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Cover

"ANGLEWORMS"
By Perry Cragg

First prize winner in nation-wide photo contest conducted by SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY, South Bend, Indiana. Photo courtesy of South Bend—A Name Famous In Fishing.

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Pennsylvania Fish Commission

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GERALD PARKER
RALPH BERKEY

"I Came Through and I Shall Return"
—GENERAL MacARThUR
CATTIES AND SUNNIES

By N. R. CASILLO

A FULL MOON quivered overhead while a heavy fog hung low over the dark waters of Clark's Pond. Wilson's mill, a rehabilitated, ancient structure at the lower end of the pond, was somberly silhouetted against the pallid sky, its uncertain and rumbling outline oozing mystery from every crack and crevice. From my painful huddle in the bow of the rowboat, I glanced at the deep shadow cast by the hoary edifice, and then turned to Ferret Rogers who was jack-knifed on the stern seat, seemingly seeking to escape the encroaching tentacles of the murky obscurity.

"I've got a nibble," I whispered.

"This boat wasn't locked," he replied irrelevantly. Although I knew the answer that was forthrightening the mysterious fear gripping me prompted my lips to frame the single word "Why?"

"I'd move from here—that mill gives me the creeps," he shuddered.

It was after midnight and the only sounds breaking that mournful silence were the occasional chirps of a few dejected crickets, the faint and uncertain splash of water as it squeezed through the interstices of the primitive dam, and the infrequent rumbles of an automobile thundering over the loose planking of the bridge that crossed Wolf Creek.

Suddenly I straightened to an erect sitting position and Ferret sensing what had happened did likewise. Then, with a metallic ring my dad's steel rod bent to the water while I hung on and stifly cramped the reel. With uncanny power the fish pulled with enough strength to cause me to lose my awkward grip on the reel handle and thereby receiving several bruising raps on the legs and to bare its way through the bow. It was my chance, so I grabbed it just back of the head, dragged it out into the clear and methodically hacked off its head while its slimy length played havoc with my clothing.

In the meanwhile, the noise of the scuffle had awakened Mait Ide, caretaker of the country club golf course, and one who struck terror to all trespassers that fell into his clutches. His grim summon enough nerve to trespass too deep into a domain presided over by the redoubtable Ide.

On this night the first intimation we had that anything was amiss was when we heard Ide's police dog break into barking. That was the usual Ide method; he invariably released the vicious brute to do the preliminary reconnoitering, and woed to those who couldn't evade him well.

Our position was absolutely desperate. There was the dog between us and safety, the boat securely chained and locked, and the swinging lantern of the man we feared appearing around the corner of the chicken coop. I looked at the awesome water and a cold fear assailed my heart.

"Better give ourselves up," I heard my companion mutter hopelessly.

"Yes," I came back, "and have to report to Dogface Stewart (the probation officer), for the next six months! Nothin' doin'."

The next suggestion made by the diminutive and shy Ferret staggered me.

"Well, let's swim for it."

face, tobacco-stained, drooping moustache and narrow, gray eyes eloquently spoke of his merciless and relentless nature. He looked like an old time western bad man.

Unfortunately, the most coveted fishing spot at that end of the pond was accessible only by cutting across one of the greens located a few feet from Ide's chicken coop. There, also, was moored the only boat on the place, reserved for the use of a few privileged Ide's. As a result, our forays into that sanctified territory were confined only to the hours of darkness. The rest of the pond was virtually unexplored area to us, as it was bordered by the golf course and therefore forbidden ground. One or two older and more adventurous companions talked about the fabulous bullhead fishing off the boathouse wharf in front of the clubhouse, but Ferret and I could never

Still-fishing for Panfish is the height of relaxation

He meant it too, for he reeled in his dangling line, gathered up the bulging fish sack and looked at me in astonishment.

"Are you comin'?"

"Hi—sure," I stammered, as I heard Ide urge the already frenzied dog.

In an instant I had my effects and slid into the boat. Our position was absolutely desperate. There was the dog between us and safety, the boat securely chained and locked, and the swinging lantern of the man we feared appearing around the corner of the chicken coop. I looked at the awesome water and a cold fear assailed my heart.

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"Well, let's swim for it."

A nice bluegill Sunfish that fell for a worm
catch of some thirty catties and sunnies as well as one headless eel.

Our enforced swim didn't keep us away from our usual haunt for long. Two nights after our encounter with Ide we were again fruitlessly sneaking from one vantage point to another, on the southwest corner of the course. Again, our fear of the consequences if caught on the grounds kept us from penetrating too deeply into them; besides one would be much too conspicuous out in the clear fairways whose only hazards consisted of an occasional bunker and fewer sandtraps. The only cover of a sort actually skirted Ide's house, so there lay the safest route to the pond.

The moon had not yet risen, but darkness, we well knew was no deterrent to that dog, so as quietly as was humanly possible we crept from the cover afforded by a clump of small pines, and sneaked across a smooth lawn for the shelter of ancient mockorange. Half way across, my companion suddenly uttered a muffled cry and pitched forward, while at the same time, something knocked my feet from under me and down we crashed, flat to the ground amid the clutter of equipment. The shock of the stunning fall was bad enough, yet it could not compare with our fear of possible discovery. Therefore, for a long time we lay just as we had fallen, fearing to move a muscle or draw an audible breath. I could feel the wild thumping of my heart, and momentarily expected to hear the dog's raucous baying of the coon hounds at tree; he has never thrilled to the clarion call of a deer-pig lightening grins.

"Wonder where he is?" I whispered, picking myself up and surveying the damage done to the flower bed and the wire (that had been our undoing), inclosing it.

"One sure thing," vouchsafed my companion, "neither he nor his dog are around, or our goose would have been cooked long ago.

Shortly we were under the sheltering branches of the mockorangee, and I was about to comment on Ferret's observation, when a soft chuckle just back of us froze me to the turf. At any moment I expected to hear a savage growl and winced at the thought of sharp teeth tearing into my leg.

"What was the idea of all those acrobatics?" laughed some one, coming around to our side of the bush.

We immediately recognized the voice and turned to see Les Brimbell, one of the older boys, (Turn to Page 18)
Sixteen Fish on an old bent hook,
Yol Ho! And a bottle of rum!
Take 'em to the galley
And throw 'em at the cook!
Yol Ho! And a bottle of rum

Bob Johnson had nearly succeeded in putting the Gas House Gang to sleep with one of his unusual fish stories when he happened to use the term "piscatorial monstrosity" in describing his catch. That was too much for Kirk, who woke up with a roar that made Bob stop to catch his breath.

"Bob, you don't even know what piscatorial means!" he said.

"I certainly do!" exclaimed the indignant Bob. "It means —"

"Don't tell us!" interrupted Kirk. "Please spare us that. You probably wouldn't have it right anyhow!"

"Oh no! Well, I'll have you understand I looked that word up in the dictionary. And I guess you think Daniel Webster's wrong too!"

Whereupon Doc, who was of the intelligent type, remonstrated the narrator with: "Daniel Webster didn't write the dictionary. That was Noah."

Bob sat in silence for a split second, wrinkled his brow, then came back with: "Doc, you're nuts. Noah built the ark!"

What followed is decidedly "off the record", but Bob gave up the idea of finishing his story and took an old fashioned instead. Then he turned to Doc, and said: "Why don't you tell the story? You sit back and criticize everybody's mistakes. It's time we heard about some of your fishing trips."

"All right," said Doc, "I will."

The "gang" all looked at him in amazement. Was it possible that Doc was going to give a story? Gosh! Doc had always been the perfect listener, but as a story teller — this was the most amazing thing since the atom bomb.

Doc cleared his throat, snuffed out his ever present Rameses, and started to talk:

"Down through the years, I've been listening to you fellows come up here each month and try to outdo each other with fish stories that would make the Arabian Nights blush with shame. Mazzoni and his big eels! Joe Willard and his whiskered flatfish! Sam Weitz and his casting bass! Shucks! I'm going to tell you one that tops them all, and it's all true! Last summer I caught sixteen fish on one hook at the same time!"

Henry Asam, who up to this time had remained silent, picked up one of the bottles from the serving table, read the label, tested the bouquet, and remarked: "Gosh! This stuff must have a kick!"

