are Molasses, Abrams and Webh. Go via Ellsworth and Sullivan bridge.

There is good stream fishing out of Bangor in many streams along the Airline Highway, going east. You will find small-mouths in fast waters in the Penobscot near Pea Cove, 15 miles out. Striped bass and Atlantic salmon in the Bangor Pool, bass and salmon in Passadumkeag Lower Stream, 45 miles away via Enfield, bass in the Piscataquis above Howland, 48 miles from Bangor, trout in many good brooks around Old Town only 12 miles away.



The Bangor House

LONG famous for good food and comfort. A sportsmen's gathering-place for many years. Inviting cocktail lounge. Dependable information on Bangor region fishing for Atlantic salmon, landlocked salmon, togue, trout, bass, pickerel, white perch, and striped bass.

BANGOR HOUSE
Bangor, Maine



Maine sporting camps, offering comfortable living in the various fishing regions, attract Waltonians from all parts of the country

A Few Facts About Maine Camps

By Old Fisherman

Maine Sporting Camps are usually run on the "American Plan," where you're charged a flat rate for board and lodging. Prices vary from about \$3.75 per day up to \$6 or \$8, and \$21 per week up to \$50, depending on the location and the accommodations. Guides are extra, so are boats and canoes. Guides' daily pay varies from about \$3.50 to \$6 where they simply row you around for fishing, up to eight or ten dollars where they have to set up camp, chop wood, cook, and assume all the responsibility for keeping things going.

Boats and canoes average around a dollar per day. Some camps furnish them free, or free when a guide is hired. Many camps give a weekly rate around \$5 for boats or canoes.

Beds are comfortable. Food is good, and is varied and plentiful. Fireplaces and Franklin Stoves help make things cheerful.

The Franklin Stove is a Maine institution! It throws out plenty of heat, and its cheery "open face" gives a fireplace effect if you open it up.

Maine camps usually provide comfortable screened individual cabins, with electric lights, hot and cold water, flush toilets, and other modern accommodations. Meals are served in a main lodge.

* * *

Migis Lodge, on Sebago Lake, has been the scene of several well remembered successful excursions after landlocked salmon and "square tails" by the writer and two of his sons. I also recall, with tingling sensations still, some fast stream fishing in Bert Quimby's company not so long ago—where we brought in some beautiful landlocks and square tails. Louise Robinson and Kay Thayer, who run

the lodge are great "hosts." I presume I should say "hostesses," but their hospitality has a comradely ring to it that doesn't remind me of tea aprons and such.

* * *

I like the section of Moosehead Lake around Rockwood, near MacKenzie's. Moosehead is a sort of strategic center where you can set off in one of several directions for some swell salmon, trout, and togue fishing. Frank has a mighty pretty location, with Mt. Kineo in plain view; and he has a mighty comfortable set of camps. He has been long years in the business, and runs things right up to top form both for food and accommodations.

* * *

This writer fished Kennebec Lake long before the present toll road was put through from Loon Lake. The fishing was grand then, and it's grand now, since it is restricted to fly fishing alone, and has been for fifty years.

One good thing about these Kennebec region waters is the fact that in some of them you can get trout and salmon to rise over an extra long season. For instance Kennebec stream has a late salmon run that goes well into August.

Lewis York, proprietor of Kennebec Lake Camps, I have known for many years. He certainly understands how to make sportsmen and their families comfortable—not to mention well fed!

* * *

Jack Williams of Nicaous Lodge, reached via Burlington, Me., and which is right in the heart of a region of many fine fishing lakes and streams, told us he got one party from South America last year and has another booked for this season from the same continent, all from his ad in OUTDOORS last April! Jack says this ad brought several other parties to enjoy Nicaous salmon, trout- and nearby bass-fishing.

* * *

One of Maine's "tip-toppest" camps is Severance Lodge, on Kezar Lake, reached through Lovell Center. Kezar Lake grows big salmon, pickerel and bass. Maine fishing resorts don't realize what an asset they have in good bass and pickerel fishing. A friend of mine who fished Kezar for pickerel two years ago couldn't get back last

BROOK LAKE STREAM Fishing-TROUT and SALMON

Usually good trout fishing in many small lakes, brooks, and a large stream. Beautiful mountain scenery. Log cabins with open fires. Best food. Excellent hunting in season. Rates for cabin and board \$21 per week. Write for folder.

BIG HOUSTON CAMPS

W. L. ARNOLD, Prop.
Katahdin Iron Works
P. O. Brownville Jct., Maine

NICATOUS LAKE and 12 OUTLYING PONDS with many brooks and streams furnish real fishing!

Big lake (12 miles long)—big fish! Salmon, trout. Small month bass in neighboring lake! Individual cabins, solid comfort, minimal atmosphere. Best food. Good hunting in season. Send for illustrated booklet.

Write **JACK WILLIAMS, Prop.,**
NICATOUS LODGE and CABINS
Burlington, Maine

Good Fishing at "The Birches" right through July Landlocks! Trout! Lakers!

Come in July, after the first rush is over. Bring the family. Cozy, comfortable, modern cabins, good food. No black flies, no bay-fever! Beautiful setting, with Mt. Kineo nearby. Good fishing holds on through July.

Send for illustrated booklet and rates.

O. R. FAHEY, Prop., Rockwood, Maine

MacKENZIE'S on MOOSEHEAD LAKE



Always good fishing in Moosehead. Fighting SALMON and TROUT! Modern log cabins. Capable guides. Send for illustrated booklet. 38 years good record.

Frank A. MacKenzie, Prop.
WEST OUTLET, MAINE

REAL TROUT FISHIN' OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

IN MAINE'S KATAHDIN REGION
Stream, lake, and pond fishing for trout. The limit daily for good fishermen. \$4 daily, \$25 weekly. Write for booklet.
RUSSELL POND CAMPS, STACYVILLE, MAINE.

COUNTY MAPS (MAINE)

Showing all trails, tote roads, etc., in great detail. Reliable. Indispensable to Guides, Campers, Anglers, Hunters, Canoeists. If local dealer can't supply send direct to publishers. Complete set one scale.

Androscoggin (One Plan)..... \$1.00	Kennebec - Sagadahoc - Lincoln..... \$1.00
Aroostook Northern Part..... \$1.00	Aroostook Southern Part..... .50
Cumberland - York (One Plan)..... .75	Franklin..... .75
Hancock..... \$1.00	Knox..... .50
Oxford..... .75	Penobscot..... \$1.00
Piscataquis..... \$1.00	Somerset..... \$1.00
Waldo..... .50	Washington..... \$1.00
Complete Set Flat for Mounting..... \$8.00	

Copyrighted and Published by
PRENTISS & CARLISLE CO., INC.
TIMBERLAND SERVICE BANGOR, MAINE

BUCK HORN LODGE
In The Maine Woods
Try our Spring Trout, Salmon & Togue fishing in Mt. Katahdin Region and you'll find REAL sport. Comfortable cabins, good food and guides, boats or canoes on fine lakes and ponds, some with cabins. No walking to main camp. Write
JASPER HAYNES
Box 209 Millinocket, Maine

Special Offer
TO FISHERMEN
Order yours now—beautiful "Lady Doctor" No. 8 Fly—Killer for Trout, Salmon, Bass, etc., 50c value—only 25c for limited time to introduce FREE Thomas Rod Catalog, describing the world's finest handmade fishing rods—for every fishing purpose. Send only 25c for this famous fly and FREE catalog. Order now. Supply limited.
THOMAS FISHING RODS
BOX 54 BANGOR, MAINE



**The Folding Door—
FRANKLIN**

Provides more heat and all the cheer of an open fireplace.

SEND FOR CATALOG O

Portland Stove Foundry Co. Portland, Maine

Fast fly fishing

for trout and salmon in lakes and streams

Big Kennebago, 6 miles; Little Kennebago, 2 miles long; connected by stream. Blanchard, Flacciron, and Johns Ponds; famous Kennebago River easily reached from Camp. Fish rise to fly in these waters throughout the entire season.

Comfortable cabins have open fireplaces, hot and cold running water, electric lights, etc. Exceptional food.

Far in woods but easily reached by toll auto road.

Write for richly illustrated booklet No. 1.

KENNEBAGO LAKE CAMPS
Kennebago Lake, Maine

MORE THAN FISH!

Warm comfortable cabins. A friendly welcome. Good food and plenty of it. And as for fishing—Salmon, early May and June; Bass, July to October. Rates \$6 daily, \$36 to \$42 weekly. American plan. Restricted clientele. Write for booklet.

SEVERANCE LODGE ON LAKE KEZAR
Lovell, Maine

MIGIS LODGE
ON SEBAGO LAKE

EARLY SALMON and TROUT

Experienced Guides - Good Food - Heated Cabins
\$5 & \$6 a day - "Ice Out" Card and Booklet
C. Gullick Robinson

SOUTH CASCO, MAINE

Small Mouth Bass

PICKEREL and PERCH

Plenty of pickerel and perch, but Bass fishing unusually good. Individual cabins, fireplaces and all modern conveniences. Good meals. \$22.50 to \$32.50 weekly. American plan.

Send for Booklet.

Royal Pine Camps, BURNHAM, MAINE
MR. AND MRS. J. E. HERSON

LAKE PARLIN HOUSE & LODGES

Maine's finest fishing. Trout unexcelled in Parlin, and several outlying ponds. Bring your family too. All vacation pleasures. Hotel or log cabins. All conveniences. Long famed for excellent meals.

Write for more information and free booklet.

LAKE PARLIN HOUSE & LODGES
H. P. McKenney—Prop. P. O. Jackman Station, Maine
(On U. S. Route 201, 12 miles south of Jackman)

Lake Trout, Bass, Salmon
At Schoodic Lake Camps

Big, fighting bass, plenty of lake trout; also salmon, pickerel, and perch, \$21 per week; Experienced guides. Send for booklet and full information.

BILL GOURLEY SCHOODIC, MAINE

year. He says he can hardly wait for the coming spring at Kezar for some of the best pickerel fishing he has ever known!

* * *

An old acquaintance of mine who runs a sportsmen's camp himself in another locality told me he has had at Unity Lake some of the best small-mouth bass fishing he ever encountered in Maine or any other state. Royal Pine Camp, run by the Hersoms, postoffice Burnham, Me., is exceedingly comfortable with an attractive log lodge and dining room and individual cabins with fire places and modern conveniences. Rates are moderate.

* * *

Russell Pond Camps are a bit off the beaten track, and that's one reason they offer such exceptionally good trout fishing in lakes, streams and ponds. In the famous Katahdin district of Maine, they are in the midst of waters which prove prolific producers of trout. An ordinarily good fisherman can take his limit here without much trouble.

* * *

A most vividly remembered week two years ago at Oz Fahy's camps, "The Birches," is something the "Old Fisherman" looks back on with keen delight. The fishing was most excellent and the company. Dave Comstock of Westfield and Harry Husk of Newburyport, was quite as good. There wasn't a single day when any of us got "skunked," and very few when we didn't return landlocks and square-tails to the water. For the past few seasons Moosehead fishing has held up right on through July, and last year Leon Thomas and the writer had some wonderful fishing there during the last week in July.

