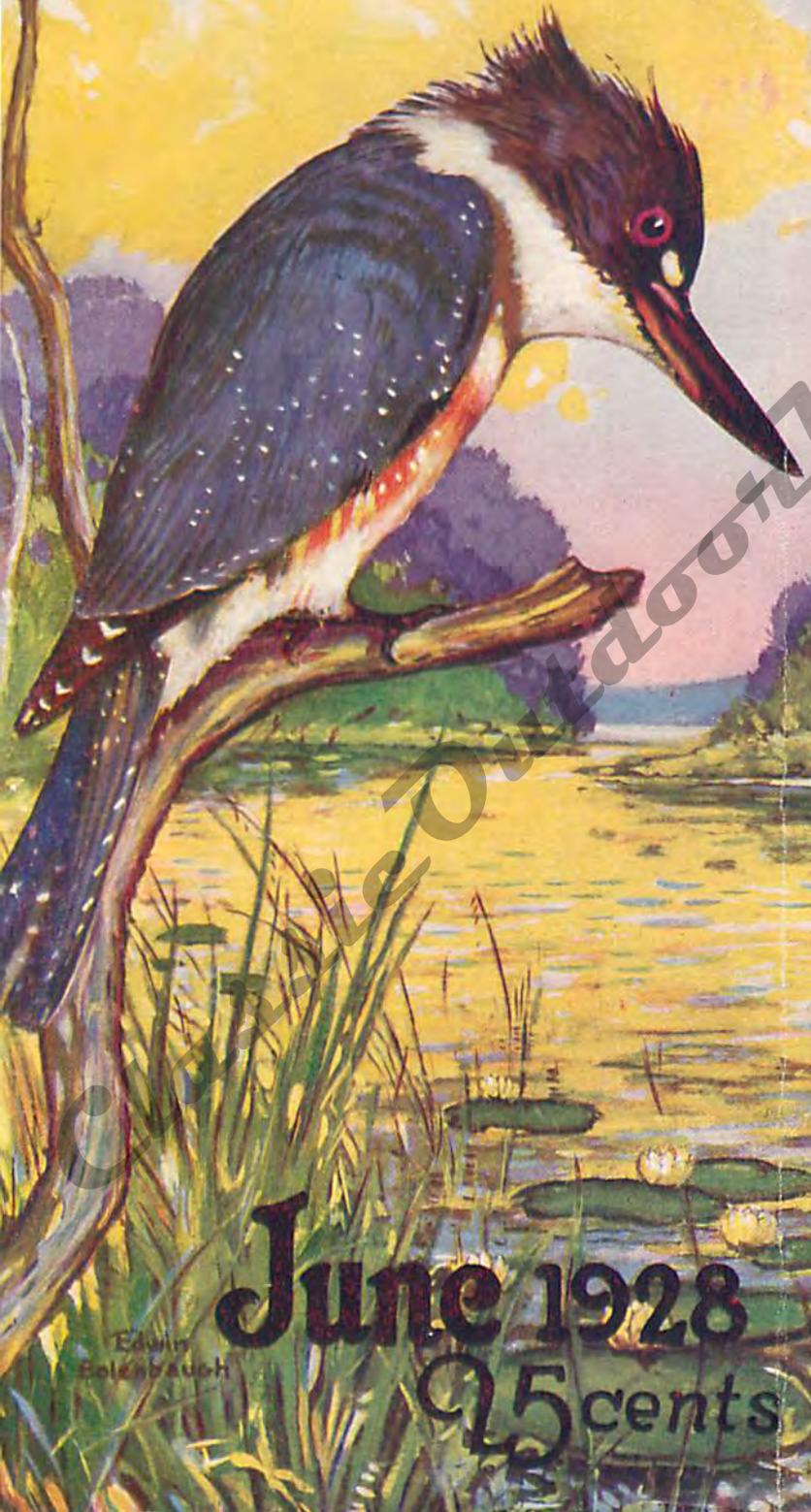


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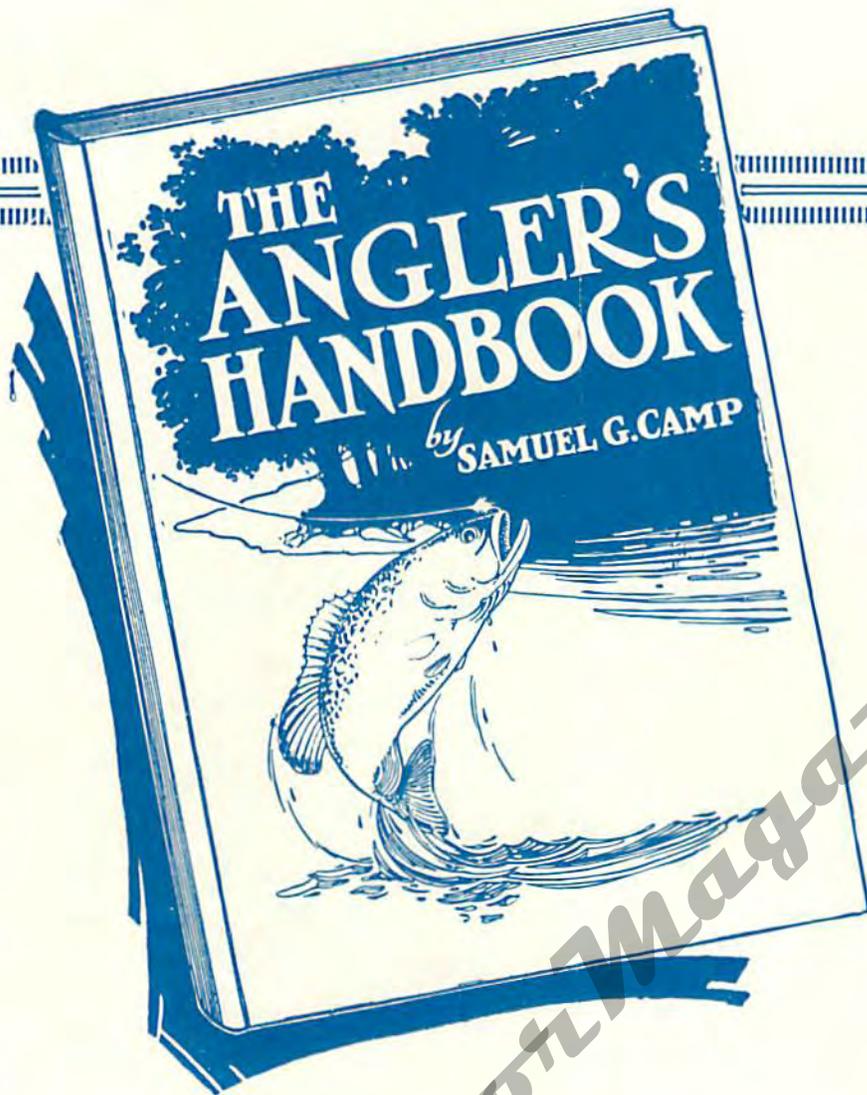
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June 1928

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Editor
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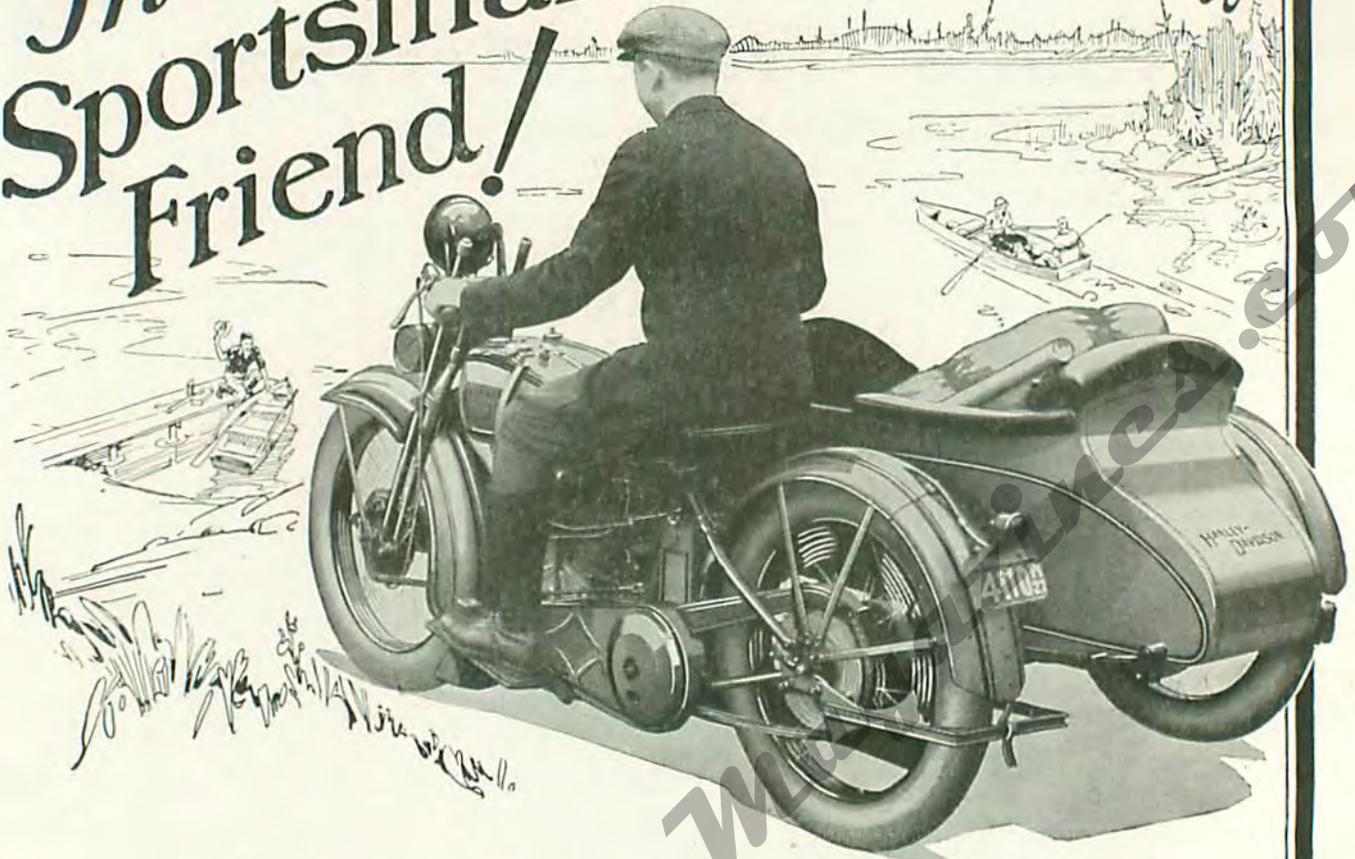
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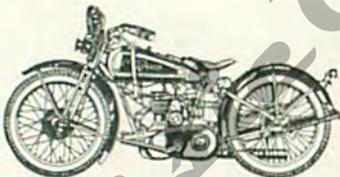
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Hunter-Trader-Trapper