Joe Willard jumped to his feet and offered to bet anyone that his flatfish was the real McCoy, but Doc, ignoring the interruption continued with his story. As it progressed, the "gang" became more and more interested, for they realized that they were listening to one of those remarkable episodes in the life of an angler that only a privileged few have experienced.

It was late in the Spring of 1945. Germany had just capitulated, the ban on vacation travel had eased, and fishing boats could be chartered for the first time in four years. Three old timers from the Dover Fishing Club found themselves spending the week end in the fishing village of Chincoteague. The trip was the revival of an old pre-war custom of over a quarter-century standing. This was the season that channel bass came up inside the bar to feed on the crabs and other small marine life along the beach.

Doc had made all the arrangements, and with him were his old pals, Dr. William Egan and Joseph Ruff. These three were all reputed mighty bass fishermen, and they told a story around the lobby of the little Chincoteague Hotel that in pre-war days the bass used to post a couple of sentinels back in the channel near the Railroad Station to watch for any Dover Club members getting off the train. Whenever one arrived, the sentinels would scrutinize him closely, and if it happened to be one of the above three, they would swim out to their pals with a word of warning, and the whole school would pull out to sea.

The prolonged absence, however, had made the bass careless and that Saturday, Doc and his pals had had an excellent day in the surf. They waded out to the bar at low tide and each had taken their share of the unsuspecting bass. Whatever it is that bass wear instead of pants, they had been caught with 'em on.

That night as they were discussing the day's sport over the bar in the hotel, Doc met his old friend Captain Taylor, pilot of the Vernon T— that had brought more pounds of fish into the Chincoteague dock than the whole village could consume in a generation. The captain laughed when Doc mentioned bass.

"You fellows haven't begun to have any real sport yet!" he said. "Fishing's changed a lot around this village since before the war."
“One good sized shark ought to make mince­meat of that whole school, if he ever got loose among them.”

“That’s where you’re wrong Doc. A porpoise will lick a shark any day in a good fight.”

“Hey Doc, a porpoise won’t fight. I’ve seen ‘em come right in close to a bunch full of batters and play around in the water, not even bothering the batters.”

“Sure, I’ve seen them do the same thing. But they know the batters won’t harm them, and they play around like harmless pets. But they know the shark is their enemy, and don’t think they can’t fight. They’re quick as lightening, and the shark, savage as he is, can’t get his jaws on them. The porpoise has a snout on him as tough as shoe leather. He licks off a few feet and butts into the shark like a goat. He keeps this up until he literally knocks the shark out and chases him off.”

“Captain, that sounds impossible. Did you ever witness a fight between the two?”

“Yes, I saw a fight between a shark and a porpoise off Cape Hatteras once when I was coming up the coast, and that shark didn’t get a chance to run off. The porpoise kept after him till he killed him. They know the shark’s tender spots, and they don’t pull any punches. This shark just turned over on his back and died. The surface of the water was a pool of blood.”

By this time the Vernon T. had lost sight of the porpoises and Captain Taylor decided they were in the right spot to fish. With a calm sea and a light westerly wind he decided to drift for awhile. In short order they all had their lines overboard waiting for the unexpected to happen.

Ruff was the first to see action. Without warning his rod bent downward at a dangerous arc. The others started reeling in their lines thinking it might be a shark, but Joe checked them with a shake of his head. There wasn’t enough action for it to be a shark. It just seemed like a dead weight.

Finally, it started to give, and gradually he brought it to the surface. “Stingaree!” he exclaimed in disgust. “Why did that thing have to pick on me?”

“Hold him up there on the surface!” yelled the captain. “Don’t let him get away, and don’t try to play around like a lemon.”

Ducking into the cabin, he returned with a twenty-two gauge rifle and after placing two well directed bullets through its brain, the stingaree floated lifeless on the surface.

“Why waste your bullets on that thing?” said Joe.

“That thing!” replied the captain, “Is the best kind of shark bait you can get.”

Bringing the repulsive fish on board, the captain sized the dangerous tail with an axe, and cut the body up into generous portions. Then he baited each of the hooks with a piece, and fishing was resumed.

Again Ruff was the lucky angler, but this time it was no dead weight. The line cut through the water with the speed of an express train, into the right, then the left, then it came for the boat, and in a split-second changed its course and started in the direction of Africa.

“That’s one of ‘em!” yelled the captain. “Take it easy.”

Ruff had his hands full. It seemed as if the fish would never stop its run. Finally, however, it succeeded in checking it. Then there occurred one of those things that sends a thrill down the spine of any fisherman. The shark came to the surface and lifted its entire length clear of the water.

What a sight! Six feet of swashbuckling, fighting shark extended almost perpendicular, as though it were standing on its tail, trying to emulate a Hawaiian dancing girl; only faster, swifter, and fiercer. With a Herculean effort, the fish tried to dislodge the barred hook imbedded in its jaw. Then it was beneath the surface again diving for the bottom.

The whole thing happened in a fraction of a second, and Joe became so excited that momentarily he forgot to reel in the slack line. Then he felt a sudden joggle, and things were right again. Somewhere out in that vast hazardous ocean, the line had parted and the shark was free.

Muttering words that he never learned in Sunday School, Joe slowly reeled in the remaining line with a knowing nod of his head, explained: “Got caught around his dorsal fin when you let it go slack, just before he dived. No line can take that.”

By now there was real enthusiasm among the three anglers. No bass fishing had given over them such a thrill as this. Once more the lines were baited with a chunk of stingaree and thrown out to await the unexpected. This time it was Doc.
Listen, my children and now you will hear, 'bout fishes incarnate and all their proud gear.  
When I was a lad only six inches long,  
I was anxious and hungry and very bold strong.  
My father was big and as keen as a fox,  
He told me to feed only under the rocks.  
But one day I swam to the head of the pool,  
And jumped and cavorted according to rule.  
When all in a sudden I saw in a flash,  
A luscious brown bug so I made a big splash.  
I opened my mouth and sucked the bug in,  
Good Heavens, I found I had bit on a pin.  
I tried running for home but it was of no use,  
My mouth was held fast like the grip of a mouse.  
My thoughts they were terrible, slack and slack,  
When all of a sudden I found I had slack.  
I jumped in the air with very much glee,  
I shook my head hard and found I was free.  
So back home I swam a much wiser child,  
Resolving right then to no more be wild.  
Each year I have stayed in this very nice pool,  
Watching good friends depart while I remain cool.  
I've learned about Gordons, Cahills and Duns,  
Of Leonards and Schauers and Thomas Mills Sons.  
Of waders and jackets, hombnails and chains,  
I also tell time by the roar of the trains.  
I've heard about Wetzell, Bergman and Ried,  
So on the alert and from flies let's refrain.  
And grow into HERMANS thru the years and the years.  

The GREAT HERMAN, in this my back yard,  
Weigh ten pounds six ounces and in length am a yard.  
I sometimes go out in the evening and night,  
To give some boys a terrible fright.  
I have even taken a flip at his fly,  
And watched the death look appear in his eye.  
But being so big and terribly mean,  
I have little trouble the fisher to clean.  
For then there's the Doctor from Penn's western end,  
Who comes on each season for days he will spend  
Trying hard as he can every fly in his book,  
Defeated he departs defeated his look.  
He has rods by Hardy, Leonard and Schauer,  
His wife she picks water cress and now a flower.  
His Hardy best reels are jewelled very fine,  
A Corona Superba is his tapered line.  
He's really a sportsman and a good angler too,  
But I prefer to live, now truly wouldn't you?  
Then there's Charlie, read some book and away,  
Wha with Kitty and Spooky comes on for a stay.  
Sib has a new rod—a Thomas I've guessed,  
Hn, Hn, Old thing Sibley I'm still on my nest.  
But Kitty with her Coulson casts a beautiful fly,  
She hit me a smack right close to my eye.  
Am sorry for Kitty, I wouldn't be caught,
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania  
Board of Fish Commissioners  
Harrisburg  

FISH STOCKED IN THE WATERS OF PENNSYLVANIA—1945

<table>
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<th>Species</th>
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SQUALLS FROM LEE RUN BAY  
By JAN DREWS

We came home a bit exhausted from our Deer-hunt at Medix Run. We not only had to open our own oysters and make up our own bunks, but the regulating valve on the shower always made it either too hot or too cold. However, we feel better for having been roughing it in that rugged country.

