Greetings of the Season
from the
Pennsylvania Fish Commission

Merry Christmas
FROM source to mouth the River Ver flows a distance of eleven miles. Mud-bottomed, scarcely two jumps wide, it rises near Flamstead, curves past Redbourne and St. Albans, and empties into the River Colne.

Even by English standards the Ver is hardly what you'd call a great stream. It contains some roach, bream and tench, and a few pike. Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination does it offer the quality of fishing that would induce an angler to travel thousands of miles, as I had done to cast its sluggish, time-muddied currents. But if you like to get back to beginnings, back to where the sport of fishing really got started, then the River Ver is where you go.

This little river comes by its place in angling tradition because it flows almost within casting distance of the site of a Medieval convent where Dame Juliana Berners wrote the first book on angling ever published in the English language. Based strictly on geographic evidence—the proximity of the stream to the site of the convent—I believe that the Ver was one of the streams where she acquired the experience that enabled her to write her famous "Treatise of Fishing With An Angle."

The story of Juliana Berners is a very ancient one, and how much of it is truth and how much is fantasy is difficult to say. She was supposed to have been appointed the prioress, or superior, of Sopwell Nunnery, near St. Albans, in 1460. It was evidently during her years there that she did her writing. The first of the manuscripts credited to her dealt with hawking, hunting, and coat armor. They were published in 1486 in a book titled The Book of St. Albans.

In the second edition of this book, printed ten years later by Wykyn de Worde, assistant to William Caxton at Westminster, her "Treatise of Fishing With An Angle" appeared for the first time. In this chapter on fishing Juliana expressed the wish that it should always be "part of The Book of St. Albans." It was her idea that only "gentle and noble men" would take the time to wade through the other chapters before discovering her angling secrets. Unlike casual readers, such men, she felt, could be depended upon to use her fishing instructions in a sporting way and not imperil the future of the sport.

However logical that might have been at the time, Juliana failed to reckon with the new printing process. Shortly after her essay on fishing first appeared it was pulled out of The Book of St. Albans and printed as a distinct work. At least ten editions of the treatise appeared within the next hundred years, which may give some idea of its popularity.

Of course, people had been writing about fishing long before Juliana came on the scene. What made her book different was the fact that it was the first to be printed in the English language, and it was the first to deal primarily with fishing as a sport. In Juliana's day, and for years afterward, fishing was looked upon as a practice of the lower classes. Hunting and falconry were the games of royalty and gentlemen. When a nobleman wanted fish for his table he sent his servants to buy or catch some.

Juliana was the first to suggest that fishing is a recreation as well as a means of securing fish for food, and that the skill involved makes it worth pursuing as a sport. She wrote, "But if any fish break away after that he is taken..."
The River Ver at Cottonmill Lane. St. Albans Cathedral is in the background.

Ruins of Sopwell Nunnery. St. Albans in background.
on the hook, or else that he caught nought; which be not
previsous; for if he fail of one he may not fail of another,
if he doth as this treatise teacheth; but if there be nought
in the water. And yet at the least he hath his wholesome
walk and merry at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savor
of the meadow flowers; that maketh him hungry."

That was Juliana's way of saying that it doesn't mat­
ter too much if you catch fish as long as you have a good
time. In those days that was really a revolutionary con­cept. She also sets forth the sporting method of catching
fish—with a rod (or "angle"), line, and hook. She is the
first writer to give detailed instructions on fly tying and
fly fishing. Most of the fly patterns she describes are still
in use today.

Her most important contribution, though, was that she
set the stage for the approach to angling that Izaak Walton
was later to develop more fully in The Compleat Angler.
Walton popularized the ideas that Juliana originated.

During recent years a number of attempts have been
made, some of them quite scholarly, to discredit Juliana
Berners as the author of The Book of St. Albans. Actu­
ally the only evidence that she did write it is the notation
"Juliana Berners, her book," which appears on it. It is
hardly possible, however, that the inscription implied mere
ownership of the volume, since the Juliana Berners who
is supposed to have been prioress of Sopwell Nunnery
would probably have been dead at the time it was pub­lished. Moreover, hers is the only name to appear in the
book.

Another curious aspect is the fact that the Juliana
Berners tradition arose full blown, complete, and pre­
cisely emphatic, and has remained basically unchanged
down through the years. That runs completely contrary
to the usual piecemeal development of fables and folklore.

In any event, traditions dating back over four cen­
turies have credited Juliana Berners with being the author.

Thus far no conclusive evidence has ever been brought
forth to disprove her authorship. Personally, I'm inclined
to go along with tradition. It has been my experience
that most English traditions, especially those that have
survived the test of time and literary research, have at
least a kernel of truth in them. So unless subsequent
research unearths another author for The Book of St.
Albans it seems certain that Juliana will continue to be
recognized as the writer.

Several years ago, while vacationing in England, I
drove to St. Albans, 21 miles northwest of London, to
visit the site of Sopwell Nunnery, where Juliana did her
writing, and to fish her river. St. Albans is a major indus­
trial and commercial center with a population of about
45,000. It attracts many tourists because of its Roman
ruins and ancient history.

After making inquiries in town, I walked to the outskirts
and came to a large tract of bottomland divided into
dozen of small vegetable gardens. In the midst of these
gardens I came to the foundations of an ancient building.
A glance at the map supplied me by the Chamber of
Commerce confirmed that I was at the site of Sopwell
Nunnery.

This old convent dated to about 1140 when two women
settled in a primitive hut to lead religious lives. When
reports of their good deeds reached Geoffrey de Gorham,
the 16th abbot of St. Albans Abbey, he had a convent
built for them and gave the cloister official recognition
as part of the Benedictine Order. The convent got its
name from a practice of the nuns of dipping their hard
bread in a holy well located on a hillside below the
abbey. Hence, sopwell. This well was filled in after
World War I and a stone slab placed over it to mark
the site.

Apart from its association with Juliana Berners, Sop­
well Nunnery is also supposed to have been the site of
the marriage of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn. In 1539
Henry VIII gave Sopwell to Sir Richard Lee, who tore
the convent down to get materials for a mansion he was
building on the same site. How much of the nun­

ery was actually razed and how much was incorporated
into the new building is not known. After Sir Richard
died in 1575 the mansion passed on to his heirs, and was sold
out of the family late in the 17th Century. It remained
uninhabited and fell into ruins, evidently between 1750
and 1782.

When I asked in St. Albans about the ruins to be
viewed today I was told that they date to Sir Richard
Lee's mansion. As I probed at the base of the brick wall,
however, I unearthed a row of foundation stones that
clearly date to a much earlier period. I'm no archaeol­
 gist, but I'm convinced that those foundation stones were
part of the original Sopwell Nunnery.

After exploring the ruins I walked over to the River
Ver, which passes about two hundred yards north of the
convent site. Passing south of St. Albans, the river flows
past a bubbling lake, meanders through the fields, and
skirts the Verulam Golf Course.

Like Izaak Walton's river, the Lea, the River Ver is
not a chalk stream, even though it has some of the physi­
ological appearances of a limestone stream. Entirely freestone in
origin, it is simply a mud-bottomed meadow stream over­
hung with weeds and wildflowers. Above St. Albans it
is hardly more than a small minnow brook, but by the
time it reaches Cottonmill Lane and begins its swing
through the fields it is six to eight feet wide and three
to four feet deep. When Juliana Berners fished it, it was
probably larger than it is today, and may have supported
tout as well as warm water species.

Although the Ver didn't look much of a stream for
fishing, I've found that appearances are sometimes de­
cptive. So I decided to give it a try. As I assembled
my spinning outfit I could see the city of St. Albans to the
west, its skyline dominated by the tower of St. Albans
Cathedral. It rises near the site of the original St. Albans
Abbey.