Hint for Maine Anglers

If the Black Ghost or other good streamers like Gray Ghost, Tiger, Pink Pup, Black Dog, Hellecat, etc., won't raise fish, and the water is fairly calm, try number six, eight, ten or twelve dry flies, even for landlocks and small-mouths.

Best Streamers for Maine

Hellecat, Pink Pup, Black Dog, Dark Tiger, Light Tiger, Gray Ghost, Black Ghost, Lady Doctor, Supervisor, Wilson Special (White Ghost), Warden's Worry. These are my "Lucky Eleven." If I can't get salmon, square-tails, and spring togue on one of these, I stop fly fishing for the day!

Try These Sometime!

I have far better luck in some Maine lakes with Atlantic Salmon flies, than with ordinary trout flies. Here's the list—I call 'em my "Sock-'em Six" just for the heck of it: Silver Doctor,

Silver Gray, Black Dose, Jock Scott, Mar Lodge, Fiery Brown.

Ssh! Here's a tip. If your Maine salmon and square-tails won't rise to streamers, or Atlantic Salmon flies, hook a small minnow through the lips behind one of these flies, troll and watch out for explosions!

I have my best luck trolling with flies, and fly casting around the shore line, and around the edges of the ledges and shoals, where they drop off into deep water.

For Bait Fishermen

Worms behind a Rangeley Spinner will take salmon, square-tails and lakers. Minnows, trolled deep, are the best lure for lakers at most times, also for salmon and square-tails in late season. The "Record" spoon is a grand deepwater lure for lakers!

Here's a secret—if you can't catch salmon or square-tails on streamers, flies, or minnows, trolled on the surface, put on a minnow and slow up the progress of your boat or canoe until you are barely moving. The minnow then drops down deeper, and you'll get many a fish that refuses to "take" on or near the surface.

Variety Spices Casting

On lakes or big rivers when wet fly or streamer casting for trout or salmon—or bass, for that matter—try letting your fly sink down just a few inches on the first cast, then retrieve it with slow twitches for about three feet, then let it stop and sink down a few inches again and repeat. On the next cast, let it sink about two feet before you start to retrieve. Then retrieve quite slowly for three or four feet, then allow it to sink down again about two feet, retrieve again, for about four feet, and continue. On the third cast, let it go down about four feet, and retrieve it very slowly for about six or seven feet, and continue the process. Use the same idea when fishing smaller streams—that is, vary the depth of your retrieve.

Here are some swell streamers for spring trout: Hell Cat, Pink Pup, Black Dog, Warden's Worry, Black Ghost, Gray Ghost, Lady Doctor, White Ghost, Mickey Finn, Supervisor, "9-3," and Green Ghost!

Do you need advice and information in the planning of fishing trips?

Tell us the region you wish to visit and let us help you. Send your inquiry to The Editor

**WHERE TO GO
DEPARTMENT**

OUTDOORS

THE BEAUTIFUL BELGRADES

The writer has fished this region for many years, and he finds Belgrade's waters very fascinating and productive. If I can't find fish in one of these beautiful lakes I immediately move on to another of the seven.

The number 7 seems to be the magic key number of this region. There are 7 fine lakes, and 7 fine varieties of fish. These are small-mouth bass, square-tail trout, land-locked salmon, Chinook salmon, pickerel, wall eyes, white perch.

The Belgrade Lakes are as fine natural small-mouth waters as can be found in North America. There are rocky shores, ledges and shoals galore, natural breeding grounds for bass.

A systematic stocking campaign, year after year, has greatly increased the number of square-tail trout and Chinook salmon in these lakes. The Belgrades have been famous for many years for the size of the square-tails taken there. There is something about the quantity and quality of food, etc.,

which seems to grow large trout. Three-, 4-, and 5-pounders are not uncommon—and larger trout have been taken occasionally.

The pressure of business prevented me from having my usual Belgrade fishing last year, but the season before that I well recall picking up three Chinook, varying from 2 to 5 pounds in two hours before breakfast, and then on the way to camp, taking 5 small-mouth bass ranging from 1½ to 3 pounds. Of course I put all the bass back, although I will confess I kept the Chinook. There are still some big walleyes left in Great Lake, although the natives and Fish and Game Department are trying to exterminate them. I heard of more big Chinook salmon and square-tails being caught last year than during any period for the past decade.

Pickerel and white perch have always been plentiful in this region and furnish thrilling sport, especially when taken on light tackle.

THE SNORER

By Philip Irvine

I KNOW a man who sleeps so quietly and soundly in a shooting camp that on one occasion he awoke in the morning to discover on one side of his face the marks of a couple of buttons that were on the rolled-up coat which he had used as a pillow. And on the other side of his face, in the dust that had settled there during the night, he found mouse-tracks.

But at the moment I am thinking of the snorer. No hunting camp is complete without one. He is invariably a good sport and a good huntsman. No man will work harder in the duck marsh, and when he comes in with his bag he is ready to begin at once his share of the camp chores.

In a makeshift camp the sleeping is usually done with the shooters stretched side by side, only a sparse bed of straw between them and the ground.

Generally the snorer is a large man, in excellent health, one who sleeps soundly. With a casual glance at the bed he flops suddenly to a spot which will be his for the night and begins tugging at the laces of his boots. He is already yawning before the second boot is removed. He does not waste a movement. We notice that when he sat down it was in a position where, to be in bed, he had merely to seize a blanket and fall backwards. Then the yawns come faster and are a little more violent. He rubs his eyes vigorously and stretches, then slowly relaxes and seems gradually to spread himself over an area that should hold two of us.

As the last man to bed puts out the lights, tumbles into line and starts to pull up his blanket, our large member sleepily warns us that it is just barely

possible, and also probable, that he may start to snore, in which event will somebody thoughtfully poke him a little, or turn him off his back?

Usually I find myself next to the snorer and when the noise begins—as it always does when a member elects to warn us—I find that poking him a little does not help, and am squeezed in so close that I can't "sock" him without elbowing the chap on the other side of me; and as for turning him over, it could be done—with a block and tackle, which are not available.

So, we spend the first half hour listening in sleepless fear that he will strangle, and the next five hours are spent in wakefulness and fear that he won't. We yearn for daylight so that we may be up and away to our duck blinds where, during a lull in the shooting, we may snatch a few winks to make up for the sleepless night. If we do drop at last into a restless slumber we are awakened in about an hour by the large member who, after a night of sound (sic), refreshing slumber, is happily engaged in upsetting everything in the place in his efforts to prepare an ample breakfast. And we struggle to our feet feeling as if seven bricks had struck us on the back of the head and we had somewhere acquired a mouthful of mud.

It was the man first mentioned, the quiet sleeper, who told me that in the past years, while trying to sleep, his hands would wander idly about during the night and he frequently returned home from a hunting trip with fingers all nicked and sore from getting them into the mouth of some snorer. Which is probably the reason for his present habit of sleeping with hands tightly clasped over chest. And now even snoring does not bother him.

GRAND FISHING! The Best in Years!

Come! Bring the whole family! You'll be made cordially welcome. Illustrated booklet with double page map gratis.

KENNEBEC FISH and GAME ASSOCIATION - Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

Bass Fishing (DeLuxe and Galore)

They start in hitting around Memorial Day—and there's fast bass fly fishing till the bait and plug season opens June 20th. June fly fishing here is something to write home about. There are big salmon and trout in these lakes, too, and we can find you some grand pickerel ponds, if you're interested. Rates are moderate.

We specialize on good food and comfort for fishermen and their families. Write for richly illustrated booklet.

CLEMENT'S CAMPS

Address till May 1, E. D. DAVEY, the Fairway, Upper Montclair, N. J. After May 1, Oakland, Maine.

BIG BASS

SOLID COMFORT and GOOD FOOD

(Plenty of All Three!)

Belgrade's best bass fishing with big salmon and trout when first expected. New cottages, instant hot water, baths, etc., etc. Wholesome, varied meals included. All for \$4 per day and up. Gentle. Write for booklet.



Hillside CAMP CLUB

Box 470, Belgrade Lakes, Maine

SALMON! TROUT! BASS!

Many Small-mouths! Plenty! Salmon, Trout, Pickerel, White Perch, too! Wholesome, tasty grub. Comfortable beds. Fireplace, electricity, bath in all cabins. All included \$24 to \$27 weekly; American Plan. Booklet. Write. Thanks.

BEAR SPRINGS CAMPS
OAKLAND, MAINE

RIGHT ON LONG LAKE

Where the fish grow big and husky! Pleasant surroundings. Excellent food. Comfortable beds. Fishermen and their families feel at home here. Write for full details, to I. C. Banks, Prop., Myrtelle Clement, Mgr.

LAKEVIEW MANOR COTTAGES
BELGRADE LAKES, - - MAINE

Between Two Good Belgrade Bass Lakes

Centrally located for fishing both Great and Long Lakes. Many others nearby. Comfortable, modern accommodations. Best and most appetizing food. Moderate rates. Write for details.

THE LOCUSTS

Ed Megill, Prop., Belgrade Lakes, Me.

FISHERMEN LIKE IT HERE!

FISH! COMFORT! GOOD FOOD!

Every modern convenience and comfort in cabins 'mongst the pines. Crystal Spring water piped into every cabin! Flannel shirts and battered Stetsons welcome! Christian clientele. Write for folder A.

CRYSTAL SPRING CAMPS

On Great Lake and Belgrade Lakes, Maine

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

(Continued from page 22)

grade .220 thus equipped will weigh 12 pounds. This is heavy to pack and really is better adapted to use from an automobile, from a strategically located hideout, or other place where no great amount of walking will be necessary. The 12-pound gun cannot be shot off-hand and indeed hawk taking isn't an off-hand proposition anyway. The gun is essentially a weapon for prone and sitting work.

FOR game shooting, that is, big game, I find the tapered post reticule to be much the best. For hawk shooting the medium fine cross wires are to be preferred. So frequently will the target be outlined against the sky, the cross hairs are infinitely more precise. I find the average distance at which I kill most of my hawks is 195 yards. Once I learned this I sighted in for 200 yards. Now, using the Swift I can be sure of connecting with the quail-killers at every distance up to 275 yards. The drop of the 46-grain O. P. E. Western load at 100 yards is 1.2 inches, at 200 yards the fall is 6 inches and at 300 yards the drop is 18 inches.

This is wonderfully flat shooting considering the lightness of the bullet and the fact that it sheds velocity at the rate of 650 feet per second the first 100 yards, and about 400 feet per second the second 100, with a loss of 250 feet the final 100 yards. Reaching the 300-yard target with approximately 2840 foot seconds velocity remaining—a speed slightly in excess of the .22 Hornet at the muzzle.

After a little study, a dozen trial shots at as many hawks, plus some accurate stepping you should be able to decide exactly what distance to sight in for. Maybe your hawks have been strafed a good deal—then again maybe not. If they are wild you may have to sight in for 225-250 yards; on the other hand, possibly your average shooting distance will be no more than 150 steps. You will learn, after a little observation, just what range is best.