Ray, the inventive member at Dick’s Cottage, recently suffered severe contusions to his drinking hand while attaching depth bombs to a hookless “Wounded Minnow”. He is always getting jammed up, though. Last year, his jet-propelled “Crazy Crawler” got away from him and sank a Lady in a pretty red canoe.

Yesterday’s mail contained 1946 quotations on Trout from the Utica Barefooted Boys Club, and certain people will be pleased to learn that although O. P. A. ceilings are now removed, there will be no increase in price.

We have never mentioned our Grandson before—He is only a year old—but coming the Right Way—

Joe, the Fat Cook, has written Santa Claus and asked for a new axe and a pressure cooker. He also asked for a set of Blinders, explaining that as long as he has to work like a Horse, he may as well look like one.

It is hoped that the next session of the Lee Run Yacht Club will produce a more rigid ruling about the disposal of surplus materials. This business of getting up at 3 A.M. and stepping on a beer cap while groping for your slippers, is not as funny as it sounds in the bunk room.

Old Tom, the blind Muskellunge, and his female “Seeing Eye” Rock Bass, who are now in the Allegheny River where Old Tom takes oil treatments during the winter, will send Christmas greetings to their friends in the Lee Eddy by Merganser, this year, instead of Special minnow as heretofore. It seems as though that Big Salmon thinks the Special minnow is a Christmas present from Old Tom, and that is as far as it ever gets.

Major: “But, Rastus, why do you call cooties ‘arithmetic bugs’?”

Rastus: “Cause dey add to my misery; subtract from my pleasure; divide my attention and multiply like the dickens.”

Daughter (preparing for college, to her mother) “I shall study psychology, physiology . . .”

Mother (interrupting): “I have arranged for you to study rostology, bakology, darnology, and general domesticology.”

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IZAAK WALTON JEEP—  
By permission of Outdoor Life magazine

The story of the new civilian Jeep as a vehicle for sportsmen in getting to remote fishing spots is graphically told in the December issue of Outdoor Life. An eight-page picture story called “A Jeep Will Get You There” records a day’s outing with the little four-wheel-drive car and its ability to leave the road and take the anglers anywhere they desire to go.

Allen Parsons, the magazine’s “Where to Go” editor, arranged with Willys-Overland Motors to borrow one of their new Jeeps for the test. Parsons, along with Frank Valgenti, Jr., chairman of the New Jersey Fish and Game Council and a veteran fisherman, and Bob Welch of Willys, headed the Jeep for a Pennsylvania trout stream, chosen because of its hard-to-reach location.

“Hitherto when anglers visited these fishing waters,” the magazine reports, “they parked their car at the highway and, laboriously jacking their duffel, hoofed it the rest of the way. This time, though, the Jeep took our party right into the stream!”

The eight pages of pictures portray the Jeep being loaded with equipment, crossing rough pastures, negotiating an old logging road, climbing a rocky hill, going through woods, arriving at the river and driving downstream to the favorite fishing spot.

EX-FISHERMEN

 Said Fisherman Pitt,  
“There’ll be no first-aid kit  
On the trip that I’m starting today.  
Iodine? . . . bunk!  
Bandages? . . . junk!  
Who uses the stuff anyway?

He was snagged, up Bear Brook,  
By a rusty old hook;  
His arm hurt, but Pitt didn’t wince.  
He arrived home belated . . .  
His arm . .. amputated!  
Poor Pitt hasn’t cast a fly since.  
—CARSTEN AHRENS
CHARLIE named it. It surely had an uncanny attraction for warm-water game fish. Not only that, but it hooked them and held them better than any other spoon we ever used. The day he named it, I stopped by his place to see if he could persuade him to go fishing. I anticipated no great argument, he is the sort of fellow who would rather fish than eat, except at meal-time. But he was away ahead of me; with an early lunch under his belt, he had already gone fishing. To find him along the river was no problem; he always worked the same eddy when he waded alone. Sure enough, when I arrived, there he was idly casting a floating plug across the shallows. Just practising, he said, trying out a new reel.

“I've got a new spoon I made,” I said. “Watch how it swims.”

“Thump, you and your everlasting spoons, why don't you make something that looks like a brass.”

“Well, you watch, this thing really swims,” and I hoisted it out across the shallow water in front of him. Bang, it had not traveled ten feet until a bass nailed it.

“Beginner's luck,” he chuckled as the fish splashed, jumped, and shook his head. I netted it, got the hooks out, and turned it loose. Charlie examined the spoon.

“A piece of brass,” he said. “With trout hooks on it. He must have been a blind one. A piece of brass with a feather on the end. Why don't you make something pretty once?”

“But watch how it swims, this thing looks alive. And did you see how those hooks were tangled up in his tongue? That means he was really after it. You know how many times he took 'em on the outside of the face like they had turned loose at the last minute and you just snatched them.”

So I trolled along in front of him so he could see its action in the water. It wiggled like a tadpole in a hurry.

“It sure is a squirmy thing,” he admitted, after watching it. “But it don't look like nothing I would eat.”

“Well, you remember we were talking about the carp, and where all the millions of little ones go that are hatched out every year. This is supposed to be the imitation. You know the yellow flash they make when they roll, like this thing does. But I thought gold would be too rich for a blooming carp, so I made it out of brass.”

“It does shoot out a yellow light,” he admitted; softening, but far from convinced. “But I bet you can't catch another bass here with it, right in the middle of the day.”

“We'll try him again. He will lay right there in front of you for a while, I told him, just to see what you have got to offer. So he took off the red and white plug and put on a yellow one. Once, twice and three times he cast the plug out and coiled it in, and then the same thing happened. Another big swirl, a tail-flipping splash, and the fish disappeared in the dark water. No strike. Charlie's sensation was a trifle frayed, as mine had been so many times. Finally he said:

“Now let's see you work the magic on this baby.”

“That's what I made this gadget for,” I said.

“To see if I could fool him. So step to one side, please, and watch him commit suicide.”

He did not do anything so foolish. I tossed the spoon up along the bank, out a little from the shore, and brought it back over him as fast as I could reel. He hung at it, mouth wide open like a white cavern, turned as he struck, jumped, and shook his head. Charlie lit his pipe again and spoke.

“You got the magic, alright, but it's a good thing he never learned to throw a curve; he'd have heamed you sure.”

So it was a memorable trip. Between then and sundown, the Magic Spoon caught seven little pike, but none to take home. And Charlie got a 16-in. bass to hit his yellow plug, so his joy was complete. He is nearly always ready to go pike fishing now-a-days, with confidence in the brass gadget with the trout hooks on it.

We figured there were at least three reasons why the new spoon worked. It was something new, different. We noticed for a long time that a new plug comes on the market, is advertised, and catches fish. Everybody buys one, tosses it, please, and watch him commit suicide."

It did look like a wild place. Not until Charlie, with his plug across the creek and snuggled in some roots on the other bank, did he discover that a lot of other people knew about this place and fished in it. I was righteously grumpy about my deception. But before that happened he had seen some big carp and at least one good bass losing in the shade on top of the water. So he kept on plugging. Then one of those old pike splashed water on him. He saw it coming and nearly swallowed his pipe. But, of course, the fish never meant to grab his plug, just chase it out of there. And after Charlie got his voice back up in his throat where it belonged, he began to talk about the so-and-so blankety-blank fish scaring you like that when they never intended to strike. Then I advised him to put on another plug and try him again. He will lay right there in front of you for a while, I told him, just to see what you have got to offer. So he took off the red and white plug and put on a yellow one. Once, twice and three times he cast the plug out and coiled it in, and then the same thing happened. Another big swirl, a tail-flipping splash, and the fish disappeared in the dark water. No strike. Charlie's sensation was a trifle frayed, as mine had been so many times. Finally he said:

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We figured there were at least three reasons why the new spoon worked. It was something new, different. We noticed for a long time that a new plug comes on the market, is advertised, and catches fish. Everybody buys one, tosses it around, and in the short span of a couple years every bass in the country has bit on it and finished his career in the skillet, or, escaping, has had a lesson in what not to strike. If there is any truth in that statement, and my years of bait-casting in civilized waters have convinced me there is, the most successful caster will try to find out which bait is popular with the fishermen, and then make something exactly opposite. The Magic Spoon was certainly the opposite of the floating wobblers everybody was casting in those snag-infested beaver ponds.