Following the River Ver downstream, I picked my way
through the fields, casting as I went. It was a breezy day
in mid-May, perfect for fishing. But as luck would have
it, an hour of casting produced no strikes, not even a
sight of a fish. After a time I took down my rod and
headed back for the car, ashless but not entirely unhappy.
After all, I hadn't come to the Ver with any idea or
advice. For even though I hadn't caught anything, at
least I'd had my "wholesome walk and merry at his
ease, a sweet air of the sweet savor of meadow flowers,
that maketh him hungry."

On the way back to London I stopped at a little inn
and ordered a steak, side dishes of boiled potatoes and
fresh-picked peas, rolls and butter, and washed down the
meal with a quart of good English ale. Somehow I had
the feeling that Juliana would not have disapproved.
THE story of Pennsylvania canals begins after the Revolutionary War with the great move of white settlers into the territory drained by the Susquehanna. Returning trappers spoke of soil like black velvet, of great forests, of rich clover meadows, and of an abundance of wild life—all free to those who dared venture forth. One major problem continued to keep the potential itinerants from possessing the land—transportation. How could they get there with their belongings, and by what means could they get their produce to the eastern markets?

Early pioneers traversed streams in canoes and followed Indian trails along either side of the river. So long as our new country was the rendezvous of the hunter and trapper, no other convenience was needed. However, when the homesteader came along with his wagons, livestock, and farm implements the Indian paths had to be widened and the streams made navigable.

For centuries rivers had been the greatest highways of commerce and trade. Reefs and rapids had to be removed, and even then only the best of river pilots dared encounter the whirlpools, eddies, and rock-infested riffles.

River rafts and arks soon became as much a part of
About The Author:

Gerald Smeltzer is a teacher of English and history at Northeastern High School, York County. He has recently published a 140-page paperback—"Canals Along the Lower Susquehanna"—containing more than 300 reproductions of old photographs, news items, maps and drawings. The book is the product of over three years of work started as a research project with an English class. Unable to find anyone to help finance the book, Mr. Smeltzer borrowed funds to bring out the first limited edition in September 1963. This edition was sold out in October 1963. Friends are urging him to make a second printing of this valuable book.

the Susquehanna as were the rocks and rapids. They were built upstream and later dismantled at their destination.

As a result of the great logging boom of Lycoming County, rafts became even more prominent. Each carried little more than the men required to handle her. Arks on the other hand were carriers of everything imaginable—grain, livestock, coal, iron, brick, shingles, etc. Rafts and arks were somewhat comparable in size. Those which kept solely to the river in their voyage sometimes measured 24' by 225', while those planning to use canal passage around rapids had to be limited to 12' by 80'.

Gradually channels were located and charted, obstructions removed, dams built, and short canals constructed to carry the current-borne rafts safely around the seething rapids.

The first canal ever built in Pennsylvania (one of our nation's first) was on the west bank of Conewago Falls, 14 miles north of Wrightsville. It was used primarily to convey rafts around the hazardous 19 foot drop in the river at this point. I hope readers will understand why so much space is given to rafting in an article dealing primarily with canals. It was for rafts that the very first canals were built.

More and bigger rafts demanded deeper pools of water, for during the summer the river was often no more than a mass of water-circled rocks. As a result the state had to build dams. These not only aided drafting but supplied much needed water for the operation of the canals.

Until 1830 river navigation was a one-way proposition. Boating upstream, while not impossible, was most impractical. Because canals were already used extensively in Europe (China had them since the 13th century), sentiment grew in favor of similar investments in this new land.

Canals were nothing more than long ditches of water 50 feet wide and 6 feet deep. In their placid waters 3 mules could pull 135 tons of cargo with no trouble.

Canal Construction

At this point it would be well to acquaint the reader with the structures peculiar to the canal, how they were made, and then discuss some general information about the boats themselves.

When you look at canal remnants, most of them built 140 years ago, you would do well to remember that the primitive methods of construction used then differed greatly from our modern bull-dozers, trucks, and power shovels.

At that time local farm and town laborers dug the big ditch with picks, shovels, scoops, and mule-drawn dump carts. Horsepower in those days was not something under a hood—it was literally power furnished by horses.

Dump carts were two-wheeled vehicles which operated exactly like the modern dump truck. When a loaded cart reached its destination a lever was pulled, the front end of the bed tilted up, and down went its load.

Even these time-savers could not entirely replace the...
NEW CANAL BRIDGE

A Miserable Looking Specimen of Architecture

The new canal bridge at the State Street crossing is about completed. It is a miserable looking specimen of architecture, inconvenient and dangerous, and a public nuisance.

Petitions are in circulation, for presentation to the new City Council, praying that body to adopt measures at once to have it lowered to a proper altitude.

The bridge, as it now stands, not only obstructs the view, but renders the passage of vehicles difficult and dangerous.

good old wheel-barrow. Although we have replaced the wooden wheel with a rubber tire, this handy implement still finds a place of usefulness in our Twentieth Century.

Canal excavating was a slow laborious process. Large rocks had to be blasted from the hillsides with black powder, a process referred to as "blowing".

. . . The Canal Lock . . .

Perhaps the most commonly recognized structure of the canal was the LOCK. These sturdy stone structures were 170 feet long and 17 feet wide, just one foot wider than the boats. These sizes varied, of course, according to the age of the canal and its general location. Many of the earliest locks were only 12 and 14 feet across, and had to be widened later on.

A canal lock is a stairway or elevator for canal boats. As the lay of the land would slant upward the canal had to have some means of following it up grade. So these stone chambers were built, having a pair of water-tight gates at either end. If a boat wished to go up stream from one level to another the captain would sound a blast on his conch horn and the lock tender would swing open the lower gates, allowing him to enter. Meanwhile the gates at the upper end remained closed, keeping back a wall of water some 8 or even 20 feet higher than the lower level. Once inside the lock, all gates were closed and water was allowed to fill the chamber from small "wickets" in the bottom of the upper gates. When the chamber level reached that of the upper level, the upper gates were opened and the boat sailed out on a new level of water.

Some of the locks were lined with smooth sandstone and therefore needed no other inner lining. The walls of others were made with local stone and, being quite rough, required a plank lining.

Canaling in "Ye Olden Days"

When the mode of travel was advanced from pack horses to wagons, the "carriers" considered the new way of transportation an infringement on their rights. By 1800 the age of turnpikes was well established and conestoga wagons and stage coaches were kings of the highways.

The canal rage of the 1820's threatened the existence of the turnpike haulers as the entire nation fell under the influence of widespread plans for "internal improvements".

Philadelphia had become a commercial center from the day it was laid out in 1683. Its early merchants had depended on the rich Delaware River region as a supply for farm produce, timber, and numerous other supplies needed by the Colonies.

As the German pioneers moved into the limestone regions west of the Susquehanna in the late 1700's, this economic picture began to change.
NORTH OF HARRISBURG, near Rockville Lock, the canal again made its way to the shores of the Susquehanna.

Almost 105 miles of bad roads separated Harrisburg from Philadelphia. As the people ventured westward a movement was set on foot to have the capital moved farther west. The first relocation of the seat of government was in Lancaster in 1808. By 1813 a bill was passed which made Harrisburg the political center of the Commonwealth.

Any story of the great migration to the interior must include that most intriguing side of life that flourished during the times of our great-grandparents—the era of the CANAL. Canals came at that critical period when demands of transportation far superseded the ability of wagons or river rafts to meet them, and before railroads were sufficiently advanced to “fill the bill”. They were snake-like streams of water which were made parallel to the river. The Susquehanna alone had some 400 miles of canals along its shores, while another 400 miles followed the banks of its tributaries.