Do not sight in to hold at 6 o'clock, that is, adjust the scope to permit a low hold on the birds. This 6 o'clock aiming point is right enough at 600 yards on a nicely silhouetted bullseye,

but for hawk taking it is all wet. Zero scope and rifle to lay 'em smack on the mark at your decided range. Then, if it is necessary to hold a bit low or a trifle high you can do it without complicating the business by being forced to consider your 6 o'clock aiming point.

If you know where you left a half dozen scattered grouse at the end of season last year, if you have seen ring-necks sunning and dusting themselves in the first bare patches after the passing of the winter's snow, if you recollect the feeding grounds of a covey of quail, go there this afternoon and you'll find hawks. During season I am apt to look for quail in a strange country, not by putting the dogs down and waiting for them to work out the country but by driving along with an eye cocked skyward all the time. When I see a pair of circling hawks, I'm immedi-

was a damn small quantity." Very likely the worst of our hawks have some redeeming qualities but I have been too many years afield watching all of them to believe that any of the larger species are wholly good. A case is built up in behalf of the Ferruginous Rough Legs, it being claimed he will not kill quail. At the same time he dines daily on cottontails but nothing is said about that, rabbits not being considered game. To me a cottontail is worth infinitely more than any hawk and if I can bounce one of these rust-colored outlaws out of his high perch, I'll do it.

Unless you can regularly hit a 1½-inch ring at 100 yards you will never kill many hawks at long range. The average hawk-target represents a mark about 4½ inches in width. We'll discount his length since that

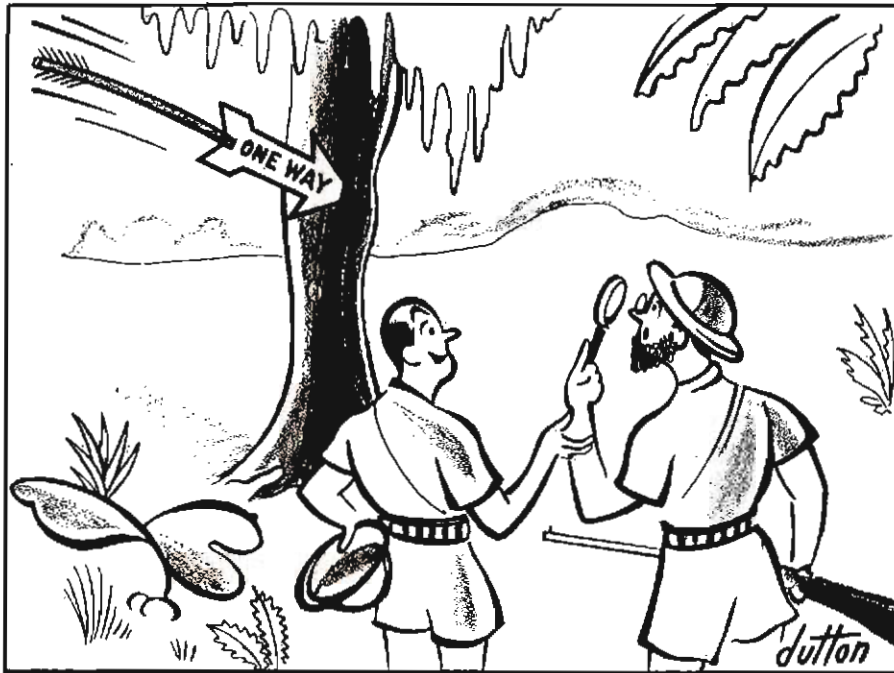
will play a relatively small part in the missing. You are going to lose him by lateral deviations. If your hold and squeeze is only steady enough to hit a 4-inch ring at 100 yards that simply indicates that any game you connect with beyond will be mostly luck. If, however, you have practiced enough so that you hold like a vise and can squeeze like a champion you should be able regularly to "puff" hawks (the .220 literally explodes or puffs the feathers in all directions) up to 300 yards. Any man who hits a

hawk beyond 300 yards does so by divine dispensation of the Red Gods—they must indeed be smiling.

I have a special hawking ground all of my own. It is a fifty-mile stretch of telephone line along an unused backwoods road. The dusky birds love to perch atop the 40-foot poles where they can survey a considerable territory; too, the poles afford a dandy roosting place. The distance from the old trail to the shining ribbons of copper never varies from 150-175 yards. Now do not misunderstand me. My hawks aren't so dumb they'll allow me to drive up beside 'em. Oh, no! I take most of my chances at 200 yards to 250 yards. However the knowledge that from road-to-wires is 150 yards helps immeasurably in estimating the range of my targets.

Best time to scout the lines is just at dawn, and preferably after a stinging cold night. I will find an average

(Continued on page 58)



"What do you make of it, Professor?"

ately certain quail are in the vicinity. So I say, if you remember where there is a brushpile hiding a cottontail or two, go there for you are certain to find a circling game-killer.

OUR naturalist friends differentiate between the various hawk species. This variety they say is harmless; this second type quite vicious, still a third species on the borderline. I recognize my native hawks with deft certainty. I can tell as far as I can see the Ferruginous Rough Legs from the Cooper's sharp shinned, the marsh hawk from the red-tail and the several other sub-species of these rapacious aerialists. To me they all stack up a great deal like our snakes with which we are more than bountifully supplied—I shoot 'em all.

A hawk or a snake reminds me of the old saying about some of our western bad men, "There was a little bit of good in the worst of 'em, but it

Get the POWER THRILL Of Super-X Hollow Point .22s!



EXPANSION IS CONTROLLED

The cavity in the SUPER-X hollow point bullet is exactly the right diameter and depth to assure the most effective expansion *after* the bullet has penetrated.

Enlarged photograph of the SUPER-X .22 L. R. hollow point bullet fired into soap, above. Control of expansion produced maximum mushrooming, with an equivalent effect on the target.

Super-X Puts Pests in Their Place

BLASTED wide open by a super-powered pygmy cartridge, the bar of laundry soap, above, shows what happens when a SUPER-X .22 Long Rifle hollow point bullet "lets loose"! The tremendous destructive effect is the result of the bullet's high velocity plus controlled expansion.

From start to finish SUPER-X power adds sport and action to pest shooting. The louder crack of the rifle is music to your ears—and almost instantly the scientifically designed bullet splits 100 yards of air and hits like a hurricane!

Solid point or hollow point, you'll prefer this little mite of "dynamite." The SUPER-X solid bullet finishes the smaller pests and small game with certainty, but when maximum mushrooming is desired, load up with SUPER-X hollow points. Let us tell you more about these long range smokeless cartridges. Mail the coupon.

Western Super-X

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Dept. 80, East Alton, Ill.

- Please mail illustrated free leaflet giving full particulars of Western SUPER-X long range .22 cartridges.
- Send free Pocket Catalog describing the many modern features of all Winchester .22 rifles—and leaflets on the Models 61 and 74.

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____

State _____

MODEL
74

MODEL
61

You'll be Mighty
Proud to Own One
of these Great Rifles

Medium priced, both of them—and each a WINCHESTER. You know what that means. Model 61 is a slide action hammerless repeater, chambered for .22 Long Rifle, Long and Short cartridges. Model 74, .22 Automatic (self-loading) now available for either .22 Long Rifle or .22 Short cartridges. See them at your dealer's store.

WINCHESTER



The sportiest .22 rifles ever
built by **Marlin**

• See Marlin's new "custom-styled" .22's at your dealer's today! Note the generous man-sized stocks... the clean, sporty lines. Like all Marlins, they're safe, dependable, accurate... targeted and action-tested at the plant, ready to give you a lifetime of straight-shooting service. And the prices are right!



Look for the Bull's Eye

Marlin's New Model 101

Self-cocking, bolt-action, single shot .22 cal. rifle, 24" blued steel barrel, crowned muzzle. Famous Ballard rifling. A big-getter. \$625 for small game...

THE MARLIN FIREARMS COMPANY
57 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.
Enclosed for new Marlin Catalog
Name _____
Address _____



GUNS AND AMMUNITION
(Continued from page 56)

of a hawk per mile along the entire route, and having roosted all night, and cold and stiff, the taloned flyers hate to bestir themselves. I'm a bit of a fanatic about "puffing" hawks. I know very well when one of these ruthless quail-killers swoops into a covey and kills to right and left he's glorying in his savage might—is proud of his bloody conquest. But his lusty passion for killing is fully matched by

OUTDOORS ANGLING EQUIPMENT IDENTIFICATION CONTEST

25 Prizes Are Offered to Those Who Can Correctly Identify the Items Shown on the Back Cover. Perhaps You Can Name All of Them. But to Be Sure of Your Identifications, Write to the Advertisers in OUTDOORS, Both March and April Issues, For A Copy of Their Catalogues.

The Awards

- | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|
| 1st Prize | JOHNSON SEA HORSE Starter DeLuxe Model H. D.
<small>(2.5 H.P., Alternate Firing Twin with Starter. Weighs 27 pounds.)</small> | Value \$89⁵⁰ |
| 2nd | ELTO PAL Outboard Motor,
<small>(1.1 H. P., Weighs Only 14 Pounds). Value \$35.00</small> | 10th Fishing Coat, As Illustrated On Back Cover |
| 3rd | EVINRUDE MATE Outboard Motor,
<small>(Runs 10 Hours on One Gallon of Gasoline). Value \$29.50</small> | 11th to 15th Each, Automatic Fly Reel, As Illustrated On Back Cover |
| 4th | BAIT or FLY Casting Rod, (Your Choice), Value \$15.00 | 16th to 20th Each, Fishermen's Shirt, As Illustrated On Back Cover |
| 5th to 9th | Each, Bait Casting Reel, As Illustrated On Back Cover | 21st to 25th Each, Fishermen's Lantern, As Illustrated On Back Cover |

CONTEST RULES

1. Everyone may enter this contest except employees of Outdoor Publications, Inc., and employees of the manufacturers and sellers of the articles featured.
2. In your list of identifications state, first, the correct name of the article, then the manufacturer's model or style or catalogue designation, then the correct name of the manufacturer. Write Plainly Please, For Neatness Will Count.
3. Each contestant may submit only one entry. Contestants who submit a number of entries under various names and addresses will be barred from the contest.
4. Only one prize will be awarded to an individual contestant. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1941. Prizes will be awarded and winners notified not later than April 21, 1941.
6. No entries will be returned nor is OUTDOORS obligated to have any correspondence concerning the contest.
7. Judges of the contest are: Clayton Holt Ernst, president, Outdoor Publications, Inc.; Victor B. Klefbeck, editor, OUTDOORS; Nathan B. Lincoln, managing editor, OUTDOORS. Their decisions will be final.

my own when I see a Cooper's through the cross wires of the scope. The gun settles, the cross hairs hang dead on, the finger gradually tightens, and—spat! "Bueno! another six coveys of birds saved for a better cause," thinks I.

GLANCING SHOTS

SHORTAGE OF BRASS: A recent news dispatch from Washington has this to say: "There is a serious shortage of sheet brass, out of which shell casing is made... the shortage is so grave that experts admit privately that it may become necessary to curtail consumption for civilian purposes in order to meet the soaring military demand. In fact, brass may be one of the first

metals to be placed on the military priority list." Better save your empty hulls; there may be a whale of a boom in reloading equipment by the coming of next deer season—particularly if brass becomes so dear our normal commercial supply of center-fire ammunition is drastically curtailed or cut off altogether.

