Angler

the Keystone State's Official FISHING·BOATING Magazine...

40c
Single Copy
LEGISLATIVE CRACKDOWN —

Although Mount St. Helens and Three Mile Island are more dramatic and catch the public attention, very little focus has been drawn, except in a few local instances, to hazardous waste. Unless you live close to Love Canal, New York, or watch “60 Minutes,” you are not subjected to the kind of public outcry that eventually draws people like Jane Fonda out of the woodwork to protest a much more dangerous situation than volcanoes and one nuclear accident.

The chemical industry produced some 35 million tons of hazardous waste in 1979 alone, and with few tough regulations covering the disposal of these materials balanced against the health hazards, we feel that these wastes affect millions of persons now and those affected will increase manyfold in the near future. We do not think that the Environmental Protection Agency is doing an adequate job, for one reason or another, to protect the public against toxic wastes.

There are probably close to 100 thousand hazardous waste dumpsites in the country now, and only 30 to 50 thousand of these are known to federal and state governments. Illegal dumpsites exist in many places, usually not known. No attempt was made to even keep track of the hazardous wastes or the dumpsites until 1976 under the Federal Resource Conservation and Recovery Act. Materials like Kepone and Mirex that had been manufactured legally by the Nease Chemical Company in State College, but disposed of in an unsatisfactory manner, have kept anglers from enjoying trout fishing on the legendary Spring Creek in Centre County for almost three years. Certainly, pesticide residues are the most persistent and troublesome chemicals, but solvents and heavy metals are other examples of problem chemicals. The adverse health effects on people and animals have already been demonstrated at the Love Canal, and in Louisiana and Iowa.

Pennsylvania’s General Assembly, in a statesmanlike posture, passed House Bill 1840 on July 1, 1980 by a slim margin. This amends the Solid Waste Management Act, but actually establishes a Pennsylvania Hazardous Waste Facilities Plan and calls for the development of an inventory of the nature and quantity of hazardous waste, both generated and disposed of within the Commonwealth, projects these quantities over the next 20 years, and provides a mechanism to establish hazardous waste facility sites. Our hats are off to the House and Senate who carried this legislation through to fruition and we look forward to stringent implementation.

The chemical industry needs a conscience — they develop more goodies than they know what to do with, and the volume and nature of these products is frightening. The world is growing smaller day by day, and there are very few places left to hide from the effects of man’s greed and ignorance.

The only course left is to take care of this planet on which we depend far better than we are doing now.

Ralph W. Abele
Executive Director
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FRONT COVER
Photographer Raymond Meloy captured the beauty of a Keystone Lake sunset for this month's front cover — a great time to be fishing.

BACK COVER
Water snakes have been accused of all sorts of predation — some true, some otherwise — but who would have believed a catfish?
Photograph by Bill Pennewill

MONTHLY COLUMNS
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James F. Yoder, Editor
GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!

As a catfish myself, I would like to thank Mr. Leo A. Bressler for his recent article (March '80 issue of the Angler) "A Fish Is A Fish Is A Fish." I, too, hate being called "Mud Cat" and my neighbor, "Alvin Carpis," certainly isn't "trash."

Please don't cut me down. It's hard enough living on a diet of a couple of crayfish a day (which is all I can find some days in these garbage-strewn waters). Those "gamefish" as you "fishermen" call them, don't realize just how lucky they really are.

All I ask is for you anglers to give me and/or some of my fish buddies a chance at doing battle. You just might like the results!

LONG JOHN CATFISH
Chartiers Creek
Houston, Pa.

LOVES TO FISH!

After reading "A Fish is a Fish is a Fish" by Leo A. Bressler in the March edition of your magazine, I immediately agreed. All fish should be treated equally. Sure, people like to catch trout and bass more than carp and catfish, but you just can't ignore them. Most people (like me) would just get the biggest kick out of catching any fish. I mean I love to fish and I'm after anything that will swallow or bite my hook.

TOM OLCZAK
New Brighton

ATTABOY, Tom, we're with you... and "Long John"... and Leo.     Ed.

UNEXPECTED TROPHY —

My husband, Dean, and I enjoy your magazine very much. We especially took interest in your February issue by Dave Wolf on the "Valley of Poe." We have an experience we would like to share with you about Poe Valley Dam.

It was a chilly weekend and, being dry fly and nymph fishermen, we hadn't any luck fishing on Penns Creek. So, we decided to rent a boat and try our luck on Poe Valley Dam. We fished quite a while when suddenly something attacked my husband's lure. It was big and we couldn't see what kind of fish it was till we got it in the boat. It was a chain pickerel weighing close to five pounds and measuring 24 inches in length. It was a trophy fish winning my husband an award from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. We are presently having it mounted.

I just wanted to share our fun with you and to let you know that Poe Valley is a beautiful place to camp and enjoy nature. Thank you.

PAULA WOLFE
Trevorton

"KNOWS THE PLACE"

I looked back at the September 1979 Pennsylvania Angler and I turned to page 27 and read the story "Falling for Pickerel." My father owns a place where the man was talking about. We knew that he was somewhere near Shohola Falls trails end where we go camping and that's the lake we fish in. I'm eleven-years-old and I'm a young girl. I love to fish.

DENISE BARNABA
Upper Darby

FROM CALIFORNIA —

I have received a gift subscription of the Angler last year from a friend, G. Croiter from Benton, Pennsylvania and now I am renewing the same for three more years.

I left Pennsylvania a few years ago and sorta forgot of all the lakes, ponds, and creeks in the Pocono Mountains and Bucks County that I have been to; and believe me, it sure is a pleasure to read again and see all the pictures of all the places I have been fishing and bring back great memories.

I look forward each month to receiving the Angler and treasure each copy. Thank you and keep up the good work.

JOHN SEBESIAN
Canoga Park, California

"PERFECT RECORD"

A long time ago I saw the enclosed insect table in a sports magazine. It came handy to use during trout season. Perhaps your readers will find it handy also. Use it if you see fit to.

I'm 67 years old now and last year bought a lifetime license. This ended a perfect record. No fishing license was ever missed from the time I was a young fellow and had to purchase one. Keep up the information in your magazine and let's have an increase on the size limit of bass.

JOHN A. MINNICH
Lyndell

Thank you, John, but we didn't print the table because of the possibility of copyright infringement. Most magazines are copyrighted and, since you didn't give us the source, we could not use it.     Ed.

TRUE? SO HE SAYS!

I have a fishing story I just have to tell. My brother, Jim, brother, Gene, cousin, Forrest, and I went fishing at Harveys Lake the first day of bass fishing in 1979. We fished all night from shore and caught some nice 12- to 17-inch bass all night. Well, we moved the car down the lake, and the only spot open to park was one foot from the water's edge. At 7:00 in the morning my cousin called me and said he...
had a big one on his pole. I ran down... we had no net. I laid my belly on the dock and bent down to “lip” the bass. I got the fish and it was nice, about 6 to 7 pounds. My cousin asked for it and I said, “come off the dock away from the water and you can have your fish.” Well, he came to the car and I gave him the fish. We all got together and were looking at the fish. It was nice for the wall. My two brothers went back to fishing and I went to the trunk of my car for bait. My cousin put his fish on the hood of the car to measure it. He said, “Do you have a measuring tape to measure the fish?” I said, “Yes.” Well, you guessed it. He left the fish on the hood and the fish flopped in the water. My cousin jumped in, but the fish was gone. He did get one thing: “Leaky Boots!” That is a true fishing story.

THOMAS KLINE
Wilkes-Barre

“K.B.C. FUND”

Thanks for the “Potter County Trout Fishing.” Great! Could read 1000 pages of that history.

Also, I read the “Kinzua Boatout — Cookout Fund” is down to $.48. If I had the address of one Don Parrish, I might be able to bring that up to $.50 or maybe a whole $1.00. Thank you again.

CLAYTON HOWARD
Rockville, Md.

Waterways Patrolman Don Parrish can be reached at P.O. Box L, Mt. Jewett, PA 16740. At this writing, much to Don’s surprise, he has already received contributions toward another trip for the senior citizens of his area. Ed.

SHARING —

I just sat down with the May issue of the Angler and read two letters of fellow anglers who have questions; so, thought I might be able to help him out.

First, Mr. Nemec on his question about giving old worms new flavoring. Place the worms in a worm-proof container (zip lock sandwich bags work well) and add about 2 teaspoons of oil of Anise (available in spice racks of most larger supermarkets). Allow the worms to soak over night and they will be ready to fish the next day. This also works to camouflage gas and motor oil odors on plugs. You can also try other flavorings as oil of peppermint or any of the sweeter flavorings since fish are reputed to have a sweet tooth. Just be sure to pick an “oil of...” flavoring.

Next, to Mr. Long of Allentown, there is one company that offers a free catalogue and has replacement nets, net kits for “do-it-yourselfers” and lots of other “goodies.” They are:

Net Craft Inc.
Box 5510
Toledo, Ohio 45246

Hope this info helps because to some of us fishing ought to be an open book to be shared instead of some dark secret taken to the grave with us.

T. E. SNOOK
Dover

MORE HELP —

I would like to help Harry Long, Jr., from Allentown, in his inquiry on info on how to get replacements of new mesh for his launching nets (in May issue of the Angler).

I have never seen any literature on how to make nets to fit an existing frame in regards to the exact amount of loops and length, shaped to your own satisfaction. I make landing nets and also knit the bags for them.

The art of net knitting is almost a lost art. I learned it many years ago and keep doing it so I won’t forget it.

I don’t see how anybody could write the directions for making a net bag so that someone else could follow them. A person almost has to be shown how to do it.

So tell Harry to call me. maybe I can help him out somehow.

WARREN WOLFE
515 N. 8th Street
Seligsongrove, Pa. 17870
717-374-6924

MORE... 

In answer to Mr. Harry Long, Jr., of Allentown, and his quest for net making literature, write to:

The Netcraft Company
2800 Tremainsville Road
Toledo, Ohio 43613

Ask for their latest free catalog. Pages 4 thru 8 deal exclusively in net making kits and supplies. They offer a 72 page book — “Make Nets — Here’s How” for $1.50.

Netcraft asks for a minimum order of $4.00, so get the catalog first. I’m sure you’ll want some of their net making supplies which include Ringway fixtures, Twin Bar fixtures, all types of cord for the nets, floats, shuttles, mesh gauges and much more.

The rest of the catalog (173 pages) deals with fishing, hunting, trapping, boating and camping gear. Well worth the price of a stamp!

Glad I could help. Keep up the great magazine. I enjoy every page, every issue.

I believe your boating editor retired last year. I hope that doesn’t mean the end of the boating column.