Secondly, it looked alive as it swam through the shade was a powerful argument. So we went back to my car and up the creek. To properly impress him with the wildness of the beaver ponds.

Humph, you and your everlasting spoons, why don't you make something that looks like a brass.

Well, you watch, this thing really swims,” and I hoisted it out across the shallow water in front of him. Bang, it had not traveled ten feet until a bass nailed it.

A hundred yards farther along the river bank I found him. He must have been a blind one. A piece of brass with a feather on the end. Why don't you make something pretty once?”

But watch how it swims, this thing looks alive. And did you see how those hooks were tangled up in his tongue? That means he was really after it. You know how many times he took 'em on the outside of the face like they had turned loose at the last minute and you just snatched them.

So I trolled along in front of him so he could see its action in the water. It wiggled like a tadpole in a hurry.

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Well, you remember we were talking about the carp, and where all the millions of little ones go that are hatched out every year. This is supposed to be the imitation. You know the yellow flash they make when they roll, like this thing does. But I thought gold would be too rich for a blooming carp, so I made it out of brass.

“It does shoot out a yellow light,” he admitted; softening, but far from convinced. “But I bet you can't catch another bass here with it, right in the middle of the day.”

I hardly expected I could, either, but I tried. A hundred yards farther along the river bank I got another strike, smaller. And Charlie melted; softening, but far from convinced. “But I bet you can't catch another bass here with it, right in the middle of the day.”

The Magic Spoon was certainly the opposite of the floating wobblers everybody was casting in those snag-infested beaver ponds.

Secondly, it looked alive as it swam through

This fine 6½-lb. Walleye was caught by Frank R. Wallace of Wilkes-Barre in the Susquehanna River near Mehoopany.

By DON BLAIR

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THE MAGIC SPOON

By DON BLAIR

Copyright 1946 by DONALD B. BLAIR
the water. Squirmed, as Charlie so aptly phrased it. No matter what sort of live thing the fish thought it was, and that we can never know, they could not help but think it was alive, for it really swam.

And, third, even if the first big one to hit it threw it at me, it gave a better average of landed fish to strikes than any other spoon we ever used. Spoons, as a rule, hook fewer bass than do plugs simply because they dart about in the water, something like a terrified minnow, but more unpredictably, from the bass's viewpoint. I can imagine a bass, catching and eating two or three minnows a day, learns about angles and the leading of targets as does a professional skeet shooter. And the bass has more at stake than the shooter, he has to get his target or he don't eat. But he misses the minnows often when he is slashing at them. Later on I think I can explain why he misses.

If you are interested, for this spoon has never been placed on the market, here is how I made the first one. I found a thin sheet of brass and cut from it an elongated egg shape, three inches long and an inch wide. I drilled a small hole in each end of it. Then, with a machinist's hammer and a block of soft wood for an anvil, I tapped and tapped until I had it deeply spooned. I bummed a good stout hook from Charlie, for he is not ashamed to fish with live bait, broke the eye off and bent and ground the shank to fit inside the spoon. I plugged the little holes with toothpicks, linned the hook and the inside of the spoon with solder. Then, burning my fingers, I soldered them together, filling the spoon with solder to add weight. Now it looked something like a popular manufactured spoon except for the hole in the end at the base of the hook. But I was only half finished. I got a few barred feathers from a wood-duck, how, I can't recall. And two No. 6 trout hooks (light weight) and with a loop of wire I made a double hook by soldering wire and hooks together. Such double hooks are common today, made from one piece of wire without solder. I tied the wood-duck feathers to the double hook like the wings of a wet fly, upright, and back to back. This was the tail of the Magic Spoon. So, with a little split ring I joined the two parts together. Then, with a file and rod and reel I moved from the workshop to the creek. By fiddling here and there on the spoon I finally made it swim. If the tail was too bulky it would kill the action of the spoon. If the spoon was too wide in proportion to its length and weight, it would dart and flop and spin. When every detail came right, it swam, wiggled steadily along, wagging its tail like a happy dog. The spoon foiled up vertically on one side and then the other, flashing, and the flat tail wagged from side to side. Back to the shop we went and polished the brass, and painted the inside solder with a marin yellow. I put a barber pole stripe of red down the spoon for good measure, just the artistic touch.

So I had a spoon almost as straight running as a spinner, something a bass could hit every time he shot, if he drew his sights fine and sure. A bait that flashed the challenge of food easily caught and fit to eat. Charlie called it magic. I remain of the opinion it was a lot of hard but pleasant work. Now maybe someday we can get a factory to make Magic Spoons enough for all of us. Then, in a couple of years we will have to invent something new again. Though it is always fun to experiment. And who but Americans invent so many gadgets?

Of course, the brass outside needs continual polishing to keep it bright and shiny, like the golden scales of a carp minnow. There are several ways or means to tackle this angle. You

(Turn to Page 15)
Little Journeys into Yesteryear

RATTLING CREEK (DAUPHIN COUNTY)

By J. ALLEN BARRETT

While "Rattling Creek" could in no wise
be classified with many fine trout streams in Pennsylvania, it does beyond all murmur of
doubt, hold a charm in the hearts of many whose boyhood days were spent along its inviting
banks. The "Rattling Creek" I am about to
visit is located in Upper Dauphin County, and I
am thoroughly aware of many such streams of
different names hurstout Pennsylvania, the
memory of which is held near and dear in the
hearts of thousands of our citizens.

Scenes of yesteryear—yes, place names and
cool refreshing retreats where all of us while
growing into manhood, found happiness and
recreation. "Rattling Creek" then could just as
well be the "Young Woman's Creek" or "Kettle
Creek" the "Shingle Branch," "Loyal Sock,"
the "Yellow Breeches" and a thousand and one
other such fine streams having similar and quite
kindred place-names and retreats.

Babbling and rattling its course down through
the wooded dales and rills twist "Berry's Mountain"
and "Powell's Mountain" the "East" and
"West" branches converage to form the "Lykens
Reservoir" about one and a half miles Southeast
of that Upper Dauphin community. Its waters
swimming—then tumbling over and across an
immaculate bed of white sand. Its cleanliness and
purity; its inviting song; its enticing sanctuary
herself to the memory of one of her mightiest
fishermen, the late V. W. (Bill) Barrett, my
father—as I come to visit's end in another little
journey into yesteryear.

Wentzler's" brewery. "Ladies Dam"? "Parkey"
and much more holds an enchanting atmosphere
onto the banks of "Rattling Creek". Yes, this
place has 'em! Glittering waters in the days of yesteryear. "Trestle Bridge Dam" "Shadle's Dam", directly below
which the clean waters plunged into the murky
polluted Wiconisco Creek heading for the rivet
at Millersburg and on into the sea.

Here is where the younger generations are slowly but surely re-
placing the footfalls of the guys and gals who
used to be, so too has the stream been sub-
ject to a face lifting operation.

Improvement?

Yes, only in man's streamlined strides of prog

Yes! Before the days of iron ore test holes;
before the days of highway improvement; before
the days of blasting and rippling and tearing the
hillsides asunder. "Rattling Creek" could well
have vied with any scenic beauty to be found
anywhere in this wide, wide world. Here was
beauty and soul inspiring warmth; then too, here
also were plenty of those swift darting, var-
colored mountain "Brookies". Those fighting bundles of spreckled dynamite which
provided the "it" for thrills and rapid pulse-
beats galore. Those flashing beauties which just
be seen to this very day) where they pledged to
pathos and despair and tragedy. The story of
the Indian lovers who made a vow of
undying love to one another? The seats
carved out of solid rock (and they still remain to
be seen to this very day) where they pledged to
wait and meet again. A story packed with

Yes, to "Rattling Creek" I bow in humble
frugality, I bow in my helplessness but loyal
obedience to the memory of one of her mightiest
fishermen, the late V. W. (Bill) Barrett, my
father—as I come to visit's end in another little
journey into yesteryear.
I suppose that all we fishermen have at least one trip which we will always remember, and I am no exception. This fishing trip took place long ago. To be exact it happened on Decoration Day in the year of 1898. My father and several other gentlemen had a cottage on the island just opposite Cove station in Perry County, about twelve miles above Harrisburg. The cottage was named as "Birch Lodge," so named because the majority of the trees on the island were water birches. Here as a boy, and as a young man I have spent some of the most wonderful days that anyone could ever hope to enjoy.