GUN SLING: The Bradley E. Grimes Company is showing a new Whelen-type gun sling. Featuring a particularly modest price, the new Bradley sling readily takes any swivel and is adjustable to any position. The Grimes Company also offers a complete line of camping gear; duffle bags, haversacks, pack sacks, canvas water pails, pack harness and other necessities of the man in the field.

THREATENED! YOUR RIGHT TO A GUN

(Continued from page 23).

We have no objection to a law that prohibits the possession of firearms or other deadly or dangerous weapons by criminals previously convicted of crimes of violence, fugitives from justice, mental incompetents, drug addicts, habitual drunkards, vagrants and undesirable aliens; nor to laws that provide severe penalties for the commission or attempted commission of any crime while armed. It might be an excellent idea to pass a law making it a case of premeditated murder when a person puts a revolver in his pocket, goes out to commit a felony and during a scuffle or excitement, shoots and kills a person.

We have no objection to a law requiring purchasers to identify themselves and requiring dealers to maintain permanent records of sales, with penalties for those purchasers and dealers who give false information or falsify their records.

We are in favor of making the theft of any firearm, regardless of its value, a major offense rather than a minor one.

We do believe the federal and state laws should be uniform.

But to refer once more to the fifth columnists and the danger that confronts the United States, this is certainly no time to pass any laws that will take firearms away from sportsmen and law-abiding citizens.

Let us look at the record.

We quote from an excellent circular issued by the National Rifle Association:

Italy. As a result of government "regulation" the ordinary citizen of Italy knows nothing about small arms. How simple then was Mussolini's task of taking and maintaining control of the government with the aid of a "strong arm" organization which dared to arm despite the law.

Germany. Government registration and regulation of firearms in Germany were part of the plan to limit hunting to the nobility and dated back to the days of the crossbow and wheel lock. The resultant general disarmament of the common people made it easy for Hitler's "Storm Troopers" to take and hold control of Germany.

France. For months prior to the declaration of war the unity of the French nation was destroyed by riots and street fighting caused by subversive groups, who drew arms from concealed stores, while the law-abiding Frenchman, disarmed by firearms laws, looked in vain for police protection. Then, when War came, the task of the German parachute troops, motorcyclists and sympathizers behind the lines was a simple matter of cowing the unarmed French populace.

Great Britain. For many years the restrictive firearms laws in England have been held up to us as models for America to copy. For many years these laws, even though intelligently

enforced by a non-political police, have operated to discourage gun ownership by the average British citizen. For many years the resulting lack of a market for guns and ammunition has acted to dry up the commercial arms and ammunition manufacturing facilities of Britain.

So today, fighting for its very life, England turns to America and appeals to American sportsmen for the donation of revolvers and pistols, rifles, and shotguns, etc. In answer to this appeal, Committees for the Defense of British Homes have been established in nearly every state in the Union, and there have been sent to date 274 cases of materials with 23 more cases due to leave at the time of this writing. There have been shipped approximately 2500 rifles and shotguns, 2500 revolvers and pistols, between 200,000 and 300,000 rounds of ammunition, and many binoculars, helmets and stop watches.

There are probably thirteen million people in this country who own firearms. The criminal element is estimated at about 200,000. How many individuals are connected with the fifth column, only the Department of Justice knows. We believe that these proposed new laws will accomplish nothing but the harassing of the great mass of law-abiding people who know how to handle guns and can shoot accurately and will not disturb the criminals or the fifth columnists one iota.

We believe that a sane federal law can be passed and made uniform by the passing of this same law by every state in the Union, which will increase the penalty for the sale to, and the possession of firearms by, the improper persons enumerated above, and stiffening the penalties to the highest degree possible for the commission of crime by the use of firearms.

Any bill that will hamper or take away from thirteen million law-abiding citizens their firearms creates a terrible danger to this country in this crisis and should not become a law.

Hence every patriotic American, whether he be a hunter and a constant user of firearms or one who seldom touches a gun but would gladly put one to his shoulder in defense of his country, is urged to be on guard against legislation that will make our people disarmed and defenseless.

Study proposed local ordinances designed to restrict possession and use of firearms; study proposed state legislation introduced for the same purpose; voice your opposition to undesirable firearms laws, both local and state and make your opposition effective by expressing it to your representatives in town and city, state and national government. And do not be content to act only as an individual. Remember, there is strength in numbers. So cooperate with sportsmen's organizations in your vicinity to combat passage of any firearms legislation that may be harmful to the country as a whole and to you as a sportsman.



Brings Greater Accuracy to Your Favorite Gun

• Whether it's skeet or long-range ducks, it's knocking them out of the sky that counts—and the Weaver Choke brings you that kind of hard-hitting accuracy. Lessens kick and muzzle blast; gives you uniform patterns at every range. At your dealer's in 12, 16 and 20 ga.



Weaver Scope, \$4.75 to \$16.
12 Shotgun Scope with "B" mount \$22.50

WEAVER SCOPES—Fast, Sturdy, Accurate.

• There's no faster sight made than a Weaver Scope—and there's no Scope made that will stand the rough usage of a hunting trip better than a Weaver—and still deliver accurate shooting. See the Weaver today.

W. R. Weaver Co., Dept. 4, El Paso, Texas.
Please send me your literature on the New Weaver Choke. Include also literature on the WEAVER SCOPE for Rifles..... Shotguns.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
W. R. WEAVER CO. EL PASO, TEXAS

BANISH ALL GUN DOUBT

with HOPPE'S No. 9



Be sure your gun is clean when you clean it. Don't trust to "luck" or "looks." Hoppe's No. 9 definitely gets out powder soot, primer residue, leading, metal fouling and rust—THOROUGHLY. Get from your Gun Dealer or send 10c for sample. Write for "Gun Cleaning Guide"—it's FREE.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2316 North 8th Street, Phila., Pa.

Learn to Shoot



FOR REAL ENJOYMENT TRY SHOOTING A

HI-STANDARD AUTOMATIC PISTOL
22 cal. Made in Model "B" for
22 L. R. Ctgs. Model "C" for 22
short Ctgs. 31" or 31.5" barrel, each \$18.95
COLT NEW SERVICE, latest model 38' 40' cal.
45" B&W, 67" 51" 7.5" nickel 26.95
WIN. 92 Carbine 44' 40' cal. 20" barrel 29.95
WIN. 92 Rifle 32' 20' cal. 24" barrel 29.95
Stamps for each list—Used Rifles, Shotguns, Ammu-
nition. (\$2.00 deposit required on all C. O. D.'s)

L. HUDSON SPORTING GOODS CO.
52 Warren St. (FREE—Catalog) New York

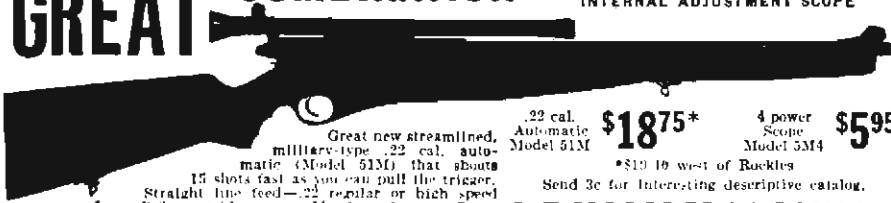
Learn To Shoot Straight With BENJAMIN



For Target—Small Game—Camping—
Guaranteed—Accurate—Precise—
Economic—Safe—Clean—Quiet. Adjust-
able Force—Amazing Maximum Velocity. No
Stroke or Jumps. Soft Action Hammer Fire—Hair
Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single Shot BR
with 100, about \$8.00. Single Shot cal. 177 or 22 Bitted—with
40 pellets \$11.00. BR—shot with 1 lb. shot \$10.00. Foster
\$2.00. Also complete line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air
Rifles for 15 and 17 or 22. No license required from dealer or fac-
tory. Write today for complete specifications and free target.
BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO., 873 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

GREAT COMBINATION

MOSSBERG DE LUXE AUTOMATIC and INTERNAL ADJUSTMENT SCOPE



Great new streamlined, military-type .22 cal. automatic (Model 51M) that shoots 15 shots fast as you can pull the trigger. Straight line feed—22 regular or high speed Long Rifle cartridges. Mossberg 4-power Scope (Model 5M4) smudges down close to the barrel, where you want it. Internal "click" screw adjustments move cross hair reticule. A twist of the fingers sets ranges—25 to 100 yds. A combination that's just about all a shooter could ask!

22 cal. Automatic Model 51M **\$1875*** 4 power Scope Model 5M4 **\$595**

*\$10.00 west of Rockies. Send 3c for interesting descriptive catalog.

O.F. MOSSBERG & SONS Inc.

1404-A St. John St., New Haven, Conn.

When writing to advertisers will you kindly mention that you have seen their advertisement in **OUTDOORS.**

MAN! IT WAS COLD

(Continued from page 11)

behind when I went to clean the call. "The next time this damn duck call spells bad luck I'll throw it to hell overboard." I promised myself.

There was a single circling over Eagle Island now. It would swing toward me and then away. That happened a half dozen times. Finally I put the call in my mouth and blew. "QUACK, QUACK, QUACK"—it worked beautifully! The duck came within a hundred yards of me and started to turn. I got ready to blow again. "Boy!" I thought, "I'll bring you this time!"

"QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!" the call went.

"Quack, quack!" the duck answered, swinging back toward me.

I blew again, "QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!"

"QUACK!" the duck was right on me. I raised up and missed both barrels.

Just as I sat down again Fran shot twice and started yelling, "A GOOSE! I HIT HIM! I HIT HIM!"

I scrambled to my feet and stumbled up on the bank where I could see clearly. A goose in that section is a rarity and something to stop a hunter's pulse indefinitely.

The bird was hit right enough. It came toward me, flopping hard and settling steadily lower. It was right out over the middle of the creek and it was the damndest goose I ever saw. It was a cormorant that had followed some ship in from the ocean.

Since it was hurt I knocked it down with my right barrel and it immediately dived, swimming under water for an amazing distance. I ran along the bank shooting every time it came up. Five shells were wasted before that bird turned over and floated.

Fran was a hundred yards to the rear, poling frantically. I went back to my shelter and watched through the rushes while he overtook his "goose" and examined it. He sat out there in the storm and scratched his head while the boat blew over to the Eagle Island shore. Then he threw the cormorant out, came across, hid the boat in the grass and squatted beside me.

"Pretty cold today, ain't it?" he observed.

"Yep," I said. "It's a fine day for ducks."

"Certainly is. Just right. A great day for ducks."



"There is," I yelled, "a juicy black duck drifting your way."

"I hear the geese are beginning to fly, too," I remarked.

I looked out over the Island and there was a bunch of about thirty blacks. They kept circling closer and closer to us. It looked as if they might come down in the creek. When they were within forty yards Fran started to raise his gun.