ED MEDERSKI, SR.
West Seneca, N.Y.

MORE... 

Rec: Harry Long, Jr.’s search for a net making manual (Leaky Boots, May 1980)

Herter’s Inc., Route 1, Waseca, MN 56093 sells such a manual for $1.19. Stock # A410133. There’s also a delivery charge of $1.25 on orders up to $5.00.

BRYAN RINGO
Canton, N.Y. 13617

MORE... 

In your May issue of Pennsylvania Angler, under Leaky Boots monthly mail, you have an item — “Needs Net Info.”

If you will advise Mr. Harry Long, Jr., of the following I’m sure he can obtain what he wants. Tell him to order item A410133, Professional Net Making Manual, from Herter’s Inc., Route 1 Waseca, MN. 56093

It is listed in the catalog at $1.19 and the postage on any order up to $5.00 is $1.25. I would advise him of this myself, but, he did not give an address and his phone is unlisted.

Thank you for taking care of this and thank you for a very wonderful magazine.

For clean streams and good fishing, I remain,

CLIFTON B. ZIEGENHEIN
Reading

AND STILL MORE!

In reply to Harry Long Jr.’s request in the May 1980 issue of the Pennsylvania Angler for publications covering net construction, there is an excellent book covering all aspects of tackle linking and construction called Tackle Craft by C. Boyd Pfeiffer. It’s available from Crown Publishing, Inc., One Park Avenue, New York, New York, 10016, for the modest price of $5.95.

Fellow angler,
KEN MAREK
Denville, N.J.

We’ve printed the foregoing sampling of replies received in response to Harry Long’s request. Additionally, we bundled up a couple dozen similar responses and forwarded them to him. Harry said he was “completely flabbergasted” by the response he received. “Many thanks to you and the (continued on page 25.)
Waterside Wanderings

by Linda Steiner

There was humor in the voice at the other end of the line, yet I could tell it was also tensely worried.

"I wonder if you could come down and have a look at the strange things in the pond," my friend said. "The kids are afraid to swim in it; they don't know if it will hurt them." There was a nervous laugh. "It looks like a monster." (A monster in a farm pond?) "There are big, jellylike blobs all over the bottom of the pond, like something out of a science fiction movie: 'The Blob That Ate the World.'" (C'mon now!)

I had a good idea of what it was even before I saw it, so I couldn't resist a little fun. My friend is an avid coon hunter, so I told him it was "coontail," and that it would eat the tail off any raccoon in the area that got near the pond. Actually coontail is a harmless aquatic weed and certainly not the big globules he was describing. But when there wasn't the expected laugh on the other end, only a confused silence, I decided I had better go see his "monsters," and put his fears to rest.

Sure enough, in the small pool near the house were dozens of gelatinous balls under the water. Some emerged from the bottom mud, while others clung to sunken logs and even a drain pipe. They were from golfball size to bigger than basketballs, and certainly as weird looking as he'd said. We managed to get one of the largest ashore and it split open to disclose a clear "jelly" inside, while the outer surface was marked with blotches of brownish tan. My friend had never noticed them in the pond before, and that fit the creature, suddenly appearing where it had been unknown, its population exploding when it found conditions to its liking.

When I told him it was, in fact, an animal, he looked even more skeptical, especially after the coontail story. Passive and harmless, the blobs were unusual colonies of animals, called bryozoans or moss animals. Bryozoans are common in saltwater, but only a little over a dozen types can be found in the freshwaters of North America, which includes the "jelly balls."

Midsummer is the time when these interesting animals are at the height of their growing season and when the largest colonies may be seen. Each of the balls is a group of thousands of tiny, individual animal units, called "zooids." Magnification would be needed to see the separate, branching individuals which were gathered in the tan blotches on the blobs. Each zooid is surmounted by a circle of tiny, waving tentacles that sweep food particles into the mouth opening at the circle's center. Minute bits of microscopic plants and animals and pieces of decaying matter, plentiful in the organically rich waters it prefers, nourish the zooids. One would expect these stationary growths to be plants, but their eating habits definitely mark them as animals.

Through the summer, the gelatinous balls in the pond got bigger and bigger by producing buds after each generation of short-lived zooids died. What may have started as a single colony became many, when some of the zooids produced sex cells and larvae were born that swam away from the parent and attached themselves to the pond bottom or some submerged object to start new growths.

Although the huge colonies won't survive the winter, my friend could probably expect moss animals again next year. In the fall, bryozoans produce winter buds, called statoblasts, which are very hardy and
can survive until spring, or even for several years until conditions are favorable to produce new colonies. Moss animals prefer clean, relatively still water, with dim light, and that was exactly what they found in the farm pond. The production of statoblasts is an odd thing for an animal, being reminiscent of plant seeds.

When the colony breaks apart in autumn, the statoblasts are released. These “animal seeds” are disc-shaped and protected by chitin, the same substance that gives beetles and stonefly nymphs hard shells. Some types of statoblasts, including those of Pectinatella, the bryozoan that produces the gelatin balls, are ringed with hooks that can latch onto just about anything in the water. If that happened to be a bird’s foot or fish, it might travel. A heron that stopped by might have brought the first statoblast to my friend’s pond, and it could just be that errant traveler that he owed the “blob explosion.”

Not all moss animals that you may see are in ball form. Many colonies might be mistaken for a covering of gelatinous green “moss,” a slimy brown “algae” or some other plant. Some bryozoan colonies may cover submerged debris with their branching growth or spread a jellylike mantle over the pond floor. What you may have thought was a soft, waving “growth” on the underside of waterlogged sticks could have been a type of moss animal. Some bryozoans can create a gelatinous, whitish overlay on lily pads or a pale, delicate tracery on rocks.

From my friend’s description of the objects as soft blobs, before I had even seen them I had ruled out another type of colonial animal that is occasionally seen in our waters and is also sessile. Like moss animals, most sponges are marine, but a few small types can be found in freshwater lakes and streams. These, too, would have reached the peak of their growth in July and August and, like the bryozoans, live only one season, spreading their colonies by means of swimming larvae. They produce their own type of winter “seeds,” known as gemmules, that will form new sponges in the spring.

Sponges also attach themselves to underwater objects and may grow to encrust twigs and rocks in colonies that range in size from little patches to large lobe and may vary in color from dull tans and browns to red and even bright green, due to an algae living in the sponge. They may experience “population explosions” like the moss animals when conditions are just right, spreading over large underwater areas and becoming noticeable where they had never been before.

The sponge does not have the soft, jellylike consistency of the moss animals, but rather its multi-pored tissues are strengthened and supported by spicules, small rods of silica. Although its foods are basically the same as the bryozoan’s, the sponge's method of “eating” is a bit more complicated.

In the surface of the sponge are many tiny openings, through which water and minute food material pass. This mixture is channeled into the “flagellate cells,” equipped with tiny, whip-like projections, which trap the food. The water then travels to the central cavity of the sponge and out one of the larger openings on the ends of one of the lobes. There are no real predators of the sponge, although some insects and worms may live inside it for protection or derive nourishment from it.

Many anglers may have fished among tiny flying insects that are unique in their dependence on the freshwater sponge for survival. These are spongilla flies, which are closely related to and resemble the familiar green lacewing seen in gardens. A spongilla fly is usually dull grayish or yellowish brown, with long antennae and two pairs of veined wings held caddislike over its body. In part of its life cycle, the larva must seek out a sponge on which to live and feed, inserting a special mouthpart into the sponge to extract nourishing juices. This lazy larva lets the sponge do the work of finding and processing food.

Although neither sponges nor moss animals seem to play an integral part in the life scheme of the waters, except to the spongilla fly, they are unusual and interesting, but seldom noticed unless you are faced with an “invasion,” like my friend. In their less gigantic proportions, they might go unseen unless you know what you’re looking for — and now you know.
MEALS
from the
CREEL
by Margaret Karch Zaimes

Today's smartly designed, brightly colored tackle boxes contain more compartments than most fishermen have lures to fill them. These durable plastic boxes have pushed the old wooden and metal boxes into the pile of collectibles fishermen accumulate and are reluctant to discard — like a teenage diary, full of memories.

Years ago, Charley devoted the major portion of one vacation to designing and constructing his own wooden tackle box. In fact he spent so much time sawing, planing, sanding and varnishing, he didn't have much time to go fishing. There he was with the mighty Hudson in the front yard and some of the best trout and bass waters in New York state lapping at the garden gate — and he was more interested in brass hinges.

His affection for that old tackle box is similar to his love for a hat he misplaced many years ago. A battered old Pork Pie stuck full of old fish hooks, streamers, and perfumed with "Fishnel Number 5." Every year he searches the garage for that old hat and routinely accuses me of "throwing it out." (I didn't, but wish I had since he deems me guilty of relegating it to the garbage can!) No self-respecting garbage collector would have transported it to the town incinerator.

Fortunately, the loss of his favorite hat did not affect his angling ability. He discovered that bass fishing was as productive in the sultry month of August as in the earlier part of summer.

Bass are cagey critters and seek the deep cold water pools of lakes and ponds during the heat of the day, to surface and feed in the shallows during the early morning and evening hours. Call it the witching hour, if you like — it is the hour when the female dragonfly or "darning needle" skims low over the shallows to drop her eggs or to literally gobble her weight in mosquitoes.

The dobsonfly, the real-life pattern for today's deer hair bug, sweeps at a slower pace while dropping her eggs...
and becomes a prime target for every hungry bass in the area.

August is not only a good fishing month, it is also the month our garden produces an abundance of fresh vegetables. I combine them with steamed or poached fish to make quick and easy hot weather salads.

2 cups cooked and flaked freshwater fish
2 tbsp finely chopped green pepper
1 cucumber, chopped fine
1 tbsp finely snipped chives
1 tbsp finely snipped parsley
salt and pepper
French dressing

Toss together fish flakes, green pepper, cucumber, chives and parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Add enough French dressing to lightly coat the mixture. Chill for at least a half hour to allow flavors to blend.

Line individual salad bowls with lettuce and place a mound of fish salad in the center. Surround with 4 tomato wedges. This will make 4 servings.

The following salad is not only appealing but delicious when stuffed into a hollowed tomato and garnished with a pimiento-stuffed olive.

2 cups flaked cooked fish
2 cups shredded lettuce
1/2 rib of celery, finely chopped
1 spring onion, chopped fine
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 tsp mustard
1/4 tsp dry oregano
4 or 5 drops Worcestershire

Toss together the fish flakes, lettuce, celery and chopped onion. Mix seasonings with mayonnaise and combine with other ingredients.

Stuff tomatoes with salad mix and garnish with an olive. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Any meal cooked and served outdoors on a hot summer day will always taste better. The following recipe is one Charley and I make on the charcoal grill in individual portions.