The Largest Outdoor Publication of Its Kind in the World

Volume LVI

JUNE, 1928

Number 6

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The Editor's Page

1928 Anglers' Photo Contest

Many requests have been received lately in regards to our 1928 Angler's Photo Contest, and we are pleased to say that this year's contest will be conducted on the same plane as last year which has been so successful and many good photos have been received. We look for this year to exceed all previous years in entries, judging from the interest and enthusiasm already shown so far.

The contest will close on October 15th, but you need not wait until the last day to enter your photos for you can send as many as you like. A number of entrants last year did not fully comply with the rules, therefore we ask you to carefully read over the full details on page 38.

Be sure your fish are legally caught, as this is one of the main requisites of the contest.

—o—

Beavers Help Irrigation

A forest product not often recognized as one of the most valuable, namely, the wild life of the forest, is being used for a novel purpose in the West. The beaver as a dam builder in the West is proving a good irrigator. The Chief Forester, Colonel William B. Greeley, reports that Colorado farmers, by opening the beaver dams in the mountains poured millions of gallons of water down stream beds and out through the irrigating ditches over their thirsty land. On one stream crops valued at more than fifteen thousand dollars were thus saved.

For the first time an estimate of the number of beaver on the National forests has been attempted. It was estimated in 1925 that over 114 thousand beavers inhabit the National forests. This does not include Alaska. It is believed that as many more beavers live outside of the National forests. The direct value of beaver is not less interesting as a forest product. In 1920 estimates were made by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University, that approximately 8,000 beavers inhabited the Adirondacks. Other estimates place the number as high as 15,000. It is estimated that these animals represent a value in pelts alone of at least \$200,000. Originally the Adirondacks were plentifully inhabited by beaver but they were exterminated through free hunting and trapping. Between 1904 and 1906 a few families were placed in the Adirondacks from Canadian and Western sources of supply and the present beaver population of the Adirondacks has developed from these families. Recent open seasons have cut down on the number but they are still quite plentiful in the Adirondacks and constitute one of the features of the forest and forest life that should be included in any general plan of conservation.

—o—

Mink Raising

Comparatively few persons are raising minks in captivity, even though the fur has sold for high prices during the past 10 years, according to Frank G. Ashbrook, biologist of the Biological Survey, in a leaflet on "Mink Raising," just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. A keen interest has been manifested in mink farming, he says, since the beginning of the present century, but it has been spasmodic rather than sustained. Mink farming is not altogether in the experimental stage, however, for minks have been raised successfully in cap-

tivity, and the quality of fur produced on farms is in no way inferior to that trapped in the wild.

Minks are very prolific, and when fed and handled properly they breed and produce young regularly, their litters numbering usually six, seven, or eight. Young minks born in captivity are much superior for breeding stock, and consequently the prices asked for ranch-raised minks are often higher than prospective mink farmers care to pay. Those who have made money in mink raising thus far have sold the animals chiefly for breeding purposes. Further experiments will be required before it can be determined whether raising these animals in captivity as fur producers can be made profitable.

The new leaflet No. 8-L, describes minks and their habits and gives information on selecting a ranch site, making pens and dens, breeding, mating, feeding, and killing and pelting. Copies may be had free upon request addressed to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

—o—

Forest Fire Carelessness

The high cost of carelessness with fire in the woods was discussed by H. N. Wheeler, lecturer of the United States Forest Service, in a series of fifteen talks given before Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, at boys' and girls' camps, before conservation organizations and others, in various parts of New York during the month of August, according to a bulletin of the American Game Protective Association.

In spite of the efforts that are being made all the time for the suppression of forest fires, Mr. Wheeler pointed out that there were in this state last year 726 fires, practically all of which were the result of carelessness and therefore could have been prevented. One illustration that he gave was of a fire which burned 5,000 acres and which resulted from some boys building a fire to smoke a skunk out of a hole. In another case camp fire girls toasting marshmallows caused a fire which burned 25 acres.

—o—

Respect the Signs

"It is not uncommon to hear two fishermen or hunters, both of whom should know better," says Leo K. Wilson in the San Francisco Chronicle, "discussing some trip afield when a good day's sport was had fishing or hunting on posted property. Among a great many of men, signs forbidding trespassing are considered huge jokes. There are even instances reported where these signs have been used by the trespassers for firewood. And yet these same hunters and fishermen wonder why each year finds more and more territory closed to hunting and fishing.

No sportsman will destroy signs, be they put up to mark a road, a trail, property where fishing and hunting is prohibited or the boundaries of a game refuge. As one motors along the highways in this State, half of the signboards show the marks of having been fired at with some sort of firearms. This is not the work of the true sportsman, but rather pure vandalism. Signs, particularly those marking roads and trails, are put up for the benefit of those who frequent the out of doors, and anyone who destroys them or takes them down brings discredit on the rest of the hunting and fishing fraternity."



PHOTOS OF ACTIVITIES DURING THE OUTDOOR LIFE SHOW.

1.—Speed boat on the Scioto River. 2.—The first time the Chippewas have stood on the steps of Ohio's Capitol. They portaged their birch-bark canoe into the Governor's Office—A novel event in Columbus history. 3.—Crowds lined the Scioto River shores at all times where the speed boats and outboard motors were being demonstrated. 4.—The Indians grouped about a civil war memorial. 5.—Chief Negani who led the Chippewas into the Ohio country. 6.—Sisters—the North Woods and the Goddess of the white man's dreams. 7.—Little mothers of the Wilderness. 8.—Warriors of copper and brass. 9.—He sees the phantom forms of red men who have gone before, down the whispering Scioto—into history. Johnny Martin, in whose veins runs the blood of the brave chiefs who fought the Sioux.



Hunter Trader Trapper

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JUNE, 1928

No. 6

The Outdoor Life Exhibition

By
BEN C. ROBINSON

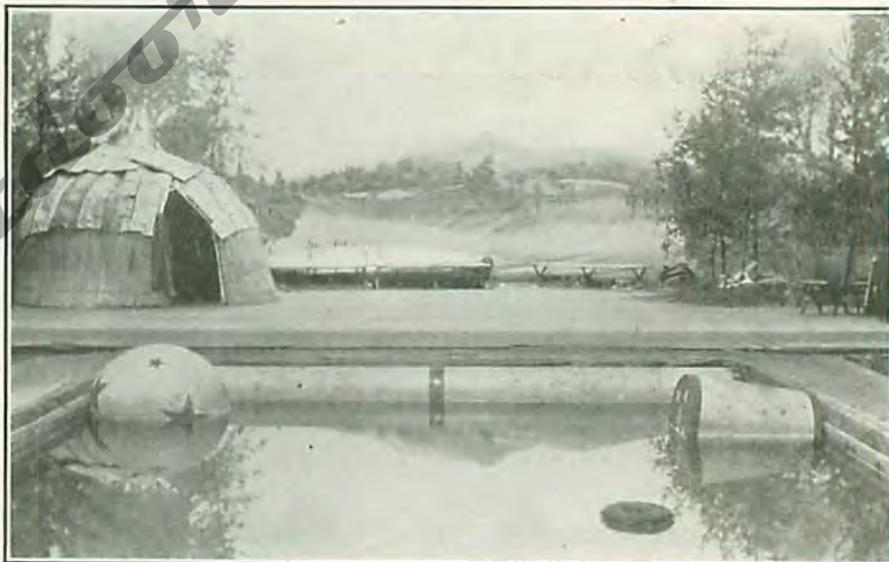
Being a visitor's impression of The Ohio and Bordering States Outdoor Life Exhibition

THE dying echoes of dancing Ojibwa Indians, roaring outboard motors, burling log-rollers, tense and expert tournament bait casters, fly experts, the milling thousands of outdoor lovers passing from exhibit to exhibit of fishing tackle, hunting and camping and trapping equipment, boats, motors, clothing, dog and kennel supplies, all have passed into history down in Columbus, Ohio. But with the passing of the first big Outdoor Life Exhibition's thrill and excitement one glowing fact is left evident. The Outdoor Life Exhibition that the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER magazine sponsored and handled was the outstanding success of the season.