"Wait a second," I whispered. "I'll get 'em in closer and we'll make doubles!"

I put my call in my mouth and got ready. I let out a blast that sounded like a dozen terrified gulls cornered in a chicken house. The ducks went away over the Island.

I stood up and looked at the call. "Grass in it," I said, and I threw the darn thing half way across the creek.

The snow had turned back into sleet now and man! it was cold. It was a grand day for ducks, with a sprinkling of cormorants.

HANDEE

Tool of 100 Uses

A WHOLE TOOL SHOP IN YOUR HAND

Does just about everything on metal, wood, alloys, plastics, horn, bone, glass, etc. Uses 300 accessories to grind, drill, polish, rout, cut, carve, sand, saw, sharpen, engrave. Plugs in AC or DC socket.

FREE 64-page CATALOG Describes all Handee Products and their wide application in crafts and industry all over the world.

10-Days Money-Back Trial For your own hobby enjoyment or as a gift. Deluxe Model weighs 12 oz. Special 25mm. P.O. \$18.50. 257 Accessories.

CHICAGO WHEEL & MFG. CO., 4101 WEST MONROE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

POINTER STOCKS

Molded in Redwood, Walnut, Ebony, Ivory.

For Colt Woodsman, Hi-Standard Model B-C Stocks, \$4.50. Colt & S&W Stocks, \$3.50. At your dealer or direct.

WALTER MURAD
SAN CARLOS, CALIFORNIA

YOU CAN EARN THIS I.J. "68" REVOLVER BY SECURING SUBSCRIPTIONS TO OUTDOORS.

Given for 13 subscriptions to **Outdoors** at \$1.00 for twelve issues.

If you live in a state that requires a gun permit, be sure to send your permit number.

The I. J. Target Scaled 8 is famous for accuracy, safety, reliability. Safety cylinder counter-bored to eliminate "side flash." 2" barrel. Shoots .22 Long Rifle, Long, or short rim fire cartridges. Serrated trigger, blued finish. Gold front sight and lettering. Deltex sighting plane. One piece Hi-Hold Walnut Grip, hand checkered. Especially designed for target, camp and woods. Free for securing 13 subscriptions to **Outdoors** at \$1.00 each. Send subscriptions and remittance to

OUTDOORS

729 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH BENJAMIN

MADE IN U. S. A.

ACCURATE SHOOTING WITH CHAMBERED AIR

You can use new model BENJAMIN AIR RIFLES WITH LEVER HAND PUMP anywhere, for practice, hunting, etc., at lowest cost. Shooting force is adjustable with amazing maximum power and accuracy—no recoil, forward lunge to disturb your aim. Bolt action—Kammer Fire-Hole Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single Shot BR with 1 lb. shot \$8.50. Single Shot Cal. .177 or .22 rifled—mark 500 pellets \$10.00. BR 25 Shot with 1 lb. shot \$10.00. Also a complete line of BENJAMIN GENUINE COMPRESSED AIR PISTOLS from dealer or factory. Write Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 872 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

BRADLEY SHOTGUN SIGHTS

Choice of Ivory or Red head. Two sizes head, 1/2 and 3/4 Diameter. Improve your scores at skeet and game. Screw in easily. See your dealer; if he cannot supply, order direct. Price \$1.00.

LEWIS H. BRADLEY
20 LeMay Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

Improve Your Pistol Shooting!
478 Page Book Regularly \$6.00
Special Introductory Offer \$2.95

Brush up on pistol technique with a master. Ed McGivern of Montana. One of the greatest pistol shots of all time. Hundreds of actual photographic illustrations. 31 absorbing chapters such as "Trigger Control," "Sixty Balance," "Hip Shooting," "The Quick Draw," etc. Act NOW! Send money order or will send C.O.D. on 2-day approval. **WILCOX & FOLLETT CO., Dept. O, 1255 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.** Write for our FREE Bargain Book Catalog.

CAMPFIRE SMOKE

(Continued from page 21)

innúmerale tales of the yeoman work Mac has done on ducks and geese down on the Eastham marshes. When the gunning season ends, his sporting activities aren't over for the year, however. Not Mac's. He is also a salt water angling enthusiast. His participation in this sport is confined to the role of spectator but he enjoys every second of it. He stands in the stern of his owner's boat, eyes intent upon the line and when a fish is being played, he shivers and wags from stem to stern. Any boat with Mac as a passenger is crowded but owing to his swimming abilities, it is difficult to leave him at home.

Upon this particular occasion, Mac and his owner were out in a skiff, trolling for striped bass in Cape Cod Bay. A good-sized striper hit and the battle was on. Unable to handle the boat and the fish at the same time, the angler let the boat drift toward shore while he gave his entire attention to the gleaming torpedo upon his line. Mac stood trembling in the stern, following the course of battle with gleaming eyes when, suddenly, as the fish neared the gunwale, he tore loose. Abandoning his role of spectator, quick as a flash, Mac dove and came up with fourteen pounds of thrashing striper. He had quite a time making the beach but make it he did and laid the fish on the sand at his master's feet.

For all we know, fish-retrieving may be a common matter but this is the first example we have ever heard of. We should like to hear from anyone who has anything to add to this subject.

ALONG about now, the crows are again becoming familiar sights in our woods and fields. Of course, there are always a few crows scattered around the countryside all during the winter but with the first spring days, their hoarse calls sound on every side as they join in flocks preparatory to mating. Right now, the gunner can have a lot of fun in the pine groves with a box of No. 6 shells and a crow call and, at the same time, do a lot of good. Every pair of crows destroyed now means from one to six fewer fledglings to grow up into game-bird assassins this summer.

Also, every crow put out of the way now before the song and game-birds nest will pay dividends in an increased supply of these desirable species in the months to come. For nesting time is the carnival season for the crow. Cawing shrilly, he flits through the trees, destroying with wanton abandon.

But for all his vaunted wisdom and cunning, the crow is a push-over, once his curiosity is aroused. A few judicious tootles on a crow call in imitation of a frightened or excited companion will bring every black thief within hearing hurrying to see what all the shouting is about. Even with

several of their fellows strewn about the ground, they seem helpless to resist the call, so long as the hunter remains concealed. One glimpse of gun barrel or hunting cap and they disappear in an instant.

Besides crow calls, there are those owl decoys which are rather expensive but are well worth the price. We had one of them once and many were the crows whose downfall it caused until one black day, in a moment of excitement, we blew the decoy into a puff of feathers with a well-placed charge of No. 6s.

The rifleman, too, has a good opportunity to get in his innings now while the fields are still bare, and the thrill of bouncing a crow from a fence post at two hundred and fifty yards is a never-to-be-forgotten one. But whether you use a shotgun or a rifle does not matter; the point is to go out and get 'em.

RANDY BEHAN—ANGLER

(Continued from page 41)

spewed tobacco juice down wind. "Fishin', guess," he said.

Perry's eyes were fixed on the lonely figure below as his hand waved forward mechanically toward the wheelhouse. The Tally Ho trembled a moment, then crept on, and in her wake the dory bobbed a saucy farewell as her occupant sat statuesquely staring at the churned water. They were a mere cinder in the eye of the harbor before Perry spoke again. To Florence he said:

"My dear, this has been a great fish story, hasn't it? And back there is the one that got away."

CANADA EXPECTS MANY VISITORS

Early reservations at Canadian sporting camps and hotels indicate that a large number of American anglers and tourists have planned trips to the Provinces despite the war. Such travel is encouraged by widely published announcements that Canadian authorities are not permitting any interference with border crossing by American citizens even though the war has imposed restrictions of various kinds on the people of Canada. United States immigration authorities however caution American citizens to carry proof of citizenship with them when going to Canada in order that there may be no hindrance to return to this country.

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS

FIVE weeks before you move. All in and mail this coupon. This will help us to get your magazine to you promptly and eliminate lost copies.

OUTDOORS, 729 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. Please change my mailing address as follows:

NEW ADDRESS

Name (Please Print)
Street
City State
OLD ADDRESS
Street
City State



YOU'LL NEVER FLINCH AGAIN

Ease aching shoulders with this new recoil pad. Fits standard shotgun stocks. Take off butt plate, attach pad with same screws. Better shooting, more comfort.

NEW RECOIL PAD ONLY \$1 at your dealer's or POSTPAID

Unique design (patent pending) combines sure cushioning and long wear. Rubber honeycombed, with embedded steel plate to distribute pull of the screws. Pin coupon to \$1 bills and mail today; or see your dealer.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. Dept. OS-4, Worcester, Mass. Enclosed is \$.....; send me..... recoil pads @ \$1 each, postpaid. Name..... Address.....



LYMAN PEEP SIGHTS FAMOUS FOR BETTER AIM—SURE RESULTS



No. 1 Peep, Tang Mount, Rem. Repeater. No. 1A Peep, 2 apertures, disc. \$1 to \$3. No. 2A Peep with sighting disc. \$1 to \$3.

Send for New Catalog 10c Folder free. LYMAN SIGHTS, 79-M West St., Middlefield, Conn.

HI-STANDARD .22 AUTOMATIC

New models A, D & E, with longer grip, adj. rear sight & slide lock, \$28.65. \$35.35; \$40.40. Orig. models B & C, \$22. All for .22 caliber rifle. Send for folder.

HIGH STANDARD MFG. CO., 175 Foote St., New Haven, Conn.

Fastest Sighting Combination Known

MARBLE'S Adjustable Rear Sight and Sheard Gold Bead Front Sight

Look through peep to gold bead and center instantly on target. Gold spring keeps rear sight in true shooting position. Can be locked down. Interchangeable discs. Price, \$4. Gold front sight that never blurs. Price, \$1.50. Give make, model and rifle cal. \$710 Delta Ave., Marbles Arms & Mfg. Co., Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.

BISHOP STOCKS

—Improve your rifle with a fine Bishop stock supplied semi-finished of finest Ozark walnut for all butt actions. Tenite butt plate and grip cap attached with screws, makes finishing easy. Like illustration or with Monte Carlo for scope, \$5.00. Postage for 4 pounds. New catalog ready.

E. C. BISHOP & SON Warsaw, Missouri

STOEGERS GUNS

512 PAGE "SHOOTER'S BIBLE" STOEGERS GUN CATALOG & HANDBOOK No. 33

17,000 ITEMS, 4000 PICTURES. All American Guns & articles imported. All New Prices. COMPLETE GUN TOOLS. Ammunition, Ballistics, Reloading, Re-stocking, Barrels & Barrel Blanks, Targets, Air Guns, Sights, Shooter's Books & Articles, GUN PARTS, Accessories, Hunting Gear, etc. *Send a DOLLAR BILL, check, etc. N. O. stamps for this tremendous 512 page volume now.

STOEGERS ARMS CORP. 507 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ideal Dog Mats
Comfortable Vermin-Proofed Sanitary



Every owner of a house dog knows the value of having a cushion or mat which the dog recognizes as his own. Our dog mats were designed to meet these conditions. Made from extra strong, closely woven cloth in attractive colored plaids or Khaki color, and filled with pure new vermin-proofed Kapok, and cotton mixture. CEDARIZED to keep away fleas and give gloss to the animal's coat. Open ventilated eyelet tufts. Slip covers made of same material can be furnished which permit removing the cover for laundering. We do not make C. O. D. shipments.