4 large carrots
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 tsp corn starch
juice of 1 lime
salt and pepper
4 strips of lean bacon

Slice carrots into 1/4-inch-thick rounds. Dissolve bouillon in enough hot water to cover carrots. Cook carrots until almost cooked but still crisp. Remove carrots from liquid and reserve.

Cook liquid down to about 1 cup. Mix lime juice with corn starch and slowly stir into hot liquid. Continue stirring and cooking over low heat until sauce thickens. Fold carrots into sauce and spread over bottom of disposable foil pan.

Salt and pepper filets and lay over the carrots. Top with bacon strips.

Bake in 375° oven until fish flakes easily. Use sauce to baste at intervals while baking.

Baking time will vary, depending on thickness of filets.

The new molded plastic tackle boxes make attractive outdoor snack servers. Fill the bottom compartment with chipped ice and the lure tray with a variety of sliced vegetables. Easy to carry along on a Sunday afternoon picnic.

I don't recommend removing the fishing lures — instead, add a new, color-coordinated, separate box to your picnic service.
The sun setting behind the big red barn cast an eerie shadow on the water as I made my first cast. The hair-bodied bug had just settled on the water, near a group of cattails when it disappeared in an explosive swirl. The fly rod took a healthy bend as the hook was set, a largemouth bass of about three pounds burst into the air. After several powerful runs and gill rattling jumps, I led it to the net. Carefully the hook was removed and the bass returned to the water. This same action would be repeated many times throughout the year and within a few miles of home.

This did not take place at one of the big lakes we read so much about, but happened in a smaller one, located in my neighborhood. There are hundreds of these small farm and community ponds, located just a short drive from everyone. The ponds may be as small as half an acre or consist of several, but you can bet most contain fish.

Bass and bluegills will be found in most ponds but some may contain other species. You may find catfish, perch, crappies, pike or trout in local ponds. All are gamefish and some may have reached bragging size.

These small lakes have something to offer fishermen, for they can be fished with all types of tackle. The cane pole angler, using bait and bobber, to the fly fisherman, can take fish in a pond. This does not mean pond fishing is easy, it takes work to perfect skills as in all productive fishing.

Ponds are not only good places to fish but they are great for testing the action of a new lure or to sharpen up your casting skills. They are one of the best places to teach that new angler in the family the arts and sportsmanship of fishing. Here, in peace and quiet your youngster can learn while catching fish.

Before we get into the fishing of ponds, there are some things we just consider. Most of these ponds are on private property and you must have the owner’s permission to fish. Once this has been granted, your conduct while there will determine how long and often you may use the pond. Carless acts such as littering, leaving gates open, taking others without asking and not offering to share your catch may terminate your invitation.

Now let’s look at the best ways to fish a pond and what baits to use.
slated before, bass and bluegills are the predominate fish found in ponds, so we will deal with catching them. We will look at the baits, lures and flies found productive in most areas.

Both bass and bluegills will take live baits, but those used for bluegills must be smaller. Both fish will take worms, crickets, grasshoppers, hellgrammites, crayfish and minnows. The smaller baits for bluegills should be used on size 10 to 12 hooks and sizes 6 to 8 for bass. All can be fished with cane pole or spinning tackle. You may prefer to use a bobber or the bait can be fished on the bottom. Round plastic bobbers three-quarters to one inch work best.

When using lures we have found that the same type used in larger lakes work well. It is better if they are a size or two smaller. This does not mean that the fish are smaller but that pond bass prefer smaller lures.

A small assortment in an easy-to-carry box is all that is needed for pond fishing. Three or four spinners such as Mepps in sizes 1 and 2, 4, and 6-inch plastic worms in blue, black, red, white and purple, a couple shallow-running lures such as Rebels in 3-inch sizes and a few assorted poppers are all that is needed. These I like to use with an ultralight spinning rod and four-pound-test line.

The reason so few lures are needed is that there are several ways each can be used. All too often, fishermen change lures, when merely changing the method in which they retrieve the one they are presently using would do the job.

You retrieve spinners in three different ways: slowly along the bottom, faster so they run shallow and with a high speed to keep them on the surface. A slow retrieve lets the spinner sink to the deep areas of the pond. When fishing the shoreline, reel a little faster, this keeps it from becoming fouled in grasses and the spinner looks like a baitfish darting for safety. The second way to fish a plastic is to swim it across the surface like a swimming snake. This method works well when fishing around cattails or lily pads. Some anglers say to set the hook at the time of strike, but I prefer to let the fish run with a plastic worm. Let it go until it stops to swallow the worm, then take up the slack and set the hook.

The minnowlike, shallow-running lures are good producers in ponds. They can be cast along the shoreline of a pond and retrieved slowly. If this does not work, cast them out to deeper water and retrieve faster so they will run deeper. An occasional twitch of the rod tip will sometimes give the lure the added action needed to produce a strike.

The best way to work a minnow lure early or late in the day is to imitate an injured minnow. This is done by casting the lure along the shore or over shallows, let it lie on the surface for a few seconds. The retrieve is slow, moving it only a few inches at a time. This is done by twitching the rod tip a couple times, so that the lure dives under and returns to the surface. Repeat the process until you get a strike or fully retrieve the lure.

The reason for working the shoreline is that this is where the bass feed. You can sometimes locate a feeding bass by the swirl, then cast directly to the spot.

When fishing a pond for the first time, you may wonder where to cast. Walk quietly along the bank and look for bright depressions about the size of dinner plates, these are bluegill spawning beds. There will be a group of beds and you will most likely see some bluegills, for they spawn several times a year. You can easily catch the bluegills on the beds and there are usually a few bass near, waiting for a careless bluegill.

Other spots to look for fish are near any type of shade. This can be tree limbs, brush, the overflow pipe, a pier or diving board. All ponds have areas where the fish like to feed, if you catch a bass near, waiting for a careless bluegill.

In case you are wondering what happened to the poppers, we saved the larger ones with spinning tackle but I prefer the limber stick. The smaller

(continued on page 12)
Early that spring, Herodias, a great blue heron, had felt the migratory call to leave the sequestered and unnamed cay in the Gulf of Mexico. She and a dozen other great blues had enjoyed another luxurious winter feasting on the fish, snakes, frogs and other amphibians in the shallows about the tiny jungle island. Herons, unlike songbirds, mature slowly. Herodias would soon be three years old; she would be mature and have her first nest and family. She towered almost four feet tall and had a wingspread of over five feet. Her gray-blue neck was long, slender, and carried a gleaming white head armed with a powerfully keenly sharp yellow beak that balanced a jet black, rearward-pointing crest. Her body was small, well-muscled, and balanced on long, tireless legs. Had she been a male heron, the coloration would have been almost the same.

The heron family is a big one with species ranging from the great white and the great blues to the smaller
egrets, and to the least bitterns that are less than a foot tall with a wingspread of 17 inches. Due to unequal length neck vertebrae, all the members perch and fly with their necks drawn back, more or less S-shaped.

...heron habits...

Now March had come to the little Mexican cay. Every once in a while, some member of the colony, usually an old-timer, felt the annual call so keenly that it departed alone for the long journey northward. Herodias felt the call of the North too, but let time slip by. She would stand up to her knees in the marsh grasses so motionlessly and for such long periods that she seemed an inanimate object rather than a living bird. But she wasn't asleep. When a fish swam too close to those sticklike legs, her head on its long neck flashed with the speed of a whip's lash. The helpless fish was caught, tossed into the air and again caught, so that it entered the long bill like a bale of straw. She had three pairs of short-feathered, powder-down patches along the sides of her neck. She rubbed her bill; then, with much bowing and high stepping, she led him to the tree she knew best, and they carried in small limbs and branches to rebuild the nest area. The powder deactivated the oil, and the powder deactivated the oil, and the nests are away from the sunshine. But the nests are away from the sunshine. The nests are away from the sunshine. Herodias led him to the tree she knew best, and they carried in small limbs and branches to rebuild the nest that had fallen the winter before. They interwove, as they could, more than a hundred woody growths. In the end, it was little more than an irregularly shaped platform of sticks that was some three feet across, with something of a depression in the center.

Herodias stood motionless too. Herodias stood motionless too. Herodias stood motionless too. Herodias stood motionless too. Herodias stood motionless too. Herodias stood motionless too. Any undigestible, like bones and fish scales, is pushed over and falls there; even crows shun the shadowy offal below. But the nests are away from that; they're up in the winds and the sunshine.

In the unlined cavity, Herodias laid four oval, light green eggs that were slightly larger than the eggs of a blue-winged teal and a bit smaller than those of a mallard. For 28 days both parents took turns in incubating the pale green eggs.

Unlike the shore birds, snipe, sandpipers, etc., whose young are precocial, i.e., active, fluffy, and bright-
And a time to go...

Herodias' young joined in the din of the heronry. They were always hungry and obstreperous. Their number dropped to three one moonlit night when one refused to huddle with the rest and insisted on standing in stark silhouette. With hardly a sound, an owl lifted it neatly from the platform and carried it off through the night.

Another, with much wavering and wing-flapping, made his way precariously from the platform to that of another family of herons somewhat below. He joined three birds, slightly smaller than himself, who at once made it clear he was not welcome. The trio paled on him and used their sharp beaks ruthlessly. Only the return of their food-bearing parents saved him from being forced over the edge of the nest. His tormentors forgot him in their clamor for food. The old birds even fed him in the general commotion. Then his own parents returned and he made the dangerous way back home, almost losing his balance a dozen times. The experience evidently made an impression that he remained on the platform until he could fly.

All of them were frightened when two boys with rifles shot at them from the dimness below. The intruders were novices, hit nothing, and the white-washed place where they stood was so evil smelling that they soon moved on.

In time, the three young herons learned to fly, and flight brought on a dignity so sorely lacking before. They learned to stalk their prey in stately heron fashion on land or in water. They discovered they could swim when necessary. They found they could keep themselves clean and well-oiled. And they were soon aware there was food on land as well as in the water. Their long bills and swift necks captured beetles and grasshoppers, and even moles, shrews, and meadow mice.

When the harvest moon rose over the heronry and the leaves fell, the nests stood out bold and black in the sky. Each day more and more of the great blues and their young left for the South. Finally, Herodias was the only one left. It was one of those falls with an early frost and then a long, dry, pleasant Indian summer. Each evening she returned to a roost near the old nest. It was well into November when four great blues from farther north stopped to rest at the heronry. She suddenly had a longing for the cay in the Gulf of Mexico. When the four left the next day, she joined them.

SMALL PONDS...