In those days the Susquehanna River was an entirely different stream than the one you see today. Then it was alive with minnows, crabs, and all other game fish which the river abounded. It was nothing unusual to go down to the boat landing after a shower with a dip net and get enough "shiners" to last for a couple of days with three or four dips; and the bed of the river presented a different picture—it was clean with lots of vegetation taking natural hiding places for both fish and the food on which they lived. One did not see the assortment of objects you find today such as worn out automobile tires, coke-cola bottles, tin cans, and almost any other thing you can imagine.

But to get back to the fishing trip:

Father and I left the Maclay Street station on the eight o'clock train and arrived at Cove about eight thirty; we had some provisions and fifty stone rollers in the bait bucket with a piece of ice on the top to keep the water cool. We wasted no time in changing our clothes and getting out on the river to fish. The water was a faucettone color, and the tip was a bright yellow. It was a rod that would strike joy into the heart of any boy—and the reel, it was about four inches in diameter with two handles and a stiff wire spring for a drag. On this reel was a linen line strong enough to hold the boat. But to me, this outfit was just about the last word in tackle and I was ready for whatever might come my way.

We started to fish that morning about ten o'clock, and from that day to this I have never seen such bass fishing. First Father would have a strike—and then I would have one, and so it went, it seemed to me that one or the other of us had a bass hooked almost all of the time.

Father was in that end of the boat nearest the current, and I was in the end that was in the more quiet water. For some time I had no strike and Father suggested that I move my bait farther out in the water, so I took up the slack line and was in the act of pulling the bait out of the water when all at once the line started to move—I pulled on the line but it still kept moving away from the boat, and I found myself fast to something the like of which I never had hold of before. It seemed to go where it pleased and I could not stop it, try as I would I could do nothing with it, so Father took over, and while I cried with excitement Father fought the bass and finally landed it. It was the largest bass I had ever seen.

After the excitement had quieted down and I had returned to something near normal I bailed up and threw in again—in a matter of minutes I was fast to another big fish. This time Father offered no help, he advised me what to do several times. I was up to reel with his one or lose it. After what seemed to be at least an hour I finally got the monster up to the boat, and with the aid of the landing net, into the boat. It was almost a duplicate of the other big one: I was so tired I could hardly lift my arms, but I was also about the proudest boy in the country.

We kept on until all of our bait was gone; we had used up the entire fifty "stinkers," some of them were used twice. Father looked at his watch and said it was about one o'clock and we would have to hurry and get back to the island as he was expecting my uncle up on the afternoon train—and we would have to meet him.

They were going fishing that afternoon with the boat he was bringing up with him. We lifted the anchors and rowed back to the island.

We had three hours of wonderful fishing. Did you ask how many we caught that morning? Oh, yes, I must tell you. We caught fifty-eight bass, and about those big fellows: One weighed five pounds and three ounces, and the other five pounds and one ounce that evening when we returned home and weighed them on "Johnny" Foltz's drug store scales up at Sixth & Maclay Sta.
RECREATION AT CONEMAUGH DAM
Possibilities Envisioned by Chief of Army Engineers; Two Large Lakes to be Formed

A large recreational area for Western Pennsylvania was envisioned by Col. Walter E. Lorence, chief of Army engineers here, upon completion of the Conemaugh flood control dams near Blairsville.

Two large lakes, one 17 miles long and another more than 12 miles long, will be formed by the waters impounded when the dam is finished late in 1949 by present time estimates.

Col. Lorence was enthusiastic about the possibilities of a recreational development.

"The whole area around the lakes could be used for summer cabins, hunting lodges and camping sites," he said.

"The lake could be stocked with certain types of fish," the colonel said, "and if the state would plant marine growth, such as wild rice around the shores of the lakes, wild fowl would be attracted and good hunting would follow."

The dam, which will cost approximately 22 million dollars, will be built on the Conemaugh river about eight miles above the junction of the river and the Loyalhanna creek. It will be located about six miles below Blairsville. When the lakes are filled 6,820 acres will be under water.

Work on the dam will be started this spring and the district will have to supply much of the skilled and unskilled labor needed because it is not available in the vicinity.

The primary purpose of the Conemaugh Dam is to save communities from damages caused by floods. It will be the key dam in the seven-dam flood control system in the Alleghany and Monongahela watersheds.

BARBARA WERNER WINS DRY FLY TOURNAMENT

At the monthly tournament of the California Women's Casting Club, held at Lake Temescal, Oakland, on November 11, twelve-year-old Barbara Werner outclassed the Class A casters to win the dry fly event in Class B with the highest score of the day. She also placed second in wet fly, this event being won by Gaynelle Edel.

The three-eighths and five-eighths plug events were won by Isabelle Betten.

Frank Huth of Lancaster and four-pound Walleye he took at Safe Harbor Dam

WAYNESBORO FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASS'N ELECTS

At a recent meeting of the Waynesboro Fish and Game Protective Association the following officers were elected for the year 1946:

President: Frank Dunne
Vice-President: Richard N. Knepper
Secretary: Robert A. Miller
Treasurer: John Markel

John D. Buchanan of York displays six Mullets he caught in the Susquehanna River at York Furnace

Jack Stowell of 2308 Ashmead Place, Washington, D. C., sends us this print of his old "Fish'n hat which he retired on old age last year. Jack is a National Director of the Frank Walton League of America, a leader in the Washington, D. C. Chapter and an ardent sportsman astream or afield in Pennsylvania.
A TRULY AMERICAN SPORT

The first fly casting contest ever held was in 1861 at Utica, New York, and the first bait casting contest, as we now know bait casting, was held at New York City in 1883. Annual National Tournaments have been held nearly every year since.

Casters of the United States hold all comparable casting records against the rest of the world wherever the sport is indulged in.

The present excellence of American tackle is attributed to competitive casting and the experimental work and development by angling enthusiasts.

There are more than eight million people in the United States who buy fishing licenses each year. One purpose of this Association is to assist those who profess a genuine affection for the sport of fishing to get the fullest possible enjoyment out of their recreation and equipment.

Knowing just a little more at the right time may spell success instead of failure.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Fly and plug casting competitions are becoming more and more popular. Anglers who take part soon realize practice of this sort is of immense benefit to both novice and veteran.

The novice acquires skill rapidly and loses the clumsiness so fatal to success in taking game fish. He also ascertains what is and what is not adapted to angling, something acquired but slowly in actual fishing, and his deductions are passed upon by more skilled anglers, who assist him materially.

The veteran is benefited by practice. Though he be a master angler, the frequent exercise of arm and wrist muscles renders his manipulation of rod and tackle on stream or lake a thing agreeable for others to watch and a source of pride to himself.

Rod and tackle form a combination no bungler can negotiate. Even the most skilled fisherman may loose his fly or miss his cast, but practice at floating targets will prevent many annoyances, for it gives the angler confidence in every part of his equipment, a confidence which comes only from familiarity with it.
A Fly Fisherman's Retrogression

By PARKER H. SPEAR

THE winter of 1944-1945 was an ideal one for a Pennsylvania fly fisherman. There was a lot of cold weather and plenty of snow. How could a fisherman spend a long winter evening when there is a raging blizzard outside in any better way than tying flies! And especially in anticipation of a fishing trip when the snow has disappeared and the streams have returned to normal.

For several years I have enjoyed the opportunity of fishing some of Pennsylvania’s best trout streams, which are undoubtedly among the best. I still have memories, however, of my boyhood days catching native brook trout in those clear cold ones in Maine. By the way, the term stream is not used by many up there, or “Down in Maine” as they say. Rather, any flowing water up to the size of a small river is simply called a “brook.”