No. 75—20x30 inches\$1.85
No. 76—27x36 inches 2.95
No. 77—28x44 inches 3.50
Slip Cover for No. 75 1.10 Extra
Slip Cover for No. 76 1.25 Extra
Slip Cover for No. 77 1.70 Extra

Add 10% for postage West of Rockies

TRADER BOB
721 Prairie Ave., Wilmette, Illinois.

Training for the Young Rabbit Hound Trainer

By Carl E. Smith

ONE of the most important tasks for adult sportsmen, I believe, is the training of the coming generation in the ethics of hunting and in the proper handling of dogs.

My son's experience with handling dogs began when he was too small to walk much but begged to go along on night runs with the hounds. So my hunting partner and I took turns carrying little Bud a-straddle of a hip while the pack of hounds whooped it up through the autumn woods. Thus Bud never knew what it is to feel fear in the woods and fields and at an early age he learned much of the "lingo" of the chase as he sat and listened to us while the pack came around.

His first experience in handling a dog himself of course came several years later, after he had learned much more by following us afield, sans gun, and later, with gun. The first dog he used was our faithful old pack leader, Brownie S., who took him hunting, rather than he her. If he handled Brownie rightly, she would run and hunt correctly; if he didn't, she would anyway. She was too old and staid to spoil, and he couldn't throw her off, yet she could teach him much, so the combination was good; a well-trained dog can teach a boy what a dog ought to do.

So, it chanced that about the time Bud was old enough to want to own a dog he especially admired "Smith's Brunette," a black-blanketed granddaughter of old Brownie, and a youngster of best breeding and hunting bloodlines. She was given to him. Here then was more incentive to go afield on training trips, to see "how Bruny is doing." And as she learned first to follow along with the trailing pack, to turn when they did, and to "orient" herself, or find her way back to the hunters, if she got distanced or lost, he saw from the beginning how her training was accomplished, whereas before in old Brownie, he had handled only the finished product.

After she got to running well with the pack, came the matter of individual work; taking her into the most likely cover, and showing her how to rout her own game, with no other dog along;—teaching her where best to look for game, according to the weather, etc. Then arose the matter of how to work out a "check", when the game dodged, back-tracked, side-jumped, or pulled one of its many tricks. If she gave up and came back, perhaps one could encourage her to circle wider and wider, until she caught the trail again. Or if one from an observation point saw which way the rabbit veered, he might take her

there, and with hand held down toward the ground, encourage her to pick up the trail again.

This method of holding the hand down near the ground and following along the direction the rabbit went also helped the dog to find the scent of rabbits which we scared up, but which she did not see nor hear nor know about, and thus she was taught to hunt close, and pick up the trails of game already routed out.

Many of the fine points of the game are slowly learned, and only with lots of experience, by both boys and dogs; but if both are carefully handled, the product usually averages well, when good bloodlines and breeding and ambition are all three present.

Brunette is now 5 years old and a fairly good example of a near finished product. She has even extended her experience with hunting the long-legged and wide- and cold-footed "snowshoes" so she might be said to have more experience than the average hound of her age; Bud has refused good offers for her, on the plausible reasoning that he can make pin money from the good puppies she raises for him, which she does regularly out of season, and still he can keep the dog—just a little early lesson in canny business.

Bud, too, has had a bit more experience than the average chap his age, and can now take two or three couples of lively hounds afield, on training trips, and turn them, if necessary, from forbidden places and cover, and bring them back in good order—though a single couple, or trio, is a better number for actual hunting for game, with gun, we find; and a single pair, or couple, in addition to his own basset, makes as many of these hounds afield as either boy or man needs at one time.

I seldom take over three or four hounds afield at one time, myself, when actually hunting for game, usually three veteran hounds and one pup, preferring to hunt my hounds in relays, and have fresh hounds to put into the field, each time out. It surely peps up the hunt to have fresh hounds to put in, when you yourself are slowing down a bit.

But, returning to "Young America," our youngsters can learn much about clean sportsmanship from trips afield with dad, uncles, and older friends. But sometimes I think that, better than human teachers, or complementary to same, is the training of the hunting dog; the education is mutual, and it is hard to tell which learns the faster, or the more. The combination is wholesome, and if the proper prin-

NEMA WORM CAPSULES



KEEP YOUR DOGS FREE FROM WORMS

Use Nema Capsules to remove large roundworms and hookworms. Effective—Dependable.

Send for free Nema booklet No. 652
Write for Animals in Justice Dept. S-45-33
PARKE, DAVIS & CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Drug Stores Sell Parke-Davis Products

★ Free Booklet

PERFECTION DOG FOODS

For DOGS—All Breeds, and PUPPIES—All Ages

For FREE Samples, write to
PERFECTION FOODS CO.
Battle Creek, Dept. 32, Mich.

TIME TESTED FOR MORE THAN 25 YRS.

MONEY IN RABBITS—CAVIES

WE BUY and get you in touch with other markets. Catalog and copy of magazine 10c. Or send 25c for Book Catalog and Price List and Year's Subscription to the **AMERICAN SMALL STOCK FARMER.**
OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., 87 933 PEARL RIVER, N.Y.

Pheasants Hatching Eggs. 8c each case lots. Write for "How to Raise Pheasants" and prices on adult and young birds. Southwestern Game Farm, Box S293, Canyon, Texas.

Send for special low advertising rates for Kennel and Kennel Equipment



Young trainers with three basset hounds, ready for a trip afield

ciples are followed in training a pup whose ancestry and selection have been correct, the final product will usually come out well, with time, care, and patience.

Any lack of knowledge, to start with, on the part of the "over-seer" who is coaching the boy in training the dog, can fortunately be pretty well made up from study of some of the very

good books on training dogs of all kinds.

And what a fine page in memory's book is the recollection of early trips afield with dad, uncles, brothers, and cousins! There isn't anything you'd take for such memories, especially as time casts a bit of rosy halo around the "good old days."

BOOKS FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN

By August Derleth

YOUR Editor takes the liberty of usurping first place in August Derleth's column this month to announce that at long last the book about which many readers of this magazine have asked in the course of the past few years is ready. It is August Derleth's "Country Year" in book form under the title of *Village Year: A Sac Prairie Journal*, with 23 woodcuts by Frank Utpatel, and an endpaper map of the Sac Prairie country by Hjalmar Skuldt. Over 300 pages of the Journal, less than a tenth of which has appeared in the Magazine, now published by Coward-McCann at \$3.00 the copy, made into a beautiful book bound in rough tan cloth, stamped in blue and sienna, and jacketed in bright blue with woodcuts on front and backbone, and a photograph of August Derleth, appropriately lying in the grass, on the back of the jacket.

"Whether his setting is the mellow old harness shop or the post office, the drug store or the hills across from the village, the day-by-day account of life in Sac Prairie is presented with un-failing good humor and sympathetic understanding," say the publishers on the jacket flap. "August Derleth's friends and neighbors move across these pages against a background of warm living close to the earth, against notes of nature put down on the author's woodland jaunts." There are also poems breaking the text here and there, put down as they were written.

Readers of OUTDOORS need no introduction to August Derleth's

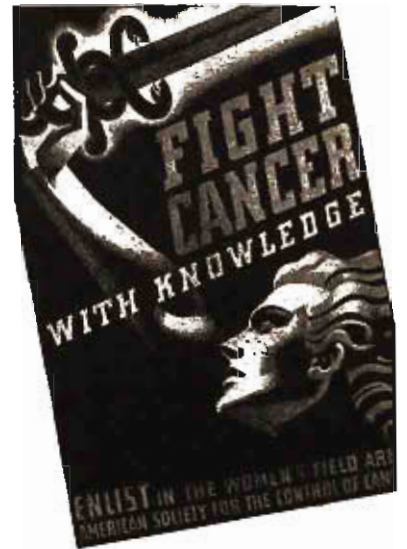
Journal, since it has been appearing in the Magazine for over two years. *Village Year* is certain to be listed with the year's best and most attractive books: Utpatel's woodcuts admirably complement the text, whether he is presenting a sprig of hazel catkins or a man going home, whether Hugh at work in the harness shop, or the winter-held Ice Slough, and Skuldt's map of Sac Prairie enables readers to follow August Derleth on his woodland hikes.

In our opinion, *Village Year* is one of the finest books August Derleth has written, a book that can stand without any degree of lessening quality beside Donald Peattie's *An Almanac for Moderns* and Alan Devoe's *Down to Earth*. It is a book every reader of OUTDOORS will treasure for years to come.

—V. B. Klefbeck

Deep River Jim's Wilderness Trail Book (Open Road: \$.50) is a perennial seller, but there are countless potential readers who have not heard of the book, and have not had the pleasure of reading it. It's a 300-plus page book arranged by month. January, for instance, has anecdotal and informative articles on Black Bear, Camping in Winter, Ice Fishing, Smelting, Porcupines, Winter Rabbiting, Camp Lanterns, Chip-Lock-Wogen, Caught in the Mountains, January Recipes.

In addition to a full quota for every month, there is data about the Open Road Pioneers' Club, together with data regarding fish and game laws of



Early diagnosis is the first line of defense against cancer. Enlist in the local unit of the Women's Field Army. Annual enlistment fee \$1.00.

AMERICAN SOCIETY
for the
CONTROL OF CANCER
385 madison avenue • new york city

When writing to advertisers, be sure that your name and address is complete and clearly readable.

the U. S. The contributing authors make up an imposing roster of outdoorsmen, including Ross McKenney, Maurice Decker, Montgomery Atwater, Archibald Rutledge, Dick Shaw, Chief Jim Red Eagle, Neal Northey, Edgar Wood, and Coteau Gene Stebbings. The book is compact, easy to carry, very pleasant to read; it offers enough variety to satisfy the most exacting demand, and is thoroughly informative, containing many a valuable tip for the amateur woodsman.

In keeping with the tradition of *The Vanishing Virginian*, reviewed here last month, Stokes have just published *Hudson Valley Squire*, by C. Blackburn Miller (\$2.75), the lively, picturesque reminiscences of the author's boyhood in the Nineties. The setting is Woodburn Hall, commanding the Hudson in upstate New York—a huge, old-fashioned house in which there was always something doing, with stables, kennels (with almost 100 dogs!), in the heart of trout country and deep woodland. Ice-yachting, skating, trout-fishing, sailing, cock-fighting and many more diversions
(Continued on page 65)



The MARKET PLACE

"Small ads . . . big results"

Sell? Buy? Trade? Rent? Use this quick action, low-cost Market Place that reaches thousands of customers. Rate only 15c a word, cash with order. \$2.00 minimum. Name and address must be included and counted. Send your ad to The Market Place, *Outdoors Magazine*, 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Only **15c** per word per insertion. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions.

Alaska

INVESTIGATE ALASKA'S OPPORTUNITIES! Be independent. We help you. Informative prospectus 50c. Alaska Research, 708 1111 4th Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

Antique Firearms

ANTIQUÉ FIREARM Catalog 10c. Photographs of most. Heblke, Rutland, Illinois.