"The finest show of the Big Outdoors that we have ever attended" emphatically declared every exhibitor of camp and fishing and hunting equipment.

The boat and motor men were even more enthusiastic in their praises of the Ohio and Bordering States Outdoor Life Exhibition. And why should they not be joyous over the beautiful and enjoyable occasion that the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER magazine offered us chaps who like the shadowed and sun-splashed trails of the Big Open? For the benefit of you lads of the outdoors who did not have the opportunity to attend the big show at the beautiful Auditorium in the city of Columbus, Ohio, I am writing this short article, striving to bring before you as clearly as possible the delights of the occasion.

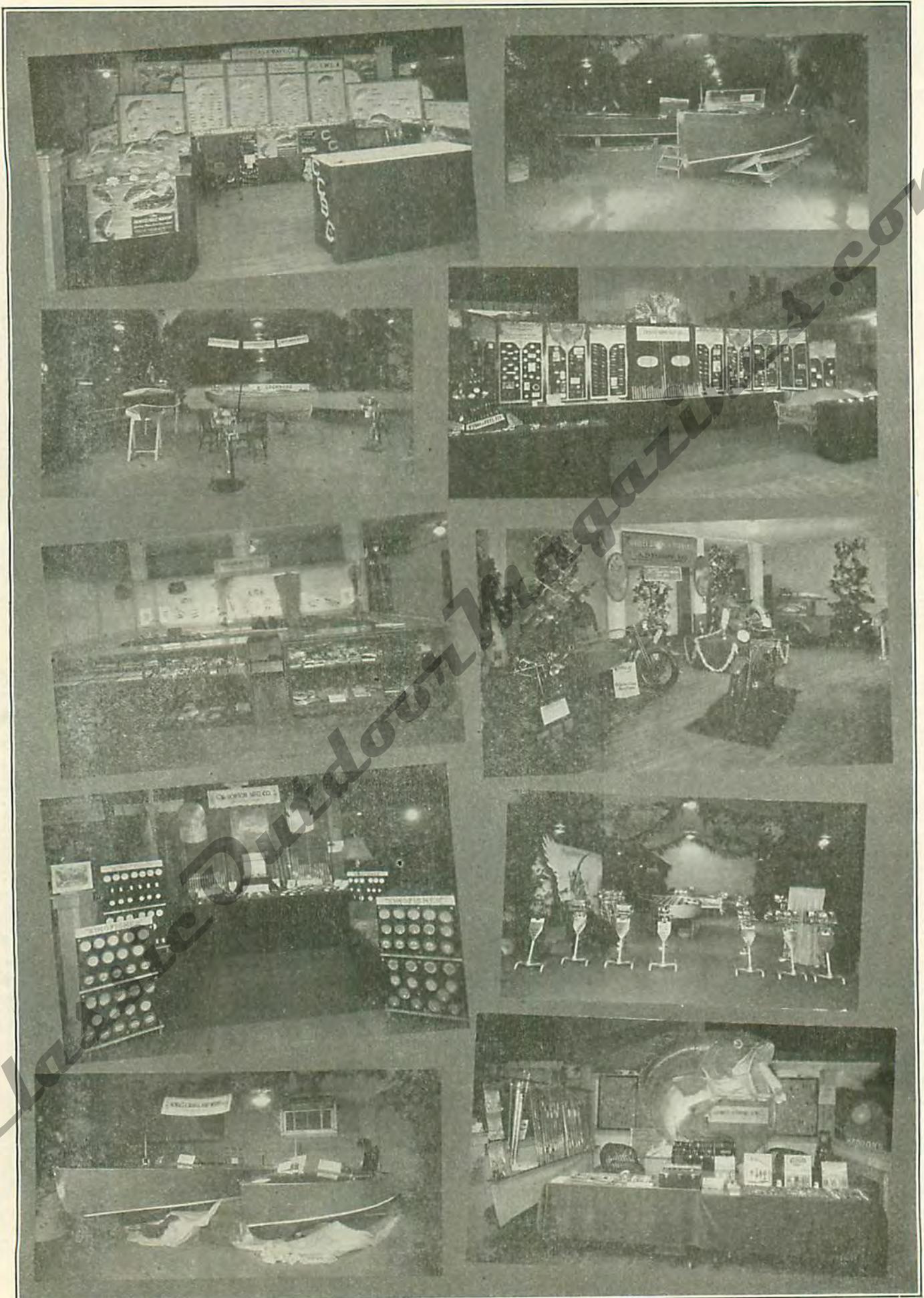
On Monday, April the twenty-third the doors of the Columbus Auditorium swung open on the first exhibition given over



IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE HUGE TANK IN WHICH THE LOG ROLLERS PERFORMED AND WHERE NATIONALLY KNOWN BAIT CASTERS GAVE REMARKABLE EXHIBITIONS. THE OJIBWA INDIANS' CAMP IS IN THE BACKGROUND.

strictly to exhibits and features of the Big Outdoors ever held in the Ohio Valley. Columbus is located ideally for this event. It lays in the central part of the state of Ohio, drawing with excellent rail facilities and with wonderful highways over which the motorist can speed with dispatch from Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and parts of New York and Tennessee. It acts as a hub in a mighty wheel for a vast range

of hunting and fishing ranges. Accessible by unexcelled facilities for transportation both to individuals and their exhibits. And added to this we have a beautiful city, with the most delightful hotels and restaurants that I have ever found in all my traveling about over the various sections of the country. A pleasant convention city, a magazine backing the project that left no stone unturned to make the week's frolic for the red-blooded lovers of fishing,



SOME TYPICAL EXHIBITS AT THE OUTDOOR LIFE SHOW AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, WEEK OF APRIL 23, 1928.

hunting, trapping and camping and motor-boating one that would never be forgotten. This is a short description of the ultimate cause of the Columbus show's wondrous success.

Monday was the opening day. At seven o'clock that evening the doors were opened. The first night, in a city that had never before known the meaning of an out-door life exhibition, and what it stood for, would not naturally be expected to draw very heavily, but imagine the surprise of all who attended to see the vast galleries almost filled. The main floor with its exhibition booths of fishing equipment, of camping and exploring dunnage, rifles, guns, hunting supplies, auto-trailers, motorcycles and their supplies, dog and kennel supplies, railroad displays, golf and golf ball manufacturers displays—in fact everything that has to do with man's recreation moments in the open, was jammed with a milling, joyous throng of red-blooded, sun and wind tanned outdoor folks. Men, women and children, they were all there visiting the booths, talking with the makers of tackle and equipment, getting new slants on those things that they dream about using during the long winter months, and that they actually carry with them and live with on trap-line and in hunting camps or on their southern angling expeditions. Downstairs there was a wonderful display of the wild animals of the state of Ohio, that the State of Ohio's Department of Agriculture, headed by Chas. V. Truax and Mr. D. O. Thompson, Chief of Division of Fish and Game had so thoughtfully offered for the wild-life touch to the exhibition. These animals were confined in large cages and yards lined along two sides of the vast room down stairs in the auditorium. There one might watch brown and black bears rollicking and wrestling with each other; deer and elk calmly feeding, raccoon, red and grey fox, porcupines, opossum, skunk, wild fowl of every sort, giant cranes and wild swans and a display of the most wondrous pheasants that I have ever seen anywhere. This exhibit I feel bears a very favorable mention and the men who so kindly offered it should be thanked by all those interested in the sports of fields and thickets. The animals and birds were brought by the state from the Roosevelt Game Reserve in south-eastern Ohio. On this floor there were the giant motor boats and the outboard motor displays. Speed boats of the fastest type drew the attention of the passing thousands of water lovers and blanket displays that brought surging crowds of those who like the glowing, mellow color of the outdoor man's coverings. On this floor a wonderful display of the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER magazines original cover designs in oil and water-colors attracted wide interest among the lovers of field, woods and water.

From Monday on until the last hour of the show Saturday evening the Auditorium was crowded and jammed. Thursday and Friday afternoon and nights was the high-water mark of the entire exhibition. On these nights every seat and all the aisles of the vast gallery was jammed. The downstairs and basement floors were crowded to suffocation. A large dance floor in the basement was also crowded with dancers



A FEW MORE OF THE ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITS.

which swirled to the music of Webster's Serenaders.

