CONSERVATION VIEWPOINT
by ROBERT J. BIELO
Executive Director

SILENT MAJORITY MUST STAND

The decade of the 70's should be one of great progress in advancing far-reaching programs to preserve our environment—not simply for the sake of conservation, but for the urgent need of mankind to have clean air and water and productive soil.

Stronger state and national legislation has been signed into law to protect our environment for our own benefit. Now what we need are leaders at national, state and local levels that have the courage to implement these laws. Certainly changes won't be effected overnight, correcting years of air, water and land abuse. But, we should see progress in the environmental cleanup program occur at a rate that exceeds the new levels of damage civilization manages to inflict on the essential elements of our existence.

Throughout the coming months I hope to use this column to present some comments on advances in environmental protection and also to point out areas where we may be sliding backward. I plan to do this as I believe that we, the silent majority President Nixon is relying on to support his national and worldwide programs, must also be the underlying strength in environmental protection efforts. As an example we must stand together and speak out clearly, not only as states, but as a nation against the industrial giants whose reaction to pollution cleanup measures occasionally takes the form of threats to close down and leave town.

The most recent and most outrageous threat of this kind came from a major copper producer as they were dedicating a new plant in New Mexico. A top official of the Phelps-Dodge Corp. threatened closure of company smelters in Arizona if forced to undertake cleanup measures he, presumably, thought were uneconomical for the company.

It's against this kind of attitude that the silent majority must speak out.

Certainly this company is not going to close profitable operations in Arizona and absorb the high cost of transporting copper ore elsewhere for processing. And what other state in the nation would want the vile and toxic fumes spewed across its lands by the copper smelters? None, I would think and surely Arizona, where they advertise their clean bright air as a major asset of the state cannot afford to let one company call its bluff or ruin its environment.

Let's hope the silent majority in Arizona gets its back up and takes action to control the environmental pollution from the copper smelters as we are doing in Pennsylvania with acid mine drainage—which for years industry said they could not afford to treat, but are now treating successfully and economically.
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Cover Photo/JIM YODER
SCARED CARP

Gentlemen:

It was brought to my attention some months ago that muskellunge were stocked in our river. The supposed purpose was to “scare the carp” out of these waters. Could or would you please explain this?

Also a local man caught an 8 lb. 4 oz. largemouth bass that measured 23 inches. No mention has been made of this catch in the Angler although I understand the “info” was forwarded to you. This catch was taken from our village reservoir.

Why do we in Susquehanna County have such poor publicity statewide? Our river here shows no more pollution than in adjoining counties and our hunting grounds are also competitive to adjacent territories.

It looks simple to me, we have poor representation in this section of the state.

Fred S. Pearsall, Susquehanna

Muskellunge are not stocked anywhere in the state to “scare the carp,” or for that matter any other species, out of the water although the young carp may well provide some of the fodder on which the muskellunge thrives.

However the muskellunge has been added to a number of water areas in the past few years to provide new dimension to Pennsylvania’s sport fishing.

Each month many fishermen send pictures and information about trophy catches to the Angler, so many in fact, that there is frequently a delay of several issues before they can be published. Perhaps the one you refer to will appear soon.

Poor statewide publicity? Many of the counties in Pennsylvania that are well known for recreation achieved the recognition they have only because a group of hardworking business and community leaders devoted many often thankless hours to the task of letting others know what was available. At present Susquehanna County is joining forces with several neighboring counties in the Endless Mountains Association.

So far as publicity about fishing is concerned Susquehanna County Waterways Patrolman Richard Roberts frequently sends pictures of big fish taken in the county to the Angler where, when published, they received statewide publicity.

—Tom Egglor, Editor

ROW, ROW

Gentlemen:

I would like to refer to Mr. Calvin A. DeViney’s article that appeared in the September Pennsylvania Angler titled “Row, Row, Row Your Boat.”

I agree with Mr. DeViney. A gasoline motor or electric motor is all right at the proper place and time for travelling great distances, racing, etc., but there is nothing like a smooth, quietly operated row boat when you want to get into those tiny patches of lily pads and coves for quiet fishing and even duck hunting. I wonder how many large fish we scare away with these motors, long before we get near to them. In addition the small “fry” we are told are killed at birth by the oils on the surface of the water.

For the same facts set forth by Mr. DeViney and because of the noise and hard work caused by conventional oar locks, several years ago I patented and began producing what is known as “The Easy Row Oar Lock” and as an accessory, an “Oar Repair Kit.”

The Easy Row Oar Lock is finish machined all over, including both the oar pin and the inside of the lock, standard steel roller bearing is used inside the lock, length and, if greased occasionally, there will never be any wear on the oar pin nor the lock and this produces the quietest, smoothest operating boat known to man. The oar pin never wears out because there is no friction, no chance to start to wear oblong as others do. Due to this the oar itself tend not to break and last indefinitely.

I will be glad if you will pass my feelings on to Mr. DeViney or to anyone else who may be interested. I would be glad also to furnish any additional information about my kit if he or anyone else wishes.

Warren R. Kistler, Weatherly
TRY IT
Gentlemen:

I would like to make a few remarks about Mr. Ernest Bonaddio’s letter which appeared in the October issue.

Mr. Bonaddio says he has nothing against fly fishing and also that he is not knocking it, but the way his letter reads I would venture to say that he was fishing one warm day along a stream and could not catch a fish with his bait while right behind him was a man fishing flies and taking trout. Believe me I know the feeling of watching a fly fisher come up from behind, cast into a hole that I had fished with bait and/or a spinner and catch a fish. I had that feeling for nearly 10 years—until my neighbor took a few hours of his fishing time to show me a few basics of fly fishing. Now I feel that I was not lucky that would let a fly fisherman catch a trout behind a bait fisherman, but skill. The skills required can only be self-taught over a period of time.

Mr. Bonaddio also asks “How about some places for bait and spin fishermen only?” My answer to that is for him to look on pages 30, 31, 32 of the fishing regulations book given to him when he bought his license and to total up just how many miles of streams are for fly fishing only. I did and I think there should be MORE!

If he would invest in some fly fishing equipment and find a fly fishing friend, I am quite sure that after a few years of flipping a fly instead of drowning worms and throwing that shiny hardware around, he would agree with me in saying to a buddy, “Come on and try it—it is a lot of fun.”

D. EDWARD SEIDEL, Lewisburg

SOLUTION TO FISH HOGS
Gentlemen:

I think I have a solution to the problem of stocking trout and making fishing a true sport—and hopefully getting rid of the lazy, early season fish hogs; the people who make fools out of the hatchery trout by running out the first day and cramming six or eight trout into their creel in an hour or so.

The solution, I feel, is to continue stocking lakes and streams by stocking them at fairly regular intervals throughout the entire year, not just a heavy pre-season stocking and then several smaller stockings early in the season. This plan would need no more money, fish or effort than the present program. The stockings should be unannounced so that the weekend or occasional fisherman can still catch trout but, would not be able to fill his creel in record time.

Each stocking should contain about the same number of fish so that trout population and average catch can remain fairly constant throughout the year. This would also bring less confusion and crowded conditions on opening day. This would spread the trout into a wider area and give the trout time to adjust to stream conditions thus making them more wary and better adversaries.

In the central Pennsylvania area where I live I know that, if given a chance, brown trout will reproduce: in a stream near my house, which hasn’t been stocked for years, there is an excellent population of stream-bred browns. Recently I have found other streams which could possibly support trout and be stocked successfully. I realize that limited amounts of money creates a problem but I think cooperative trout nurseries could work on these streams in the manner described above instead of throwing their trout into the already stocked streams.

KURT SLEIGHTER & DOUG HAMACHER, Camp Hill

INCREASINGLY ANNOYED
Gentlemen:

I am becoming increasingly annoyed by the “hogs” that we must fish with on opening day and several days after. The greediness of these so-called “sportsmen” is sickening. I am a firm believer that if the Commission would lower the limit to let’s say 4 trout a day and increase the minimum size to 8 inches it would almost eliminate those first day “idiots.” Also, by lowering the limit it would create better sport for those who want to fish for trout.

I am also in favor of seeing more fish-for-fun streams, particularly in the southeastern part of the state where streams are hit hard in the early going and where trout take a backseat to bass and walleye. You wouldn’t find any first day anglers on the fish-for-fun streams.

However, being in the military and being able to “taste” California trout fishing and their conservation laws, I must say that we have it all over them in the long run.

WAYNE E. FREY, Lancaster

Before it is possible to speak effectively about “fish hogs” perhaps an attempt should be made to give a definition to the term. A “fish hog” to one man may be only a zealous sportsman to another.

Is the “fish hog” a bait fisherman who catches and keeps his limit the first day or is he a fly fisherman who does the same thing? Is he someone who follows the truck making a few futile casts at each stop. Is he the fisherman who avoids the crowd and heads for a small mountain stream where he can quietly catch his limit of brookies, take them back to camp, and go catch more? Is he the fly fisherman who wants more fly fishing only areas where spin fishermen cannot tread? Is he the angler who wants other anglers to release their catches so there’ll be more fish for him to catch? Is he the bait fisherman who feels discriminated against because there are spots where only fly fishermen can fish, but no spots where the fly fisherman is excluded? Is he the man who keeps his legal limit once during the season for a fish feast or is he the angler who keeps a couple every day and then ends up giving them to neighbors?

Before naming one angler or one group of anglers “fish hogs” fishermen should first give some thought to the idea that one’s personal opinion of what a “fish hog” consists of may be considerably different from someone else’s opinion.

—Tom Egger, Editor
WINTER WALLEYE

IT'S MORE FACT than fiction that 10% of the fishermen catch 90% of the fish. Included in this select group of anglers I am sure are those who regularly fish during February. Like the mailman, neither rain nor snow, wind, sleet, or cold keeps them from their appointed rounds of their favorite fishing holes. The wind that cuts through you like a knife and seems to freeze even the marrow in your bones is quickly forgotten when a pot-bellied ten pound walleye gives you that glassy stare from ankle deep snow along the shore.

During this month river fishing for walleyes seems to be at its best when weather conditions are at their worst. Blustery winds and snow and rain squalls just seem to prod the fish into biting better. Jim Valentine, Waterways Patrolman in Huntingdon County brought up an interesting thought in a recent conversation on February fishing. He feels that fishes like the walleye, pickerel and musky which feed heavily all year long are faced with a shortage of the forage fishes during the winter because these species are semi-dormant now and well hidden and protected among the stones and rocks on the bottom of the deeper pools. With these food fish being in short supply the predators strike hungrily at anything that looks like an easy meal.