ROCKVILLE LOCK, the first above Harrisburg.
ROCKY POINT just below Dauphin scarcely let canal squeeze between it and the river—thus the name "Dauphin Narrows." Generally, boats would not try to pass at this point but, upon approaching the narrows, would give a long blast on a conch horn (made from large sea shell) and proceed with caution, hoping captain coming from opposite direction would hear signal and await his turn.

Baltimore was constantly competing with Philadelphia for the trade of the Susquehanna Valley. In 1803 Maryland built a nine-mile canal below the Pennsylvania line to encourage flatboats to push on southward. All this pressure from Maryland finally forced the Pennsylvania Assembly to authorize construction of their "Main Line" from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—a 385-mile trip, three-quarters of it being canal.

From Philadelphia westward stretched the 82-mile Columbia-Philadelphia Railroad. A most illuminating account of this trip is a volume entitled *Peregrinations of Peregrin Prolix.*

P. Prolix was a pen-name under which an English traveler wrote a series of letters about his trip over the "Main Line". (1835)

(Taken from a booklet "Pa. Railroad Information", published February, 1930.)

GUARD LOCK, near Dauphin Narrows, checked current of river where it flowed into canal as a feeder. The gates were known as Whitney Non-Friction Gates. A "waste weir" at Dauphin (right) acted as an overflow for excess water. The Whitney anti-friction gates did not pull straight up as would a flat sluice gate. They were hinged on a radius arm about four feet long. The surface of the gate which contacted the water was in the shape of an arc. These were used all along the canal where water control was necessary.

"We sat down to breakfast at 7:30 A. M. Later an omnibus drove to the door a bad half hour earlier than planned, causing us to swallow our coffee furious hot with haste... We proceeded to the depot at Broad Street to be transferred to a railroad car... It was a unilocular car of oval shape with a seat running round the entire outside. It accommodated about 20 good looking people of all sexes and sizes. Four fine horses pulled the 2 cars about 3 miles at 6 miles per hour until we reached the western bank of the Schuylkill. Upon reaching the far side the cars were hooked to an endless rope and ascended the inclined plane. At the top of this pull some 14 cars were coupled together and a steamtug—wheezing and puffing—took us westward.

After taking into our eyes many enchanting views, and millions of little pestilent triangular cinders, we arrived at Lancaster about 3 P. M. Because of the many curves having such short radii the journey to Columbia (80 miles) consumes 7 or 8 hours rather than 4 or 5. We left Lancaster next morning at 5 A. M. and arrived at Columbia an hour and a half later, stopping at Donley's Red Lion Hotel."

"At 4 p. m. we boarded the canal boat of the Pioneer Line at Columbia... At an hour past midnight we arrived in Harrisburg where the boat stopped one-half hour to let out and take in passengers. Harrisburg contains over 4500 inhabitants.

At 4 a. m. we rose finding ourselves unrefreshed and weary. We determined to land at Duncan's Island, which we were now approaching. The canal runs along the southwestern side of the mountain, in whose basement of rock it is partly cut and separated from the Susquehanna by an enormous wall of stone and earth...

It debouches through a wide opening of solid masonry into the mighty river here converted into a lake of an immense dam.

The horses ascended to a gallery high in the air, attached to the side of a great bridge of timber (Clark's Ferry Bridge).

The boat entered the canal on Duncan's Island through a superb lock; the romantic Juniata discharging its limpid waters into the Susquehanna close to the left. We landed and took our quarters at Mrs. Duncan's spacious mansion, 100 yards from the northern bank of the canal.

At 6 a.m. we again embarked and followed the canal for about a mile and then crossed the Juniata over a substantial aqueduct built of timber and roped in...

"... A canal packet is a microcosm containing as many specimens of natural history as Noah's Ark. It is 80 feet long and 11 feet wide and has a house built in it that extends to within 6 or 7 feet of stern and stern. Thirty six feet of the cabin are used as a cabin by day and a dormitory at night; the forward 12 feet being curtained off when there are more than 4 ladies on board.

At 9 p.m. the steward and his satellites begin arranging the sleeping apparatus. This consists of a wooden frame 6 feet long and 20 inches wide, with canvas nailed over it and a thin mattress and sheet to match.

The frame has 2 metallic points on one side which are inserted into corresponding holes in the side of the cabin and its other side is held by little ropes descending from the ceiling. There are three tiers on each side making 24 for gentlemen and 12 for ladies; meals are good, costing 25 cents.

This machine is dragged through the water at the rate of three and one half miles an hour by a dipody with a long whip who rides the hindmost mule. The tow line is 100 feet in length and is fastened to the side of the roof 25 feet from the bow. It can be loosed in a moment by touching a spring."
At Lochiel an overflow allowed excess water to pass off scales. July 4, 1826.

fun boys had as they stood on the wooden bridges and length. It worked on the same principle as any balance enclosure containing a scales which measured 75 feet in length. Anytime there­

The Penna. Canal did not follow the banks of the river but swung inland behind the present capital buildings, just a trifle to the west of Tenth Street. At Lochiel an overflow allowed excess water to pass off scales. The weight (when loaded).

The weigh lock was a stopping place for all boats which had received cargo in that vicinity. It was a large enclosure containing a scales which measured 75 feet in length. It worked on the same principle as any balance scales.

Early every spring, boat captains would “weigh in” at the station and receive a certified statement on which was recorded the weight of his empty boat. Anytime thereafter, his cargo weight could be determined by simply subtracting the weight of his empty boat from the gross weight (when loaded).

Weighing a loaded boat was a simple matter for a skilled weighmaster. Once the boat was towed inside the weigh lock the gates were closed at each end. The water then drained from the lock, gently bringing the boat to rest on a large oak scales on the bottom. Now the weighmaster read his scales, worked a simple arithmetic problem, and handed the boat captain a “bill of laden”. This being done, the water was again let into the chamber, the boat rose to the surface of the canal outside, gates were opened, and the boat proceeded on its way.

... And then There Were None

Although the canal and railroad operated side by side in Harrisburg since 1858, the former was no match for the latter’s speed. Financially the canal building project was a colossal failure. First of all, it came into existence 10 years after the Erie Canal had reaped a decade of superb profits. Secondly, its mountain portages and flood repairs kept its shipping rates far above those of the New York Canal. Perhaps the most vexing problem was the on-coming railroad. Although three mules could pull 135 tons of coal, four miles an hour was just too slow in an era when everyone was thinking in terms of hitting 50.

On the 29th day of April, 1844 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act authorizing the sale of the railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, the canal from Columbia to Hollidaysburg, the portage railroad over the mountains, and the remainder of the canal onward to Pittsburgh for twenty million dollars. Because there were no bidders, the minimum was lowered to $10,000,000 in 1854 by Governor Bigler. Not until 1855 did the Pennsylvania Railroad finally make the purchase for $7.5 million—some 30 million dollars less than it cost.

The inland navigation system had never made one cent for the state, yet it managed to fill a certain destiny in the big western push. It played its most important role by bringing newly discovered anthracite coal from previously inaccessible places in great quantities so that a ton of coal could be delivered in Harrisburg for $2.50.

This was its greatest accomplishment, for in it lay the future of both the railroad and big industry in Pennsylvania.
IMPROVED methods of egg taking and incubation, developed jointly by the Divisions of Research and Propagation, have resulted in the most successful production of muskellunge in the history of the Fish Commission. Four hundred and ninety-five thousand fry and 65,361 fingerlings were stocked in Commonwealth waters in 1964.