A rushing, milling multitude of men and women whose hearts lay out under the pines and the whispering birch. These people had been hungry. Hungry for the things they love, for the amusements that lovers of the wind-swept lakes and the quiet woods so hearken to, and in the wild dances of the twelve Ojibwa Indians, who had been brought down by this magazine from far off Lac du Flambeau, in northern Wisconsin's big woods, where the sparkling lakes and the deep, sonorous pines lay ever calling, in the sure footed log-birlers that

E. Evans, not mentioning a score of others equally as well-known set records in fly and bait casting that will stand for many moons. Lovely prizes of fishing tackle were offered for the highest score in both fly and bait casting each evening.

Such experts as "Chief" Collar and "Curley" Moulton gave the fishing fans thrills as they performed their weird accuracy with bait casting rods.

The log-rollers were one of the most enthusiastically accepted features of the outdoor holiday. Roars of delight filled the big auditorium as these agile, fearless men performed feats that the old-time lum-

terest as the red-skins performed one of the most thrilling of all the war dances of the northern woods Indian tribes. These Indians came all the way from Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin, to lend their aid to the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER in making this show one filled with the tang of the big woods and the wild lakes of the outdoors. Undoubtedly it will be many a day before another such a spectacle will be offered the sportsmen of the middle west.

ANOTHER very interesting personage attending the show was Miss Helen Henschel, from New York City, the most skilled of all lady outboard-motor racers. Her performance on the Scioto River each day, with speed boats equipped with racing outboard motors drew thousands along the shores of the stream. This feature of racing the new speedsters in the outboard motor world was an innovation indeed, as boats had never before been allowed to be raced on the river at this point. But, to show to the visitors of the Big Outdoors their appreciation of the event the city gave Mr. F. J. and Mr. W. F. Heer, publishers of HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER magazine the privilege of using the river for this part of the big program. As a result of this it is possible that this delightful river front in Columbus will be set aside as a giant recreation park for the enjoyment of the city's thousands of boat lovers. If this should result, the initial effort of these intrepid pioneers in the field of outdoor exhibitions in the Ohio Valley will indeed have attained a glorious reward, for think of the thousands of tired and city-weary men and women who could recreate and amuse themselves on this murmuring waterway that passes within a few rods of the spot where the best outdoor show that I have attended in a long time was staged. It is the hope of exhibitors and of those who attended the exhibition that next spring finds us once more in the spacious beauty of the city's immense Auditorium, thrilling to the scent of the balsams and the pines and cedars that choke the aisles and lead away in true forest-like effect to colorful vistas of fishing tackle, boats, hunting and camping and kennel equipment. A true treat to the men of the fishing, hunting, trapping and camping trails—where we can get together for a week of renewing old acquaintances, making new ones and enjoying ourselves in a hundred other ways that only the many who love the Big Outdoors dream of doing. I am sending my thanks and appreciation to the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER for the glorious opportunity they offered us, one and all, to live for a week in a real spirit of Outdoorland.



TWO DISPLAYS FROM CHICAGO, ILLINOIS AND NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

rode their logs and wooden ball in the vast tank, in the champion casters' tournaments and the drills of the local Boy Scouts and Y. M. C. A. boys, they found the very entertainments that their hearts had been throbbing for so long. So they crowded in each day, jamming the place. And so the exhibitors grew enthusiastic and declared it the greatest outdoor pageant that had ever been held in any city at any time.

The show, most surely will be assured to us for next season. With such a successful outcome surely it will not be allowed to be anything but a yearly event, and I want to say here and now that the sportsman who neglects to attend this delightful event in the spring of the season is denying himself a rare and enjoyable treat indeed.

Here at the exhibition I met many of the old chaps I had hunted and fished and trapped with years before. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. F. Evans, of Newark, Ohio, one of the most fanatical of the mighty old Muskingum River's muskellunge fishermen. He brought out photos of three big wall-eyed pike and one 23 pound musky he had taken a few days previous and showed me another of a concrete pier where the river rushed about, and explained that a year previously he had taken a thirty-eight pound musky from that same eddy.

On the casting platform, which was formed by the front of the wonderful big stage of the Auditorium, some of the champion amateur bait and fly casters of the middle west performed. They cast over the giant tank that had been built especially out into the first floor for the log-rollers and the casting events to occupy. Here such well known casters as "Bill" Brennan, Frank Atwood, J. F. Kennedy, of Kennedy and Bishop tackle firm of Columbus, Clark Weatherholt and H.

ber-jack and river drivers had taught them up in the big north woods where men still ride the logs down some of the rivers to the mills. This feature brought into the event a true tang of the wilderness water trails. Crowds surged in to see these fearless chaps up-end logs, spin a big wooden ball and turn handsprings and stand on chairs a-top a bobbing pine log in a deep tank of water.

THE Flambeau Indians lent another bright and wild spot of color to the show. On the vast stage so delightfully decorated as to make one believe that he had stepped into a real pine forest, with a lovely lake surrounded by timber covered hills as a background, they performed their tribal dances of the mighty Ojibwa nation. The throb of buckskin drums, the shrill, keen, awesome scalp yell and war-cry of the Ojibwa, the weird singing of the dancers as they leaped and brandished their tomahawks about the council fires in their true tribal dances, brought an awed silence over the throng of fourteen thousand five hundred (14,500) people that crowded the auditorium on Friday night. The Brave Man's Dance brought gasps of awed in-



A TRIO OF BOATS WHICH FOUND FAVOR IN THE EYES OF THE CROWDS.

The Best Fisherman By LORIN HALL

*Indulging somewhat in personalities but
being my word for it, just the same*

I Ever Met

I THINK I'm in a position to judge a fisherman. Don't assume from that statement that I claim any special ability, or set myself up as authority on the subject. But for twenty years I have watched and studied the game. I've seen fishermen in action on the Florida Keys, North Atlantic waters, San Clements and Catalena Islands, British Columbia, Klamath and Columbia Rivers, in addition to a thousand streams and lakes in the Rockies. And besides I spent three years in New Zealand and Australia; also Tasmania, hunting, fishing, and seeking adventure in the big outdoors—provided I must qualify.

If you live east of Denver, north of Seattle, or south of San Diego, you've probably never heard of George Cockett. But if you live, or have ever fished in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, California, Oregon, Washington, or Montana, you may have run into him, just like I did ten years ago.

You wouldn't find George on the street corner, tooting his horn, but when you went deep into the forest, where nature holds sway and where deer and trout thrive, it would be in those places that you'd expect to find him.

And as to publicity—he'd sooner face a rattler than a camera. If you get any stories out of him regarding his many experiences, you'll pry it out with a crowbar.

IT was in October, 1916, as I remember it. I had driven from Los Angeles to Reno, Nevada, to inspect a mining property. Mining was my game, fishing and hunting my pass-time. The property was disappointing and uninteresting. Remembering that I had a date to hunt deer that fall with a man who lived in Beaver, Utah, and having no further business in Nevada, I headed across the desert over the Lincoln Highway for Ely, thence took the Midland Trail to Beaver.

It was on the morning of the 3rd of November—a crisp cool morning—that we started out into the timber, on the deer hunt. My friend had a dandy outfit for the mountains. A span of Texas mules and a sturdy buckboard, loaded with grub-box, tent, bedding, hoss-feed, etc. By noon that day, we were fairly launched in the wilderness.

We drove thirty miles that day and made camp on the summit of Murdock Mountain. In the evening a north breeze sprung up and the sky was overcast with fleecy clouds. A good time for snow in the Rockies at that time of the year.

At eleven o'clock that night the flakes of snow started falling and soon made a glistening white world out of a greenish-

red landscape. At daylight we were up and ready to begin the hunt. The storm was over and four inches of velvety snow lay on the ground.

"Just right for deer trackin'," said my friend as he picked up his rifle.

"Now," he advised further, "we'll start out. You take this canyon and follow it steadily. I'll take the ridge to the right, at about the same pace. If I disturb game along there, they'll most likely head west and cross the canyon, at which you'll get a chance to try out that new gun." So saying, and with these instructions we began the day's hunt.

ONE mile up the canyon, I sighted a man—a small, trim built fellow in khaki and leather leggings. He was gazing steadily to the westward. He didn't see me at first. As I watched from my ledge, I noticed that cool, confident, unselfish characteristic of the man, that stamped him to be a true sportsman. I took him to be a hunter exclusively. And, as I watched, I saw him raise his rifle to a steady shoulder, aim and fire! Afterward he stood stock still, as if he had merely fired at some fixed target, in practice. Of course, I knew he had shot to kill, and no doubt a portly buck was at that moment struggling in the last heart-beats of life, unless he missed, which was unlikely.

Waiving all conventions and with an intimate and confidential assurance, I advanced to meet the stranger, who had now cited me. "Good morning," I said as pleasantly as I could, when fifty yards away.

He didn't speak, he didn't even smile, but stood there measuring me as a taylor would for a new suit. Regardless of this, I kept right on up the trail until I was face to face with the silent huntsman.