Large and smallmouth bass for the most part are also semi-dormant now. Exceptions to this can be found where warm water discharges enter the rivers and at a very few lakes and ponds where these species, contrary to normal behavior can be readily taken on live bait. All warm water discharges are top fishing now.

The Susquehanna, Delaware and the Allegheny all have good open stretches during February where "bragging-size" walleye are taken regularly. My choice for an expedition this month is the Juniata River. From the confluence of the Raystown Branch at Huntingdon and upstream on the branch a distance of about 8 miles as well as downstream on the river to the Mifflin County line, a distance of around 15 miles, is tops for February walleye.

The Commission's access area located on the point of land between the Raystown and the Juniata's shores is as good a place to start as any. Best results over the last few years have been at the heads of deep pools as well as in the pools. Lures of the rapala type, 3½ inches long in the gold scale finish work good. Jigs in solid white and solid yellow are also recommended by the local regulars. Best times of the day are one hour before dark and the one hour after dark. The one hour before sunrise and the one hour after sunrise are also good. Bridge piers and the mouths of tributary streams seem to attract walleye like you'd never believe. These places are always worthy of a few casts. Muskies have been stocked in many of these areas and some are now in the 40 inch class. These regularly bust up a few rods and lines. Use wire leaders when fishing here.

This section of the state is extremely scenic and beautiful. The possibility of seeing a turkey or a deer, even in great numbers, is not remote. Speaking of "picturesque" one of the nicest in the area is Stone Valley Lake. Owned by the Pennsylvania State University this 72 acre lake is near Petersburg and can be reached from routes 26 or 305. This is one of the very few lakes in the state where largemouth bass hit readily through the ice. Big chubs—3 to 4 inches—used as bait and fished in the old stream bed channel at depths of 15 to 18 feet each year take plenty of bass up to 24 inches in length. Trout are also stocked here and up until the closing of the season on February 15 can be taken on conventional winter trout baits.

One other thing, the park has cabins that are available for rent. Contact Ray Oburn, Park Superintendent, R. D. #1 Petersburg, Pa.—Phone 814-667-3424. There are also lots of motels and hotels in the Huntingdon area. For any further information on February fishing in Huntingdon County contact Waterways Patrolman Jim Valentine, Box 112, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652, phone 814-643-0283.
COMING---

WINTER SEASON ENDS

The winter trout and salmon fishing season in lakes 10 acres and over ends February 20 on Pennsylvania's inland waters, however there's still plenty to do. Walleye, bass, muskelunge, northern pike and pickerel are all legal catches until next month. Check your 1970 Fish Laws Summary for limit and length requirements. And for some good information on where to catch them call your district waterways patrolman.

SHOWS

This is the time of year when manufacturers gather to display their products at annual "Sport" "Travel" and "Boat" shows throughout the country. They're interesting to visit and well worth it if you're considering buying a new piece of equipment. See story on page 27 of this issue of your Angler.

TRAVELING FLY FISHERMAN

One of the features you'll find in your coming March issue of the Angler is a series of letters written by Sid Neff, a well-known fly fisherman from western Pennsylvania. The letters were selected and arranged by John F. Busch Jr. who notes "these should give Pennsylvania's fishermen a better perspective."

FISHING SCHOOLS

This month the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's "Fishing Schools" should be in full swing throughout the state. The schools are usually scheduled as three two-hour sessions held one week apart. Conducted by the Commission's knowledgeable waterways patrolmen, the schools should provide some new information for even the most experienced anglers. For time and location in your area contact your district waterways patrolman.

BOATING CLASSES

Like the fishing schools a number of "Boating Pleasure" courses will be offered throughout the Commonwealth within the next few weeks. Sessions are sponsored by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission as well as by the Coast Guard Auxiliary and the U.S. Power Squadrons. If you plan on boating on Pennsylvania waterways this year—even if only in a canoe or rowboat—be sure to attend one of these boating classes. Information is available from the Waterways Division, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120
A GROUP TOURING the Benner Springs Research Station takes a look at the silo from platform at the top of the tank (above) while (below) another visitor watches the fish through one of the ports on the side of the tank. The fish she sees are shown at the bottom of the page.

Roundhouse for Fish

by TOM EGGLER, Editor, Pennsylvania Angler
pictures/KEEN BUSS, Retired Chief, Fisheries Division

AS SCIENCE HAS LED us to the moon, to intercontinental travel at supersonic speeds, and to the murky bottoms of the oceans so it is also leading to what may be new frontiers in the field of fish culture. And the launchpad for some of these new developments in fish culture is located right here in Pennsylvania at the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Benner Spring Research Station near Bellefonte.

One of the newest ideas to be tested at this fish "think center" is the rearing of trout and coho salmon in a vertical silo not unlike the silos used by so many farmers for the storing of food for cattle, although this first fish silo is somewhat smaller in overall dimensions. It's 16 1/2 feet tall, measures 7 1/2 feet wide, and holds 5453 gallons of water. Depending upon water flow through the tank it can and...
The only trouble was that the jars would not hold many adult fish so once the jars had proven their worth the experiment progressed to 50 gallon drums. Again, the fish thrived. The 50 gallon drum became a much used tool for the Benner Spring Researchers, particularly so far as experiments were concerned. Each drum could hold fish from separate experiments. Little space was lost, fish could be easily and readily captured for examination, and feeding proved simple. In fact without the drum system Pennsylvania's coho program might not have been possible. Last year some 300,000 young coho were held this way prior to their transfer and release last spring in tributaries leading into Lake Erie. At present over 200 of the drums are in daily use by the Commission.

Latest in this developing concept of vertical tanks for fish rearing has been the silo.

In one sense of the word it might then be said it just "grew up" says Keen Buss, who recently retired as the Commission's Chief of the Fisheries Division. "We had used the jars successfully for eggs, and the 50 gallon drums for small numbers of adult fish so it was only logical to try the system on a somewhat bigger scale. It may take several years of experiments and changes before we can call it absolutely successful, but at the moment it certainly appears to be working well. The next biggest problem is to find a way to cut its requirements for large amounts of water or continued on next page
Roundhouse for Fish

to develop a method of reusing the same water," he says.

What does the silo mean in terms of future fish management? Since it's still too early to really know all one can do is guess, but a look into the future may provide some insight.

First, as Pennsylvania's and the world's population grows, space and its economical use will become increasingly important. For example many years ago Manhattan's limited surface space forced new construction upward. Its natural harbor had attracted commercial shipping and the Hudson River had provided a "road" inland to many natural resources, but surface space soon became its main problem.

While we can now build cities and transportation systems where we want them, natural geographic features continue to guide development and growth. The topography of many areas surrounding good water supplies has made hatchery construction an impossibility in the past and while the water could perhaps be piped to more suitable locations, costs have made such projects unfeasible.

Secondly the growing costs and difficulty in obtaining manpower and the demand for increased efficiency may mean that conventional hatcheries as we have known them are too expensive to develop and too expensive to operate. But now perhaps, without the need for relatively flat areas and long, level raceways, new and inexpensive hatcheries can be developed. Only time will tell, but it does appear as if the silo concept could well be the answer to a problem that has gone unsolved in the past.

Aside from the uses the silo may have to government agencies responsible for recreational fishing is perhaps an even more important use. It could well affect all mankind in the future.

The nutritional value of fish has supported a number of large societies in the past and, for that matter, still does. With the growing populations of the present and the projected populations of the future, the entire world—not just parts of it as now—may be crying from hunger.

While commercial fishermen may trawl the ocean for food or perhaps in the future even cultivate it there, it would appear as if the silo may provide tomorrow's generations with a new method of methodically and economically producing this nutritional food supply.
FISHING FOR MUSKELLUNGE IN THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" JUST WASN'T THAT GREAT SAYS HOWARD LEVY, A WELL-KNOWN MUSKY FISHERMAN FROM THE NORTHWESTERN PART OF THE STATE. HE PREFERENCES.

MODERN MUSKY FISHING

THIS WILL be a musky story.
It's a true story and it has one definite purpose—to show fishermen of the present how dog-gone lucky they are. Lucky to be living in an era when the National and State governments have come to the realization that fishermen constitute the largest body of sports enthusiasts in the whole wide world; and that in order to continue to warrant this interest, a job must be done. And I, for one, believe that it HAS been done. I believe that our State, for one, realizes that the fishermen's dollar is more widespread and does more local good than do the more limited dollars of any other sports group. Now that the purpose has been established, let's get on with the story.

I was fishing alone on the shores of the Allegheny River below Tidioe one morning early last spring. It was Sunday morning and my fishing buddies had turned a deaf ear to my invitation to go to the river. They were absorbing the lessons of the Good Book under the watchful eyes of their wives.

The weather was not bitter cold as it had been for many weeks. It was in the upper thirties, a very light snow was falling and the river was high, carrying with it at a fairly good clip, broken slabs of shore ice, branches of trees, an occasional white plastic laundry bleach bottle, an assortment of sizes and shapes of boards, part of a worn-thin Christmas tree, and something which at first looked like a small version of the Loch-Ness monster but which turned out to be a partially-inflated inner tube. This was part of the spring cathartic which annually swept clean the shores of the Allegheny to make it ready for the coming season.

My jigging had produced several large red-tail suckers,

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"NOT SINCE 1924 HAD A BIG MUSKELLUNGE MADE SUCH HEADLINES . . . A 59 INCH 'LUNGE WEIGHING 54 POUNDS, 3 OUNCES . . ."

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MODERN MUSKY FISHING

a couple of them weighing seven to eight pounds, and one large carp which fought well—all fifteen pounds of her. I was happy that I could so often hear the frequent buzz as the spinning reel gave out against the drag.

A long cast with a ½ ounce jig took the line about a hundred feet to the tip of an island and as the jig started settling to the bottom and began a rapid drift to the south, I felt the line tighten—too fast, too tight to be the result of the drift.

I snapped the rod upward, set the hook, and was rewarded with the thrilling sight of a musky literally flying out of the water.

They say a dream only lasts seconds; that in a very few seconds whole sequences of events can flash through the human mind. Thoughts can be just as rapid.

As I watched the monofilament line go farther and farther out into mid-river, and then stop as the musky turned and started to swim against the current, my thoughts backed up. Here in slightly more than a week of river fishing, actually not a full week but 4 days to be exact, our group of the Pleasantville 'Raiders,' of which I am proud to be a part even though I live in the nearby Pleasantville suburb of Titusville . . . our group had hooked and landed five muskies, and this one I now had was the sixth! This was hard to believe. My thoughts raced further back into history . . . years and years back to when I first started fishing for muskellunge.