The native home of the muskellunge in Pennsylvania is in the northwestern lakes, and it is here each spring that hatchery men and enforcement personnel live-trap breeders and collect spawn. Eggs are incubated at three northwest hatcheries: Union City, Linesville, and Tionesta.

The Commission's program for musky stocking now includes waters in all regions of the state. The lakes where breeders were taken are stocked annually and the remaining are distributed in other lakes and rivers which have suitable musky habitat. As a result of the stocking program, muskellunge are now found in thirty waters where they did not occur naturally.

Field reports show that in practically all waters, where muskies have been introduced, catches have been made after three years. Time alone will tell whether the muskies in their new homes will reproduce successfully and be able to "go it alone." In the meantime, interest and respect for this prized game fish are growing rapidly in Pennsylvania.
### RECORD OF MUSKELLUNGE PLANTINGS—1964

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<th>Water Stocked</th>
<th>Stockable</th>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Acres</th>
<th>Fry</th>
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<td>—</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>North Branch</td>
<td></td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>2,000</td>
<td>—</td>
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<td>Governor Pinchot State Park Lake</td>
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| Total           |                    |                    | 495,000| 65,381| —     | 560,381    |
Holiday Scenes

along

Pennsylvania Streams

—Photographs by Grant Heilman
WALLEYE IN THE SNOW

Keep Fishing!

By THAD BUKOWSKI

SOME fishermen might disagree, but many would admit that the walleye is a contrary fish.

Pick a nice warm day with overhanging clouds in the summertime. If the southwest or west wind is gently rocking your boat it’s a joy to fish. Cast a plug near some lily pads along a weedy shoreline or drag it along a gravel bed, or an overhang and a bigmouth bass will provide you with a thrill now and then.

But cast almost anything on a hot summer day with the weather conditions the kind an angler likes to laze in and you have as much chance of snagging onto a walleye as getting one in a bathtub at home.

Closest I ever saw a fisherman nail one in heat was at Hootin’ Hollow Eddy on the Allegheny River. The old timers around our parts are always ready to regale you with the big ones they lost there. This wading Joe corraled a sizable yellow on a top-water plunker—but it happened at night, so that’s hardly fair. On another occasion a patient Fourth of July fisherman sat out a whopper in the lower Pymatuning amidst bathers and picnickers and it was a 10 pound beauty but he was as surprised at the catch as were all the bystanders.

I’ve also heard tell from a grizzled buddy that he wrapped up two, including a five pounder on a tiny black spinner while swatting skeeters on a hot summer eve... but that was at the mouth of the Massassaugua River where it empties into Little Buckhorn in Canada and that hardly counts either. His tale snagged when his black bait tangled two fish later and got lost.

While listening hard to a transistor in a cabin some 35 miles from Sudbury, Ont., I was really intrigued with another walleye tale two years ago when some Canadian boys were recounting how the glassy-eyed monsters were grabbing black jigs as long as you threw them anywhere in Lake Nipissing, but my lone one hooked up on the bottom the next morning on the second cast and I never did find out whether their bug-eyed tale was “for sure.”

That’s cold water up in that country, almost any time of the year and in Pennsylvania the walleye, or yellow, sauger, pike perch, Dore, pickerel or Jack Salmon, or whatever its name, also gets excited when the water temperature is “low down.”

In the Western part of the state these fish hanker to tangle with fishermen usually in the early spring in lakes and in the late fall and near winter in the streams and rivers.

One exception is Lake Erie where bewhiskered gents head onto the open lake with anyone with extra gumption for walleye when the breeze is really whipping up the whitecaps and the warning signals go out that troubled waters are approaching. That’s when the big yellows, as they are called there, bite and they don’t mind washing...
their boat bows in a search for the three-footers. They use gear heavy enough to "knock 'em dead" and troll with equipment hefty enough to dislodge some of the old ballast rock ships dropped overboard back in the days of the "Don't give up the ship" wars.

The Allegheny, chief watershed of mid-western Pennsylvania, and its tributary, French Creek, give up most of these fish when the snow is on the ground.

Ask any native around the Tionesta, focal point for fish and hunt seekers hereabouts, and he'll insist the walls eye bite best in December. Another might give him an argument and say, February. The discussions, pro and con, have been resolved by the truism that one should not fish the Allegheny except in the "R" months if he wants to catch the fish. The sandbank hole at the junction of the Tionesta and the Allegheny, in fact, was visible proof of their boat bows in a search for the three-footers. They most avid river roamers, gets them on artificials almost like an occasional change. Bob Bogdon, one of Allegheny's

DECEMBER—1964

Many Allegheny fishermen seriously go after walleye with jigs, white, yellow and black ones bringing in fish handily when they start feeding. Minnows are also good and not to be forgotten is one of the most regular walleye takers, the spinner with a crawler dragging from the hooks behind on a slow trolling or casting retrieve.

Jigs sometimes get better results if they, too, have a couple of crawlers added to the big feather covered hook. Strange thing, too, is that the fish will sometimes prefer the nylon or straight bristle while at other times grab the deer hair and still on different occasions be attracted only by the fluffy, pulsating Marabou.

French Creek fortunates almost exclusively get walleye on minnows in the late season. It isn't just any fisherman, however, who corrals the fish dunking a live bait.

The first ticket to success is to find a strong ruffle. A couple of pools or pools into which the water swirls is even more intriguing. The more rocks, overhang, gravel or sand nearby the better the fish seem to like the habitat.

They aren't inclined to grab any sitting bait, either.

A reasonably light, 4 to 6 pound test monofilament line brings best results for this special fishing, for it moves the bait with the least amount of drag. Very thin Aberdeen hooks are almost a necessity. When they hang up they can be easily straightened out to free the snag to use over again.

Spinning almost always is done. Minnows are hooked through the back behind the dorsal fin or through the lips, a medium sized split shot attached above a small swivel about a foot from a No. 1 or 1/0 hook and the outfit is cast into the ruffle with a strong toss. Knee deep wading from the shallow side to an undercut bank is also helpful but very cold at this time of year.

Bait rushes down and across the current. Most often it washes back to shore. At other times, more often than the fisherman likes, it snags at a rock or undercut ledge. Sometimes it ends in a pool below the ruffles.

The haunting hope, however, is that the "close to the bottom" walleye darts from behind a big boulder and snaps at the bait as it rushes by.

The strike is a good jolt but not in the same manner as a bass grabs a live bait and runs. Invariably the walleye heads a short way up the ruffle then settles down to chaw the bait. You're on your own as to when to yank, but you can't wait too long for the fish will quite often let go of the minnow.

A fish is rarely lost because it straightens the lightweight Aberdeen hooks, and hefty six and eight pounders are caught without causing damage.

The pool must be fished in all its parts. The schooling walleye are often found directly in the sharpest part of the wash; at other times in the short showers of water behind rocks at the base of the gushing water. Not to be overlooked is the head of the ruffle just where the water gains momentum to rumble in a fast swirl over rocks down to the next eddy.

Time of day at this late season doesn't matter in particular. We've had luck mornings, early afternoon and evenings, and sometimes the fish hit near noon after a beautiful morning of inactivity.

Best thing to remember is not to put the tackle away when the snow treads are put on the car. This is the time the river walleye are gorging themselves on minnows in preparation for the long winter.

And it wouldn't hurt to bend the pole a few times on a couple of whoppers before the roads really became impassable.
Newest in Ice Rods

By DON SHINER

A gun-like combination rod is the newest thing to hit the ice-fishing league. This group, who braves wintry winds and snow clad highways to fish through ice holes, has designed much diverse and specialized equipment for this wintry sport. Long handled ice choppers, ice skimmers, wind shelters and shanties, tip-ups, ice rods and ice flies are only a few of the many home crafted products adapted to this cold weather fishing. Now, the gun-shaped rod becomes the newest of gadgets added to the league's arsenal. Admittedly, as odd a looking rod as ever to hit the ice field, it has, however, unusual merit.