Binoculars, Telescopes, etc.

TELESCOPES, Microscopes, Binoculars; bargain catalog free. Brownscope Company, 5 West 25th Street, New York. (3-3)

Boats and Motors

KAYAKS, OUTBOARDS, ROWBOATS, Duck Boats, Wellwood Ready-cut Kits. Catalog H. Cre-Craft Boats, Millburn, New Jersey.

"SMALL BOAT BUILDING," by Patterson. A manual for the man who wants to be his own designer and builder. Covers all stages of construction. Includes ten large scale plans. Price postpaid \$1.00. **OUTDOORS,** 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Body-Building Courses

EXERCISE equipment, courses. Special offer! Free booklet. Good-Hartell Co., Dept. O, Reading, Pa. (3-3)

Calls

HAND MADE CALL for Wolves, Fox and Bobcats \$7.00. L. L. Bellah, Woodport, Texas. (3-3)

Cameras and Photo Supplies

ROLLS DEVELOPED, Two sets prints plus enlargement coupon. 25c. Reprints, 3c. Over 19 reprints 24c. Jones Studios, Davenport, Iowa. "Where the West Begins."

ROLLS DEVELOPED, two prints each and two free enlargement coupons. 25c; reprints, 2c each; 100 or more, 1c. Summers Studio, Unionville, Mo.

ROLLS DEVELOPED, Two free enlargement coupons and 2 sets guaranteed fadeless prints 25c. 12 reprints 30c. Panko Pictures, Davenport, Iowa.

GENERA Films for Movie Cameras. Save 50%. Two films, "The End," 19c. (Size!) Bargain circulars. Fotomatets, Davenport, Iowa.

Camps

WANTED—100 FISHERMEN for May and June Salmon, Trout, Bass. Write Marshall's Camps, Canada, Vermont.

Dogs

Beagles

HOUNDS AND HUNTING—The only magazine featuring beagles 100c. Articles, stories, field trials and results. Invaluable to sportsmen with the beagle slant. Yearly \$1.00—Pages 20c. Hounds and Hunting, 12 Park St., Boston, Ill.

BEAGLES, registered, all ages, trained and untrained, also bred females. Shuman, Warsaw, Ind.

BEAGLES, RABBITHOUNDS, Broken, Trial, Starters. Pups. Guy Werner, Hanover Junction, Penna. (19-3)

BEAGLES, broken, Rabbitounds, Coonhounds, Puppies, Trial. M. Banditz, Seven Valleys, Pa.

BEAGLES, Rabbitounds, broken, started, also puppies. Harry Bowman, Seven Valleys, Pa.

Collies

THE BEST IN COLLIES, Large assortment. Lakeside Kennels, Maplelawn, Marion, Pa. (3-1)

German Drahthaars

GERMAN DRAHTHAARS, 7 months. Grifton Female 4 years. Louis Combe, Ollivera, Elster Co., New York.

Great-Danes

GREAT-DANES: Dependable guards. Safe companions for children. On approval. Monthly payments. Kahner Dania, Stone-Mountain, Ga. (3-5)

Hounds

FOR SALE DOGS—Setters and Pointers, Fox, Coon and Rabbit hunting shipped for trial. Catalog 10 cents. Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky.

EXCLUSIVE COONHOUND MAGAZINE, Monthly. Stories, actual hunts, field trial results, pictures. \$1.50 year. Copy fifteen cents. Full Co., Box O-29, Sedalia, Missouri.

Irish Setters

REGISTERED IRISH SETTER, Springer female. Bred or about. L. Palmer, Lansdale, Pa. R. D. 1.

Labrador Retrievers

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS, Good stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Now is the time to order your puppy. Isaacs Kennels, New Rockford, N. Dak.

BEAUTIFUL, WELL BRED LABRADOR PUPPIES, Youngsters and Brake Dogs. British Kennels, Glasgow, Montana.

Miscellaneous Dogs

REGISTERED DACHSHUNDS, Scotties, American Water Spaniels, Natural Retrievers. Stamp. Broaden, Rush Lake, Wisconsin. (10-7)

DALMATIAN—WHITE COLLIE—and Rat Terrier Pups. Stocker Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (12-11)

Setters and Pointers

6 MONTH OLD ENGLISH POINTER PUPPIES, Pilot and Javel Breeding. Jonathan Gumbaring, 35 E. Hale St., Lewistown, Pa.

POINTER and Setter pups 6 months old. Males \$20.00, females, \$15.00. Papers, C.O.D. Choke Lighty, Cullom, Ill.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR SICK DOGS Showing Symptoms Such as Fever, Anorexia, Pain, Congested Eyes and Nasal Discharge. Send \$1. Starting Dogs' Approximate Weight, for 15 Capsules Bestaid, Citrusal Pine, Blime's Kanine Kapsules, Dept. D, 3723 Vesey Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Firearms

LIKE GUNS? ENJOY SHOOTING? Send 6c stamps sample copy 64-page monthly magazine, exclusively about guns of all kinds. The American Rifleman, 1600 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.

NEW LIVE LEATHER Government 11" sling strap, \$1.00. Imported cowhide holsters for 8" Luger, \$1.50; also 4", \$1.00. L. Hudson, 52 Warren Street, New York.

THE JORDAN MULTIPLE RELOADING PRESS, An extremely accurate and strong press. Custom made and standard dies. Write for bulletin. L. W. Jordan, Brookville, Pa. (3-1)

WANTED—TO BUY—10 GAUGE PARKER shotgun, 28 inch barrels. Must be modern steel. Specially chinking. Reese Hoover, 2053 N Street, Washington, D. C.

A GENUINE SHEEPSKIN CASE will protect the sights and finish of your shotgun, rifle or pistol. Also prevents rust. Bob's cases are sturdily built of fine grade sheepskin with wool side in and reinforced with tan split leather. For guns 41" to 43" overall \$3.50. For guns 41" to 46" overall \$4.50. Add \$1.00 for cases for rifles with telescope sights. Cases with extra heavy moulded genuine cowhide muzzle end and cowhide lock reinforcements and combination sling strap and handle \$5.50. Sheepskin pistol cases \$1.50. Sheepskin vests \$5.00. All prices postpaid. Salt-Lithum guaranteed. Trader Bul, 721 Prairie Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

WANTED—TO BUY—10 GAUGE PARKER Magnum for 3 1/2 inch shell. Reese Hoover, 3033 N Street, Washington, D. C.

"RIFLES AND RIFLE SHOOTING," by Askins. A practical manual discussing every type of rifle, style, range limitations, uses, etc. Price postpaid \$1.00. **OUTDOORS,** 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

PACIFIC TOOL; RELOAD, Introducing new features. Save \$5.00. Write, Stamp reply. W. E. Spangle, Fair Oaks, Calif. (3-4)

SPECIAL prices on revolver primers, powder and shooters' equipment. Atlantic Shooting Supplies, Eberon, N. J.

"WING AND TRAP SHOOTING," by Askins, an attractive book on how to handle a shotgun, wing and amp shooting, lead, range, etc. Price postpaid \$1.00. **OUTDOORS,** 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

BARGAINS IN USED GUNS, List 10c. Andrew Spina, Towanda, Pa.

"PISTOL AND REVOLVER SHOOTING," by Himmelwright. Reliable information on small arms, ammunition, ballistics, and sights. Price postpaid \$1.00. **OUTDOORS,** 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Fishing Supplies

SURE STRIKE LURES, . . . game fish streamers—weighed 1/2 to 3 ounces—fresh of salt water—60c and 75c each. Materials, Goodenber Brundage Co., Box 2165, Paterson, N. J.

FLY, ROD, LURE, materials, Catalog Free. Send for Instruction Books: "Fly Tying," Inc. "Rod Making," Inc. "Lure Making," Inc. The three, 25c. Wilmette, Rossveldt, N. Y. (3-5)

PATTERN CARDS Fly Tyers' greatest convenience. Streamers, wet or dry fly patterns. Samples and catalogue ten cents. Fisherman's Service, 1632A Maple Ave., Evanston, Illinois.

FISHERMEN: GET YOUR SUPPLY of Minnows now and save money. Low prices. Write for information. E. H. B. Markon, 2532 E. 8th St., Superior, Wisconsin.

SENSATIONALLY KILLING Glass Ered Wrigling Streamers. Also fly leader materials. Sample streamer with catalog 35c. William Bennett, Box 222, Duluth, Minnesota.

FISH WORMS—(Large Angles) 15c for \$1.00, 50c for \$3.00, 1.00 for \$5.25 Postpaid. Hughes Earthworm Farm, Savannah, Tenn.

MAKE YOUR OWN SINKERS. Send for our free Instruction folder. Reading Instrument Co., Box 78, Reading, Pa. (3-4)

SAVE! Wholesale Imported Fly Material, hook, gut, Nylon, tool, catalog 10c. Herter's, Waseca, Minnesota.

FLY TYERS! Better Materials at Lowest Prices. Free Catalogue. Perry Lures, West Haven, Conn. (3-4)

BUCKTAILS, dried, 2 for \$1.00; Hohmann's Electric Material, 908 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FLY TYING MATERIALS, Imported, domestic, selected quality. Free catalog. Paul Riggart Co., Shinnepole, N. Y.

TWO TROUT FLIES plus special offer 25c. Wit-710 Nestrand, San Gabriel, Calif.

YOU, Too, Can Profit from These

"Low Price . . . High Result Ads!"

Note: At this low price one small order means a profit for you.

Per word for one time

15c

MAY
(Minimum, \$2.00)

Discount for 3-time order

10%

MAY, JUNE, JULY
(Minimum, \$5.40)

Cash with order. Copy may be changed. Send at once for May issue!
OUTDOORS, 729 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

For Inventors

INVENTORS—WE SUCCESSFULLY SELL inventoried, patented and unpatented. Write us, if you have a practical, useful idea for sale. Chartered Institute of American Inventors, Dept. 68, Washington, D. C. (10-7)

Game, Birds & Animals

RAISE HIGHLY-PROFITABLE ROYAL SQUABS. Read eye-opening, modern poultry book. Money-making, beautiful experiences. Free. Rice, Box 501, Milross, Massachusetts. (6-3)

PURE MONGOLIAN PHEASANT eggs for April and May delivery. \$1.50 per ten. 85% fertility guaranteed. Leslie Davis, Prairie City, Oregon.

QUAIL, PHEASANTS, CHUKARS. Eggs. Pooding Guide Free. Neuhart's Game Farm, Bethalto, Illinois. (2-3)

NORTHERN BOBWHITES Brooder Raised Live. William Allan, Route 4, Louisville, Ky. (10-5)

Hunting Horns

POLISHED, STEER. Clear-toned, \$2.50. Hofmann-Horndealer, 898 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Indian Relics

SPECIAL 99c each—(worth \$1.50)—Cachibite Pipe—Spoon—Tomahawk—Bayonet—25 arrowheads—Pestle—Plummet—Pendant—Drill—all \$7.80—Kentucky Rifle \$4.95—Peacepipe \$1.28—Fishing pipe \$3.28—Resolutions War Pistol \$12.65—Catalogue 10c. Museum, Rutland, Illinois.