It was a rare occasion then when ONE fish would be caught. About once a summer, the Titusville HERALD would proudly headline a BIG 36" or 38" muskellunge having been caught up Oil Creek near Mystic Park by Andy Behr. One night-fishing expedition on Canadohta Lake (quite a trip in those days) produced a fish that was an awe-inspiring sight. The late Chuck Ropp and Walford Larson had taken the family Franklin car to Canadohta and had put their tent up on the west side of the lake near Nicholson’s landing. They had fished all afternoon from a canoe . . . and by evening, Chuck Ropp decided to hit the sack. Larson couldn’t get to sleep on the hard ground; so he went back to the canoe and started casting hoping that some night-feeding bass would be receptive. The strike nearly tore the rod and reel from his hand, and it made the canoe wobble so much it took expert handling to keep it from upsetting. The reel was a free-spool type . . . no level-wind, no anti-backlash, no star drag. Well, the fight was a spectacular one-man, one-fish battle. And the fish had to be landed without the help of a net or a gaff hook. How Larson did it is lost in the annals of the late 1920s, but we do know this: When they came back to Titusville and opened the rear door of the Franklin, the fish was exactly as long as the car was wide . . . its tail was against one rear door, its head against the other. Yes, this made headlines in the HERALD the next morning. Not since 1924 had a big muskellunge made such headlines. It was in 1924, September 24th to be exact, that Lewis Walker Jr., had hooked and landed a 59" 'Lunge weighing 54 lbs. 3 ounces in Conneaut Lake. And not for another 8 years was another large musky destined to make the news headlines. That’s how scarce and hard-to-get were the senior members of the muskellunge family a couple of decades ago.

Now the musky was heading up-river. This was easy . . . merely keep reeling as fast as my hand would go, keeping the tension on the 7 foot fibre glass rod, and with the star drag set to take care of any gymnastics which might come.

My first experience with a musky was up Oil Creek near Centerville while casting for bass one afternoon in midsummer. All I can recall was a terrific splash; a greenish monster flying from the water and briefly silhouetted against the opposite creek bank, then all my line leaving the free-spool casting reel and SNAP . . . broken off at the knot. I was a fair fisherman; yet it was 3 whole years after that creek experience before I again even SAW a musky, and this time it was in Canada, far from my home grounds.

Yes, back in the 1920s and 1930s and even way up into the 1940s, catching a muskellunge was a rare occasion.
ANYwhere in our section of the country. Trout? Yes! Bass? Sure! And plenty of bluegills and crappies and perch! But muskies? That’s where the men were separated from the boys. You never then heard of a casual fisherman tossing a bait into a lake off a dock, or into a creek or river, and coming up with a prize fish. In those days with the equipment we were all using, you had to be mighty good to fool a musky into striking and you had to be an excellent fisherman and an expert with equipment to land a fighting lunge. We didn’t have large, long-handled nets in those days . . . and if you want to try to catch a will-o-the-wisp, just try to put a gaff under the jaw of a frisky musky.

Now the musky started swimming towards shore . . . down river from where I stood, and each time a table-flat piece of ice floated anywhere near the tight mono line, I got a chill. A sharp edge of ice could snap that line like a razor cutting through thread. It sure wasn’t time yet for the net.

The next mind picture was in this very same spot on the river. The year was 1933. It was a mid-October evening, and with no moon or stars, it was inky black. Sort of like fishing inside a drum. Lawerence Rutten and I were fishing from an old flat bottom boat. Boat did I say? It was more like a scow. Homemade by a fellow down river who rented these floating barges of boards for fifty cents a night. They wouldn’t tip over . . . but that’s all you could say for them. You could row them with oars which seemed to weigh a ton, or you could pole them with a long hickory pole which was furnished along with the boat. All for fifty cents.

We hadn’t had any action though we’d been casting surface baits for an hour.

My casts were becoming mechanical. The rod I was using was made of bamboo and exactly 3 feet long. I called it my crippled-minny rod. You could get beautiful action on a surface plug when fishing a lake where there were lily pads. It wasn’t what I would select today, especially for river fishing.

I must have been lost in thoughts even then, when I felt the plug stop dead . . . then my reel started backwards so fast that I thought I could never stop it. My reel in those days was a Shakespeare IDEAL reel which had a unique feature. The click was snapped on and off by the use of a notched wheel which slightly protruded right where your thumb would be resting . . . and it was much easier to snap the click ON by merely pushing your thumb against it; easier than in later years when the click was installed on the opposite side of the reel to the handles, and which generally necessitated the use of the left hand to engage the click. So as soon as the line started running out that night, I quickly threw on the click. At least this would avoid a back-lash.

I set the hooks, thinking that I had a big, big small-mouth bass on the plug. The fish swung behind the boat . . . and as he heard the reel sing out, Lawrence dropped the heavy stone anchor which kept the boat from drifting with the slow current. I started bringing in line . . . more and more until I realized by the fullness of the line on the reel that the fish must be very close to the boat. I whispered to Lawrence to get his spotlight out . . . and just as he turned it on, I saw, right alongside me, right alongside the edge of the boat, a musky which looked as long as one of the oars. I am quite sure, now that I can more rationally think about it, that it must have been four feet long, maybe longer. The crippled minnow was hanging from its mouth, slightly over the top of the fish’s head . . . and I could see the fins and tail of the lunge moving slowly, just enough to keep even with the current.

Suddenly, as though a switch had been thrown, the fish exploded from the water . . . AND BROTHER! if you’ve never had a big musky jump skyward from the water not 3 feet from where you’re sitting, you’ve never known one of the great experiences of this life! You’re too scared to shake. In fact, it’s all over so soon you don’t even get a chance to shake. The plug sailed up into the black night, and the fish was gone.

I loudly cursed the bad luck at losing what should have been my first big musklunge . . . then a voice came from the blackness ahead. It was old Harry Lyons in his canoe. Harry lived at Trunkeyville and fished the river just about every night of the open season. We hadn’t realized that another fisherman was that close to us. Harry chuckled with what I could detect as some satisfaction that I had lost the fish . . . and he told us that he knew this fish . . . had him on several times, right off the point of Trunkeyville island; but the musky had always been able to throw the hooks. A FISH . . . THE FISH . . . ONE FISH. Not a half dozen muskies! Just ONE musky off the point of that island which had been the object of a fisherman’s nightly quest. THAT was the kind of musky fishing we had in those days.

NOW, what the devil kind of tactic is this? The musky headed down river FAST, taking out line as though I had a Fin Nor ocean reel with a half mile of line on it. Did

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"I SET THE HOOK AND WAS REWARDED WITH THE THRILLING SIGHT OF A MUSKY LITERALLY FLYING OUT OF THE WATER."
THE LONG AWAITED MARTINS CREEK DAM is raising the top of its muddy head out of the lowlands of Northampton County. Such is one way of describing the beginning of one of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission’s new man-made lakes.

Until July, 1969, the future lake site had remained little changed from the first time Fish Commission veteran and professional civil engineer Roy Frank had visited it. That was one rainy summer morning ten years back. He remembered easing “engineering’s” old black Chevy Sedan south over Fox Gap in the green Kittatinny Mountains. Pausing to recheck the map, he then drove eastward on the uneven crown of L. R. 48032 through the rural village of North Bangor. After about a mile the approaching marshy woodland matched former Commissioner Raymond Williams’ descriptions. Pulling over to the left he stopped in a weedy opening bordered with prickly pear and poison ivy. From under the dark dripping leaves a million mosquitoes swarmed out to meet him, and for a few seconds Roy wondered who came to explore whom. He was there to obtain some perspective of the terrain which would aid the eventual preparation of a preliminary topography and boundary line map. From this map a plan of pool size and protective shore areas would be made.

The Commission’s investigation of the future lake location had been made at the request of former Pennsylvania Fish Commissioner, Raymond Williams of East Bangor. Martins Creek lies to the west of the town, but a few miles north it forks east and west into two branches. The East Branch flows through a large, sparsely inhabited swampland. It was in the upper reaches of these which that the Commissioner, local sportsmen and other recre
The first it has built in Northampton County.

The project should greatly contribute to the outdoor recreation assets of the County. Both resident and visiting sportsmen will have free-use (don't forget to buy a Fishing License!) of a new 117 acre lake served by two access areas. Each access area will contain a parking lot for fifty cars, comfort station, boat launching ramp, loading dock, and mooring area. Further, the Fisheries Division biologists believe that Martins Creek Dam will be one of the State's better warm-water fishing spots. The existence of special environmental conditions at that locality should add up to increased fish size. Northampton County sportsmen, by 1973, could set some new State records!
ALTHOUGH YOU WON'T FIND DEALS LIKE THESE ANYMORE, IT'S INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT TACKLE COST ANGLERS NEARLY 100 YEARS AGO.

PRICE LIST

OF

CHALK AND FISHING LINES,
FISHING RODS, TACKLE, ETC.,
MANUFACTURED BY

A. B. Shipley & Son,

MANUFACTURERS AND
MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS OF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC., ETC.

WAREHOUSE,
No. 503 Commerce Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

JUNE 1, 1885.

TERMS, NET CASH,

Subject to draft at sight at end of each month. All Goods ordered by Mail at Purchaser's Risk.

ABOVE ADVERTISEMENT appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper eighty-five years ago and while it doesn't list the cost of items take a look at the prices listed in the other A. B. Shipley & Son ad to the right.
The mainstream of American angling heritage began immediately following the Civil War. Prior to that struggle, few tackle manufacturers existed in America. Pre-Civil War anglers used imported British tackle or custom rods and reels handcrafted in thousands of gunsmith and clockmaker shops throughout the land. In the half century following the Civil War, however, the small shops fell by the wayside and the great American tackle firms gradually appeared. One of the first was A. B. Shipley of Philadelphia.

Established probably about 1865, Shipley was an integrated tackle manufacturer. Products included: rods, reels, lines, artificial flies, spoons and spinners, nets, tackle boxes and bait buckets. Shipley was the sole American jobber for the famed John James fish hooks (manufactured at the Victoria Works, Redditch, England). He was the maker of fine Bethabara fishing rods, as well as one of the early manufacturers of split bamboo fly rods. Shipley was also one of the first outside the State of Kentucky to manufacture the quadruple multiplying (bait casting in modern parlance) reel, as well as a full line of single action fly reels, trolling reels and various types of salt water reels. Awards for excellence of tackle manufacture were granted by Franklin Institute 1874, U. S. Centennial Exhibition 1876, Pennsylvania State Fair 1880, and London Fisheries Exhibition 1884. There can be little doubt that A. B. Shipley was a quality manufacturer.