(size fly rod poppers will take both fish and I have had better results with them. Hair-bodied bugs or poppers tied on number 8 hooks are good producers. The other flies that have produced well are: streamers, wet flies and rubber bodies. The streamers are all home-tied on number 10 long shank hooks, with chenille bodies of white, yellow and black. The wings are marabou in black, brown, gray or white — we have found black and white combinations best. The old standard muddler minnow, fished wet or on the surface as a grasshopper works well. Green or yellow-bodied wet flies with gray wings, tied on number 14 hooks, work well for bluegills. Cast them over the spawning beds, let them sink and slowly retrieve.

Black rubber-bodied spiders with white legs are deadly for bluegills. They can be tied on number 12 or 14 dry fly hooks. Cast them over the spawning beds and retrieve slowly with a twitching action of the rod tip. They will take a bass, too, once in a while. For all pond fly fishing I prefer a seven-and-a-half-foot rod with a WF6F line and a seven-foot tapered leader.

Here are a few tips that will improve your chances of successful pond fishing. Move slowly and quietly as you walk around the edges of the pond. Sound and vibrations travel fast through these small bodies of water and will spook the fish. Your shadow falling on the water you intend to fish will send the bass and bluegills to deep water, where they develop a case of lockjaw. Work all the water you can reach, both shallow and deep, in a semi-circle a couple times before you move.

Never return a bluegill to the water unless the owner has requested you to do so. As I said, they spawn several times a year and can overpopulate a pond. A pond, like a field, can only produce so much per acre and like a crop, the fish must be thinned. If not removed, all the fish in the pond can become stunted.

Do not overlook the bluegill as a food fish, they are one of the best tasting you will find. They can be scaled and fried or fileted. I prefer to filet them, dip the filets in egg, roll them in cracker meal and fry to golden brown.

Yes, it is fun to plan and travel to the big lakes for fishing but we cannot always get away. So, when the fishing bug bites and you haven't the time to travel, look to the little lakes in your backyard. The fish are there waiting to help you sharpen your skills for the big lakes.

Pond fishing can be so much fun you may forget that old lake altogether.
Ev er wonder how much effort went into getting a cartop boat up onto a camper roof? We did. Then one day while visiting one of Raystown's launch ramps we saw it done. First step is to set the boat up in a vertical position, above. Then, "with a little help from a friend," right, it seems to go rather smoothly as might be seen in the photos below. There didn't seem to be too much grunting and groaning to it — but then, we were "shooting" these photos out of hearing range. Ed.
Tired of fishing crowded waters?

TRY MONROE COUNTY

by Gerry Kingdom

Several summers back I packed the whole crew and about three tons of gear into our little Mustang, and under a blazing sun headed north on a sizzling, seemingly endless road toward a "family paradise" a few hundred miles above our own Keystone State. We were going fishing.

Everything went all right for the first two hundred miles or so, but then the trip began to sour a bit. On the dashboard, the gas gauge inched left as the temperature gauge inched right. Our French poodle, Spot, got claustrophobia. A left rear recap gave out on a hill. And to top everything off, my wife announced rather casually that my fishing gear was still on the front porch.

"We shoulda gone to Gouldsboro," whimpered my nine-year-old daughter from the back seat. "Where?" I asked, certain that her "Gouldsboro" was some far-off retreat in the south of Alabama.

"To Gouldsboro State Park in Monroe County," she replied. And then she added somewhat matter-of-factly: "It's only a half hour from home, and that's where Mr. Moran caught that big fish when I was with them last week."

Now you tell me, I thought. "That's right, dear," goaded my wife. "We would have spent a lot less time driving and had a lot more time for having fun."

Needless to say, our sojourn north didn't turn out to be all that much pleasure. But I did learn something on the trip that I'll keep in mind for some time: for family-fun fishing trips there is no place like Monroe County. Why?

Because this Pocono Mountain paradise—which you can find midway down the state's eastern border—is one heck of a good place to visit for all-around outdoors fun.

Take fishing for example. The county boasts nearly twenty pristine creeks, and one famous river, the Lehigh, that offer unexcelled trout fishing. On its own stretch of the Delaware River, Monroe County provides some of the best smallmouth bass angling that you'll find anywhere, and, during the April run, the shad fishing is not to be missed by anyone who loves to wet a line. At its warmwater lakes, you can fish for everything from bluegills to muskies. And the nicest thing about fishing in Monroe County is that you'll seldom tangle lines with someone who's fishing on top of you. Its waterways are among the most underfished in the state.

Of the Monroe County fishing holes that we now visit regularly, we seem to favor the two state park lakes that are situated near the county's northernmost border.

The larger of these is Gouldsboro State Park Lake, a 255-acre waterway that's noted around these parts for its warmwater fishing variety. At Gouldsboro, you'll find virtually every kind of warmwater fish that swims in Pennsylvania lakes. And among this piscatorial diversity, you'll even encounter some genuine monsters.

During the past few seasons several 45-inch-plus muskies have been taken from Gouldsboro, and lake veterans insist that the big waterway contains a few that top the 50-inch mark.

If you don't have a boat of your own, you can rent one at the lake's convenient boat livery. Other conveniences at Gouldsboro include a swimming beach, numerous picnic areas, and a food concession.

To reach this Pocono Mountain fishery, take I-380 to Route 507 and watch for signs that will direct you the rest of the way.

Another Monroe County hotspot is the Tobyhanna Lake, which you'll find off I-380 on Route 423 at the Tobyhanna State Park.

This waterway is excellent for both bass and pickerel. And it has an excellent holding of panfish.

During the past summer we spent a full day bobber fishing for bluegills at the lake, and carted home a half-sackful, the likes of which we've not often seen before.

If you're interested in doing the same, keep in mind that bluegills can be taken at virtually any time of day, under any type of weather conditions. And because these miniscule scrappers breed so prolifically, you can take your limit of 50 of them in Pennsylvania waters and still be employing sound conservation practices.

To assure yourself a successful bluegill catch, use a light line (4 lb. test is perfect), lightweight tackle, and a tempting mouthful of nightcrawler draped over a small hook.

Allow your bait to flow naturally because bluegills take their meals by sucking in morsels that drift their way. They usually don't chase after their dinners.

Many of the bluegills which we took at the Tobyhanna Lake were caught from shore, which means you really
An angler tries to coax a wary brown trout to his presentation on one of Monroe County's picturesque waterways.

don't need to bring a boat along in order to take your share of the action.

If you would prefer to boat fish, you can rent a craft at the lake's boat livery.

The Tobyhanna State Park also boasts a swimming beach, food concessions, and a top-flight camping area.

For information contact: Park Superintendent, Gouldsboro-Tobyhanna State Parks, P. O. Box 565, Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania 18466.

A third Monroe County lake is one that's thought by many to rank among the most picturesque in the entire northeast — Brady's Lake, a pristine beauty off Route 940.

Deep in the Pocono Mountains, but easily accessible via a well-paved road, Brady's Lake is not only far from the turmoil and clatter of civilization, but it also offers excellent angling for muskies, largemouths, pickerel, and panfish. The lake, which measures about 250 acres, does have a boat access area.

If you can squeeze in a trip to this family fun county, be sure to leave open at least a few hours for fly fishing along the Lehigh River. You'll find the roadside stretch that runs between the towns of Stoddartsville and Thorndale to be convenient, primitively beautiful, and very productive. Your chances of hooking into a sunsided brown are as good here as they are anywhere.

Whatever your pleasure, you'll find Monroe County the perfect spot to satisfy your piscatorial cravings, and the perfect spot to keep the whole family busy having fun.
The current trend in aquatic recreation finds states like Pennsylvania with its lakes and rivers inundated with hundreds of thousands of individuals using and enjoying the water. In order to more successfully deal with this increased interest in water-related activities, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is training its waterways patrolmen in Basic Rescue and Water Safety.

The intent of the program is to review with the field officers proper water rescue procedures. It is the goal of the Commission to have the officers demonstrate a proficiency in aquatic safety, relative to the individual's capabilities. As a result of this training, the patrolmen have acquired a greater degree of competency in dealing with aquatic emergencies. The course itself was developed using the American Red Cross material as a base and incorporating additional information that deals with the boating and water safety problems most common to Pennsylvania.

The two-day training involved both lecture/discussion and in-water practice. Equipment such as throwable devices, personal flotation devices (PFD's), and mask, fins, and snorkels, were all used as they apply to lifesaving procedures. Special topics in cold water and moving water survival were discussed, and techniques in rescue and survival were presented. Use of small craft in rescue and self-rescue was reviewed and practiced in the water. Basic skills such as donning a life jacket in the water, righting a capsized craft and hand-paddling a swamped canoe across the water were all mastered by the patrolman.

The officers already certified in standard first aid and cardiopulmonary resuscitation applied that training to conditions which could exist on the water. One good example was, while in deep water, with the aid of a personal flotation device (PFD) and a swamped canoe, the patrolmen were required to position a victim for artificial respiration, a situation not uncommon in a water-related accident.

Water safety training and boating rescue films from many different sources were reviewed and discussed. The varying types of search and rescue patterns were explained and suggested for a variety of water conditions.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission feels that this in-service training will prove to be invaluable as the increased usage of the waterways will certainly show an increase in water emergencies. This increase in water-related emergencies is a challenge the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is prepared to meet and overcome. Through constant and vital education of the waterways patrolmen we can, in turn, protect and educate the public and insure continued enjoyment of our beautiful water facilities.
Using the pool facilities at the Pennsylvania State Police Academy, PFC Waterways Patrolmen practiced coping with in-water emergencies in a two-day course held recently. Photo on page 16 shows demonstration of proper method of righting and emptying swamped craft while victims of swamping hold onto rescuing craft. Above: when back or neck injury is suspected, in-water positioning of victim on backboard is necessary. Further immobilized by straps, victim is removed from water, top right, for transfer to medical facility. Right: patrolman demonstrates how trapped air in outer garment can support body if victim keeps calm — excessive movement allows escape of trapped air. Below left: demonstrating the positioning of a canoe for greater stability either while awaiting rescue or, as shown below right, using the craft as a seat while administering immediate artificial respiration at the rescue site rather than losing valuable time by delaying it until victim can be transported to shore.
HOW TO HAVE FRESH BAIT ALL WINTER

by Gary Diamond

Once the bone-chilling Northeast winds of winter whip the waters of the Atlantic Coast to a froth, bait becomes as scarce as frog hair, putting a real damper on cold weather fishing. Both fresh and saltwater anglers will frantically search for good, fresh bait, but most of the tackle shops are either closed or sold out by the time the snow starts flying. There's a solution to this age-old problem that doesn't cost a fortune or take up a lot of time to maintain — one which, in the long run, will save you a lot of money.