100 GOOD ARROWHEADS \$3.00. Tomahawk Head file. Illustrated Catalog 5c. H. Daniel, Hot Springs, Ark.

Mink

GUARANTEED BRED YUKOS for April delivery. Large size, dark, reasonable price. Flood Wadsworth, Storer, Minn.

MINK and bred females, best obtainable. Complete literature free. Lake Superior Mink Farm, Superior, E. E. Wisconsin. (6-7)

BURNS MINK, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN. Fine Mink available since 1881. (10-1)

Miscellaneous

RECEIVE GIGANTIC MAILS, magazines, samples. Your name in numerous mailing lists. Dr. Frank Howard, 306 Broadway, New York.

WE PURCHASE ALL INDIANHEAD PENNIES. Porcelain, catalogues 10c. Bruce Walburn, 288 Broadway, N. Y. York.

Owl Decoys for Crow Shooting

ONCE ALIVE, Genuine feathers, \$8.00. Taxidermist, 898 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Patent Attorneys

INVENTORS—Protect your idea with a Patent. Don't delay. See the "Patent Guide"—Free. Preliminary information furnished without obligation. Write Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 1013 Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

"PATENT PARTICULARS" AND BLANKS FREE: Government-Registered Patent Attorney 31 years. Stamping Book, 10-622 P. Washington, D. C. (10-1)

Rare Coins

COMMEMORATIVE \$2, Columbian, Lincoln Stone Mountain, Cleveland, \$1.00 Ea. Thousands of Rare coins for sale. Large Illustrated Catalogue 25c. Netman Smith, Salt Lake, Utah. (10-7)

Real Estate Resorts

CANADIAN TAX SALE LANDS for a Dollar an acre and up. Fishing, hunting, timber. See advertisement page 32. Tax Sale Service, 72 Queen Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Seeds

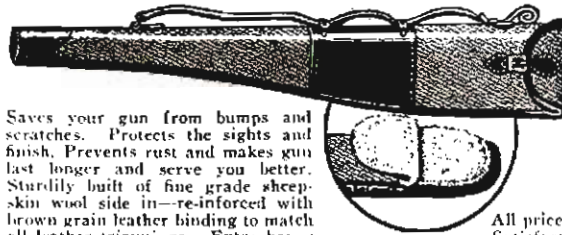
GIANT SUNFLOWERS—twelve feet tall. Spinnaker leaves and flowers. Advance your friends' harvest a big seed crop for winter birds. Packet of selected seeds from plants that grew to sky-scraper height last summer—For two packets 25c. E & D Seed Co., 58 Chestnut St., Wellesley Hill, Mass.

Stamps

SEND US YOUR 1930, 1930 or any earlier years Duck Stamp in good condition together with five cents of stamps and we will extend your subscription to **OUTDOORS** for 12 issues from its present expiration date. Tell your fellow duck hunters that a limited number of new subscriptions will be accepted on this basis also. Mail to **OUTDOORS, 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**

PRESERVE YOUR GUNS

YOUR GUN DESERVES A GENUINE SHEEPSKIN CASE



Saves your gun from bumps and scratches. Protects the sights and finish. Prevents rust and makes gun last longer and serve you better. Sturdily built of fine grade sheepskin wool side in—re-inforced with brown grain leather binding to match all leather trimmings. Extra heavy muzzle ends of cowhide are moulded to encase sights and the lock re-inforcement is large and heavy. Combination sling strap and handle. Made roomy for ease in placing gun in or taking out. The very best cases we know of. State make and length of gun.



Closed top holster made of selected woolskins, re-inforced and bound with brown suede leather. Has belt loop and snap fastener. Made to fit any revolver or pistol, \$1.50.

All prices Postpaid—Order today. No C.O.Ds. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

	Leather Trim	Suede
Full length for rifles and shotguns.....	\$5.50	\$3.50
For Winchester Models 52 and 70.....	\$6.00	\$4.00
For rifles with telescope sights.....	\$6.50	\$4.50
Take Down Style, rifle or shotgun.....	\$5.50	\$3.50

TRADER BOB, 721 PRAIRIE AVE., WILMETTE, ILL.

Taxidermy

GLASS EYES, BIRD BODIES, HEAD FORMS, panels, special 30 pair eyes assortment, \$1.00. Learn Taxidermy, book complete, \$1.00. Supply catalog free. Schoepfer Eyes, 1299 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

GLASS EYES—Imitation Concave Convex for Deer, Sample Pair, 5c. "Silver Line" headforms, supplies. Send for catalog No. 3. Penn Taxidermy, 504 Cleveland, Hazleton, Penna.

LESSONS: Mount Animals, 25c. Eyes, tools, scalp, preservation. Sample, Taxidermist News Magazine, 898 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOUNTED STEER HORNS For sale cheap. Free photo. Lee Bechtel, Mirosla, Texas.

SUPPLIES FOR TAXIDERMISTS—Furriers'. Free Catalog. P. Miller, Cambridge, Ohio. (6-1)

Trapping

NINE FOXES IN ONE DAY. Trap the best fox and all five others. Particulars free. Guaranteed. Write 151 Estabrook, Pittsford, Vermont. (6-1)

BOOKS FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN

(Continued from page 63)

enlivened the existence of the Nineties in Miller's youth.

His portraits of his father and others are lasting, and his *Hudson Valley Squire* deserves to have a place on the shelf beside *The Vanishing Virginian* and *Life With Father*. It is exciting, colorful, and a spontaneous joy to read. Illustrations by Ferdinand Warren catch the spirit and flavor of the Nineties, which seem just over the hill, and are yet so far gone in view of contemporary life and its increasing tempo.

The book is filled with outdoors scenes, and the walrus-moustached father is a character outdoorsmen especially will enjoy. By all means look up *Hudson Valley Squire*; you will find it a delightful account to which you will be tempted to return again and again, the kind of book you pick up to read passages to your guests. And that is enough said for any book!

The house of Barnes will soon be publishing books of interest to outdoorsmen—*The Art of Handgun Shooting*, by Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr., **OUTDOORS** firearms editor; Gilmer Robinson's *Bait Casting*, Lt. William Stephens' *Rifle Marksmanship*, and J. H. Kiphuth's *Swimming*—all but Captain Askins' book in their well-known Dollar Sports Library. The books will be reviewed as they reach my desk.

What are you Leaving To Them?

This may prove a vital issue affecting America's future and Americanism. The Izaak Walton League of America is a national organization of conservationists, coordinating local and state objectives into a unified, long-range national program for a better outdoor America. If you believe in a program which will leave a little of primitive America for your children, and restore to the proper environment some that has been destroyed, THEN JOIN YOUR LOCAL CHAPTER OR WRITE FOR particulars to:

Izaak Walton League of America

Defenders of Woods, Waters and Wild Life
1167 Merchandise Mart, Chicago

FREE INFORMATION

about fishing and vacation sections

Write Where-to-Go Editor

OUTDOORS 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Get An Elto Cub Without Cost

ENJOY yourself this summer. Don't break your back rowing a boat, let the new Elto Cub miracle motor do your work while you take it easy.

Capability is jam-packed into every ounce of its 8½ pounds. It's a miracle of starting ease, simplicity, and boy how it runs! Complete with flood-proof carburetion pump cooling and every essential feature.

Here's how to get an Elto Cub FREE and express paid. Collect \$1 from each of 50 persons for 12 issue subscriptions to **O U T-DOORS**. Send us the \$50 and the names and addresses. Or, send \$25 for twenty-five subscriptions and \$10 extra.



OUTDOORS
729 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass.

HITTING 'EM AT SKEET

By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.



Let's go fishing son!

MOST boys worship their Dad and gradually acquire as their own his standards and ideals. Strengthen this bond by making a pal of your boy in outdoor activities. Take him fishing. It's an ideal setting in which to mould his mind to an appreciation of clean living and high ideals.

Your boy is your most valuable investment. What kind of a man he becomes is up to you; so help him become the type of man you admire by giving him reading matter he likes and you can be sure will have a fine influence.

Give your boy a 12 issue subscription to The Open Road, for twenty years a true friend and guide to young Americans. Its stories are carefully selected; its outdoors life articles and Pioneers' Club Department will inculcate in your son a deep love for the outdoors and affect him for good all his life long.

You can give your boy The Open Road for 12 issues and extend your present subscription, or enter a new subscription to Outdoors for 12 issues, both for only \$1.50, saving 50c on the regular prices of the two magazines.

Fill in the coupon below, enclose with it \$1.50, then say to your boy, "Let's go fishing, son," and mail the coupon on the way.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

OUTDOORS, OM-April
729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

For \$1.50* enclosed send 12 issues each of Open Road for Boys and Outdoors to the names and addresses below.

Send OPEN ROAD FOR BOYS to

Name

St. or Rt.

City or Town State

Send OUTDOORS to

Name

St. or Rt.

City or Town State

* Add \$1.00 for Canadian or Foreign Postage.



To me Station No. 2 has always been practically as easy as Station No. 1. The first shot is a right quartering outgoer. The following target is a left quartering incomer. Quartering shots for an old quail shooter are always duck soup; despite this Station No. 2 gives a lot of the boys a headache. Particularly that outgoer.

Nine-tenths of the misses on the Station No. 2 high house target are caused by overshooting. The greater part of the misses on the low house incomer target are caused by getting behind. Before calling for your outgoer from Station No. 2, get your feet into good position. You'll break the target a couple of yards the other side of the Station No. 8 post, so place your feet so that the gun easily points at that place where you'll pull trigger. Then swing the muzzle to a position some 6 or 8 yards ahead of the high house trap.

Flex both knees a bit and shift your weight to the right leg. The left leg is bent a bit more than the other for as the gun is swung and the target busted the left leg does the greater part of the job of swinging the body. Do not lean forward on the left leg as you see a great many shooters do. That is bad form and leads to over shooting simply because your swing is badly timed and somewhat muscle bound.

Call for the target and pick it up and start the gun to shoulder the instant you see the target moving. Swing the gun ahead and under the target. The very instant the barrels line up ahead of the flashing "bird" touch 'er off. Do not swing along with the target trying to gain a meticulous and exacting lead. If you do your scoring will be mighty sketchy.

Try to handle a gun at Skeet exactly as you shoot quail. You don't fuss with lead in trying to gun a quail to earth. You swing up on him, getting your lead as the gun comes up. You should do the same thing at Skeet. I am conscious of being possibly 6 or 8 inches ahead of the high house outgoer from Station No. 2. Your lead may be the same as mine or it may be more. That will be for you to decide, and it's easy to learn. The thing is, your swing wants to be decisive and it must be smooth. Watch your body position with regard to body weight. The right foot must carry the weight, the left leg doing the swinging.

The Station No. 2 incomer is one of the easiest shots on the field. Shift the feet very little for this target from where they were for the outgoer. However, when you flex your knees a little, shift the body weight to the left foot. The swing is in a different direction this time and you want that right leg to carry most of the swing. Point the gun muzzle almost at the target house and when you call for the target, carry through with a snappy swing.