A. B. Shipley was located at 503 Commerce Street, Philadelphia, for many years. The business was taken over by Malcolm A. Shipley about 1896, at which time a move was made to Market Street. The firm appears to have been one of the first mail order tackle companies, having put out angler's catalogs prior to 1880. Though fresh water tackle was the main line, the Florida salt water trade was eagerly sought. Special "packages" were offered to tarpon fishermen during the winter of 1893 consisting of the following:

1. Bethabara tarpon rod, two joint, celluloid butt, German silver mountings $10.00
2. Tarpon snood w/hand forged hook, each .40
3. Line, 21 thread, 200 yards 3.50
4. Gaff hook, nickel plate, each 1.50

Shipley offered tarpon, bluefish and other special salt water tackle at least as early as 1885.


By about 1905, the Shipley firm disappeared from the records. Whether the business was sold out with the passing of Malcolm Shipley, or simply went bankrupt sometime after the turn of the century, is presently an unanswered question. Research in the Philadelphia tax records and City Directories from around 1900 would probably shed additional light. At any rate, the golden era of the Shipley Company, one of the country's and Pennsylvania's first tackle manufacturers was during the late 1800's.
THOSE UNCONVENTIONAL COHO!

IT WAS MID-SEPTEMBER and a strong northwest wind was whipping across Lake Erie. Most of the fleet of fishing boats off Walnut Creek had headed towards shore but the Pennsylvania Fish Commission’s patrol craft set out to warn stragglers of unsafe seas. A few miles west of Walnut Creek they spotted a lone angler still trolling for coho far offshore. Heaving to within hailing distance, Watercraft Safety Officer Norm Ely used the bullhorn to warn the man to head for shore. He simply kept on fishing, then derisively thumbed his nose at the patrol boat.

A few hours later his boat washed ashore at Godfrey’s Run, capsized but intact except for the loss of fishing tackle and other loose equipment. Luckily, the fisherman managed to make shore along with his boat, wet, scared, but safe and undoubtedly sorry.

On December 17, an Erie angler, John Korowicki, set out for Lake Pleasant, a small, fairly deep, 60-acre trout lake just off Route 8 near Wattsburg in Erie County. Within a few minutes, he caught his limit of three coho salmon on worms. Earlier he had caught a total of 32 salmon since the Commission first transplanted adult coho from Lake Erie tributary streams in early October. Another Erie angler caught between 40 and 50 coho in Lake Pleasant using worms, while countless more fishermen met with equal success in a tiny pond on Presque Isle Peninsula which was stocked with adult coho during the fall spawning migration.

Two events, somewhat separated in time and distance, but strangely similar in an unconventional way—unconventional apparently being the name of the game in Pennsylvania’s first full coho fishing season.

For if the 1969 chapter in the Keystone State’s coho story showed anything, it showed that weather was the determining factor in angling success on Lake Erie. It also showed that coho salmon, surprisingly, go crazy for a lowly earthworm or nitecrawler hung on a single hook and drifted from a bobber two or three feet below the surface although plenty of coho were taken with conventional lures—the wobblers, spinners, spoons, plugs and other assorted shiny things. For a fish that is not supposed to feed once it is sexually mature and has started its upstream journey to spawn and die, Pennsylvania’s coho certainly showed they had not lost the instinctive urge to bite—even if not swallow—a live bait. And that unconventional trait caught most everyone by surprise, including Fish Commission biologists, waterways patrolmen, and public information specialists.

But there was much more to last fall’s story than weather and worms. It started on August 27 when the Commission’s research vessel, PERCA, caught two jack salmon in trawl nets about 6 miles north of Walnut Creek in 50-55 feet of water. The Pennsylvania fin clips showed these were our fish on their way home for their spawning run. Other coho were netted from the PERCA during its daily

by
WILL JOHNS
Conservation-Education Division Chief

pictures
Thad Bukowski

MANY ANGLERS appeared on Lake Erie’s shores with hefty salt water gear when the 1969 coho run began. Many fish were taken this way.
The coho run was on—Pennsylvania's first true spawning migration of the survivors from some 84,500 coho smolts (averaging 7 inches in length) released between April 7 and May 15, 1968 in Lake Erie tributary streams. In addition, some of the young males ("jacks") returning last fall on a false spawning run came from the "Phase Two" release of 235,000 young coho in April, 1969.

No one knows exactly how many coho salmon returned to Pennsylvania tributaries last fall and no one knows the exact number of fish caught by successful sport fishermen, for unlike Pennsylvania big game animals, reporting the trophy is not required. Creel census totals kept by Commission personnel who personally examined coho caught in Lake Erie showed at least 552 fish—32 from anglers fishing off Elk Creek, 178 from Godfrey's Run, 16 at Orchard Beach, 195 from Trout Run, and 131 coming back through the Walnut Creek Station.

It is certain that several thousands of these exciting fish returned in this spawning migration and many were caught by fishermen who took them home before Commission personnel could inspect and tally their trophies. Commission field men estimate they observed only a small percentage of the actual catch.

Center of the action was at the Commission's public access area at the mouth of Walnut Creek, some 3 miles west of downtown Erie. Here Commission personnel kept tally on the number of boats launched and coho caught by both boat and shore fishermen. Under the direction of the Commission's "Coho Patrol"—a team of some 20-25 Waterways Patrolmen, research biologists, and other workers—hundreds of fishermen were able to launch their boats and hundreds of spectators were able to watch the action during peak fishing periods. Most of the action took place on the weekends, although some fishermen were out on almost every morning or evening that conditions permitted.

All too often bad weather acted as the spoil-sport on Lake Erie itself during the coho season and Commission administrative personnel soon realized an effort should be made to increase fishing opportunity elsewhere than on the lake. Calls to coho experts in Michigan indicated live-trapping and transfer of the adult salmon to other waters held little promise and would be somewhat of a gamble—nobody had ever tried it before, but Bob Bielo, Executive Director of the Commission, likes to gamble if there is any chance of improving fishing or boating for Pennsylvanians. Thus the decision was made in mid-September to start transferring the big adult coho from tributary streams...
to other areas where rough waters wouldn't keep fishermen ashore. Some were first transported to Presque Isle Bay, the big water embraced and protected by the peninsula which curls through Lake Erie around the city of Erie and some were caught here, but every indication showed the spawning instinct drew them back to their "home" streams within a few days.

A different story emerged from two other transfer points, however. Some 750 adult coho were netted from Lake Erie tributaries, loaded into tank trucks, and moved to Lake Pleasant, a cold-water body of water in the Allegheny River watershed about 14 miles southeast of the city of Erie. One thing was sure—the fish couldn't possibly swim back to Lake Erie. At least several hundred of the 750 have been caught by anglers using worms, minnows, and perhaps more conventional coho lures; others were being caught as this story was being written in early January. All were in good flesh, free of fungus or other diseases, and full of fight.

The same story held true with about 170 big coho stocked in a small pond, known locally as the "Waterworks Pond," in Presque Isle State Park on the peninsula. The tiny and quite shallow body of water has an outlet to Presque Isle Bay but before releasing the coho, the outlet was blocked so the fish couldn't escape. At first angler success was poor, but within a few days a few sportsmen started using unconventional coho methods. They fished a nightcrawler on a single hook about three feet below a bobber. The fish started hitting almost immediately and, even though they didn't seem intent on swallowing the worm, they did grab it long enough for the fishermen to set the hook. Commission personnel keeping close watch on fishing at this pond reported 45 of the 170 coho were caught by fishermen using the old-fashioned worm method in 2½ days; more were undoubtedly taken later after the survey ended.

Ice and winter's cold grip on Lake Erie have now brought the curtain down on Pennsylvania's coho story for 1969. But coho fishermen never succumb, they just gather around the fireplaces and hot stoves during the long winter nights to reminisce, and perhaps to diagnose, their first attack of coho fever. One thing is for sure—the only cure is more coho fishing next year.

What is the real meaning of it all? Was Pennsylvania's first major coho run a success? Did it prove to be an economic bonanza for those who provide the goods and services required by all fishermen, particularly those who must travel long distances and stay overnight in order to fish?

It is far too early to give complete and impartial answers to those questions. These things, nevertheless, were most certainly learned through our experience with coho salmon in Pennsylvania. . .

- **Thousands of people tried their luck and skill in coho fishing last fall; even more thousands came to watch the spectacle.**

- **It is possible to live-trap and transfer adult coho to other waters during their spawning migration and they will survive in these new, but strange, homes to provide additional fishing excitement.**

- **More access sites and suitable facilities for fishermen and boaters are needed on Lake Erie. They will be difficult to find and very expensive to acquire because almost every available foot of Pennsylvania's 40-mile shoreline is already in private ownership, much of it developed in year-round homes. The Commission is making, and will continue to make, every possible effort to secure public access to the lake but adequate access can only be obtained through a cooperative effort of state, local and private interests.**

- **Coho fishermen, by an overwhelming majority, are sportsmen in every sense of the word. The cooperation, understanding, patience, and respect of the law shown by most of those who fished and boated on Lake Erie last fall was extremely gratifying to all concerned. A few, but very few, anglers and boaters disobeyed the safety warnings or legal restrictions as to fishing in tributary streams, but the number was small. On the lake, despite rough waters during much of the season, there were no drownings and very few close calls. At the access areas and along the tributary streams, there was a high degree of patience by those waiting to launch their boats and there were very few instances of illegal fishing or trapping coho salmon migrating upstream and collecting in pools below the artificial barriers erected by the Commission.**

- **Above all else, Pennsylvania's 1969 coho story was proof positive that Lake Erie, although she may not be entirely well, is still very much alive. No one has really killed Lake Erie yet, although many public and private polluters have tried. Thousands of coho salmon returning home to Pennsylvania's tributary streams last fall, plus thousands more still roaming the depths, growing by inches and pounds on the smelt and other prey species, are now all the more reason to save Lake Erie.**

And as the baseball fans used to say, just wait until next year. In 1970 there will be a second and much larger return of coho to Pennsylvania shores.
CONTEST FOR "EXPERTS"

Recently I heard of a fishing contest that was held in Nova Scotia where 34 "expert" anglers from the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe competed for five days. They never caught a single fish! Of course all good fishermen have good excuses, and the one used was that recent hurricane weather effected the fishing causing the bad luck. I feel that their problem was that they were in the wrong place. Here in Allegheny County we may not have a lot of "experts," but when there is a contest, the fishermen always catch fish.—Waterways Patrolman JAMES R. SMITH (S. Allegheny County).

TOUGH COHO!