"I thought it was someone I knew," he said in a quiet voice—a voice as low and musical as the breeze that whispered through the pine branches.

"My name is Hall," I greeted him again, and extended my hand.

"And mine is Cockett," in that soothing voice that reminded me that silence was golden in the forest, especially when game is lurking near. Without another word between us, he motioned for me to follow him. I did so with willing fervor, knowing that he would take me to the spot where he had fired a short time before.

We walked quietly for five minutes, then he turned facing me.

"You ain't a game warden?" he asked with firm voice.

"No—not now, but I have been," I smiled into his keen blue eyes, wondering what was on his mind.

"That's all right," he returned, "I don't break the law nohow—not purposely."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You heard me shoot, didn't you?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"Well, I fired at a buck, a dandy fellow! He's lying over there dead!"

"That's fine," I assured him, looking the way he pointed.

"But—," he hesitated, "I killed a doe too!" This with a little sadness. "She must have been in a direct line. She's lying behind that wind-fall."

What he said was true. The steel bullet had passed through the Buck's neck and struck the doe back of the left ear.

"I'll report this to Davis," he said, as we examined them. "It's against the law to kill a female deer!"

Well, that was how I first met George Cockett. I could easily fill a dozen pages with interesting facts about that deer hunt, but this is a story about big fish so let's get down to business.

Picture a stately mountain range careening against a sapphire sky on a June morning. I had just driven over the desert again, and was covered with white dust and consumed, almost, by an unquenched thirst. I had lost my canteen the day before and had made a dry camp that night. The sight of a crystal stream rushing down a rocky bed looked like heaven when I drove up.

"Hello," said a voice, and I recognized the owner of it in the same instant. "George Cockett, by all that's holy," I answered. "How come?"

"Surprised, eh? Well, I'm liable to turn up any old place."

"You said a mouthful," I smiled. "Where in hades are you going?"

"AFTER trout—big un's up here," he said pointing toward the range.

"Alone?" I asked, having a mental picture of a shimmering lake, with big trout making circles on the surface.

"Yes!" he answered, in a not too inviting tone.

"Well," I said anxiously, "if you don't mind I'll follow you into the timber. I'm fish hungry, too."

"This road," he pointed out, "leads up to a lake. It's about twenty miles and steep grades, but you can make it." No hint in his tone or manner as to when he intended to start out.

"Goodbye," I said, "I'm out for a little trip—if my car can make it."

"See you later," he waved. Then he disappeared into the growth along the creek bank. I started out never expecting to see him again.

I found the lake and made camp on its grassy shore line. It was a heavenly spot away up on the crest of the range,

at an elevation of eleven thousand feet above sea-level. Making a fire I started supper. Afterward, I sat there and gazed out on the lake. Peace, silence, solitude attended me. Not a living thing in sight. No evidence of habitation, nothing to detract, or destroy the original intentions of mother nature.

And trout! The lake seemed alive with them. The drumming was plainly audible and reminded me of distant pistol shots. The timber grew to the very lake shore, and silver-leaved Aspens covered the mountain side like a great, green flag waving in the breeze. And while I sat there, a band of deer showed up in an opening to my right. They fed unmolested in an opening, and didn't mind me, or the sight of my car at all—if they did see me!

Somehow, my gaze was turned westward across the water, to a spot where ledges broke off abruptly. The ledges that lined the shore, were a brownish-gray, which no doubt was the reason I didn't see, at first, a man fishing there. But he was there just the same. Looking through field glasses I saw at once that it was George Cockett. "How in thunder did he get here ahead of me," I said out loud. He'd no doubt been watching me since I arrived and I didn't dream a soul was near.

IN those days when native trout were to be had, and even big fellows that would weigh fifteen pounds, there might be seen, in far away hidden places, or deep in the bosom of the forest, certain under-sized men, who, with a birch pole and snag hook, were supplying the restaurants with fish. The game was good and the price high enough to make it interesting. But George Cockett was not numbered among this class of fishermen. He fished for pleasure—keen, unselfish pleasure. The shepherd himself, who watched his flock on the crest of the range, could testify to that. George fished and gave the fish away. If they didn't come up to the expected weight, he turned them loose again. And the prize fish always went back into the water.

That evening, as I sat there and watched him in action, was to me more enjoyable than if I had been doing the fishing myself, as much as I love it. Cool, collected, calm in his movements, he fought big trout, immovable as if he had been a tree rooted in yonder mountain. Here in the timber, far from the beaten trail, alone but not lonesome, the man found contentment. In those days dynamiters were common. Men who were ready at any moment to blast all the life in a stream, or lake, just to satisfy their desire for a few big fish. These men had an enemy in George Cockett. He hated the destroyer; he was deadly toward the game thief, and the dynamiter.

That night, he came over to my camp and laid three big trout at my feet. They were beauties—speckled shining beauties—the kind you see in your dreams.

"I caught seven fish this evening," he advised. "Four of them I turned loose again." He motioned toward the lake.

"One a ten-pounder—too pretty to die."

I looked at the man, and tried to discover what he possessed that I didn't. Who ever heard of turning loose the

prize fish of the day? Not many men would think of it, and yet why not? When I began to analyze the situation and try to look through the eyes of George Cockett, a faint realization dawned upon me. I began to understand what he meant by turning loose the prize fish! It meant a spawner of the right type and breed to insure a future supply. That big, ten-pound native trout would produce thousands of its kind if left alone until fall—that was the fisherman's knowledge and conviction.

We sat by the cosy fire and smoked.



GEO. COCKETT.

No one knew that we two wandering men were lost to the world—no one cared. And yet we formed a lifelong friendship right there, because we had the same feelings about the big outdoors. We talked about conserving the supply of native trout.

"In ten years," said George, "at the rate they're taking these prettiest of all fish, there won't be one left to tell the tale."

And so it has come to pass. Men were too ready to kill and destroy—too ready to boast about big catches—too ready to satisfy the wants of today and ignore the future.

Darkness stole silently over the forest. Night birds called to each other from the pines. In the distance the drumming of ruffed grouse and the call of pine hens were heard. A coyote, piloted on some faraway ledge, let out a wowl that pierced

the cool ozone. The moon came up, after a little and bathed the mountains in silver glory. Peace and solitude were ours.

But it was the next morning that I gained my impression of George Cockett. As a master fisherman, I saw him in action on the lake. I watched the even, well trained right arm, cast a fly. No aim was truer; no arm was more sure. He reminded me of some famous baseball pitcher, so accurate were his movements.

And when he connected with a big trout—those were moments of silent admiration. There was a long, even cast, the fly falling gently on a ripple thirty feet away. Then, a slow, even, upward movement of the arm that drew the hook along the surface, cutting a straight line in the otherwise smooth water. Suddenly a dark form showed, coming up straight, a pair of jaws opened, as quick and deadly as a tiger's. There was a golden flash—a swish of disturbed water, and then the tang of a tight line. Followed then a battle between a master fisherman and a vicious trout. The pole curved like a hoop, the reel hummed in the spirited dashes, the line cut gashes in the water, trailing out yonder to where foam denoted the movements of the fish. There was mad rushes to right and left, deep dives and lurches in the depths, and in moments of indecision, dead sulking on the bottom.

How is it possible to describe the fight of a daddy trout? No tongue can twist fast enough to minutely describe one. It remains to be felt, to be experienced. Only a shadowy conception can be put down on paper. There are strange lingering echoes in the air, vague impressions difficult to describe, as the fight progresses. Invisible it keeps its secret.

At last the fisherman drew the long, tapering body toward him. There was the first sight of the pointed nose, followed by the twisting head and body. Crashing and surging, twitching and curling he came. Once in the boat, he slapped the bottom in quick smacks of defiance, but it was the end.

THEN there was lunch in the shade of a big pine. Browned trout, coffee, biscuits and preserves. George having moved his camp over, we lunched together. In the afternoon we hiked far up on the range. We stood side by side on a huge snow-bank. We took turns with the field glasses, viewing the great range below with its wooden heritage of a thousand years. That was our second meeting.

Years rolled by—years filled with happiness and sorrow. The world war upset the equilibrium of nations and set friends apart. Men fought and others slaved to furnish the material. Families were torn asunder and acquaintances thwarted. But in time the end came. Men returned to their former occupations, farmers to their farms, fishermen to the lakes and streams.

And so we met again. Not by any arrangement whatsoever. It happened in Pacific waters, off Point Fermin. The morning was bright, effulgent. The ocean was calm as a kitten. I'd headed the "Jessie M" toward Catalina, with the hope of running into Albacore or Yellowtail, there was a good chance for leaping Tuna. The boat skipped over the glassy surface in smooth speed and eager power. Ten

miles out I cited another boat headed in the same direction. Twenty minutes of fast even speed, brought me along side. Sitting in the stern, like a satisfied and contented profiteer was George Cockett.

"Hello," I shouted, "we meet again do we?"

"Hell!" he swore, "if it ain't Hall!"