There were many of those brooks in the vicinity of my old homestead. Running through our own pasture was one so narrow we could jump it, where, on a rainy Saturday which meant no farm work for my brothers and me, we could catch eight or ten trout that would quicken the pulse of any follower of Izaak Walton. If we wanted different scenery for our fishing, it was only a short hike over the hill or through the woods to another, where the results would be just as pleasing. The trout do not run large, as one over nine or ten inches is in the big class, but the length is offset by their beautiful coloring.

My present methods of fishing are quite different than in those days. As a boy, fishing tackle consisted of a willow pole, a few feet of heavy line, and an old nut or a strip of lead for a “telescope” rod, which made me the envy of all my pals. Now, however, I had developed to where I thought only the fly fisherman really enjoyed the sport. Unless one could see the trout rise to a fly or feel the strike, set the hook, and play him on light tackle, the fun would just not be there.

In those days a can of worms was all that filled my pockets, but now my jacket just bulges with different patterns of flies used in Pennsylvania, when the trout were rising, I often thought of those boyhood days, and wished someone had introduced me to the art of fly fishing years before. I would promise myself then and there the opportunity of going back as soon as possible, and enjoy to the fullest extent, catching those fat native brook trout with an artificial fly.

I was, therefore, tying flies with added enthusiasm this winter. If all went well, a little pleasure would be mixed with business this summer, and after doing some necessary work in New England, I would once again have the chance to try some of those Maine streams or brooks of which I had such pleasant memories. In addition to the regular patterns of flies used in Pennsylvania, some used more often in the northern regions, such as the Pemachee Belle and Montreal, were added.

The middle of July found us heading North. Most of our fishing tackle had been sent on before, but with us were our two favorite fly rods. What fisherman would trust such valuable things to being shipped? They just had to be with us so that, at the first opportunity, we could have the thrill of his rise and take my fly, than a dozen any other way,” she would say. “That rise really gives me goose pimples.”

On many a trip when weather and water conditions were unfavorable Ginny would “stick to her guns” and use dry flies more for the fun of casting than anything else, though always hoping there would be one trout different enough from all the others so she could have the thrill of his rise.

During many an exciting and thrilling trip here in Pennsylvania, when the trout were rising, I often thought of those boyhood days, and wished someone had introduced me to the art of fly fishing years before. I would promise myself then and there the opportunity of going back as soon as possible, and enjoy to the fullest extent, higher water. However, the next day we started out to try our luck. The East Branch of Oyster River is a stream varying from twenty to fifty feet wide and with quite heavy water. Due to some old mill dams the water is very tumbler and has some large pools. However, in other places there are some rather shallow riffles which, to me, must contain some good fish.

My favorite dry fly is the Light Cahill, so this was the first one I used. Just to give me a prove feeling, Ginny said that she would rely on my judgment and tied one on too. There was no immediate action so we moved on. All of a sudden I heard a terrific splash and turned around to see most of Ginny’s one hundred and fifteen pounds entirely under the surface of the stream. “Why didn’t you tell me these rocks are more slippery than any others in the East?” she gasped, crawling out with her boots just splashing.

(Turn to Page 19)
TROUT TO BE STOCKED!

From right to left: P. W. Stallsmith, Real Estate Broker and Big Game Hunter, Rev. D. F. Puttman (with bucket), Tom Norris, State Forester and Prof. Lloyd C. Keefauver, Supt. of the Gettysburg Public Schools planting Brook Trout in Carbaugh's Run, Adams County

Picture by John S. Ogden (Fish Warden)

State Fish Warden John S. Ogden and State Forester Tom Norris planting Brook Trout in Carbaugh's Run, Adams County

Picture by P. W. Stallsmith, Gettysburg

THE MAGIC SPOON

(Continued from Page 9)

could turn the job over to someone else. Or you could carry the quart of polish Herbert Hoover so pleasantly described, and do the job yourself. The way Charlie and I do is to use a bit of mud, not sand, from the creek bank and rub it on the brass. Then rinse it off and polish the spoon by rubbing it on the side of our hip-boot. An eraser would do as well but it is more awkward to use and easily lost. The rubber imparts a fine bright polish to the metal. We tried lacquer but the fishes' teeth were either too sharp or the storm bruised the thin coating so it never stayed bright for long. Eventually we returned to the bare brass and a few moments polishing every now and then.

One point in favor of spoons over wooden or plastic under-water lures is: the spoons have a wobbling life-like motion in the water all the time whether being retrieved or just sinking. Did you ever accidentally drop a dime or quarter overboard and watch it flutter downward, lost? A lively spoon will do the same. And the flutter will sometimes get a strike when we neglect to begin the retrieve instantly, as we always ought to do.

One more thing about the mechanics of the spoon. The split-ring made it possible to turn the tail-hooks up or down depending on the water. If it be full of weeds or snags, it is safer to have the hooks pointing up. But if the water is reasonably clear of treacherous obstacles let the hooks be pointed downward for then we will have a hook pointing in each direction at every instant the spoon is in motion, and will hook nearly every fish who tackles it with his mouth open.

Whether or not the first Magic Spoon I showed to Charlie was blessed by Lady Luck I do not know, but it led a long and active life. Its departure was as dramatic as its debut. It caught a muskellunge in the creek where I had never known a muskellunge to swim. In the big lake, one never to be forgotten afternoon, I sat idly watching it swim merrily across a shallow bar, admiring my handiwork. Out of the corner of an eye I saw something coming like a torpedo; it was another muskellunge. With the rush of an arrow, half in and half out of the water, he crossed the bar, seized the spoon, stopped dead still then jumped and spit it out. I should have struck, and hard, but I just sat there, benumbed, inert as a sack of oats. Buck fever, and at an age when I should be wearing bi-focals. Revenge was mine, though, within the hour. His brother came from behind, and struck and hooked himself square in the tongue with those little trout hooks. He couldn't let go, so we ate him. Then there was the pike who broke my rod when he struck. Snapped it clean at the ferrule. He wasn't much of a fighter. I was wading that afternoon and had a trout net on my shoulder. I got down hip-deep in the creek, let the net drag in the water, played him with the reel and the rod butt, and finally led him up in front of me. He lay still, eyeing me, while I moved the net slowly around in front of his nose, about a foot away. The net began to look awfully small. But I let the line go slack, and with the stub of the rod I tickled him on the tail. It worked. He shot into the net, half of him, anyhow, and I let go the rod and headed for the middle of the cow pasture. We made it, and it was the end of him.

We caught a lot of bass, the Magic Spoon and I. Some big-mouth, mostly small-mouth, but I still carry the scar on my index finger where a
TACKLE TERMINOLOGY

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ANGLING AND CASTING CLUBS

stockings: Waterproof leggings having stocking feet. They cover over the same area as hip boots but have to be worn with wading shoes.

stream thermometer: A pocket instrument used to determine water temperatures.

streamer fly: An artificial fly having a wing that is longer than usual. Generally tied on a long shank hook to better imitate a minnow.

streamer: See "terminal fly".

stripping: A fly casting term designating the pulling of free line from an auxiliary line preparatory to making the cast. It also applies to the practice of pulling the line along the water preparatory to making the pickup for another cast, as well as the lengthening or shortening of line with the free hand when false casting.

stripping guide: The guide nearest the hand grasp on a fly rod. Usually a ring guide of agate or hardened steel because of the great amount of wear on this guide due to frequent stripping of the line.

strip: The split strips of bamboo that make a glued-up bamboo rod. Most rods are of six strips, some four, some five, and a few are of eight strip construction. See "rod (bamboo)."

strip cast: A method of angling whereby the bait (natural or artificial), is thrown with an easy, horizontal movement of the rod, after first stripping line from the reel, which line is pulled through the guides by the weight and momentum of the bait being cast. Rods used are generally 7 to 9 feet long having a stout action—a heavy fly rod can be used.

strike: A twitch given to the rod by wrist or forearm, to aid in setting the hook when the fish has taken the lure in its mouth. Also the jerk imparted to the line by a fish taking the fly or lure.