While on assignment at Walnut Creek during the coho run, the following incident was told me by Mr. Joseph Ferraro of Erie. Finding Lake Erie too rough for fishing, he decided to try his luck at Lake Pleasant where the Fish Commission had stocked "jacks" taken from the tributary streams of Lake Erie. Using nightcrawlers, he caught an 18 inch coho jack. Having heard that these fish are not capable of feeding, he decided to clean the fish and examine the stomach for any contents. After removing the entrails, heart, etc., he decided to wash the fish and place it in his car. When the fish was put in the water, it gave a lurch—escaping from his grasp and began to swim away. He got his landing net and went out on a pier hoping the fish would come to the surface so he could retrieve it. It continued to swim in a normal fashion and he watched it for four or five minutes as he walked the length of the pier, which was about 40 feet. The last he saw of it, it was still swimming in a normal fashion and vanished into deep water. Mr. Ferraro doubts that anyone will ever believe him, but he swears this actually happened.—FRANK KULIKOSKY Assistant Supervisor (Region 4).

NO FEATHERS, NO FISH

On the opening day of duck season while on patrol I noticed a gentleman both hunting and fishing on the Juniata River. Before long three ducks flew upstream and he began blasting away. My only thought as I turned away was hope that he was a little more skillful in placing his lures than he was at lead-throwing because those ducks must have been about 500 feet away and he never ruffled a feather.—Waterways Patrolman RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin-Juniata Counties).

THE "FEVER"

I don't believe that I have ever seen a city that had fishing fever like the City of Erie did last fall. Waterways Patrolman Ambrose and I spent two weeks there during the month of October on "coho patrol." It made no difference where you went or what business establishment we went into, we were asked about the coho. Everyone sure had "coho fever."—Waterways Patrolman STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron County).

SECRET BAIT!

While on special assignment at Erie during the coho run I checked a fisherman with three coho. While doing so several other fishermen gathered around. I asked the fisherman what he had used for bait. He did not reply. I asked again—still no reply, but as he walked toward his car he motioned for me to follow. I walked over to him and he said "I caught these fish on worms, but please don't tell anybody."—Waterways Patrolman JAMES F. DONAHUE (Jefferson County).

MISSING PICTURES

At a recent meeting of the Friendly Sportsman Club of Olyphant a club member, Jim McGinty, told me that when he received his first copy of the Angler sold to him by SWP Rebar he only received half of the book. But upon further investigation he found that his daughter had to have pictures for her kindergarten class so his wife had cut all the pictures of the trophy fish out of the book!—Waterways Patrolman ROBERT E. FASCHING (Lackawanna County).

continued on next page
WATERLOGGED BUT WISER

Recently while returning to headquarters late one evening, my route of travel took me along the Conodoguinet Creek. Upon approaching a bridge I spotted a car parked and lights in the stream below. I pulled along the highway and watched two men with a dip net and another item which I could not see well enough to identify. Believing that an illegal device was being used to take fish I waited for the two men to leave the stream and return to their vehicle. As I waited it began to rain. My raincoat was in the trunk of my car; I didn’t want to leave my observation point along the stream to return to the car for it, as I was sure I had two violators. After a period of heavy downpour the two men finally returned to the bank of the stream and the owner of the car went to the trunk and placed a burlap sack in the vehicle. I waited for his partner to climb up the creek bank and after hearing some choice words and stones rolling into the water, the partner appeared with the fifteen foot device. As I stepped from the brush I found that to my amazement the device was an extension ladder and the two were catching pigeons roosting under the bridge piers. I drove off somewhat waterlogged with a lesson that all lights in a stream at night do not belong to illegal fishermen.—Waterways Patrolman PERRY D. HEATH (Cumberland and Perry Counties).

CONFIRMED WINTER FISHERMAN

Mr. Milton Shaw of Ridgway, Penna., is now a confirmed winter trout fisherman. After bagging his buck on the third day of deer season last year he announced to his wife that he was going trout fishing. Of course she thought he was ready for the “funny house,” but he proved her wrong. Milt returned from his first trip to the Ridgway Reservoir with a 16”, a 17” and an 18” rainbow trout. The largest trout he had caught previous to this trip was a 14½” brown trout at the Kinzua Dam. Milt has a smile on his face every time I see him. He also subscribed to the Pennsylvania Angler for three years to learn more about fishing in the Keystone State.—Waterways Patrolman BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk County).

COMFORTABLE ICE FISHING!

While watching ice fishermen on Lake Wallenpaupack last winter, I saw a car with two snowmobiles on a trailer pull up along the road and two fishermen got out. They unloaded their snowmobiles, two tobogans and an amazing amount of other supplies which they proceeded to load on the tobogans. It reminded me of an artic expedition I had seen on television. When they reached a spot about two miles up the lake, they set up a tent, a table and chairs, a large charcoal burner and then set their tip-ups. I wasn’t close enough to observe whether they had bunk beds or not.—Waterways Patrolman JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike and Wayne Counties).
McKeesport—Senior Citizens

ENJOY FIRST ANNUAL CONTEST

by SUSAN M. PAJAK

WITHIN A FISHERMAN'S cast of the hot steel mills in the bustling city of McKeesport (Allegheny County), quaint and delicate Lake Emilie stretches relaxingly under the sun. Necklaced with stately trees cool, serene Lake Emilie is situated cozily within the grounds of Renziehausen Park.

"Renzie" Park is a pretty park and little Lake Emilie within it presents a challenge to many fishermen. So why not go fishing and accept the challenge?

That's exactly what a group of men did decide to do—but instead of planning a day of fun and relaxation for themselves they planned the day for the senior citizens of the McKeesport area.

And what a grand day it was on Sunday September 21.

The contest began at 1:00 P.M. with opening remarks from McKeesport Councilman Julius Lenart, who spearheaded the contest along with McKeesport Recreation Coordinator Les Toth, District Waterways Patrolman James Smith, Special Waterways Patrolman Don Hoffman, and Allegheny County Deputy Game Protector George McDonald.

Carp and catfish had been stocked prior to the event and with the announcement that trophies and money prizes would be awarded for various catches the anglers were more than anxious to begin.

The rules for the contest were set up under state regulations concerning size, limits, and devices. All participating anglers had to carry a current fishing license.

The attractive trophies were donated by the city of McKeesport, Department of Parks and Recreation, which is headed by Mr. Lenart. A special $10.00 money prize was donated by a Mr. Joseph Paynwick, who amusingly stated that "no one ever gets a prize for the smallest fish caught!"

And a tag bearing the words "$25.00 BOND"—generously donated by Mr. Edward Danisik of McKeesport—was attached to one very large channel catfish. Other awards included trophies for the first fish, the most fish, and the biggest fish caught.

Mr. A. E. Balfiore, 65, of Port Vue copped the trophy for the first fish caught while Mr. Alvin Widany, 71, of Greensock, took home the trophy for the most fish caught.

Mr. Joseph Paynwick, 69, of Duquesne, happily accepted a trophy for the biggest fish taken and Mr. Ben Fulop, 69, of McKeesport, smilingly pocketed a money prize for the smallest fish taken. However, Mr. Fulop and Mr. Balfiore had to split the $10.00 prize for the smallest fish caught as each had taken a 7½" brown bullhead. A special $5.00 prize was awarded to Mr. Joseph Paynwick for catching a fish at a given time which was 1:45 P.M.

The contest ended at 5:00 P.M. It was a very good day. Said Waterways Patrolman Smith: "There was good will shown throughout the day. This contest let a lot of our senior citizens know they are still thought about."
FLY TYING

by Chauncey K. Lively

A Fly for the "SPECIAL BOX"

LIKE MOST FISHERMEN I carry many more fly patterns than I would expect to find use for on any given fishing trip. I've run afoul of the emergence tables too many times to limit myself to carrying only Sulphurs and Bumblebees on the weekend of May 27 at Skooby-Dooby Run. Understand, I'm not knocking emergence tables. I think they're a great aid to the serious angler. But the fine angler-entomologists who compiled the tables will be the first to tell you that they are intended as a general guide and that emergence dates of specific insects can vary from year to year according to location, weather and water conditions. So, in my chest kit I carry quite a few flies to cover expected situations from April to November. Then there's the "Special Box," a smaller box I carry in a jacket pocket with odd flies to take care (hopefully) of the unexpected. But as every fisherman knows, one learns to expect the unexpected and the flies in the Special Box have had more than casual use.

Some years ago, in late May and early June, a particularly pretty mayfly began to catch our attention on several favorite streams. The dun had lemon-yellow wings, a brilliant orange body, two tails barred like wood duck and amber legs with tan bars. I talked with several knowledgeable fishermen about this fly and most had seen it, although it was not sufficiently known to warrant a common name. Later identified as Stenonema interpunctatum, the fly was usually referred to simply as "the orange-bodied mayfly." We had never seen more than a few specimens on the water at a given time but I was so taken with the beauty of the insect that I tied a few dry fly representations for the Special Box.

Memorial Day weekend of the following year found us on Penn's Creek for what we hoped would be the peak of the Green Drake hatch. The hatch was late, due to cold weather, and we had to find our fishing to lesser insects. One evening I was fishing a large pool below Poe Paddy when a few interpunctatum duns began to emerge. Within minutes the air was literally filled with the yellow-winged flies and the trout were rising furiously. Out came the Special Box, to the leader was knotted the orange-bodied dry and we were in business. Nine fat browns were caught and released that evening before the hatch ended and I was feeling a little giddy at having just the right fly for a totally unexpected hatch. I haven't since seen an emergence of interpunctatum like that evening on Penn's but we still see a few every year and the trout like them. I've used the artificial many times on some of our mountain streams, when no insects were showing, and it works fine as an attractor fly.

The dry fly we are going to tie this month represents the orange-bodied mayfly, making use of hair wings and parachute hackle. The parachute style of hackling radiates the hackle fibres laterally in a horizontal plane rather than in the vertical plane typical of the conventional dry. On the water the position of the hackle fibres more accurately simulates the legs of the natural. By positioning the wings (around which the hackle will be wound) further back from the eye than usual, the parachute hackle balances the fly on the water without the need of tail support. (Did you ever see a mayfly dun ride the water with its setae resting in the surface film?) Relieved of the support requirement, the tails may be curved upward in the natural position and made of materials to more nearly resemble the tails of the insect.

Hair wings were popularized by Lee Wulff and are extremely durable. Our pattern will call for hair from a calf tail, sometimes designated by suppliers as Kip or Impala. This hair is readily available in several dyed or natural colors and is fine for dries because it retains its mass after repeated soakings.