The rod is shaped like a modern day shot gun. Its primary use is that of a jig-stick to be held in the fisherman's gloved hand while hand fishing a spoon, fly, minnow or other live bait to schooled pansters below the ice hole. When action slows and the angler tires of this rhythmic hand operation, the gun-rod is placed on a pedestal with barrel end pointed upward. The chilled angler can then take advantage of the warmth of a shore-line fire. Should pickerel, perch or sunfish nudge the bait, the gunstick pivots downward tipping the brightly painted stock skyward to signal for the angler's attention. The gun-like rod and accompanying support pedestal thus plays the dual all-in-one role of tip-up and jig-rod.

An unidentified angler first displayed the unusual rod on North Pond, a smallish lake in the northeastern confines of the state. Viewed in operation, the gun-stick captured the imagination of other nearby anglers. A quick trip to the workshop turned out similarly shaped rods. Within a week, following the gun-rod's debut, half a hundred or more anglers showed up on the ice coated pond with the unique winter rod.

The rod is jig-sawed from a soft pine board. It is gun shaped, with the outline of the barrel, forearm stock, pistol grip and stock well defined. An indentation on top side holds the usual 50-feet or more of fishing line. A hole drilled at the fulcrum point holds a two-inch long ½-inch dia. dowel. This fulcrum point is an important part of this rod concept for it permits the rod to balance precisely when placed on the pedestal.

This fulcrum point is easily located by cradling the gun stick between the thumb and fore-finger, and pushing the stick forward or backward until the precise balancing point is located.

The pedestal consists of a two-inch square post, cut to convenient height, and slotted at one end to accommodate the rod and the short dowel extensions. The cutout area must be deep enough to allow the gun to tip like a seesaw in both directions. A block of wood serves as the base and is fitted to the opposite end of the pedestal. The two piece assembly—gunstick and pedestal—requires a half hour's work in the angler's workshop. The gunstick is painted a bright orange or barber-poled with orange and black for good visibility on the bright, snow clad pond.

To put the new rod-gun to work, first uncoil fifteen or twenty feet of line (depending on pond's depth) from the line holder. Tie a small, trout size spoon, wet fly or some type of hook and live bait to the line. Drop this bait through the freshly chopped ice hole. Keep the bait in motion by gently raising and lowering your arm. If there is no immediate response from the schooled fish, and you tire of this hand fishing technique, place the gun-stick on the specially built pedestal. Point the barrel end skyward. The slightest nudge from a biting fish will pull the barrel down toward the ice-hole, while the raised stock will signal to you to get with it and catch that particular panster.

There is no dissension among the ranks of those who are using this new gun-stick ice rod. There is unanimous agreement that it's the best winter fishing rod to hit the ice-league in many a year. Get to it and build one now!
1. Here's the newest of ice fishing rods. The gun stick is placed on its pedestal with barrel end pointing upward.

2. The slightest nudge from a panfish tilts the barrel down toward the ice hole. The raised stock signals the anglers.

6. Jig-saw the gun-rod from a soft pine board. It is 26-inches long, and tapers from 4½-inches to one-inch at the barrel end.

7. Make this shaped cut-out in the 24 or 30-inch long pedestal.
Are you in the market for a means to promote better relations between the fisherman and the pleasure boat owner?

If the answer is yes, then take a tip from the Bethlehem Boating Club Inc., and stage a fish-o-rama. Such an event, although it wasn't exactly called that, was sponsored by the club late last summer under the guidance of a Pennsylvania Fish Commission warden on the Lehigh River, from the Glendon Dam to Lauback Island, and it was quite a success.

Actually the Bethlehem boys did not coin any new 20th century phrase to describe the event. They just called it a free fishing outing and received a lot of response. However, to make it a success, it required a lot of planning most of which was spearheaded by Jim Toggart, harbor master and past commodore of the Bethlehem organization, and M. D. Witt, area warden for Northampton and Bucks Counties. Jim, incidentally, is one of the six members of the new boating educational committee.

I had planned to be there that day (Aug. 22) but instead wound up on the "Yough" Dam, at Confluence, in the western part of the state.

Fortunately Jim, at my request, filled me in on the details but to everyone's dismay the official photographer found himself involved in river patrol and, as far as could be determined, no black and white photos were taken of the event.

One of the Easton squad's members, Mrs. Lloyd McBride, doubled in brass as a first aider and official coffee maker. Her knowledge of first aid, I'm told, wasn't put to the test but her coffee, served with an Irish smile, just couldn't be beat especially at 6 o'clock in the morning.

Taking advantage of the program was Flotilla 10-3, U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, which not only provided boats and personnel for patrol and rescue work but also brought along a courtesy motor boat examination team and issued the CMS decal to those passing the test. Cmdr. Russ Siegel Jr., also had his craft equipped with a sign calling attention to the fall season basic small boat handling program.

To keep in touch with the patrol units from the club grounds, some form of communication was needed and Joe Kerchmer did a "terrific job of furnishing and installing citizen band equipment in the boats." Four patrol craft were equipped with sending and receiving equipment which was tied in with a base station set up on shore.

Members of Explorer Troop 6, from St. Ann's Church, Bethlehem, were also on hand to direct parking and to area cooperated to the utmost (Jim wrote they did a bang-up job), while the Lehigh Valley area newspapers devoted space for advance stories and some week-end editions turned it into feature articles.

Club members were asked to provide boats, and also personnel to man them, and additional response came from marine dealers who also provided fishing craft, when needed. One trucking firm even brought in a load of brand new boats when the dealer was unable to make delivery at the last minute.

Incidentally the outing was for licensed fishermen, camera club members, bird watchers and so on down the line. There was no fee for using the facilities, not even a launching fee for those who trailered in their own craft. Instead of rowing, fishermen were towed to choice fishing spots and elderly and handicapped persons were permitted to fish from the dock if they desired.

Since this was a Saturday event, folks who came in Friday night were permitted to camp on the grounds where electricity and sanitation facilities, as well as a telephone, are permanent fixtures of the set-up.

When Jim got started on publicity he took advantage of every angle. Not only were local radio stations and newspapers notified, he also sent word to the area rod and gun clubs in the form of notices for the bulletin boards. This resulted in quite a hectic time for Mrs. Stoppard who was continually answering telephone calls from folks who "couldn't believe that in this day and age a day's outing was being provided free of charge."

Not taking any chances on being unprepared for the unexpected, especially where accidents are concerned, the American Red Cross had a first aid unit available and also arranged for the Bethlehem Twp. Volunteer Fire Co. to have an emergency truck standing by. At the same time the Easton Emergency Squad was on hand with an ambulance and first aid equipment.

Robert G. Miller

JIM STOPPARD, Bethlehem Boat Club, Inc., with friend.
perform an assortment of other duties including fire patrol, launching and distributing registration forms.

Fish are an eccentric lot. Sometimes they bite, and sometimes they sulk around and refuse every kind of bait offered to them. To cut down the odds at not catching anything, Jim even went to the trouble of having a Bangor trout hatchery, at below cost even, bring in a load of legal size trout which were stocked in the river.

Bear in mind that all this had to be done before the outing and by early Friday evening, Aug. 21, the first fishermen arrived along with Warden Witt with his pessimistic weather report which forecast heavy thunder-showers. Along about 2 a.m. Saturday it rained, in fact it poured down, but by dawn it had stopped and the day turned out to be hot and humid.