switch cast: A variation of the roll cast executed on either side of the body, the rod tip generally remaining below the head. This cast bears the same relationship to the roll cast that the side or horizontal cast does to the overhead cast.

steel: A revolving connecting link between the lure and the line which is supposed to keep the line from twisting. Usually made of metal.

tail: A disturbance of the water's surface, often mistaken for a genuine rise, but actually caused by the protruding tip of the fish's tail when rooting with its nose on the bottom or while feeding in an almost vertical position.

tapered leader: One composed of several strands of fly of varying diameter, tied together in such a way that the leader grows progressively smaller, terminating with the smallest strand at the tip, for more delicate presentation of the fly. Some few leaders are bellied (having a strand or two of heavier gut somewhere in the leader generally near the butt end) to aid in throwing a narrower loop for casting into the wind, or to overcome some other real or imagined difficulty.

tapered line: There are three general types of tapered lines—all used in fly casting. (1) Single taper, in which the line diameter gradually diminishes at both ends. If this taper is shorter than normal, the line is said to have a "quick taper" or "fast tapered" (This applies to both single and double tapered lines.) (2) The front taper, also called the torpedo taper, bug taper, triple taper, as well as other less common names. In this type the diameter tapers quickly from the tip to the belly or thickest part of the line and gradually diminishes in diameter to the levied part of the line which is called the shooting line or running line. This part of the line is generally a size or two heavier than the front end to which the leader is attached.

While the first two lines are unaccustomed when used with a tapered leader for delicately presenting a small fly or nymph, the third type is advantageous in the type of angling that requires stripping in and shooting large quantities of line each cast or to help overcome wind resistance when casting large fly rods. Any such drag as bass bugs, bucktails, or large streamer flies, since the heaviest part of the line is out beyond the rod tip in a normal cast.

Tournament distance fly casters use this third type of line with many variations to suit their individual needs.

terminal fly: The fly at the tip or front end of the leader.

thumping reel: A bait casting term designating the controlling of the speed of the spool when casting, by means of the thumb's pressure on the spool.

tick: When line, leader, or fly touches the water in front of the caster while false casting.

tip: The top section of the rod.

tip top: The guide at the very end of the tip section of the rod.

tournament plug: A hookless plug used in tournaments or for practice bait casting.

trout cast: A bait casting term designating the connecting link between the lure and casting line. May be made of line, gut, wire, or other substance. See "leader".

trolling: A method of angling whereby the lure is trailed behind a slow moving boat.

variant: A term generally applied to an otherwise conventionally dressed fly having oversize hackles.

W:

water: Waterproof trousers coming well up above the waist and having boot or stocking feet.

water shoe: A strong shoe worn over stocking foot waders or fishing stockings.

water cast: A cast made from the water to the water, without an air or false cast in the forward direction. A wet fly cast.

watered: A sparsely dressed fly usually tied with a low wing or none at all, and soft hackles; intended for fishing beneath the surface.

whip finish: The best knot to finish off the head of a fly or the windings on a rod. It is formed by winding several turns over the end of the thread (or a separate loop) and pulling the end back through.

whipping: An obsolete term for fly casting—"to whip a stream".

wind cast: An overhead cast into the wind, in which the downward acceleration of the forward cast is emphasized, and terminated at a lower point than usual. Also known as a "wind cheater." A fly casting term.

wire: One composed of single or braided strands of wire; generally used for deep trolling.

wire line: One composed of single or braided strands of wire; generally used for deep trolling.

Wye Cast: An overhead cast in which the fly is cast from one plane into another.

The End

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
COUNTY OF CLEARFIELD

THE MAGIC SPOON

(Continued from Page 15)

small-mouth made a buzz-saw out of my reel handles and laid bare my knuckle-bone before I could get it away. I remember the bass that jumped clear over the landing net, out onto the bank, and flipped back into the water while I left the spoon neatly imbedded in a willow root. But the end came nearly in the same spot as did the beginning, back at the beaver pond. I was alone, casting in the late afternoon, when a lad came along with a .22 hunting frogs, he said, "Intent on impressing him with my casting ability! I arched a long high one, intended for the fat shore. It stopped instead in the high branches of a tree. I couldn't make it loose so the lad volunteered to shoot the limb down. His aim was good, perfect. He hit the spoon and it sailed away into the swamp as the deformed bullet sang a faint mournful dirge. So ended the colorful career of the first Magic Spoon.
MY NATIVE LAND

By J. LEON WILLS

In a fox hole in a foreign land a lonely soldier, James Wentzel, whose thoughts turned to his native land, and a place where he had spent many happy hours in quest of trout, and the hunting of deer and bear, and small game in season. Another boy, James Reed on the island of Corregidor was also dreaming of this same wonderful country of the beautiful west branch country of Burns Run, when in his last letter to me said, I read your column in the local paper on Burns Run and it must confess it made me a little home sick and I could just picture the place in my mind and can hardly wait until I can visit it all over again. James Wentzel has realized his fondest wish, James Reed is in a beautiful cemetery on the island of Corregidor. As we were hunting on game lands No. 56 of the 3rd day of last deer season our party split up. James Wentzel who had returned said I have just got to go to a country that is calling me a secluded camp.

This fishing and hunting paradise is on Route 120 which winds its way from Williamsport to Ridgeway through the country where Tom Mix was born and raised, and the home of the famous Bucktail regiment of civil war days. In a picturesque valley is the rumbling little trout stream shaded by Laurel and Pine. Off this valley are deep gorges such as Wagon bridge, Deer skin and log hollow. Every time I walk this beautiful valley I think of the 23rd Psalm, and as James Wentzel reentered this silent valley, he said after fighting and gone through human hell for 3 years, this is what I have been fighting for, I have got my fondest wish, thank God I'm back to the valley of Burns Run. I am happy and I am dreaming.

Moores Camp on Burns Run

In the mountains and the valleys,
A side a swift and bubbling stream.
Where the rocks abound the shore line,
And the pines and hemlocks lean.

Where the gorges cut the mountains,
Along the Susquehanna shore.
The name of the creek is Burns Run,
And the name of the camp is Moores.

It is in a valley of contentment,
Where the mountains reach the sky.
Where the deer and bear they scamper,
As you are passing by.

It is here I passed many happy hours,
And I hope to go back today.
And walk through the valley of Burn's run,
Then I will know, God willed it that way.

Another view showing the improvement on Cocalico Creek in Lancaster County by the Cocalico Sportsmen's Association

HOW TO "KEEP" FISHWORMS

In response to a frequently asked question, an Ohio Conservation Division naturalist offered these suggestions for keeping "fishworms" in captivity for long periods: "Nightcrawlers or dug garden worms can be kept indefinitely if they are placed in an old wash-tub or other galvanized iron container, which should be painted inside with a good deck paint.

"When paint is dry fill container with a half and half mixture of good rich earth and dried coffee grounds. A diet of one pound of vegetable shortening and one pound of corn meal each month for each 5,000 worms is recommended. Worms kept in this manner will reproduce and provide a continuous supply."
leaving the shelter of the pines. Then, just as Les was about to lead the way out, from over to our right and not more than eighty feet away, two men (one carrying a lantern), and a dog stepped out from among the trees. In an instant all three of us jumped back into the cover, flattened ourselves to the ground and froze (figuratively and somewhat literally). Of course it was Ide and his dog, and some one that we didn't recognize.

They started ambling in our direction, following the path just a few feet from the edge of the trees. As they came nearer we could hear them talking.

"I may have wasted my time tonight, but it'll go just that much harder when I do lay my hands on 'em," we heard Ide say.

"Seems to me you'd go to their parents if you want to keep them off the grounds," his companion suggested.

"Nope," came the determined reply. "I'm going to catch 'em red handed. Imagine me waiting for 'em since dark," he ruefully growled. The man's incongruity never struck me as forcibly as it did at that moment. I couldn't for the life of me understand why a man with so fierce and determined a nature, could waste his time on such small fry as boys committing minor infractions. Les gave me a knowing kick in the ribs.

They had passed on nearly out of hearing when the dog turned in our direction and let out a suspicious growl. I stiffened with fright. Then, as some animal scurried about in the brush at our left, the dog gave a warbling yip.