Freshwater anglers are always looking for a good supply of night crawlers during the colder months. Now is the time to get them and you don't have to travel far to find the best quality worms. The place is right in your own backyard. Yep, right out there in the grass lies the best worm farm that money can buy. You keep it trimmed, fertilize, feed and nurture it all year long which insures you the fattest, juiciest bait anywhere, yet very few people bother to harvest them. On a good night, just after a light rain, two anglers armed with a flashlight and a five-gallon bucket can pick all the bait they'll need for the entire winter. There are, however, a few things that one must do in order to keep these rascals fat and happy or you'll end up losing the whole batch in a very short period of time.

Before you head to the lawn to find the crawlers, you must construct an adequate place for them to stay, such as an old 55-gallon drum or a large wooden box, but make sure that they are clean and drain well, or the crawlers could drown. Once you have the container in place, fill it with a 50/50 mixture of rotted horse manure and organic peat moss. This will provide enough nutrients for the worms to grow fat and sassy during the winter. If they appear to be losing weight, water the mixture lightly and sprinkle a small amount of chicken mash or corn meal on the surface. To a worm, this is like having a steak dinner.

Unfortunately, night crawlers will migrate whenever they get the chance, but you can prevent losses by using one or two little tricks that will keep them in the box. A small light, hanging over the container usually does the job and consumes very little electricity. Keeping the bedding about six inches below the top of the container will also help. The best gadget I've seen is an electric...
worm fence, which is constructed from a nine volt battery and two strands of bare copper wire. The wire was stapled around the perimeter of the box approximately one inch apart and hooked to the battery. When the worms crossed both wires while crawling up the sides of the container, they got zapped and fell back.

Minnows are a little tougher to keep, but again, with a few preparations, you can keep a supply alive and well throughout the entire winter with little or no effort. A large aquarium will usually do the job, but if you will be using large quantities, say, a limit for each licensed family member, an old bathtub is more suitable. There's no big secret to keeping minnows alive. All you have to do, is provide clean, cool, well-aerated water for them to live in and they'll be in good shape when that next fishing trip comes around. Feed them small amounts of tropical fish food or commercial fish pellets about every two days. Never overfeed, or they will die before you knew what happened. A large tropical fish aerator and filter will keep the water clean in the old bathtub just as it does in an aquarium, so you won't have to change the water often.

Ice fishing has been gaining in popularity in the Northeast, but the availability of mealworms and grubs has always been a problem. You can usually purchase mealworms from a local tropical fish store or order them by mail through some magazines, but there's one other source that is completely overlooked. If you have a good oak tree growing nearby, simply pick up as many acorns as you can find. Place them in a five gallon bucket that has about six inches of good organic peat moss in the bottom. Sit the bucket in a dark corner and forget it until the cold weather sets in. After about six weeks remove the acorns and you'll notice that they all have a least one small hole bored through the side. This indicates that the grubs have left and are now buried in the peat moss bedding. When you're ready to head for the ice simply reach in and grab a handful — the panfish love them!

Some baits will keep for years when preserved in a solution of saturated salt. Eels and large shiner minnows are probably the easiest to start with, but be sure that they are good and fresh before salting or they will turn to pure mush. Half pint jars are just about right for most anglers to store the salted baits on the shelf or in the tackle box. The solution of saturated salt is made by mixing salt with lukewarm water until it will no longer dissolve. Make sure that there is about a quarter inch of salt on the bottom of the jar and then add your baits. It is not necessary to refrigerate them in order to stay fresh. Just store in a cool place and you'll have all the bait you will need this winter.

The beauty of having bait at home for winter fishing will become evident the first time you start looking for a few dozen minnows to go crappie fishing through the ice in late December. You'll have your own private stock of the freshest bait in town.
The Main Course Fly

by Loring D. Wilson

There wasn't an insect on the water. Well, a few midges, maybe, but not enough calories to warrant the attention of the big brown that I just knew was holed up under that overhanging bank, where the long grasses formed an awning that kept the cavelike cut in shadows even at 11:00 in the morning. There was only one answer — to create an artificial hatch, so that the fish, in what I hoped to be a feeding frenzy, would overlook any artificial appearance in my offering and grant me a fight.

Being a naturally relaxed sort of person, I had no real desire to cast a few hundred times to create the impression of a few hundred insects on the water. Luckily, there was no need. On hands and knees, I crawled about thirty feet along the ground through the tall grass, and was rewarded by the clicking and whirring of frightened insects leaving their resting places. As I slowly straightened up to my knees, I noticed that, of the hundred or so that had flown, about a dozen had indeed hit the water — and were being sipped in one by one.

It was a matter of less than a minute before a short cast placed the buoyant, barbered bit of deer hair a tad upstream of the trout, and a few seconds later I was fast to a brown that would have fed two people if I hadn't reached down several minutes later and flicked the hook from his jaw without taking him from the water. He couldn't have been too shaken, because he hit another struggling grasshopper like a express train before disappearing back under the bank.

For the fishing times from early summer to late fall, grasshoppers are truly that “main course” fly. They are plentiful, and are eaten not only by trout, but by panfish and largemouth and smallmouth bass. And, while there probably isn't a single Pennsylvania angler who doesn't know and love the pattern known as the Letort Hopper, there are others that are just as effective, and sometimes more so, depending upon the conditions and the species sought.

The problem is not inherent in the pattern itself, for the pattern is excellent. Rather, the problem lies in the way fly fishermen have come to regard the Letort Hopper — as a late-summer, when-all-else-fails, last-ditch fly to use when there are no aquatics on the water. The water is usually lower at this time of the year, as well, so the size of the Letort Hopper has been kept small, aquatic insect size, rather than taking advantage of the actual size of the juicy, succulent hoppers that usually swarm around good fishing waters at that time of year. One rarely sees a Letort Hopper larger than #8, while many of the live hoppers are about the size of a #2 or even #1/0 hook, with most in the #6 to #4 category.

While the Letort can, of course, be tied larger, after a certain point it ceases to look as much like a grasshopper and begins to look more like a small bat. But there are other grasshopper patterns that are structurally designed to look like hoppers in the larger sizes, and for the ardent fly fisherman, especially the long rodder who pursues bass and panfish as well as trout, they should not be neglected.

One pattern, the Deer Hair Hopper, is quite simple to make, especially for anyone who has ever tied a deer hair bass bug of any sort. They're all "built" in the same manner: small bunches of deer hair are tied onto the hook shank in such a manner as to flare completely around the shank. These are packed back against each other until the shank is completely full and the resultant tie looks like a very small, very angry cat. Then fine pointed scissors are used to barber the deer hair into the desired shape. Being hollow, deer hair floats beautifully and even larger sizes are still light enough to cast with the fly rod. For the hopper, cover the rear third of the shank with green deer hair, then tie in a green-dyed pipe cleaner. Finish tying in deep hair up to the eye, whip finish and work the thread back through the hair to a point one-third of the way back from the eye. Barber the deer hair into grasshopper shape, being careful not to chip the thread. When the fly is of "hopper shape, use the thread to tie in a tent-style wing of mottled turkey feather. Tie off, clip the thread, lacquer the head winding, and the wing itself to prevent it from shredding at the first strike, and the fly is finished.

A similar pattern, the Wilson Hopper, has the body formed of polypropylene dubbing material. Tie in the pipe cleaner legs first, then wrap a full body of spun polypropylene dubbing (there are many brands; any of them work fine for this bulky fly) filling in well between the legs. Wrap the thorax and tie in a tent-style wing of mottled turkey. Beneath the thorax, tie in #8 mottled turkey feather fibers on each side, perpendicular to the hook shank. Wrap a medium head, tying in...
The Clipped Deer Hair Hopper

The Wilson Hopper

The Quill Bodied Hopper

The Quill Bodied Hopper is often a one strike fly, but worth it because it is such an effective fly when other hopper patterns don't produce. Burn a hole in a goose wing quill tip that is 1/2 times the length of the hook shank. The hole should be midway along its length, and large enough to receive the eye of the hook. Just heat the point of a bodkin and "drill" through the side of the quill. Slip the eye of the hook through the hole and out the end. Center the shank in the end and wedge it there with slivers of cork or toothpicks. Take two smaller tips and shave the cut ends so they fit the main quill as shown in the illustration. Epoxy them in place, angling them as shown. Then spin polypropylene dubbing on the tying thread, start at the eye, and cover the whole body. (It helps to cover the tip of the body quill with lacquer first and let it get tacky, to prevent the dubbing from slipping off the end. Tie in a turkey wing quill section as noted for the previous patterns, enlarge the head area, whip finish and lacquer.

There are many other hopper imitations, and of course the now famous Muddler Minnow is often fished dry in imitation of a grasshopper. Some of the patterns are quite simple, while others like the Whitlock Hopper are truly elaborate creations. The three given here are realistic, and have accounted for many large Pennsylvania fish of various species in this angler's personal experience.

Don't worry about the fact that no color has been given except for "green deer hair." It's hard to get subtle shades in dyeing deer hair, but in polypropylene dubbings the number of grasshopper shades is a fly tyer's dream. Olives, greens, yellows, and readily mixed (and sometimes commercially available) combinations are all valid, because grasshoppers, while fairly standardized in shape, run the gamut of greenish tones from almost pure yellow to practically black. So, if you've been working the long rod and have strong objections to just "trying on a fly and fishing," never fear. Spend your nonfishing moments tying up a wide variety of shades and sizes, and when it comes time to let a hopper do the work, check out the live grasshoppers that are on the grasses around the water, open your hopper boxes, and match 'em! Very scientific!

The hoppers have decided advantages in fishing the smaller, shallower bass lakes as well, since the use of a light "lure" with the fly rod permits a much quieter entry; hence, much less chance of spooking a noise-shy lunker. Try the largest sizes, and when Tom Swift and His Electric Bass Rig are scaring the fish into the next township, unlimber the long rod, bend on a hopper — and get the jump on him!
Hank Masker — “Living Legend”

by George L. Harting

Water, be it the noisy cataract, the quiet lake, the peaceful meadow brook or the mighty thrashing ocean waves that wash the shoreline or beat the rock-rimmed crags, each has its irresistible urge upon the human soul. Each has its earmarks — drying nets, a barefoot boy with a cane pole, the fishing barge, lobster buoys or the decoys for the waterfowler; each area has its own styled shanties that house the gear for the expected patrons.

Each manifestation of nature’s waterways also has its native outfitters about whom revolve the legends that set their areas apart. Without their presence the magnetic draw of nature’s wilderness would be incomplete.

Mansfield voiced so well the mystic charm for the sea and for the partners with whom one must bare his soul to find completeness:

“I must go down to the seas again,
To the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull’s way and the whale’s way,
where the wind’s like a whetted knife.