In tying the hair-wing parachute pattern we abandon the classical relationships of hackle length, wing height and tail length to hook size. Instead we use a hook one size smaller than a conventional pattern imitating the same natural would indicate. Thus we'll use a #18 instead of a #14 hook, the wings and tails will be 1/2 times the length of the hook shank and the hackle fibres about as long as 1/2 the wing height. What we'll wind up with is a fly the size of the natural but with a little less steel.

The tying method shown in the photographs may be used to modify most standard fly patterns. All that's required is a substitution of materials and a size smaller hook. The interpunctatum pattern isn't a day-in, day-out fly for very many. But I've found that the appearance of the natural is so distinctive that it's difficult to find an easy substitute in a conventional dry. That's why the artificial has earned a compartment of its own in the Special Box.
Tying The Hair-Wing Parachute Dry

1. Clamp a size #16 dry fly hook in the vise and bind fine yellow tying thread to hook behind eye. Half-hitch thread at a point about 3/4 the distance from eye to bend.

2. For wings cut a small bunch (kitchen match thickness) of yellow-dyed calf tail hair and pull out short hairs from butts. Tie hair tips forward, to top of shank with several firm turns of thread and half-hitch. Wings should be about 1 1/2 times the length of hook shank.

3. Pull hair upright and take several turns of thread around base of wings. Base windings should cover about 3/8". Trim away hair butts behind wings.

4. Divide hair with bodkin needle and take one turn of thread around base of each wing to hold in position. Half-hitch behind wings.

5. Select a good cream or honey hackle, preferably with an amber cast, with fibres about 3/4 as long as wing height. Remove weby fibres near base. Position hackle stem over wing windings and snug behind base windings, with hackle pointing directly away from tyer, glossy side up. Secure hackle with figure 8 turns, pull stem forward along hook and bind in front of wings with two or three turns.

6. Trim off excess hackle stem and spiral thread back to bend. For tails select two fibres from a barred wood duck breast feather and tie in, allowing tail length to be 1 1/2 times length of hook shank. Take a turn or two of thread under base of tails to angle tails upward in natural position.

7. For body dubbing pick some yellowish-orange angora yarn from the skein and apply sparingly to tying thread with finger tips. Wind dubbed thread forward in close turns, take two turns in front of wings and half-hitch.

8. Grasp tip of hackle with hackle pliers and wind hackle in clockwise direction around base windings of wings. Keep turns of hackle close together and make last turn next to hook. Allow hackle tip to hang under weight of pliers.


10. To finish, cut away a few hackle fibres in front of wings, leaving an open V. This facilitates tying leader to fly.
**TOURNAMENT WINNERS**

MANY GOOD catches were again reported at the Pennsylvania Fishing Tournament held at Tidioute in mid-October. Fishing in the designated area of the Allegheny River between Kinzua Dam and the Hunter Station Bridge below Tionesta anglers brought back a number of big fish.

Winner this year was New Castle fisherman Bob Scully. His total was 60 points awarded for 1 musky, 12 walleyes and 2 bass he caught.

Other winners shown are Bob Divido of Nanty Glo, Dick Saduski of Breckenridge, Scully! Ralph Santucci of Clarksville and George Job of Warren.

by ED GRAY

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**Conservancy Purchases Erie County Bog**

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONSERVANCY has announced the purchase of an area known as Wattsburg Bog in Erie County. The Bog, a remnant of a glacial lake, contains a great variety of exceptional botanical attractions and many native orchids.

Bogs have become increasingly rare natural phenomena in western Pennsylvania because of farming or mining drainage. These practices have destroyed the original natural beauty of numerous bog areas. Once drained, the typical bog plants, such as orchids, pitcher plants, sundew and calla lilies, do not usually grow there again.

The importance of bog areas is more than botanical. Bogs preserve records of glacial times and provide unusual research opportunities. Pennsylvania bogs provide plant and animal relationship study conditions which ordinarily would be found in the muskeg area of Canada and the northern mid-west.

Western Pennsylvania Conservancy is a private citizen's conservation organization, centered in Pittsburgh with more than 8,400 dues-paying members. In addition to land acquisition activities, the Conservancy conducts educational programs in various phases of conservation and natural history.

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**OLD MAGAZINES SOUGHT**

AN ARDENT Pennsylvania Angler reader would like to complete his set of magazines. Needed are a number of copies, many from several years ago. Any readers wishing to dispose of back issues, particularly those listed, may send them directly to: D. Thomas Eggler, Editor, Pennsylvania Angler, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

Following is a list of copies currently being sought:

MODERN MUSKY FISHING

"... the jig pulled easily from its mouth where a slit had been torn... how quick it could have thrown the hook."

continued from page 11

it know there were only three hundred feet of monofilament twelve pound test line available?

I knew the end of the line was coming so the only thing to do was to run. Run a race with that fish... hold the rod high enough to miss the branches and twigs lining the river shore, then run as fast as heavy boots and heavy socks and heavy jacket would allow... run like mad down that muddy, slippery river shore... until the fish stopped its flight. The musky stopped its run smoothly. Mine wasn't so smooth on the stop. I put on the brakes, slid right smack onto my back with a slimy thud (what's a slimy thud?) trying to hold the rod high enough to keep it from being broken... yet with enough tension to keep the fish from throwing the jig.

The line was now loose and it was with unnecessary fear that I spun the reel handles to take out the slack... unnecessary fear, for when the line came tight I still felt action; though now it was not fast action. The fish was tiring.

My net... where was it? About two hundred feet back up river; so when I had enough line gathered on the spool to offer protection against another quick run, I retraced my steps, more slowly this time, more cautiously, back to where the net was lying.

My mind again went back, now that I had the musky under control. Back to the time when the heavy restocking of the lakes and rivers was just starting... when there was official frowning on the expensive raising of muskellunge. Expensive? Sure... because a tiny musky starts his life with a champagne appetite. He's not interested in the ground-up dog-food type of fare accepted and relished by trout. The tiny musky needs live food from the time it's old enough to say DaDa. It starts out by gorging itself on Daphnia... and not just any kind. No sir... Pink Daphnia, yet, is the formula. Gray Daphnia? Phooey.

Then the newly hatched fry of carp and other rough fish... and finally, minnows... minnows by the tens of thousands. Think I'm kidding? Take some time and talk with the boys at the Union City hatchery. Let your mouth fall open when you find out that fifty thousand muskellunge fingerlings will eat up a quarter of a million minnows a day if you want to feed them that many... IF you can find that many. They REQUIRE at least a hundred thousand minnows a day just so that when the fish pediatrician checks their weight, he won't shake his head and say "The little fellows are under weight!"

So you can see why the musky raising and stocking program was frowned upon by those men who didn't have a billion dollars to spend. You can see now that the muskellunge, when it finally became six to ten years old, became a coveted prize. If you landed ONE a season, Lucky. One strike, lost, in a season? Possibly. No sight of a musky all season? Probably.

Yet now, we sort of take it for granted that we'll at least have a couple of follow-ups every time we go out... even though we could be considered fishing SCHNOOKS (that's vernacular for novice). Yes, we fishermen... we musky fishermen, are mighty lucky these days; provided we can develop a smidgeon of know-how; a modicum of skill and have a pinch of luck tossed in for flavor.

Now it was close enough to see its white and green underbelly, its dark-striped sides, its flat and ugly head, its piercing eyes.

The rod held high... the net under water... slowly—slowly... NOW UP... and the fish was trapped, all thirty nine inches of spring steel.

Flipped up onto the sloping bank, the jig pulled easily from its mouth where a slit had been torn... slipped out so easily that you could see how quickly it could have thrown the hook. A final and last look of approval... silent applause for a good fight, then a nudge of my foot which slid the musky back into the river. It rested for a brief moment, not quite sure it was free. Then a swish of its powerful tail sent it back into the murky oblivion of the Allegheny.

I smiled as I dug a rag from my hunting jacket pocket and started to wipe off the mud, plastered all over my pants and coat... picked off a few burrs... then took off my jacket to better clean the back of it where I had made my home-run-type slide a few minutes ago. I looked at the left shoulder where a proud emblem had been sewed a few weeks before (my wife said that the state should make these Husky Musky club shoulder patches less stiff... easier to sew)... and way down deep I was glad. Glad to think that these days I could actually feel good when throwing a prize fish back, knowing full well that on another day, on another fishing trip to the river... not too far into the future, I could again be sure of matching wits with this King of the River... the Muskellunge.
Awarded Trophy—

THE JAMES A. REILLY memorial trophy for largest trout caught by member in 1969 is awarded to Robert W. Deardorff of Harrisburg. In photo are Dr. J. Wesley Plowman, president, Harry Shuller, Sr., chairman, and winner Deardorff. (photo by John Plowman)

MR. ROBERT W. DEARDORFF, Harrisburg, has been awarded the second annual Big Fish Trophy by associates of the Whistle Pig Fishing Club. This year's trophy was presented in honor of James A. Reilly, originator of the award and a club member for many years until his death. The Whistle Pig Fishing Club is one of the oldest trout fishing clubs of its kind in North America.

FIND THE FISH

IN THE CHART BELOW appear the answers to the puzzle which appears on the rear cover of this issue of the Angler. Consider yourself an "expert" if you found at least 24 of the 25 species in the allotted time. You're "first rate" if you found 22; "good" if you found 20; "average" if you found 18; and "poor" if you came up with 15. If you found less than 15 of the 25 species you not only need a subscription to the Angler but to extend it if you're already a subscriber. You should also have a copy of the new edition of "Pennsylvania Fishes," the 32 page color booklet that shows all 25 species (as well as others). It's available for just 50¢ by writing "Pennsylvania Fishes," Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120!

Yellow Breeches Anglers Club Dedicate Co-op Nursery

MEMBERS of the Yellow Breeches Anglers and Conservation Association of Boiling Springs in Cumberland County have dedicated their cooperative nursery.

In ceremonies held during the fall the group dedicated the site as the Alma Lee Thornton Trout Nursery in honor of the late wife of the property owner. Use of the site located on Lutztown Run was donated to the club by Mr. Thornton.

Speakers included club president Don Steinour, Judge Robert Lee Jacobs, Judge of the Superior Court, and Charles Wise who was mayor of Carlisle until his recent death. The Rev. DeWitt L. Myers Jr. of the First United Church of Christ of Carlisle gave the invocation.

The club is currently rearing between 22,000 and 25,000 brook, brown and rainbow trout at the site where two 200 foot raceways and a clubhouse have been built.

Snowmobiles Banned on Commission Lakes

HARRISBURG—The Pennsylvania Fish Commission reminds sportsmen that the use of any mechanically propelled vehicle, such as snowmobiles, is prohibited on lakes owned or controlled by the Commission. A total of 44 lakes or ponds are involved.