So well advertised was the event that even a few recreation center directors showed up, in addition to the fishermen, camera club members and bird watchers, plus one gent who appeared at 8:30 a.m. with a hammer in one hand and a notebook in the other. He asked for a canoe, but there were none, so he picked out a rowboat and headed down river.

Jim suddenly realized that this fellow had no fishing license, and no fishing gear, and within minutes was on the air asking for river patrol to check him out. Seconds later the reply came back “KCC 2501 to base—have contacted pram and his hobby is river geology.” The return message was “KCC 2501—base to patrol—10-4.”

Although he was quite busy, Jim took time out to jot down a few statistics as follows: participant traveling the longest distance for the outing, 38 miles; boats launched, 50; largest fish caught, 18 inch largemouth; most species caught, catfish; least species caught, trout “none.”

In other words, as Jim put it, “everything went as scheduled. Emergency equipment was on hand, the boats were launched, the fish were not hungry but a good time was had by all.”

The Three Mile Boating Assn., which operates on the Lehigh River, held its first annual Power Boat Regatta last fall with entries from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

There were ten classes and in five of them first place honors went to local men. Craig Dewald, Reading, took first place in the BU Class; Richard Rees, Schwenksville, was first in the CU Class and also copped a fourth place ribbon in the DU Class; Don Pontius, Hummels Wharf, DU Class honors and a second in CU; George Benyak, PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH motif can be found in various sections of the state including island shelters on the Susquehanna River. Mrs. Leo Keim touches up the Amish figures painted on canvas sides of the Joel-Sater-Leo Keim cottage, near Long Level.

Mt. Wolf, BSH top honors; and Shanon Bowman, Solebury, came in first in the JSH Class and took second in the JU Utility Class.

Incidentally Pontius, according to a 1963 almanac, is a former National Stock Outboard championship holder having won the title in CU and DU runabout classes.

The event also attracted a few female contenders and one of these was Jane Smith, of Ridley Park, who put on a good enough showing to place second in the Hydro CSH Class.

The 3MBA was founded by a few pleasure boat owners who spent their spare time putt putting around the Lehigh before deciding that they as a group could accomplish more for the development of recreational facilities than individually.

They received their charter in September, 1960, and by 1964 had reached the point where it was possible to purchase land along the river. The area has since been divided into lots which can be leased by members and non-members for recreational purposes.

Affiliated with the American Power Boat Assn., this year’s regatta was the first annual event sponsored by 3MBA. Warren E. P. Hausman served as chairman, Wallace Kern, publicity; Donald Davis, parking; Russell Ux and Richard Werkheiser, pits; Donald Mortensen, refreshments; Anthony G. Radle, safety; and Dr. Frederic J. Dreyer, rescue.

John Eichler is president of the organization, K. H. Bilheimer, vice president; and Paul Hertl serves as secretary-treasurer.

Well, we’ve reached that time of the year again when the boat shows are in full swing. I began in September at Chicago, Ill., with the annual marine trades exhibit and conference for the boating trade only.

Coming up in 1965 is the National Motor Boat Show, in New York City, Jan. 15-24; the Chesapeake Bay Boat Show, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 4-9; our own Pennsyl­vania Sports, Boat and Outdoor Show, Harrisburg, Feb. 8-13; and the Philadelphia Boat and Sportsmen’s Show, Feb. 19-27.
During 1958 and 1980, James Winck caught over 75 large snapping turtles, some over 25 pounds, from Shawnee Lake. Winck took the turtles when the lake was partly drained. Recently, Mr. Winck called me, asked when the lake would be drained so the turtle hunters could get a break.—District Warden WILLIAM MCLNAY (Bedford)

Monty Roberts, Huntington, Pa., informed me as of the last of September he had caught via hook and line 1,191 fish of various species and returned all but several hundred to the waters. Roberts does his angling within a 15-mile radius of Huntington, fishing the Baystown Branch and Dam, Juniata River, Aughwrick Creek and Standing Stone Creek. He reported to me the first legal northern pike (20V-inch) taken from the Baystown Dam.

-District Warden RICHARD OWENS (Huntingdon-Mifflin)

During survey work on Oswayo Creek, Potter County, at one station on the upper reaches of the stream an American eel was turned up with the electro-shocker. Apparently this little fellow made the journey from the Allegheny River where eels were stocked near Port Allegheny in the spring of 1963.—JOHN I. BUCK, Northeast Regional Warden Supervisor

Conneaut Creek, Erie County, has a potential of being one of the hottest spots in the state for muskellunge. A large number of sub-legal muskies are being caught and returned to their creek. The high population came about after the Fish Commission placed fingering muskies in the creek for the past three years.—District Warden NORMAN E. ELY (Erie)

Due to low water in the streams, beaver are building dams where ever they can find water enough to swim in. In September, I was called to the Potter County Anglers Nursery to help remove a large beaver that had taken over the abundant water at the hatchery. The beaver was caught in a Game Commission live trap not in the water where he should have been, but on dry land where the trap had been placed so one of his dams could be opened to allow water to get into the hatchery. It was a 40-lb. animal which we released in Lyman Run Lake. He was sure bewildered with the amount of water he suddenly fell her to. When last seen he was still swimming in circles enjoying himself.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter)

I have talked to a number of the older residents of the area and they all tell me the streams are as low as they have been for a number of years. Many express the opinion this is the kind of condition favorable to the raccoon for his nightly feeding on aquatic life. Some feel if a coon finds a shallow enough pool he could clean all fish from it. Now no one would want to see a raccoon lose his supper but I believe it would make every one in this area happy if we had enough rain to raise the streams and give fish more living quarters.—District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga)

The spring-hatched shad are again in the Delaware River in great numbers. It is hard to say how many were in the schools due to the great size and numbers. Old-timers say the walleye and bass won't hit after the shad go to the sea which is from mid-October to mid-November.

-District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne)

While attending a recent meeting of the Page Lake Cottage Association it occurred to me that some of the nine members of the board of directors who were at the meeting might not be PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER subscribers. When the opportunity presented itself I suggested that they might like to subscribe. Every one of the nine members, including one lady, immediately paid five dollars each for three year subscriptions.

-An additional satisfaction for me was realized when one of the men admitted that he had never fished before, but after looking over the sample Angler and other Fish Commission materials he assured me he is going to get a license and go fishing next year.—CLAIR FLEGER, Northeast Regional Warden Supervisor

During a September patrol along the Delaware River from the Water Gap to Easton just north of Riverton I viewed the mile-long pool below the rapids, reaching downstream, to Belvidere, N. J., where the Jersey side came alive with activity. The shore line on the far side of the river was a solid silver with fish jumping four or more inches out of the water. The flashing silver in the rays of the setting sun made a metallic halo above the water. Through my field glasses I saw they were juvenile shad by the millions and they appeared to be feeding on a fabulous hatch of flies. The air over the water was literally solid with this hatch and though I cannot state positively, I believe these young shad were feeding on the hatch. The activity lasted about ten minutes in which the shad boiled the water seeking a hearty meal. The interesting observation is that the shad run this spring did produce a sizable spawn of young. Shad fishermen along the Delaware will watch for the return of these fish a few years hence.