And all I ask is a merry yarn
from a laughing fellow-rover...”

There you have it — the “fellow-rover!” Wherever the waters touch the shoreline and people gather for adventure there is a stout soul to spin the yarns of his waterway and its environs and to provide the gear for his eager patrons.

Pennsylvanians are especially favored by having so many natural retreats. To these they migrate to find new life and light for the inner man. Promised Land Lake is one among the many; it has an ancient history as a retreat and its popularity intensifies yearly. Almost as ancient, and equally as inviting as the lake is Hank Masker, who, as Mansfield put it, is the “fellow-rover.” By catering to the needs of his patrons, providing for their comfort and sharing his keen knowledgeable advice for the area, at the age of 80 he has become a “Living Legend” of Promised Land.

It is a paradox that the naming of this popular resort has its roots in sarcasm. The Shakers settled the area in search of fortune. Many, however, apparently were so deeply disappointed, they dubbed the area “The Promised Land” and left in despair. One writer though affirms “The riches are there just waiting for anyone to come along and take them.” At least one descendant of the clan remained and he is pleased to call the land of his birth his home. He is Henry E. Masker, known affectionately by his host of friends and patrons simply as “Hank.” For sixty years he has catered to all who needed him so that the lake and the land, the forest surrounding it and the blue sky overhead could be to all who share it a Promised Land indeed.

Mr. Masker’s grandmother was a Quaker. Her family landed as immigrants in Philadelphia joining there the group of migrants who followed the lumbering industry into the Poconos. Hank explains that there were two generations of lumbermen; the earliest industry harvested the cream of the timber, then pulled out; a second opportunity for the lumberjacks opened with the mining industry. This business catered to the mining operations by furnishing props, ties and sprags — the sprags were short pieces of timber about 3” in diameter and pointed at both ends. They lay along the sides of the mining car rails and were used to throw between the spokes to brake and slow their movement. Hank recites fluently about how his ancestry was related to the lumbering boom.

Promised Land Lake dates back to the Civil War times, Hank explains, when it was impounded by a crib dam, a combination of logs and stones that created the lake. The dam was serviceable until 1932 when the state replaced it with the existing structure. From the time the state acquired the park and forest area from the Shakers until the present it has been available for public recreation.

The area had an early appeal to residents living throughout eastern Pennsylvania. As a youth I was fascinated by the stories of my elders who detailed the ordeal they experienced making their trips into this backwoods haven for pickerel and whiteetails. Those were the days of mud roads and Model-T Ford cars with few service stations to rescue the travelers who experienced breakdowns. No high-speed highways existed and the trip became laborious, for the road led through each city and town en route. These patrons recited with excitement their journeys. Of one thing they could be sure: when they arrived there would be campsites, boats and bait waiting for them. It was this kind of service that make Hank Masker popular and an indispensable servant the recreation industry has enjoyed knowing for more than half a century.

The lifestyle of Hank has been varied. His formal education saw him through eighth grade; high schools did not exist at that time in the area. In 1917 he enlisted in World War I and was wounded in France. He had a rather intimate acquaintance with Governor Pinchot and visited with him at Gray Towers, the ancestral home of the Pinchots. Hank served the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) in a number of areas throughout the state. In the Promised Land area the corps contributed considerably toward making it more suitable and convenient for present day tourism.

The name of Masker also reflects a supporting interest in community affairs. The Promised Land area had evolved through the years from a wilderness retreat to a busy recreational community with year-round cottage residents. Churches and the companies have grown with the population influx and Henry has shown a supportive interest in their development.

For a number of years, also, he served as a fire warden. He and his fellow wardens were responsible for keeping an eye on our forests that they might remain green. Hank reports: “There are a few of us old-timers left — wardens who tried to keep the forests green by fighting with nothing but water buckets and burlap bags with water brought to us by horse and wagons. That was in my younger days when I was ten to twelve years old and...”
Day’s end; the tally is made. All boats in; all patrons safely ashore.

no pay, for us young kids weren't supposed to be there.” Hank still attends the annual March meeting of the fire wardens.

It was by chance that I learned to know Hank as a personal friend. It was on VJ Day that my wife, Sara, and I planned a fishing trip into his area. He supplied us with boat and bait, and scarcely had we engaged in our fishing when showers drove us back to shore and to the comforts of Hank’s cabin. There we relaxed for a while and listened with interest as he spun the yarns relating to his area. He spoke of grouse that flushed in flocks, of a time when the abundance of the snow shoe hare made it worthwhile to keep a dog to hunt them. Especially interesting was it to hear what he had to say about whitetails and black bear. You see, I was looking for a new area to hunt those game species and Hank's details made the area sound inviting. Since then he has been, each year, my host, and his expertise as a guide enabled me to harvest 22 deer. Had I been a better marksman, I might have also taken two black bear. But equally as enjoyable were the excursions when chain pickerel, bass and panfish were the objective.

The first cabin and camp on the lake was built by Masker on Richfield Point and with it were constructed fireplaces for picnicking - one still remains. This small camp he built had 24 fireplaces. Camping at that time was free; only a permit was needed from the ranger. Our pioneer floated all the lumber for his first cabin at the Point by boat. In 1937 he was asked to move his operation to Pickerel Point and he has supplied fishermen from that location even since.

In 1913 Henry helped to plant the white pine seedlings which by now have matured into a beautiful stand of timber. His first enterprise as a boat and bait concessionaire began in 1920. In those days he cut the native white pine to construct boats with 14- and 16-inch sides. The stems for the bow were sawed at local lumber mills from white oak. The bottoms were constructed of crossboards and caulked with oakum. That has greatly changed since the manufacture of plywood. The laborious chore of caulking no longer exists and in his fleet of boats today one will find that 40% are constructed of aluminum.

A variety of experiences both humorous and shocking took place during nearly 60 years of operation. Henry's boats in those early days were fitted with minnow boxes built in the middle of the craft. One diligent patron busied himself with bailing the boat; he could not imagine how it was that the water continued to rush into that area. Finally, Hank brought him the light by explaining the purpose of the box. One sophisticated renter insisted he had been given two "right-hand" oars and demanded others. But there was also the time that a knife was pulled on him. Needless to say, Hank was prepared for such an eventuality, and the offender was pleased to retreat without any further disturbance or threat.

Henry Masker has made a host of friends throughout those long uninterrupted years as he and his family have served the public faithfully. Perhaps the most satisfying remark I have heard him make was when he pointed out that during all those years he did not have a single drowning.

We write eloquently about the lake and the fish; we revel in the beauty of the outdoors, but seldom do we take time to salute the many "Hank Maskers" who contribute so much toward making our day. Without their expertise, their gear and open-hearted generosity our adventures would often be impossible. They experience lean days between summers and we owe them a tribute of gratitude for being on hand when we need them.

Who is the "legend" of your lake? If one takes time for serious thought about outdoor adventure there will likely be found another generous native — another Hank Masker.
Choosing Rope for Lines

by Carol Parenzan

With the wide choice of rope on the market today, the boater is often faced with the difficult decision in selecting a rope or line for his particular craft to meet his boating needs. Before continuing, let us differentiate between a "rope" and the nautical term, line. A rope is considered to be just that when it is being stored in the dealer's stockroom; however, once aboard a craft, that rope becomes a line. Lines are useful for cartopping, portaging the craft, launching at the dock, storing the boat when not in use, rescuing, lining the boat downstream, and tracking the craft upstream.

Generally speaking, there are two types we should take into consideration: synthetic and natural-fiber. (Combinations of the two are considered to be synthetics.) Synthetic lines are smaller and lighter than the natural-fiber ropes of the same strength. For example, a one-fourth-inch line of nylon (synthetic) has a breaking strain of more than twice that of the same size diameter manila (natural-fiber); however, the synthetics are more expensive.

Polypropylene, polyethylene, nylon, and dacron are various types of synthetic lines. Polypropylene and polyethylene are very light. One-hundred feet of polyethylene of one-half-inch diameter weighs only 1.25 pounds. Because they float, are light in weight, and have a desirable amount of elasticity, they are useful as a rescue line. Considered the "all-purpose line" for crafts up to twenty feet, they cost about one-third less than nylon.

Nylon, however, has many advantages. It will outlast most other types, is very elastic, displays sufficient strength, and one doesn't have to worry about rotting and mildew. One disadvantage to nylon, however, is the fact that it does not float. If care is taken with regard to nylon's elasticity, it can be used for tying down your craft for transportation and storage. Anchoring, mooring, and rescuing are other uses of the material.

Having the same uses as nylon is another synthetic line — dacron. Although it does not have the same amount of elasticity as nylon, it is very popular aboard sailboats because of its high strength factor. However, dacron is twice as expensive as nylon.

Cotton and manila are the two most popular natural-fiber lines. Cotton is soft and easy to handle. Because cotton becomes stiff when wet, making a knot or hitch difficult to untie, it is ideal for end loops on closed boats such as a kayak, or C-1, for lashings. Cotton must be stored in a dry area to last, though, and therefore has a comparatively short life span.

Available in a wide range of grades, which is determined by the length and quality of the individual fibers, manila is especially good for tie-down purposes. Manila shrinks when it gets wet, causing it to gain strength. Knots and hitches hold very well, making it desirable for transportation purposes. One disadvantage worth noting, however, is the tendency for new manila to kink when it is wet. This can best be prevented by stretching the line, when wet, between two permanent objects such as trees, and allowing it to dry. If left in dampness or a poorly ventilated area, manila is also susceptible to rotting.

When buying line, there are several factors to consider. The first is the length and type to purchase. This depends on where and how you plan to use it. The type, synthetic or natural-fiber, would depend on how much you are willing to spend and also your own personal preference. The second factor of importance is the size of your boat. Generally speaking, the larger the boat, the larger the diameter line desired or required. When selecting your line, don't base your decision entirely by strength-rating factors. Your line should be not only strong, but also easy to handle. Within reason, the larger the line, the easier it will be on your hands, particularly when the line is wet. Also, wear and natural deterioration should be considered. Any line regardless of the material, will become smaller as it is used and some strength will be lost.

When your lines are not in use, keep them coiled neatly in a dry, cool, ventilated place. One should also keep all lines out of direct sunlight, and as clean as possible so that the dirt doesn't weaken the braid or weave. Always replace worn and damaged lines, they are of little use, especially in an emergency. Avoid stepping on the line; this causes damage and will make replacement of the lines quicker due to unnecessary wear. To prevent fraying or unlaying of your lines, make sure they are finished off on the ends. Synthetic line fibers and strands should be solidly fused together by a candle flame, making the end the same size as the rest of the line. By using flax, or cotton twine treated with a mixture of beeswax and resin, twisted natural-fiber line should be whipped and then dipped in a lasting coat such as varnish to protect the ends. For temporary whipping, adhesive tape can be used for any type of line.