The regulation against snowmobiling is a safety measure designed to protect both snowmobilers and fishermen fishing on Commission owned and controlled lakes. Lakes often are treacherous for snowmobiling due to high speed and heavy weight of the machines.

A REVIEW—

Modern ABC's

The Modern ABC's of Fresh Water Fishing was written by John Crowe, who has been catching fish in Pennsylvania waters since 1928. And he writes about the fundamentals of fishing, successfully, even on holidays and weekend ends in crowded waters.

An advanced fisherman will find interesting suggestions in the book. It details a specialized type of fishing developed by Crowe—the late season working of artificial representations of terrestrial insects such as the beetle and the grasshopper. The May fly has been studied as well as other insects trout feed on from mid-June to season's end.

A feature of Modern ABC's not to be found in other books is a series of length-weight tables for the popular game fish species.

A biologist for 15 years, an English professor for 25 years, and an outdoor writer all the while, Crowe answers many questions fishermen ask.

Employes Retire

TWO LONG TERM EMPLOYEES of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission have recently retired and another has resigned to accept a top post with a national organization.

Gordon L. Trembley, 64, Assistant Executive Director for Fisheries, has retired after 23 years of service with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Trembley, who resides in State College, joined the Commission as a research technician on September 14, 1946. He was promoted to head the Commission’s research program in 1955, became Chief Aquatic Biologist in 1956, and was named Assistant Executive Director January 25, 1965. A native of Naples, New York, Trembley earned a B.S. degree in biology from Hobart College in 1931 and later did graduate work in fishery science at Cornell University. He was assistant professor of fisheries at Pennsylvania State University from 1936-1946, is a member of the American Fisheries Society, and past president of the Society Northeast Division. He is a member of Sigma Xi, National Science fraternity.

Also retiring recently was John Lockhart, a Commission employee at the Upper Spring Creek hatchery. Lockhart, who lives in Bellefonte, joined the Commission in April of 1934. He worked mainly with bass and is credited with developing a method for inducing bass to accept artificial food. An active fisherman and hunter, he is a member of Post 867 of the American Legion in Pleasant Gap. He belongs to the Presbyterian Church.

Keen Buss, 51, chief of the Commission’s Division of Fisheries since it was formed in 1967, has resigned to accept a top post with a national organization specializing in the production of fish protein. Buss who resides in Boalsburg, joined the Commission in June 1951 as a research technician. A native of Easton, he earned a B.A. degree in biology from Pennsylvania State University in 1951, and has done graduate work at the same institution. He is a past president of the Northeast Division, American Fisheries Society.

The Commission has named Arthur D. Bradford, Pleasant Gap, as acting chief of the Fisheries Division to replace Buss. Bradford, 49, is presently serving as assistant chief of the Division in charge of research and management. A native of Forksville, Sullivan County, he joined the Commission as pathologist in May 1942, and was promoted to assistant chief, Division of Fisheries in 1967. He graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1942 with a B.S. degree in microbiology and has earned graduate credits for his doctoral degree from the same university. A member of the American Fisheries Society, he is presently serving as president of the Society’s Central Penn Chapter.

SPORTS/BOAT SHOWS

PENNSYLVANIA SPORTSMEN will have several opportunities this month to take a look at what’s new in fishing, hunting, boating and camping equipment. Boat and sports shows are scheduled for Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Allentown, and Pittsburgh. Included in the shows will be many equipment displays. Prospective purchasers of new boating, fishing, hunting or camping equipment should find plenty of opportunities to inspect many different makes of equipment.

First on the schedule is the Philadelphia Sports Show at Convention Hall January 31 through February 8, beginning on February 4 the Philadelphia Boat Show opens at the Civic Center. It continues through February 23. On February 8 the Harrisburg Sports show opens at the Farm Show Building. It runs through February 14. The Pittsburgh Boat and Travel Show opens February 7 and continues through February 15 while the West Penn Sports Show opens in Pittsburgh February 25 and lasts until March 1. Both are held at the Civic Center. In Allentown the Annual Sports Show is open at the Fair Grounds on February 14 through the 22.
RECALLING LAST SUMMER

ABOUT THIS TIME EVERY YEAR, Mr. Groundhog invariably assures us that at least six more weeks of winter can be expected. This never does much to raise the spirits of those who are really weary of snow and ice and are looking forward to the green, green days of spring.

Now is the time for the family to gather in the cozy living room to recall happy memories of a particularly enjoyable camping trip from the previous summer, or to make special plans for next summer's vacation. Such pleasant thoughts can do much to wipe out "end-of-the-winter" blues.

Last August we spent a particularly relaxing and enjoyable week at a fine well-kept private campground located along the shore-line of the upper Susquehanna River. Riviera Campsites is in central Pennsylvania three miles east of the borough of Jersey Shore and only 11 miles from the city of Williamsport. The entrance sign is along Rt. 220, just east of the junction of Rt. 287 from the north.

Riviera has approximately 40 campsites, well-spaced and in a variety of settings to appeal to both tenters and trailers.

We chose a spacious secluded campsite along Larry's Creek, a pleasant trout stream which empties into the Susquehanna River right at the campground.

We had quite an audience as we unloaded the car and prepared to erect our yellow canvas "home-away-from-home." A group of 16 ducks eyed the proceedings, waiting somewhat impatiently for us to clear up these minor details and to bring out the food.

Our table was right at the top of the sloping creek bank overlooking the bubbling stream. The ducks, obviously spoiled by previous campers, were not the least bit hesitant to come up the bank to our table, and to accept bread crumbs right from the boys' hands. When they were finally convinced that no more tidbits were forthcoming, they swam off, but returned at least twice daily the rest of the week.

In the evenings a chorus of tree frogs entertained us. One little fellow had a home in the base of a huge maple tree near our campfire. He sat at his entrance watching us most of the day, venturing out each night to join in the singing.

The creek was ideal for wading and in a few spots even deep enough for the boys to swim a little right in front of the tent. We could fish in the creek in front of the camp or in the wide Susquehanna. The river offers fine fishing with walleye, smallmouth bass, as well as carp, suckers, blue gills and crappie.

The campground has a sanded swimming beach as well as boat launching on the Susquehanna. Rowboats may be rented by the hour or by the day.

Clean pit toilets are provided. Camping fees compare favorably with state park rates. Many of the sites are wired for electricity at a slightly increased fee.

The Youngs, owners of the campground, plan to build a showerhouse in the near future with hot showers and flush toilet facilities. At the present time, showers are available at a slight charge in the basement of a house located adjacent to the campground.

Swings and a ball field provide further entertainment for the young ones, when they tire of swimming and fishing.

Informal church services are held outdoors during the summer months. Jersey Shore offers a variety of stores in which to browse.

Perhaps you will be curious, as we were, why a town in central Pennsylvania acquired the name Jersey Shore. It seems that the north bank of the Susquehanna River was originally settled by two gentlemen who had migrated from New Jersey. Irish families on the south shore of the river would refer to the opposite shore as the Jersey Shore. The name stuck and when the town was incorporated, it was adopted as the official name.

Little League baseball was first organized in Williamsport, 11 miles east of the campground. The World Series of Little League ball is played here annually each autumn. Susquehanna State Park with bathing beaches and boat launching is located right in the city of Williamsport. It is the only river front recreational area constructed and maintained by the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters.

At Lock Haven, 16 miles west of the campsite, is Piper Aircraft, home of the famous Piper Cub airplane and a lot of bigger Piper airplanes too. Tours are conducted at least twice daily during the tourist season.

Hyner Run State Park, north of Jersey Shore on Hyner Run Road, off Route 44, offers an outstanding view of the Susquehanna River valley. Originally constructed as a Civilian Conservation Corps Camp, Hyner Run has a picnic area, swimming pool and bathhouse.

South of Jersey Shore, approximately ten miles on Route 880, is Ravensburg State Park. A small, not heavily used campground, it has 35 sites. It is a pretty wooded area with a small three-acre lake where fishing is permitted.
A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN FROM FISHERMEN

NEW CASTLE angler Frank Turner holds what well may be the state's heaviest largemouth bass. It weighed 11 lbs., measured 26 in. and was taken on a Rapala from the Lawrence County Sportsmen's club pond.

NANTICOKE fisherman Matthew Waite, 12, holds a 20 in., 5 lb., 2 oz. largemouth bass he caught on a white popper from Chamberlain Lake in Wyoming County.

CARL CAMPBELL of Eldred caught this 40 in., 18 lb. musky while fishing the Allegheny River two miles north of Eldred. It took a Rebel lure.

SELINSGROVE angler Ernest Kreis caught this big largemouth bass while fishing Middle Creek Lake in Snyder County. It measured 24½ ins.; weighed 8 lbs., 2 ozs. and took a Flatfish lure.

ABE HORNER of Boothwyn took this nice limit of trout last opening day while fishing Bald Eagle Creek in Centre County. In his catch was a 17 in. Palamino! All were caught on worms.

THOMAS J. KIPEL of Dallas landed 19 in., 3 lb. brown trout while fishing Bowmans Creek in Wyoming County. He was using spinning gear and nightcrawlers when he caught it.
A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN • FROM FISHERMEN

BILL CHAPLA of Old Forge, appearing in Fish Tales again, shows four bullheads caught at Loomis Lake, Susquehanna County. They measured 14-15 ins. All took nightcrawlers.

DAVID MILLER of Harrisburg holds 27 in., 5 lb. chain pickerel he caught Memorial Day while fishing Promised Land State Park. Bait used not listed.

ANGLER A. G. Crites of Handman holds 23½ in., 7¾ lb. largemouth bass he caught while fishing the Youghiogheny Reservoir.

BILL CHAPLA of Old Forge, appearing in Fish Tales again, shows four bullheads caught at Loomis Lake, Susquehanna County. They measured 14-15 ins. All took nightcrawlers.

ANGLER Jim Newman (left) holds 28½ inch carp he took at Willow Bay of the Kinzua Dam in McKean County on a nightcrawler while Brian Baden of Gibsonia (center) holds 16 in., 2 lb. largemouth he took on a nightcrawler in Butler County. Mrs. Smith of Scranton (right) landed 21 in., 3½ lb. carp from Lehigh River last June.

MORE COHO from Lake Erie are held by John Nausalis of Indiana who landed this pair. Measured 22 and 25 ins., and weighed 3 lbs., 10 ozs. and 5 lbs., 10 ozs.

MRS. LYLE MCDONNEL of Conneaut Lake holds three walleye she entered in the Linesville Fishing Contest. They totaled 9 lbs. and took a “Flatfish.”