"Hi Kaiser," his master roared. "Come cut of there."

But Kaiser was not to be denied, he was going places and things began happening immediately. His house bellow of triumph was immediately followed by a howl of deep distress as the overpowering stench of skunk defiled the pine-scented, midsummer atmosphere. Kaiser repeated his hasty action, suddenly returning to his cunning master's side to promptly receive a kick in the slats. When the trio passed on out of sight around a bend in the path, the men were still expressing their utter distaste for the dog's witless action.

"Good thing you came along with me to the boathouse instead of going to your usual spot," was Les' comment, as he staggered out across the links, loaded down with fish and tackle.

**A WHALE OF A CATCH**

(Continued from Page 5)

attached to the rear end of an express train. Only a rank amateur would have tried to stop that run, and Doc was an oldtimer. Calmly he faced the whale as much line as he needed, and though not until it showed some signs of slowing up a little, did he apply any pressure, and then only slightly.

Gradually he maneuvered and finally got the beast toward the boat, keeping the line just taut enough to avoid the same fate that befell Joe. Eventually it came to the surface about fifty feet over the boat, and they had a broad-side view. It was a shark all right, but to Doc, it looked like a whale.

"Two hundred pounds, if it's an ounce!" exclaimed the captain. "We musn't lose this one! It's starting to act tired already. Might be the same one Ruff just battled with.

But there was plenty of light left in that shark. For twenty minutes it kept up its struggle for freedom . . . running, diving, dashing, doing everything it possibly could to shake off that annoying hook. Once it dived under the boat and Doc had to submerge the tip of his rod, but Captain Taylor was equal to the occasion, and he brought the boat around to a fighting position. Finally the struggle ceased, and the shark, completely worn out, turned over on its back and allowed Doc to bring it right up to the boat.

The captain was ready with his gaff and soon had it secured. Just to make sure that it wouldn't mess up the boat too much, and to put it out of its misery, Jess Ruff took the captain's rifle and put a bullet in its brain. Then they all but a hand to bring it into the boat.

Doc was nearly worn out by the recent struggle, but they all managed to slide the fish up over the stern of the boat without any mishap. It was just about free of the water, when an exclamation from the captain commanded their attention:

"Golly! Look at that!"

Releasing his hold on the gaff, the captain reached down on the shark for what at first appeared to be its pectoral fin, but a closer look revealed a baby shark about eighteen inches long. The captain pulled it free and placed it on the deck, where it immediately began to kick up a real stir among the fish people. Doc wasn't any obstetrician, and although a lifelong angler, was far from an ichthyologist, so he appealed to the captain:

"What'll we do in a case like this? There's probably some more of them."

"Well, the mother can't do much about it now, so we'll have to take over. It's time we were returning anyhow. I'll start the engine; you take the wheel and bring her back to the dock. On the way I'll see what I can do about these little fellows."

To quote from Doc's own narration: "On the return trip the captain brought five more of those little sharks into the world, and when we got in, he enlisted the help of a couple more old scamen, who performed a major surgical operation that delivered nine more ... everyone alive. That's fifteen baby sharks! Guess they're back swimming around that Chinoteague Island wondering why they had such a dry reception."

"By the way Doc?" It was Joe Willard who spoke. "How much did the shark weigh?"

"One hundred and eighty pounds," replied Doc. Then he added: "Without the baby's..."
A FLY FISHERMAN'S RETROGRESSION
(Continued From Page 14)

...ever with the cold water, I hadn't thought to tell her, so my excuse, though poor, was that she hadn't given me a chance.

No one could blame her for not wanting to fish in wet clothes and boots so she hurried over to my brother's house, located within sight of where we were fishing, and changed her clothing and put on her extra pair of hip length waders. The wading shoes were a little large, but I assured her that they would give her much better footing.

We then resumed our fishing but nothing happened. Other dry flies were tried but without results. Wet flies, streamers, and even the spinner fished both with and against the current, as they had given me a chance.

As far as I was concerned there was no argument, as they had caught the fish and we had not. After supper that night I suggested that we try the small brook in the morning. Ginny quickly assured me that there were several things that she would give her much better footing.

They would give her much better footing. I fished, and after getting tangled in the blackberry bushes and the alder thickets, I finally arrived at a small stream about six feet wide and probably from a foot to three feet deep. It wound through an abandoned meadowland and, a few hundred yards below, entered another pasture with waders so thick that the stream was hardly visible.

Tackle today was much simpler than yesterday. In my pocket was a tin box with holes punched in the cover, just as I used to carry as a kid. Within were some fat worms dug out behind the hen house on my parents' farm. That morning I had gone up in the attic and sure enough, there was the old telescope rod standing in the corner. Those together with a few feet of line, and half dozen hooks found in the chest, where as a boy my precious treasures were kept, made up all I carried except a pocket knife. The latter was included as I had visions of cutting one of those forked sticks on which to string my catch.

The boys were right. After fishing seventy-five feet of the stream, I had four trout nine to ten inches long which were kept; six smaller ones having been returned. With such success the length for keepers was increased to ten inches. The next half hour added four from ten to twelve inches to my forked stick. Since that was enough for a nice meal, I started home with my telescope rod in one hand, and in the other, the forked stick from which hung eight speckled beauties.

After that and for the rest of my vacation, I would get a kick out of digging my "angle worms"; grabbing my old rod from the corner of the shed, and hiking across the country to one of the many brooks in that vicinity. No creel was carried because of the thrill of cutting the forked stick after the first catch.

Many of you will say that there is neither fun nor sport in this type of fishing. Believe me, there is nothing monotonous and dull in keeping our equipment added, "You won't catch many on flies neither. The fish are in under the banks, in around the alders, and under the brush piles, too. You have to drop a good fat worm down and let it sit before you get one."

As we boarded the train to return to Pennsylvania, I carried in my suitcase several boxes of flies. In fact, every fly brought with us was there. In addition, however, I carried memories of some of the happiest fishing moments in my life, and in thinking of them I am constantly reminded that many of the simplest ways of doing things in life today are the most pleasant and their experiences more lasting.
FINANCIAL STATEMENT  
BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS  
CALENDAR YEAR 1945

**BALANCE—January 1, 1945**  
$519,857.68

**RECEIPTS, Calendar year 1945:**

- Resident Fishing Licenses: $606,572.50
- Non Resident Fishing Licenses: $30,856.40
- Tourist's Fishing Licenses: $7,599.40
- Motor Boat Licenses: $12,895.25
- Lake Erie Licenses: $1,658.00
- Commercial Hatchery Licenses: $875.00
- Eel Chute Licenses: $45.00
- Fish Law Fines: $9,960.00
- Motor Boat Fines: $120.00
- Contributions for Restocking Streams: $9,050.00
- Sale of Publications: $5,066.45
- Sale of Unservicable Property: $29.32
- Interest: $5,642.19
- Miscellaneous: $170.90

**Total Funds Available:** $1,210,518.09

**EXPENDITURES—Calendar Year 1945:**

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**Total Administration:** $39,641.31

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**Total Field Service:** $19,820.39

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**Total Education & Publicity:** $13,281.84

**RESEARCH:**

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**BOAT PATROL SERVICE:**

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**LEGAL EXPENSES:**

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**Total Legal Expenses:** $123.25

**By Revenue Department (Bureau of Miscellaneous Licenses):** $32,562.93

**By State Department (State Employees Retirement Board):** 6,075.00

**Accrued Interest on Investments Purchased:** 40.80

**Refunds & Deposts of Receipts:** 176.00

**Investments Purchased (U.S. Treas. Certs.):** $100,000.00 $745,177.24

**BALANCE—January 1, 1946:** $465,340.85
FISHERMAN'S
1945

HATCHING, PROPAGATION
AND
DISTRIBUTION OF FISH
64.20

$100.00

SALARIES AND
EXPENSES OF WARDENS
21.43

ADMINISTRATION
5.99

DEPT. REVENUE
6.14

DEPT. STATE
2.06

PUBLICITY
0.18

RESEARCH - BOAT
PATROL - PURCHASE
OF LAND & WATERS
STORES ACCT.
LEGAL
REFUNDED FINES