In making a final choice in the selection of your line, check with a marina operator or boat dealer — and other boating enthusiasts. Remember that the cost will vary with the material that you select, whether it be synthetic or natural-fiber, its size, and its tensile strength.
Leaky Boots
(continued from page 3.)
people who took the time (and postage) to help me out," said Harry. Responses came in from all parts of the nation, from as far away as Florida! Ed.

SATISFIED —

I am writing this letter to congratulate you on the fine job you are doing. I have been a resident of Pennsylvania all my life, and have fished well over half of my 30 years. Most of my fishing time is spent on Pennsylvania trout streams and this is why I am writing this letter. During the last four days I have fished on Tionesta Creek, East Hickory Creek (Forest County), Sugar Creek (Venango County), and Neshannock Creek (Mercer County).

I saw trout fishing at its worst on Tionesta Creek with litter strewn on its banks everywhere I went, and people waiting at the bridges for the stocking truck. This I am used to. Then I saw trout fishing at its best — first, on Sugar Creek; no litter, no crowds waiting for the truck, miles of some of the finest water I have ever seen, and thank God and you for those browns. Need I say more about Sugar Creek?

On my home creek, Neshannock, I saw both — crowds at the bridges awaiting the Thursday stocking (that didn't come) very little litter, but best of all, while everyone was at the bridge waiting for the truck I went downstream well over a half mile and caught my limit of fine rainbows and browns.

I hope now you know why I am writing this letter. It's thanks from the true Pennsylvania trout angler. The men and women who only keep one limit a season and men who take and keep only one fine brown and be satisfied, even when he knows there are many more in the pool before him.

Thank you for the float stocking, the unannounced stockings, cleaner water and most of all, the opportunity for me and others to enjoy it. I would also like to thank all clubs and organizations that help you and support you.

To all the men and women on the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Trout Unlimited, all stream improvement organizations, sportsmen's clubs and singular true trout fisherman. Thank you!

VINCE PAGLIAROLI
Sharon

P.S. I have never written a letter like this before — I hope I never regret it.

"VERY HONEST"

I recently lost my fishing bag while fishing in Powells Valley. I had my name and address on the back. A favorite lure of mine was in the bag — it was the first fly that I tied which I caught a fish on. I had a spinner on its front. A few weeks later I got a letter in the mail saying someone found my bag and would return it. I called my cousin who lived near the kind man. A few days after that I had my bag back. Clyde P. McCune, of Columbia, Pennsylvania, proved that fishermen can be and are very honest. Thanks, Clyde.

DAN DAUB
Muir

More Dependable Boat Trailer Taillight —

by George L. Harting

A poorly grounded wire is usually the reason for those trailer lights being so unreliable. Ground wires bolted to the steel frame of the light fixture quickly corrode and lose contact. The condition can become chronic and it is most aggravating, but there is a solution.

Drill a hole through the bottom of the plastic or metal light fixture of a sufficient size to receive the ground wire. Solder the end directly to the outside base of the light socket to form a direct contact between it and the base of the bulb. Tie a knot in the wire a short distance from the soldered end; pass the ground wire through the drilled hole in the fixture and the knot will form a "stop" which will prevent any pressure on the ground wire from tugging on the soldered joint.

The procedure furnishes two solutions: it eliminates the frustration of an unreliable taillight system and the direct contact retains the safety offered by an intensely bright taillight.

AUGUST — 1980
"Part of the streamer renaissance has been the introduction of new (at least to North American anglers) patterns such as the Thunder Creek bucktails and the Matuka streamers."

from Part I — July, 1980

by Allen G. Eastby

Tying a Thunder Creek Bucktail —

The Thunder Creek patterns were originated by Keith Fulsher. They are among the most effective baitfish imitations yet devised. This is how they are tied.

This procedure is more difficult than it sounds and does take some practice to master. But it is well worth the effort since flies tied in this fashion are superior to conventional dressings.

Wrap the body material (tinsel or floss would be typical) on the hook being sure to leave ample room at the head for tying in the bucktail.

Tie in a small bunch of appropriately colored bucktail hair for the lateral (side) stripe.
Tie in an appropriately colored bunch of bucktail on top of the hook so the tips point forward.

Tie in a small bunch of bucktail on the bottom of the hook so the tips point forward. Be sure to secure the bucktail with smooth, even wraps of thread. For this step the fly should be reversed (so it is upside down) in the vise.

Return the hook to the normal position, pull the forward extending bucktail backward and blind down.

Half hitch or whip finish the thread bindings. Apply one coat of clear lacquer or nail polish to the head portion of the fly.

Top, opposite page — Using enamel paint, paint on eyes (black on a yellow background) and gills (red on the thread bindings). When the paint is dry, several additional coats of lacquer or nail polish should be applied.
Tying a Matuka Streamer —

The Matuka streamers originated in New Zealand. The popularity of this type of fly is spreading in this country and, it would appear, there are as many methods of tying Matukas as there are fly tiers. This is how I tie them.

Tie in body material (floss, chenille, or yarn are typical) and a length of tinsel at the bend of the hook.

Wind on the body, tie down, trim excess. Be sure to leave sufficient room at the head of the fly.
Select two matching right and left hand pairs of saddle or hen neck hackle feathers and tie them in near the eye of the hook. Holding the feathers taut with one hand, stroke the fibers toward the eye.

While holding the feathers, wrap the tinsel forward through the fibers, binding them to the body. Tie off the tinsel. Using a bodkin or needle, free any fibers that are caught by the tinsel.

Top, opposite page —
Tie in two to four turns of soft hackle (partridge for example). Whip finish, trim the thread, and coat the head with cement or lacquer.

Here is a selection of other patterns that have proven their worth over the last several years.

**Black Nosed Dace**
- **Hook:** 6 XL, ring eye streamer hook (Mustad #36620) or 4XL streamer hook (Mustad #79580), sizes twelve through four.
- **Thread:** Black.
- **Body:** Silver tinsel.
- **Wing:** Bucktail — brown on top, black in the center (lateral stripe), white on the bottom.
- **Note:** This fly can be tied in either the conventional manner or in the Thunder Creek style.

**Yellow Sides**
- **Hook:** 6 XL, ring eye streamer hook (Mustad #36620 for example), sizes twelve through four.
- **Thread:** Black.
- **Body:** Gold tinsel.
- **Wing:** Bucktail — brown on top, yellow in the center (lateral stripe), and white on the bottom.

**Black/Brown Marabou Muddler**
- **Hook:** 4 XL streamer hook (Mustad #79580 for example) sizes twelve through four.
- **Thread:** Black.
- **Body:** Black or brown yarn.
- **Head and collar:** Black deer body hair.
- **Wing:** Black and brown marabou.
- **Overwing:** Six to twelve strands of peacock herl (optional).

**Matukas:** Brown, Gold and Grey
- **Hook:** 4 XL streamer hook (Mustad #79580 is typical), sizes twelve through four.
- **Thread:** Brown, yellow or grey.
- **Body:** Brown, golden tan, or grey yarn.
- **Rib:** Gold or silver tinsel.
- **Wings:** Dark ginger variant, light ginger variant or grizzly saddle or hen neck hackle feathers, two pairs.

**Marabou Streamers**
- **Hook:** 4 XL streamer hook (Mustad #79580, e.g.).
- **Thread:** Grey or olive, 6/0, prewaxed.
- **Body:** Grey, white or olive yarn.
- **Wing:** Black marabou over white or white and grey mixed marabou; olive marabou over white or white and grey mixed marabou; black marabou over olive marabou over white marabou.
- **Note:** For a realistic silhouette, try trying a bunch of marabou underneath the body.
NOTES from the streams

"MOLLY GRUBS" & SUCH —

While on patrol on the Juniata River above Lewistown with Special Waterways Patrolman Ron Baker, a couple of fishermen hailed us from another boat. Ron and I brought the canoe alongside the anchored boat and the fellow that had called us in asked if we could identify a small fish he had among his minnows he had been using for bait for bass. Before he handed the small fish to us he said a buddy of his had identified the fish as a "molly grub." This name was completely alien to me, and I told him so as I took the fish from his hand. It immediately became apparent the fish was a sculpin, about three inches in length. I told him this. He said he had never heard of a sculpin, but the name molly grub was familiar.

This is a common occurrence, finding that some fish are known only by local names and not by their proper names. It would not surprise me to find that most baitfish have a variety of titles, depending on the area one comes from. I can recall a number of years ago hearing everyone praise the virtues of the "Butter Chub" as an excellent trout bait, finding out a good time later that the proper name of the butter chub was the common black-nosed dace. I would like to see someone, someday, make a compilation of all the common fish and list the probably numerous local names each goes by.

Larry R. Baker
Waterways Patrolman
Mifflin/Juniata Counties

ENTHUSIASM

Recently, I had the opportunity to talk to a local fisherman who related the following:

On the first day of the 1979 trout season, he took his two young sons trout fishing. The one son had caught four trout when his lure became caught in a tree. Upon pulling it loose, the hook became imbedded in an index finger. After trying unsuccessfully to disengage the hook, the father and son had to visit the hospital emergency room which was about 20 miles away. The hook was removed there by a doctor.

The son would have it no other way, he had to return to the stream and "finish out the first day." The doctor furnished a rubber glove to cover the wound and anesthetized the finger and the return trip was made to finish the first day's trout fishing!

Bud Flyte
Waterways Patrolman
Somerset County

"DUMB" ANIMALS?

Sgt. John Yotko, Pennsylvania State Police Station Commander of Kane and Cpl. John Slewinski, witnessed a rare happening in Erie last fall. During the coho migration up Trout Run, John noticed a brown trout, about 12 inches long, resting in the quiet waters as the salmon were fighting the current in the main stream. Suddenly, the small trout darted out toward the large coho and seemed to be attacking the tails of the huge fish. Closer observation showed just what the trout was doing! He was hugging the vent of ripe females and dislodging eggs which he promptly grabbed and swam to quiet water to eat! Since lower animals are not supposed to be able to think or reason, will someone please answer two questions?

1. How did the trout know which coho were females?
2. How did the trout know which females were ripe and ready to expell eggs?

If I could answer these questions, I wouldn't be working as a Waterways Patrolman. (Yes, I would!)

Don Parrish
Waterways Patrolman
McKean County

COULDN'T BEAR THE SIGHT!

Deputy Earl See, III is an avid bass fisherman. He had his life's earnings invested in bass fishing gear. I can imagine how he felt when I told him to lift a violator's stringer back out of the water so I could see the short bass on it again - the one he had overlooked.