-District Warden MILES D. WITT (Bucks & Northampton)

Remembering the story of the Emperor's suit, at a Warren county field day, some prankster set an aquarium filled with water on a table. The sign placed on it read "Invisible Fish." This display brought 'em out in droves and it was amazing how many people got down for a better look at the water. Some people even asked where the fish were caught and what bait was used. One man said he had caught one like it and didn't know it until he got home and the cat stole it. He added he was disappointed he didn't get a chance to eat it because a friend of his said these fish were delicious.—District Warden KENNETH G. COREY (Warren)
**H. R. Stackhouse Fishery Conservation and Watercraft Safety School Opens**

Twelve men have been selected to receive training at the H. R. Stackhouse Fishery Conservation and Watercraft Safety School of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission which opened November 9. The men will be given three months of training before being assigned to field duties. The school headquarters will be the Commission’s administration building at Fisherman’s Paradise, located on Spring Creek, near Bellefonte in Centre County.

Instructors at the training school, according to W. W. Britton, chief law enforcement officer of the Commission, will include Fish Commission staff members, representatives of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Department of Forests and Waters, Department of Health, the Red Cross, instructors from Pennsylvania State University, the U. S. Coast Guard and the Pennsylvania State Police.

Field and classroom assignments covering all phases of the Commission’s fishery research and propagation divisions will be featured during the sessions of the school.

Following completion of the three-months instruction course, ten of the trainees will be immediately assigned to areas where they are needed to fill warden vacancies caused by retirement and death of men previously assigned to the respective areas. Two will be assigned to general duties in the Commission’s field force, but will be assigned to warden duties as soon as vacancies occur.

Applicants attending the school include: Thomas L. Clark, New Castle; James F. Donahue, Waterford; James T. Dugan, Hallstead; Stanley G. Hastings, Wellsboro; Perry D. Heath, Great Bend; Cloyd W. Hollen, Utahville; Robert J. Perry, Scranton; Thomas F. Qualters, McKeepsport; Richard R. Roberts, Hawley; Ronald G. Schad, Hyndman; Donald W. Swisher, Bloomsburg, and James T. Valentine, Fairview.

**WARDEN RAYMOND HOOVER MOVES TO TIOGA COUNTY POST**

Raymond L. Hoover has moved to Tioga County, succeeding the late Leland Cloos. Hoover, a native of Montoursville, came with the Fish Commission on April 7, 1958 and now resides at Wellsboro RD 2. He is married to the former Bertie Deeter of Williamsport and they have two children.

**WEST CHESTER CLUB FISHING RODEO HAS FINE TURNOUT**

A total of 219 youngsters participated in the 1964 Fishing Rodeo sponsored by the West Chester Fish and Game Association. Prizes for the largest fish were won by Charles Gurtizen, Alan Orloski, Lots Doyle, Mike DiRocco, Lynn Bodulich and Richard Yoder.

The club has done a lot of work on its trout pond located on Paradise Farm. The fish are doing nicely to date with some good prospects for stocking next spring.

The club has booked the Wally Taber Show for March 15, 1965.
GEORGE WAGNER CROWNED STATE FISHING CHAMP

George Wagner, Clarendon, Pa., was crowned the Pennsylvania State Fishing Champ at the conclusion of the Annual Pennsylvania State Fishing Championship tournament. Wagner will receive an all-expense paid invitation to the 1965 World Series Freshwater Sports Fishing Championship tourney where he will represent Pennsylvania.

This year's winner marked the third consecutive year a Warren County man had won the tourney, racking up 29 points in a field of more than 800 contestants. The catch was the largest ever entered in the qualifying event despite poor weather. The Tidioute Chamber of Commerce sponsored the tourney.

Gene Shaw, editor and publisher of Outdoor People was judge and Henry W. Fuelhart, Tidioute was MC. Among officials of Pennsylvania Fish Commission attending were: Commissioner Wallace Dean, Robert Bielo, Acting Executive Director; S. Carlyle Sheldon, Northwest regional warden supervisor; Kenneth G. Corey, District Warden, Warren County.

21½-INCH PIKE JUMPS INTO BOAT OF FISHERMAN

They say it’s the “Gospel truth” . . . “cross our hearts,” “so help us,” “Scout’s oath.”

In fact they would probably go so far as to swear out an affidavit before a Notary Public—with very little persuasion—just to convince people they are telling the truth.

“Truth about what,” you ask?

About the 21½-inch northern pike that jumped onto their pontoon boat at Glendale Lake of the Prince Gallitzin State Park, Patton, R.D.

According to the three Patton anglers—Jack Dinsmore and Russ and Robert Albright—such an incident actually happened. And they have the nice fish in their freezer to prove "the most unusual" point.

Except from attempting to convince everyone that the fish did jump onto their boat, about the only thing bothering the men is the fact that "is such a thing legal."

"I don’t care if we do get a fine," one of the men said, "the fact remains that the fish did what it did. That’s the truth."

It seems the three local men were returning to shore about 7:30 p.m., on Thursday, October 15, following a rather fruitless fishing excursion on Glendale Lake—a trip that netted them only 5 or 6 fish, none legal size and all tossed back into the water.

It was dark at the time, and the red running lights of the pontoon boat were on. Suddenly the northern pike jumped up at the boat, the deck being some 18 inches out of the water, landing at the front of the craft and going back the entire 22 feet of the deck area before stopping. Surprised beyond words, they grabbed at the fish and caught it, which was only natural.

The only explanation of the unusual event was that the fish apparently jumped at one of the illuminated red running lights on the boat—and went too far.

A likely fish story you say. We’ll let that up to you. But in quizzes the trio they certainly seemed sincere.

—From Patton Union Press-Courier
BIOLOGISTS MEET AT BELLFONTE. At a recent meeting in Bellefonte, the following attended the cooperative conclave: Front row, (l-r) Bart Hazen, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Budd Brooks, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Robert Bielo, Acting Executive Director, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Dr. Edward Cooper, Pennsylvania State University, George Balzer, USF&W, and Kenneth Corl, PFC. Second row, (l-r) John Miller, USF&W, John Parvin, USF&W, Howard Fox, PFC, Kenn Buss, PFC, Dr. Robert Butler, USF&W, Pennsylvania State University Cooperative Unit, Joseph Boccardy, USF&W, William Beckman, USF&W, Gordon Trembley, Chief, Research and Management Division, and Joseph Critchfield, member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

COMMISSION PERSONNEL AT LEHIGH COUNTY WORKSHOP

Forty-five Allentown school teachers attended classes recently at Camp Horseshoe—to learn about conservation of natural resources.

The purpose of the outdoor program was to provide elementary and junior high school science teachers information about water and soil conservation to pass on to their pupils.

Raymond L. Huber of Macungie R. 1, vice president of the State Soil and Water Conservation Districts, said, "Education for conservation is our biggest tool."

Huber described how 4-H, FFA and Boy Scout members have formed units to learn about and practice conservation.

Fred Bubb, Lehigh County soil conservationist, outlined films, booklets and publications available to teachers and pupils concerning conservation.

Russell Orr, Chief of Conservation Education and Public Relations for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and Grant White, Parkland high school science teacher, spoke about the teacher's role in the program. Fishery biologist, Dave Daniels and district warden Norman Sickles, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, presented demonstrations.

Mrs. Eleanor Bennett of the State Department of Public Instruction told about a book she wrote on the subject, why she wrote it and what the information can mean to the public.

The conservation laboratory was the first of its kind in the county. Further programs are planned for teachers in other county school districts.

The teachers spent the afternoon at workshops on woodland conservation and fire prevention, stream management; supply and recreation, and maintenance of private lands to assure future hunting.

A SIMPLIFIED COURSE IN Fly Tying

IS NOW BEING OFFERED FREE TO ALL ANGLERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO LEARN TO TIE THEIR OWN FLIES, STREAMERS, BASS BUGS.