I hove to and shut off the engine. He was on an excursion fishing boat that made regular trips after Tuna. It took me just two minutes to convince him that he was welcome aboard the "Jessie M." The pilot, a genial fellow, pulled in close and George stepped aboard. Then we raced away to the west over blue water.

"Now," I said to myself, "I've got this fisherman on my own playground. I'll show him a few tricks about deep-sea fishing," feeling sure that he was not so much at home here as in the timber. But in this I was sadly mistaken.

"Should have been with me yesterday," said George as we sped along. "I landed a dandy Tuna in record time," he advised.

"Oh! You did? Well what do you think of their fighting ability?"

"Well, they pull pretty hard, but they don't come up to Tarpon!"

"Tarpon, eh! So you've caught them too?"

"Oh yes. I was in Florida a long time and fished in the Gulf too."

I knew that Tarpon was one of the most highly prized game fish of salt water, a large fish that puts up a great fight when hooked, leaping sometimes ten to fifteen feet above the water. I understood the game well enough to know that any fisherman that had taken Tarpon was qualified to tackle a leaping Tuna.

We crossed several miles of sparkling water in record time. The air was delightful, a slight breeze from the southwest having sprung up. Now and again flying fish rose and scampered along the surface—it was time to get bait.

It didn't take long to capture a dozen flying fish, and in addition we got a few Amberjack. George made ready for business in case we should sight the tell-tale path in the water, made by the fin of a Tuna. But after circling a few miles and criss-crossing, no fish were sighted, except a shoal of Albacore.

It was well in the afternoon when we saw evidence of Tuna. Maneuvering quickly for position, we soon learned that several fins were showing not far to our right. We sped along and circled to get our lures in position, and then let our lines out to where we could skip the bait in front of their noses. George was using a special rod some six feet long, and a Vonhoff reel, containing 300 yards of 29-thread Cuttyhunk line. I had my greenheart pole, and special reel, with the duplicate of his line. We had as pilot, Ole Nelson, an old seaman, who had retired from active sea life, and who loved the game. He knew all there was to know about a boat, and how to handle it. The piloting of a boat in deep sea fishing is somewhat the means of success or failure to the fisherman.

The first strike came with incredible swiftness. It jarred the entire boat. It was only a second afterward that we saw a silvery body leap into the air and come

down nose first. George set the hook in the meantime and the big fish was off for deep water and the open sea. Ole followed carefully, so that George could keep a taut line. I reeled in empty hooked, allowing George all the room to play his catch.

Again, as with trout fishing: No man can adequately describe the excitement and the expectant moments of a fight with a leaping Tuna. There are varied and many features of the fight that defy description. It would have to be photographed by a moving picture camera in order to give one a correct idea. But, suffice it to say that it is the most enthralling of all sport!

And the fisherman! What tactics he must use to lick the fish. There are moments when the Tuna pulls ahead steadily, towing the boat with ease. Then, suddenly, and like a tornado he may turn and come right for the boat. In these turns there is danger of a kinked line or leader. The slack must be quickly reeled in, but sometimes this is impossible, so swift is the pace. As on this occasion, and it came suddenly, with the Tuna coming straight for us, George worked fast. The fish shot for the prow of the boat. He came leaping and shaking his great head. We could see he was a monster, and every inch a fighter.

ON and on he came, as swift as a meteor. And in these moments of keen expectation as to what is going to happen, one who is looking on has the chance to study the ability of the fisherman. Again, and with exact precision I had the opportunity to study George Cockett. His movements were quick and precise, cool, confident of the outcome. But, should he lose the prize, there would be no cursing an imaginary error or mistake, it was all in the game to George.

The next time I met George Cockett, was by special arrangement. We made it up to go into Oregon after salmon and steelhead trout. We started out from Los Angeles, driving up the coast to San Francisco, where we bought a fresh supply of tackle; thence we rolled away up the coast to Klamath Falls.

Salmon and steelhead trout are the most beautiful of all fish to me. The Atlantic salmon is a wonderful fellow and a game fighter. I've caught them in Canada and Newfoundland that would weigh from 20 to 50 pounds. The Pacific salmon are smaller, running around 20 pounds, but they put up a great fight, as does the steelhead.

GEORGE and I made camp on the bank of the beautiful Klamath River, after leaving Klamath Falls, with supplies enough to stay a month if we cared to. We had bought in San Francisco, two greenheart poles fifteen feet long; large single action click reels; double tapered, enameled silk lines, size D, 120 yards long, and several nine foot gut leaders, of best quality. I let George select the flies. He chose an assortment of Ranger, Miller, Jock Scott, Childers, Silver Doctor, and Popham. I could not improve on his choice, so we agreed perfectly as to tackle. Then, in addition we had a dozen cans of salmon roe for our bait hooks.

The first evening we caught three Quinat Salmon, around ten pounders. They were small compared to the size this fish attains. But they were fine eating. It was only a preliminary trial that first day, and we were content with our catch. The next day we took several Chinook Salmon, one that weighed twenty-three pounds.

It was the third day after we arrived that I gained another impression of George Cockett. He had selected a deep hole



A ROAD THROUGH THE BIG CYPRESS. PHOTO BY H. B. BARNUM.

After two hours and twenty minutes, Mr. Tuna was brought to gaff. In that time we covered many miles of water and the fish dashed and leaped clear a hundred times. Late that evening when we docked at San Pedro, the fish weighed 134 pounds. He was not a record fish, but big enough to test the ability of any fisherman.

close to the river bank and in the shade of a tree. The water was deep and dark, and occasionally there was evidence of fish feeding. About 5:30 P. M. when the sun had almost disappeared behind the trees, George cast out, having put on fresh bait, the hook falling gently on the water

(Continued on page 36)

Telephone booth, Sawtooth, N. F. A number of these telephone stations are located along the forest highways to enable tourists to get help in case of accident, and to report forest fires. Courtesy: U. S. Forest Service.

AHAZE similar to that of Indian summer was in the air. The sun hung like a pale lantern in a gray sky. But the time was too early for Indian summer and people wondered about the strange phenomenon.

That night the newspapers announced that a terrible forest fire was burning in the northern part of Idaho and that several other wilderness conflagrations were raging in different points of the northwest.

Thus the pale sun and hazy atmosphere were explained. Smoke had drifted several hundred miles and filled the whole state with a touch of what the residents of northern Idaho were getting in large doses.

Each year the state of Idaho alone has over 1400 forest fires, many of them destructive to valuable timber and human life. Of these 1400 fires 700 are due to the sinister hand of lightning, and these cannot be avoided, of course. But over 200 are monuments to the carelessness of campers and smokers. These can be eliminated by a little thoughtfulness on the part of vacationists and others who throw matches and burning tobacco into the brush or abandon camp without first quenching the fire.

A spark of fire lighting amid some brush can do more damage in an hour than can be repaired in a hundred years. The northwestern summers are quite hot and dry, making conditions just right for disastrous conflagrations.

Despite the heroic work of the forest service and fire guards all too many forest fires occur every year. Grim, blackened sentinels or heaps of burned debris take the place of lovely vegetation. It requires many years for new trees to grow again.

FOREST fires not only destroy rich timber and some times human life, but they have a ruinous effect on wild game. Conditions are always different after a fire. Dens are burned out and laid bare. Haunts and nests are destroyed, causing wild life to look elsewhere for an abiding place. Lye from leached ashes runs into the streams during rainstorms, bringing death to fish and making the brooks far from ideal propagation sites.

While fishing in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho one summer I chanced to look up on the mountainside before me. There was a lane of desolation perhaps half a mile wide sandwiched in between the green forests which was filled with burned stumps and trees—great blackened sentinels stretching like sombre lead pencils into an azure sky. Some mushroom vegetation had sprung up, of course, and flowers were doing what they



Forest Fires

could to beautify the landscape, but they could not erase the aspect of ruin. Some years before the satanic hand of fire had raked across that belt of timber, leaving a trail of desolation that would bring tears to the eyes of any true Nature lover.

It had been extinguished but only after causing untold damage.

Several years ago while fishing in the hills I stumbled onto a recently abandoned camp one morning. Evidently the campers had been in a hurry to leave because camp was a sorry looking mess with trash scattered all about. But the dangerous part of it was that they had not put out their camp fire. Smouldering coals looked up at me from a pile of rocks. It is an unpardonable sin to leave a camp site without extinguishing a fire. Only a few feet separated these coals of fire from a tree and it was but a short distance to some brush of tinder-like dryness. I shuddered to think what might have happened if the breeze that was rising should increase to the velocity of a gale. A little spark might easily blow into the brush. There would be a little wisp of smoke, a twisting flame and before you could say Jack Robinson the whole mountainside would be a fiery furnace—a hell on earth.

A FEW pailsful of water from the creek put the fire out but I heaped dirt on it to complete the job. What if someone had not come along about that time? Possibly nothing serious might have happened. But the chances are it would and forest fires are serious things.

Fire can be mankind's best friend or his worst enemy. Controlled it is a blessing, running wild it is a curse, one of the most powerful forces known.

A forest fire is something like a malignant growth. In the beginning it is only local and can be nearly always cured. But if it is not dealt a death blow at the start the ultimate cure is a much more difficult and uncertain matter. It spreads by leaps and bounds, bobbing up here and there.