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AMBLER ANGLER John Fluck landed 34¾ in., 17½ lb. musky from the Perkiomen Creek in Montgomery County. Bait used not listed.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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PYMATUNING LAKE produced 24 in., 5 lb. walleye for Ken Decker of Pitcairn (above) while 14-year-old John Mitchell of Latrobe (right) holds 21 in., 4 lb. largemouth from St. Vincent Lake.

ANGLER Charles Bissell of Mechanicsburg (left) holds 27¼ in., 8 lb. channel catfish from the Susquehanna River near Wormleysburg while 27¼ in., 8 lb. walleye caught by John Wesnicky of Altoona is held by his son (right).

RALPH FRETTS of Scottsdale (left) holds 34½ in. musky he caught—location and bait not listed—while Sunbury angler Charles Yeager (right) holds 20¼ in. smallmouth he caught on a minnow from the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County.

MICHAEL GARMON, 13, of Ellwood City holds 30¾ in., 6 lb northern he took on a golden shiner at the Shenango Reservoir in Mercer County.

FISH TALES PICTURES
Anglers submitting pictures with Pennsylvania Angler Citation applications or with Musky Musky Club applications do not also have to send additional photographs to the Fish Tales section of the magazine. Pictures submitted with these applications automatically are included in the Fish Tales photo files.

ICE fishermen Chris Onuska, John Monroe, Rick Rusnak and Arnold Pomeroy with some catches they made at Brady's Lake last winter. (Right) Mary Lou Ildo holds a 21½ in. smallmouth bass caught by her dad John at Tionesta Dam in Forest County.

YORK SPRINGS angler John Rodker, 14 (left) holds 15½ in. catfish he caught at Pinehot State Park on a nightcrawler while Michael Ayvillion of New Croeville (right) holds a nice bass he caught while fishing the Susquehanna River in Wyoming County.
CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By BILL PORTER

LANCASTER COUNTY

FOR THE PAST YEAR this page has examined sportsmen’s clubs participating in the cooperative nursery program. In the next issues there will be a slight change of pace—Casting with the Co-ops will look at a whole county. What better place to start than with the hard working Pennsylvania Dutchmen of Lancaster County?

The Lancaster region supports five cooperative nursery projects with the Lititz Sportsmen’s Association being the parent club, starting their nursery in 1956. Penn Dutch Sportsmen and Northeastern Lancaster County Rod and Gun Club followed in 1961. The Donegal Fish and Conservation Association entered the picture in 1967 and the Adamstown Rod and Gun Club started in 1969. Let’s take a brief look at each of these clubs.

First the senior nursery—the Lititz Sportsmen have been producing four to six thousand legal trout per year for a number of years. Plans call for enlarging their facilities with the original site still being the major nursery. Property owner Bill Fry, Sr., contributed the site with a good spring near Lititz. He and his son have participated actively in the nursery project to the point where the senior member of the family received a plaque of appreciation from the club the other year. Lower Hammer Creek, Siglock Creek, Shearer’s Run, Middle Creek and an improved Lititz Spring receive the club’s fish. Bob Koch, Phil McCloud, Jack Lange, Floyd Haby and John Martin represent some of the officers and feeders most active in the project.

From the Lititz club, time moves on to the Northeastern Lancaster County Rod and Gun Club with about an eight year history of rearing some of the finest brook trout in the state. A unique feature of one of this club’s nurseries is that it is located in the foundation of an old farm house on the Harry Burkholder property. A cold, clear spring flows out of the abandoned spring house and the stone foundation makes an ideal impoundment for the fish. Growth is excellent to the point where one year old fish appear to be two year olds. A second site nearby is used for holdover fish and rearing pens. The end product is some excellent fishing in Lancaster County serviced by the Northeastern sportsmen. Martin Buckwalter and Herst Styer have been a couple of prime movers in the project.

Matching Northeastern’s history is Penn Dutch Sportsmen with two of three sites on the Nolts’ farms. The main effort is centered on brook trout on the farm of Melvin S. Nolt where about 2,000 fish are reared each year. Nolt and his young hired hand, Elmer Ringler, take an active part in feeding and maintaining records on the trout. About 700 two-year-old browns are being carefully handled on the senior Nolt’s farm. All of these fish regularly become a part of the Lancaster public fishing scene. Supervision of the nursery project is done by Elmer Hoover and Irvin Weaver, members of the club’s fish committee.

Getting started in 1967, the Donegal Fish and Conservation Association is next in line. Where emphasis had been on brook trout for the clubs listed above, the Donegal sportsmen turned to brown trout—about 2,000 a year. The nursery, located on the Ezra Engle property at his courtesy, is in a beautiful pastoral setting. The source of excellent water is from an old stone spring house and the resulting brook flows down through a shaded hillside. The trout grow well and receive attention from Ezra, his hired boy, Dennie Williams, as well as club members under the direction of Ken Depoe, president. Again Lancaster fishermen benefit from this cooperative effort.

The newest member of the cooperative team is the Adamstown Rod and Gun Club, working with about 2,000 fingerling rainbows in 1969. The club is unique in the sense that it has its own lake which is open to the general public with no strings attached. Some cooperative fish are used in the lake; others are stocked in Muddy Creek. The club purchases about $5,000 worth of additional trout for the lake and public fishing in addition to what they raise. John Slate presides over the club with an active fish committee including Aaron Wenger, Richard Werner, Leon Stork and Earl Brindle.

LITITZ SPORTSMEN’S ASSOCIATION members gather before the club’s sign marking cooperative project in first picture. From left to right they are: Jack Lange, Floyd Haby, Bill Fry Jr., Bill Fry Sr., Philip McCloud, and John Martin. In the second photo Melvin S. Molt feeds trout reared on his farm by the Penn Dutch Sportsmen while District Waterways Patrolman Sam Hall watches. In the third picture Richard Werner and Hall check co-op project operated by the Adamstown Rod and Gun Club, newest of the clubs. And finally in the photo on the far right Herst Steyer, Martin Buckwalter, and Hall look over the facilities of the Northeastern Lancaster County Rod and Gun Club on the Harry Burkholder property.
FROM C. M. T., BUTLER:

“What regulations does the state have regarding toilets on larger boats; are they legal or not?”

—At present, there are a number of different sets of regulations, depending on the body of water in question. Most state-owned dams and lakes, and nearly all small bodies of water have local regulations prohibiting the use of toilets which discharge wastes overboard. Many of the federal flood control dams, and all of the navigable waters (Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio rivers, Lake Erie, etc.) are not specifically restricted however one section of this motor boat law can apply (see Editors Note). Legislation now before Congress would authorize the U. S. Coast Guard to test and recommend suitable sewage treatment devices for all vessels, after which they would be required on navigable waters. Pennsylvania has wisely refrained from passing any premature laws in this area, as some other states have done. For really effective control of what is really a very minor source of pollution, the regulations must be uniform and practical, and we are certain that the eventual rules developed by the Coast Guard will be adequate.

EDITOR’S NOTE:
The Pennsylvania Waterways Patrolmen do have considerable authority under Section 11(a) of the Motor Boat Law and Regulation 4.25 which was issued pursuant and thereto. This Regulation reads, “No person shall dump, deposit, place, throw, spill, or leave refuse, trash, rubbish, debris, filthy or odoriferous objects or substances, oil, or gasoline on any waterways or the shorelines of any waterways of the Commonwealth.” This Regulation can be, and has been, invoked to require the sealing off of heads aboard vessels in small, closed bodies of water.

FROM C. W. S., RENOVO:

“Would it be practical to partition off a part of the hull of my 12-foot aluminum skiff for a live bait tank, drilling a few holes in the bottom for water circulation?”

—We would not recommend such a radical alteration, aside from the difficulty of making a watertight fit of the tank you suggest. A better method of achieving the same end would be to install a removable tank, completely separate from the hull. If you want automatic water circulation, clamp a piece of tubing on the side of the boat with an elbow facing forward and a hose to the tank. The motion of the boat will force water up the tube and into your tank. A second hose drain over the side or through a fitting in the hull above the water line will keep the water in the tank at the desired level.

FROM J. J. F., GETTYSBURG:

“What is the state doing about the water skiers who make life miserable for every boater and fishermen with their idiotic buzzing around?”

—Water skiing in crowded areas does cause problems, but we think ‘idiotic’ is perhaps a bit strong. The Boating Advisory Board is currently considering recommending the establishment of designated water skiing areas in certain locations where boating is heaviest. Under the existing law, the Fish Commission is empowered to set aside specific areas for water skiing, and prohibit the sport on other portions of a given water body. This may solve the problem, particularly on the most congested lakes and dams, but courtesy and cooperation, plus a measure of tolerance for the other fellows’ idea of fun, will always be necessary.

EDITOR’S NOTE:
At the 22 September meeting of the Boating Advisory Board an Ad Hoc committee was appointed to study all problems associated with water skiing on Pennsylvania waters, and to make recommendations for revision of present regulations. This committee held its first meeting on 24 November and will be meeting with interested groups throughout the State.

FROM E. B. J., GREENSBURG:

“Recently I saw a newspaper classified ad for a used boat that was ‘Coast Guard Approved.’ Does the U. S. Coast Guard really give approvals for pleasure boats?”

—Not in a million years. We have seen this kind of advertising before, and it always refers to a Coast Guard Auxiliary decal on the boat. This merely indicates that a civilian member of the Auxiliary has examined the boat, and that, in his opinion, it was properly equipped. The decal has no other significance, and does not constitute any sort of approval or recommendation by the Coast Guard.

FROM O. V. H., PITTSBURGH:

“Why don’t you write a warning to the boaters who keep getting in the way of my float plane on the rivers?”

—You are the one in need of the warning. Although the Western Rivers Rules of the Road are silent on the subject, the International Rules do cover this situation, and would be applied. We quote from Rule 20(c) “A seaplane on the water shall, in general, keep well clear of all vessels and avoid impeding their navigation. In circumstances, however, where risk of collision exists, she shall comply with these Rules (of the Road).”

“HOW ABOUT ONE MORE FOR THE RIVER!”
In the chart to the left are the names of 35 species of fish found in Pennsylvania's waters. The names may read up, down, forward, backward, or diagonally. Can you find them? Accept the challenge! Draw a line through each species as you locate them. Limit yourself to half an hour.

A completed chart appears on page 26 of this issue of the Angler. When your time is up turn back to it to see how you rate.

By the way if you've found trying to solve this mindbreaker a problem perhaps you should join the growing group of people subscribing to the Pennsylvania Angler. It's easy—just fill out the blank below and return to us with your check or money order!

Had no trouble completing it? You've probably already one of our many readers.

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