Robert Lynn Stainel
Waterways Patrolman
S/Luzerne County

DOUBLED UP!

The Mifflin County Anglers, in addition to raising fingerling trout at their CO-OP nursery, have endeavored to hatch their own fry and use these fish when they reach fingerling size to stock smaller county streams. The effort has proven rather successful with a good hatch of brown trout last fall.

In checking the young trout an oddity was found — an apparent case of "Siamese twins." These two fish are joined at the body and at this writing are still surviving.

Larry R. Baker
Waterways Patrolman
Mifflin/Juniata Counties

24-HOUR SERVICE!

As Waterways Patrolmen I know that we will all get unusual calls over the phone but recently I received a call about 3:20 a.m. When I got to the phone they had hung up. At approximately 4:30 a.m., I again received a call and this time when I answered there was a Pittsburgh fisherman on the phone who had driven to James town, Pennsylvania and was unable to find Pymatuning Lake. As the conversation went on the phone: "Mr. Beaver, can you tell me where Lighthouse Point is on Pymatuning Lake?" After explaining (with great difficulty) how to get to the area, I asked him if he realized what time it was and he said he did. I asked him if he called earlier and he said, "Yes, twice before . . ." and that he had arrived at Jamestown at 3:00 a.m. and being there was no one to ask at that time in the morning, he decided that he should call me.

Don Parrish
Waterways Patrolman
McKean County

The question was brought up concerning the potential situation, should these two fish eventually stocked in their present condition and then caught by a fisherman, would he have in possession one or two fish? This is the type of situation a patrolman would run into on one of those "bad" days when nothing seems to be going right.
The direction, as he had read in the Pittsburgh paper that this was a white bass and walleye hot spot. I guess what we really need is a 24-hour-a-day answering service that is capable of answering every question possible!

Warren L. Beaver
Waterways Patrolman
W/Crawford County

WHOM?

While on patrol of Marsh Creek Lake, I checked a fisherman and found two undersized walleyes in his possession. I explained the law and advised him of the amount of fish involved. The man's wife was sitting nearby and upon hearing the conversation, she walked over to me and said, "Can't you just let the fish go and give my husband a warning?" I told her it was too late for that since the fish were floating belly-up on the surface. With a very serious look on her face, she asked, "Can't they be revived with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?"

Ray Badnarchik
Waterways Patrolman
Chester County

TEST RESULTS —

Following the incident at TMI, I was assigned to help various agencies obtain fish from areas downstream from the reactor site. Various species were collected and subjected to various laboratory tests to determine their fitness for human consumption. In most cases, I have been informed of the results. There have been no adverse effects to fish life, and they are not contaminated. All fish from the Susquehanna below TMI are good to eat.

Harry H. Redline
Waterways Patrolman
S/Lancaster County

LAKE ARTHUR'S WALLEYES:

The mystery fish in Lake Arthur is the walleye. For many years very few walleyes were caught and many fishermen questioned if any of the stocked walleye fry had taken hold. Fish Commission personnel set nets and many walleyes in the twenty-inch class were caught in their nets. The problem was that the walleyes had to be located. In recent years a few anglers who have found the locations are making good catches. I know of one angler who has been catching over one hundred large walleyes (10 to 28 inches) each year for the last couple of years. A favorite lure is the yellow flatfish with night crawler attached and trolled as slowly as possible.

Eugene Scobel
Waterways Patrolman
Butler County

NO DETERRENT!

Recently my wife received several calls from an individual whom she had great difficulty understanding. When I arrived home around supper time, I received a call from the same person wanting information about the whale which had been found floating in the Delaware River. The man said he had never seen a whale and he was considering driving down to the New Jersey line to see the whale. I read about this about a week prior to this call and when the whale was found, it was already deteriorating and I explained to him the condition of it. He said that he read that it was large, gray and stinky, but that wouldn't discourage him, as he wanted to go that distance to see the whale. After hanging up, I thought I should have gotten his phone number and if any whales or mermaids turn up in Conneaut or Pymatuning Lake, he should be the first to be contacted.

Warren L. Beaver
Waterways Patrolman
W/Crawford County

WE'LL BUY THAT!

I wonder if people realize that as much as three-fourths of the earth's surface is water and only one-fourth is land. I think it is very clear that a man's time should be similarly divided — three-fourths for fishing and one-fourth for work.

Charles Roberts
Deputy Waterways Patrolman
S. Allegheny County

August 1980
FISH FACT: Pike do not get sore mouths and lose their teeth in the heat of summer, old beliefs to the contrary. Their teeth do become loose or knocked out in a variety of ways, but they quickly have replacements in the form of teeth that have been growing under the old ones.

Surface lures that make slight disturbances on a steady retrieve are good for night fishing. A fish may not see such a lure clearly but can home in on the sound (vibrations) it makes.

Cut off a few inches of monofilament line after fighting a fish or after a couple of hours of casting. This will eliminate line sections that become chafed, and thus weakened, where the lure is attached or by rubbing over rocks and other obstructions in the water, or, happily, by a fish that takes the lure.

Anglers can have difficulty in getting a leader to sink at the end of a floating line. One solution is to cast so that the fly floats over the fish at an angle that reduces leader shadow on the bottom; in effect, so that the fish sees the fly but not the shadow of the leader. On dark days, of course, leader shadow is no problem.

Surface plugs are made in a variety of shapes and sizes, but they have four basic actions. A lure with lips (1) makes a gurgling, wobbling motion. One that has a deep cut in its face (2) really pops when fished with hard jerks. Another (3) floats with its back half pointed down and has a rapid movement back and forth. The fourth (4) is armed with spinners that lightly churn the water surface when retrieved slowly.

Water swirling around a midstream rock or in an eddy in a stream can help you get a wet fly or nymph to any trout that may be in the area. Simply allow the stream currents to carry the fly where they will, without any interference. That is the way water transports natural food to the fish holding in wait.

With a spider type of dry fly, which can be skated over the water surface, a delicate leader tippet is not satisfactory. It takes a tippet of about six-pound-test (2X) to skate the fly and control it properly.

Keep out of the water as much as possible in fishing a stream, especially a small one. Stay on the shore whenever you can, and stand behind any tall bush or weeds in the area. You will not disturb water that may contain fish, and the fish will not be able to see you easily.

A light spinning rod can be converted into a pretty good fly rod by clamping or taping a fly reel to the spinning rod handle. Very small spinners can be used to fish holes where even nymphs and wet flies would not sink deep enough.

Streamers, dressed with feathers, and bucktails, dressed with deer or other animal hair, are considered different patterns, but a few long hackles added to the hair of a bucktail can make it more effective.

Casting reels, with their threat of backlashes, are not really that difficult to use. Modern reels of good quality have free-spooling systems that greatly reduce the danger of line tangles.
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RD 1, Box 200-C, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823

BII SPRING, Eugene J. Rozanski, Acting Superintendent ..................... 717-776-3170

Box 341, RD 4, Newville, Pa. 17241

CANTON UNION CITY, Tom L. Clark, Superintendent ..................... 814-684-2152

Conv, Pa. 16407

FAIRVIEW, Neil Shea, Superintendant ..................... 814-474-1514

200 Lower Road, P.O. Box 531, Fairview, Pa. 16415

HUNTS DALE, Ted Dingel, Superintendant ..................... 717-460-3419

Box 393, RD 5, Carlisle, Pa. 17012

LINESVILLE, Charles Andersone, Superintendant ..................... 814-683-4451

Box 127, Linesville, Pa. 16424

OSWAYO, D. Rey Mertin, Superintendant ..................... 814-698-2001

RD 2, Box 84, Claysville, Pa. 16407

PLEASANT GAP, John Bar, Superintendant ..................... 814-359-2754

Robinson Lane, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823

PLEASANT MOUNT, Zona Bean, Superintendant ..................... 717-448-2101

Pleasant Mount, Pa. 16653

REYNOLDSDALE, Ralph Kersey, Superintendant ..................... 814-539-2211

New Paris, Pa. 16554

TIONESTA, Charles Mann, Superintendant ..................... 814-756-3524

Tionesta, Pa. 16533

ENGINEERING DIVISION* Carl H. Nordblom, Chief

Construction & Maintenance Section, Eugene Smith, Chief* Architectural & Engineering Section, K. Ronald Weiss, Chief*

John Simmons, Administrative Officer ..................... 717-787-2192

LAW ENFORCEMENT DIVISION

John I. Buck, Chief ..................... 717-787-2350

Edward W. Manhart, Deputy Chief ..................... 717-787-2350

BOAT REGISTRATION/MARINE SERVICES DIVISION

Paul Martin, Chief ..................... 717-787-3042

Joseph Greene, Marina Services ..................... 717-787-3045

Betsy Straub, Boat Registrations ..................... 717-787-4480

REGIONAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICES

NORTHWEST, Thomas F. Qualters, Supervisor ..................... 814-445-5974

Mailing Address .......... 1201 Otter St., Franklin, Pa. 16323

Location .......... 1201 Otter St., Franklin, Pa. 16323

NORTHCENTRAL, Paul F. Swanson, Supervisor ..................... 717-748-5368

Mailing Address .......... Box 511, Lock Haven, Pa. 17745

Location .......... 120 Woodward Ave., (O心仪的) Lock Haven, Pa.

NORTHEAST, Clark Fleeger, Supervisor ..................... 717-477-5171

Mailing Address .......... Box 48, Sweet Valley, Pa. 18656

Location .......... On Harris Pond, Sweet Valley, Pa.

SOUTHWEST, Thomas F. Qualters, Supervisor ..................... 814-445-5974

Mailing Address .......... RD 2, Somerset, Pa. 16301

Location .......... On Lake Somerset, Somerset, Pa

SOUTHCENTRAL, Richard Owne, Supervisor ..................... 717-436-2117

Mailing Address .......... RD 3, Box 109, Millcreek, Pa. 17059

Location .......... On Route 22, 3 miles west of Millcreek, Pa.

SOUTHEAST, Norman W. Sickles, Supervisor ..................... 717-626-0266

Mailing Address .......... Box 8, Elm, Pa. 17021

Location .......... On Speedwell Forge Lake on Brubaker Valley Road

BUREAU OF ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES
(State Headquarters)
Paul F. O'Brien, Director 717-787-6487

License Section, Mary M. Sine ..................... 717-787-8237

Federal Aid Coordinator, Glen C. Reed ..................... 717-787-5381

Office Services Supervisor, Chapin Rayton ..................... 717-787-2303

Purchasing (Bellefonte), Donna Shomar ..................... 814-359-2764
"What do I do now?"