DID you know that fires started by campers are usually far more serious than those of lightning origin? This is because lightning as a rule strikes a ridge, thus forcing the fire to work down the slope whereas the blazes due to man's carelessness originate in some deep, woodland pocket where they are often hidden away until great progress and destruction have been wrought. It is much easier for a fire to creep up a mountain than down.

The United States Forestry Service is a mighty efficient organization, functioning with the oiled smoothness and precision of all Uncle Sam's forces. Trained fire watchers are employed constantly during the summer months in the wooded districts. They have access to telephones and maps and use a device known as a fire finder. Anything suspicious is reported to headquarters and the anti-fire campaigns are waged under the guiding hand of a skillful man.

A thin wisp of smoke that the untrained eye would rarely see means something to these guardians of America's forest. Men are sent post haste to the scene of anything suspicious and oft-times every available man in the locality is pressed into service to help extinguish fires. After all it is the duty of everyone to preserve the beauties of Nature whenever he can.

Have you ever wondered how the fire dispatchers work? This is what the forest



Central fire dispatchers office, Council, Idaho. Weiser National Forest. It looks like easy picking, but everything is not always as rosy as it seems. Ask some forest ranger—he knows. This photo courtesy U. S. Forest Service.

An interesting story showing the activity of the U. S. Forest Service in their relentless efforts to control fires and eliminate them as far as is possible.

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

service has to say about them:

"In several of the small towns in the intermountain region where forest fires are most frequent and dangerous you will find special offices of the Forest Service. These are fire dispatchers' offices. Drop in some hot summer afternoon and see what sort of a place you have there for the protection of your forests. You will see no shining brass of powerful engines, no hose, no ladders, or other tools of the city fire fighter—just a small room with many maps on the wall, and a big desk where a man sits with a telephone close at hand. Perhaps quiet reigns, and you may find the fire dispatcher in charge glad to talk with you. Soon the telephone bell rings. You can gather from the one side of the conversation that Ranger Black is on his way down to the Johnson corral, if anybody wants to know where he is. Then from another call it seems that Tiptop lookout wants some potatoes and kerosene as soon as possible. Tiptop is 60 miles away and 5000 feet above the surrounding valleys. The dispatcher suspends his talk with you while he calls the storekeeper in another town and tells him to be sure to include kerosene and 'spuds' in the order going out by pack train early next morning, carrying supplies to all the 'back country.' Another call comes.

"What's that—106?" snaps the fire dispatcher, 'fork of Bear Creek?' You know by his manner that something different has come over the wire. 'Yes; Lone Peak ought to see that. I'll call them.' And he hangs up.

"Fire up Bear Creek way. Smoke coming up pretty good', he says as he cranks the telephone.

"Hello, Lone Peak?—Oh, just trying to get me were you?—Yes, Tiptop reports it on 106.—Three twenty-eight for you, is it?—All right; we'll have somebody after it right away."

"He hangs up the receiver and goes to a map, where he takes two threads, one fastened at Lone Peak and one at Tiptop. Around each of these points is a circle graduated into 360 degrees. He swings the threads so that the one from Tiptop cuts the circle at 106 degrees, and the one from Lone Peak cuts its circle at 328 degrees. The two lines cross at a point down near the forks of Bear Creek, just as Tiptop judged. Again the dispatcher sits down at his telephone. He gets 'Smokechaser' Smith.

"Smith,' he says, 'there's a fire down on the mountain between the forks of Bear Creek. Tiptop and Lone Peak both see it, and it seems to be starting pretty lively. Get down there as fast as you can. Pick up the prospector, Owens, if you can find him at his place, and take him along. If the fire looks bad, send him over to Deer Hollow for the crew that's building trail there. You stay right with the fire. The lookouts will keep us posted. If you can't get Owens, and if it gets worse, we will get the Trail Crew in to help you.'

NEXT he intercepts Ranger Black, through the kindness of Mrs. Holcomb, whose ranch he must pass on his way to Johnson's Corral. He informs him of the fire and tells him to be ready to shoot in reinforcements, for the weather is hot and dry, and the place dangerous. Then for a time all is quiet again. The lookouts in an hour or so may report the smoke

abating or may be getting worse. Then there is more telephoning. Men are notified at distant ranches. Tools, rations, camp outfits, cooking utensils, all prepared in units for just such times, are pulled out of the storehouse, packed onto horses' backs in a few minutes, and are soon off across the mountains. An organization, complete in all details, arises as if by magic through the agency of the telephone. The fire is directed from perhaps 60 miles away by a man who never sees the flame or even smells the smoke, and who may not even know the fire fighters except as distant voices at the other end of the wire. All night long the dispatcher may sit at his desk, calling here and there, and listening to reports. Out in the forests the men are working or resting, ready to jump on the fire at the first glimmer of morning light. This is what is being done to stop forest fires."

Such a machine as the forestry service deserves the wholehearted cooperation of every citizen. Their job is our job, their concern our concern. Forests, much as we love them, are likely to follow the long, easy trail to extinction like the buffalo, prairie chicken and antelope if we don't do our utmost to preserve them.

THE following set of rules has been devised by the forestry service to guide our conduct in the woods. They should be observed religiously for every one meets a definite need and is worth while.

1—MATCHES. Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.

2—TOBACCO. Throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. Don't throw them into brush, leaves or needles.

3—MAKING CAMP. Build a small camp fire. Build it in the open, not against a tree or log or near brush. Scrape away the trash from all around it.

4—LEAVING CAMP. Never leave a camp fire, even for a short time, without quenching it with water or earth.

5—BONFIRES. Never build bonfires in windy weather or where there is the slightest danger of their escaping from control.

6—FIGHTING FIRES. If you find a fire, try to put it out. If you can't, get word of it at once to the nearest U. S. forest ranger. Keep in touch with the rangers.

The English Pointer

The English Pointer has evidently been produced by a cross between the Spanish variety and the foxhound; and to this circumstance may be attributed his well-known energy and fire.

While entirely outside the realm of most trappers, this subject is, however, of much interest to them, especially so when written by

RAYMOND THOMPSON



A SMALL ISLAND IN THE MCKENZIE RIVER.

Fur Trading in the Arctics

A MAN by the name of Robertson, from Wallace, Idaho, wrote me recently as follows: "I am planning to go down the Mackenzie river to the delta and try to trade with the Eskimos. What I really want to know is the kind of trade goods to take also what calibre rifles are mostly used in the north. Outside of that believe the plans we have are all right. There are three of us going, using 2 large Peterborough freight canoes and a small one for a trailer. Canoes to be propelled by outboard motors in still waters—"

I have received several letters of the same nature last summer, in fact helped a couple of boys from Montana buy their outfit for the far north only a few weeks ago. I would never advise any man, unless I happened to know him well, to tackle fur trading in the Arctics for its a mighty stiff game and an expensive experiment. I know men who have been very successful in that line of business and I also know a larger number who have gone broke at it. My view of the enterprise as a whole is that one should take it slow at the start and gain some experience before plunging to any extent. But for the benefit of those who might be interested I will give a few of the facts as I have learned them from men who have spent most of their lives at the business. I have never traded in the Arctics, but I have traded considerably with the natives a few hundred miles further south and I believe the same general rules should be followed in either case.

BEFORE trying any particular venture in the hope of making money from it common sense teaches us to first consider certain things. One of the first points to consider is whether the competition is going to be heavy. To give the reader some idea of the competition in fur trading along the Arctic coast I will cite some examples which show how competition is increasing in the business under discussion.

During the past ten years several Eskimos have engaged in fur trading to such an extent that they have made a heavy bid for the bulk of trade in many sections that were formerly revenue producers for the white traders. An Eskimo and his squaw came to Edmonton this past summer and had an expensive schooner made to order and they paid a cash price of nearly ten thousand dollars for it. The

Eskimo had made his money out of trading in white fox peltry. The schooner he bought was forty feet in length, equipped with a gasoline motor as well as sail rigging, was double-seated for cold weather and in short had everything that a white man knows how to build into such craft.

THE native trader has one enormous advantage over any white man owing to the fact that he is doing business with his own people and for that reason alone I venture to say that the competition of the native trader is going to be heavier as they become educated to the ways of the business. The Eskimos are surprisingly shrewd in many ways. Now that many of them have abandoned the kayak or skin canoe for the white man's modern equipment they are accomplishing ten times as much as they formerly did. Many of them come a long ways south in summer to do their shopping, they are learning the ways of the whites and the more they become educated the simpler it will be for them to oust the white free trader.

In addition to the Eskimo traders the Arctics are fairly well patrolled by white traders who work in from Hudsons Bay or by way of the Mackenzie. The De Steffany brothers who came from Montana to this country a few years ago are supposed to have made in the neighborhood of \$100,000.00. This example is peculiarly interesting owing to the fact that these men left Edmonton going north with \$200.00 between them. Another trader is credited with having cleaned up \$10,000.00 in a single season through shrewd buying and selling of white fox skins. Of course, as I stated before, there are a number of traders who lose money each year, but their competition is to be considered just the same. Competition is perhaps the greatest single factor the prospective free trader has to contend with for there are, in addition to the classes mentioned, several larger concerns operating on an extensive scale, with large amounts of capital at their disposal and great advantage in the way of equipment.