THE COURSE, WRITTEN BY WORLD RENOWN PROFESSIONAL, GEORGE W. HARVEY, IS CLEAR, CONCISE, WELL ILLUSTRATED WITH LARGE SCALE INSTRUCTIONAL ART.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COURSE NOW

Editor—Pennsylvania Angler
Pennsylvania Fish Commission—Harrisburg

LARGE CROWDS VIEW TUNKHANNOCK CANOE RACE

"Whoever put those plastic jugs in the river really saved the canoe race."

That comment from a participant in the October 4 canoe race from Meshoppen to Tunkhannock may help explain to fishermen that any empty bleach jugs, tied together with binder twine, that may foul their lines along the upper Susquehanna weren't put there simply as boobytraps. This has become the standard procedure for course-marking at the three races now held annually between Sayre and Tunkhannock.

The jugs are strung directly through the channels, with the canoeists told to stay as close to them as possible. They are especially helpful in the extremely low water that kept the winning times far away from the course records in this year's third annual Tunkhannock race.

Fastest time compiled over the 16-mile course was two hours, 32 minutes by Greg Anderson, of the Yonkers, N. Y., canoe club, who was not competing but was providing a demonstration of racing kayak speed.

The next boat down the river was a cruising kayak, in which Charles Eastwood, Arlington, Va., made the trip in 2:42. Fastest canoes were those of Bob and Kathy Rice, Easton, and Sterling Brightman, Southwick, Mass., and Ed Bliss, Mountain Lakes, N. J. They posted identical 2:57 marks to win the mixed tandem and the tandem classes, respectively.

Best times in the two youth classes were 3:05 by Harold Bennett, Yonkers Canoe Club, in a kayak, and Ronald Arno and Wayne Arnold, Windsor, N. Y., in a canoe.

Morton Benton, Mount Tabor, N. J., ran his winning streak at Tunkhannock to three straight races as he peddled his canoe down the river in 2:58.5 to win the class for double-blade craft weighing more than 50 pounds.

Team plaques were won by the Post 60 Kayak Club, Mountaintop, in the adult division and the Explorer Post 68 Club, Windsor, N. Y., in the youth classes.

Operating under a Fish Commission permit, Wyoming County Fish Warden Steve Shabbick supervised the patrolling operations. Two of his deputies joined him as they spent a quiet afternoon in the patrol boats, dealing with a very cooperative public.

A total of 59 canoes and 22 kayaks competed in the race.
POSSIBLE RECORD MUSKELLUNGE from the Tionesra Reservoir is this 53-inch, 38-pounder caught by Joe Sabot (right) of Springdale. Live frog did the trick. With Sabot is Lud Haller of Tionesta who weighed the fish for a Pennsylvania Angler Citation Award.

—Pittsburgh Press Photo

H O O K S ,  S I N K E R S ,  F L O A T S

Add a float to the line when casting.

Make your own snelled hooks:

1. Leader material

2. Wrap tightly with rod winding thread, then give it 2 coats of varnish.

You'll lose fewer lures & hooks if you tie your sinkers on like this:

Dropper loop

18" to 24"

Use leader material with lighter breaking point than line.

Use this rig when trolling or casting.

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Pennsylvania Angler Citation Awards

T/S Daniel Stahl, Middletown, Pa.—30⅛-inch walleye, Susquehanna River below York Haven, Pa.

Fred F. Wendling, Wescosville, Pa.—23-inch, 6 3/4-lb. largemouth bass.

Michael Versak, Philadelphia, Pa.—11-inch, 1 ½-lb. bluegill—Mountain Lake,  Crawford County.

Joe Zipay, Farrell, Pa.—40-inch carp at Lake Erie, Erie County.

David Alley, Ashtabula, Ohio—28 3/4-inch, 10-lb., brown trout. Little Lake,  Crawford County.

Frank J. Gordon, Strabane, Pa.—20 1/4-inch, 4-lb., 3-oz., smallmouth bass.

John S. Sawchuk, Easton, Pa.—20 3/4-inch, 4 ½-lb., bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton County.

T/S Daniel Stahl, Middletown, Pa.—30⅛-inch walleye, Susquehanna River below York Haven, Pa.

Randy L. Andrews, Walnutport, Pa.—19-inch bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Kenneth D. Swartzell, Lewistown, Pa.—22-inch, 3-lbs. (dressed), Juniata River, Mifflin County.

Ronald W. Frymire, S. Williamsport, Pa.—20-inch, 4-lb. bullhead, Hills Creek State Park, Tioga County.

Edward R. Friedline, York Springs, Pa.—20⅛-inch, 4 ½-lbs., smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Perry County.

William L. Wilson, Broomall, Pa.—23-inch, 6-lbs., 13-oz., 16 ½-inch girth, Springton Reservoir, Media, Pa., Delaware Co. (largemouth bass).

Joseph P. Fagan, Harrisburg, Pa.—21-inch, 5-lbs., smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Perry County.


Ross Sechrist, Red Lion, RD 2, Pa.—31⅛-inch, 14-lbs., 13-oz., smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Perry County.

William T. Shupienis, Masury, Ohio—38⅝ and 38-inch carp via bow at Canoeas Marsh, Crawford County.

John Stough, York, Pa.—16-inch black crappie, Susquehanna River at Juniata Dam, Buffalo County.

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* NOTICE *

Additional places where both new and renewal subscriptions to the Pennsylvania Angler may be purchased

Under a new plan adopted by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, agents for the sale of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER who have sold more than twenty-five (25) or more subscriptions, will be listed in future issues.

Susquehanna County—Linus Moore's Sports Shop, New Mifflord, Pennsylvania
FISHING through the ice is becoming more popular each winter in Pennsylvania. One of the reasons for its popularity is that the fisherman can make practically all of his gear, and to lots of folks that is nearly as much fun as the actual fishing. Spuds for making holes in the ice, skimmers for keeping the holes open, rods and tip-ups for holding the line, and lures for hooking the fish can all be manufactured by the fisherman in his basement workshop.

The jigging rod shown in the drawing is one of the easiest pieces of ice fishing equipment to make. First you'll need a piece of hardwood twenty-six inches long, % inch thick, and nearly three inches wide. Maple, birch, oak, hickory, or walnut are all good. Shape it as shown. A bandsaw or jig saw will make short work of this task, but it can be done by hand, too. To make the latter more simple first bore two holes through the wood to form the rounded parts of the line holder, then saw in to meet these holes.

The chamber in the handle is to hold spare hooks, lures, sinkers, etc. It is formed by first boring a row of % inch holes through the handle, each touching the one before it, until the row is three inches long. Then the wood between the holes is carefully removed with a chisel. Clamp the handle in a vise to avoid splitting it when boring the holes and using the chisel, and be sure to keep the holes centered in the handle. If you anticipate trouble here use a smaller bit, say % inch.

From the scrap you can make the two % inch thick pieces, one to serve as a bottom, the other a lid, for the chamber. They are identical except for the notch in the lid. Glue the bottom in place with waterproof glue, preferably epoxy cement. Drill the screw holes for the lid while it is held in place against the handle in a vise, large ones through the lid, smaller ones on into the handle. Saw the notch in the lid so the latter can swing down to, but not beyond, the rear screw.

Round the corners of the handle lid and bottom, also the rod winder, and smooth all parts with sandpaper. Drill a hole in the tip and insert a screw-eye. Check the latter for rough spots that might cut or wear your line.

To ready your rod for use tie one end of stout braided casting line to it and wind the required amount around the line holder. Pass the free end through the screw-eye and attach a suitable nylon or wire leader, plus whatever sinker, hook, live bait, or lure you feel will do the trick.

Of course, the lure or bait is let down into the water through a hole cut in the ice, and gently "jigged" up and down to attract the fish's attention.