The question of expense of course enters into any enterprise and the gamble in connection with fur trading in the shadow of the north pole is doubly expensive owing to the fact that a man must devote at least a whole year of his time to the experiment. That is, it will take him the greater part of the summer to get to his

destination and once there he cannot very well return until the waterways are again open to navigation the following summer. This of course is in addition to any monetary outlay.

The question of expense naturally involves the cost of the outfit and we come to the matter of "trade goods" as Mr. Robertson terms the stock in trade. Clothing, staple groceries, tobaccos, traps, snares, rifles, ammunition and a regular miscellany of small, but useful articles must be carried. The day of trading fancy gewgaws and tin jewelry is about past and the trader must expect to give reasonable value when he deals with the Eskimo or he will not do much business. The amount expended on trade goods depends entirely on the resources of the trader and unless a man has considerable capital he should stick to articles which weigh the least and are most valuable and most useful. Perishable goods should never be stocked in any quantities.

The matter of transportation on the 2000 mile stretch of waterways is not to be taken lightly. Mr. Robertson suggests that his party is taking two freight canoes and a lighter one for a trailer. Such equipment is all right as far as it goes, but it don't go far enough. What I mean is that it is one thing to get into the fur country and another to get the business. A lot of trading is done during the summer months when the water courses are open and it is almost an absolute necessity to have a power boat if one is to do any business to speak of. If the Eskimos abandoned their canoes for power boat equipment it is a sure cinch a white man would be at a loss without such modern craft. But it is better to go into the country by any means at hand and gain some experience before investing in heavy craft.

THE Alberta Motor Boat Company, with factories right on the Saskatchewan river in Edmonton, Alberta, have been building northern craft for sixteen years. They build a special canoe which has hollow auxiliary ribs built along each side and these canoes will ride real low in the water without danger of upsetting. They also build large schooners for the trade.

The best craft for a small outfit is one flat-bottomed scow and a fairly sizeable canoe and an outboard motor or two will certainly come in handy for crossing the

lakes and for speeding up the craft in slow water along the rivers. Two large lakes are encountered, the trip along the southwestern portion of Great Slave Lake being 120 miles in extent and it is no joke to cross a body of water of that size with no power save elbow grease.

A brief description of the route to the Mackenzie delta is given in the hope that it will prove of interest. The Alberta and Great Waterways Railway runs between Edmonton and Waterways and at the latter point the actual water trip to the Arctic commences. Waterways is on the



A TRACTOR IS USED TO HAUL BOATS AND HEAVY SCOWS OVER SMITH PORTAGE ON THE SLAVE RIVER.

Clearwater river about seven miles above where this stream empties into the Athabaska. In normal seasons the steamers are able to come up the river as far as Waterways but in exceptionally dry times it has been necessary to keep the big boats down on the Athabaska and transport freight via scow from Waterways the intervening seven miles. The steamers push big flat scows ahead of them and these barges are doubly useful inasmuch as they carry hundreds of tons of freight and act as protection against grounding the ship on sand or gravel bars. If the barge strikes a bar the steamer is still able to drag it off again, and even on the return trip from the Arctic the barges are shoved ahead.

From Waterways, a three-hundred mile stretch takes one along the Athabaska river, across Athabaska lake into the Upper Slave river and down to Fort Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald is one of the oldest forts in the north and was the starting point from which Alexander Mackenzie made his remarkable exploratory trip in 1789. The crossing of lake Athabaska is comparatively easy, but should never be undertaken by an inexperienced party unless the lake is smooth.

FROM Fort Fitzgerald to Fort Smith, a sixteen mile portage is encountered, the only portage between Waterways and the Arctic. This is past the famous Slave rapids. Tractors are available for dragging the scows and small schooners across the portage and the bulk of this business is carried on by Pat and Micky Ryan, the famous Ryan Bros. of the Arctic trade. One of the picture shows a team dragging a small schooner across the portage.

Fort Smith has become quite a summer resort, where traders, trappers, miners and even tourists have their rendezvous. Dur-

ing this summer the Fort Smith district has experienced an unusually dry spell and every man available has been requisitioned from time to time to fight forest fires in that vicinity.

Leaving Fort Smith the voyager finds himself in the Northwest Territories and the next stretch takes one through some of the best hunting grounds of the Indians for centuries past. The natural beauties of this country are wonderful and much of it reminds one of great parks, stretching for miles along the Lower Slave. A two hundred mile journey along this latter stream brings one to the Great Slave Lake, one of the largest bodies of water in America. Fort Resolution is located on the lake shore just east of the mouth of the river. 120 mile trip along the southwest shore of the lake, past Hay River an Indian village and point of call, carries one to the mighty Mackenzie which empties into the Arctic over a thousand miles to the north. The fishing industry along the lake is very important to the trade of the north country and men are in the habit of coming south from as far away as Fort Norman, each fall in order to put up the winter's supply of fish. The only means of transportation in the Arctic during the long winter season is by dog teams and it requires hundreds of tons of fish to feed these innumerable animals.

Forty miles down the Mackenzie Fort Providence is reached. Here a Hudsons Bay company post is found as well as a mission. One hundred and fifty miles farther and we come to Fort Simpson at the mouth of the Liard river. Smaller boats ply along the Liard river as far as Fort Nelson, tapping a rich fur country. At Simpson the Royal Canadian mounted police man a barracks and there is also a Dominion government agency at this point. Here the annual treaty money is dispensed to the natives.

FORT Wrigley, another small trading post, is 150 miles further down and the country surrounding it is mountainous and very beautiful on account of the green and red rock formation. The next place of note is Fort Norman, famous as a possible oil-producing district, the wells being some fifty miles downstream from the Fort. The thrill of running rapids is experienced in the Sans Sault and a few hours more brings one to the marvelous Ramparts. Here walls of several hundred feet in height tower on each side for a distance of several miles and the river narrows considerably where it has cut its way through a solid wall of limestone. But a comparatively short distance below the Ramparts one enters the Arctic circle, the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Below Fort Good Hope the Eskimos commence to make their appearance. Arctic Red River is two hundred miles below Fort Good Hope and still fifty miles downstream one comes to the mouth of Peel river and a short trip up this river brings one to Fort McPherson. From Fort McPherson an overland route crosses the divide between the Mackenzie delta and the Yukon. From Fort McPherson back down into the Mackenzie and thence on to Aklavik the journey brings one to within fifty miles of the Arctic ocean proper and one is then well within

the Eskimo country. Aklavik is the central trading point for the Arctic coast, and what course the free trader pursues from then on depends entirely upon himself and his equipment.

As intimated in an earlier paragraph the winter transportation is by means of dog sleighs and the prospective trader must figure on purchasing Eskimo dogs once he gets to the country where he intends to ply his trade. The cost of these dogs varies as much as the weather. Some winters, when trapping is poor and dog food scarce, the natives are glad to dispose of their animals for a little of nothing, other times they are hard to secure even at a high figure.

Further inland, where the caribou migration is depended on for food the business of fur trading is further complicated owing to the gamble attached in waiting for the animals to show up. Last winter, in sections east of Great Slave lake, the natives had a very hard winter owing to the failure of the caribou migration. They had no food for themselves or their dogs and it was useless to attempt normal trap-



TYPE OF SCHOONER USED FOR FUR TRADING IN THE ARCTIC.

ping. They didn't even have enough meat to bait their traps. Such things enter into the business of fur trading, for unless there is a certain amount of fur trapped there will be little to trade.

Another big gamble in connection with fur trading in such remote districts is in connection with the varying markets for furs. The trader may pay a long price for furs and by the time he gets them outside discover that he has paid too much. I know an individual trader who got stung to the tune of \$16,000.00 during one season's operations. Radios are used more and more in the north on account of the market reports, etc., and have proven a real boon to the fur trader. But even with such equipment a man is unable to "unload" in case of a slump.

During the past four or five years the bulk of the fur trade from the Arctic has been represented by white fox pelts, the annual catch being in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.00 over that period. It is this "white gold" that has attracted so many traders and trappers, particularly since the end of the war.

French River

"Pop" says he has fished a lot of different places in his time but the French River is the only one to which he ever returned more than once



By
HERBERT K.
("POP") LAIRD

Above—The French river with its many islands offers a real paradise not only to fishermen and campers but to anyone who is interested in and can appreciate beautiful scenery.

At Left—Here is "Pop" himself the personification of contentment and satisfaction, but why not?

WITH the aid of a flashlight, I made my way to the landing. I was in a bad humor, and I didn't care who knew it. The experience of a life time—a thing toward which I had looked for months being spoiled under my very nose—all piped up for the thrill and then the thrill must be choked abornin', and all by a damned pig-headed Irishman to whom the Scotch are "Lesser breed within the Law" and the Yankees "Darn good fellows but not very bright." Ashes in ice cream—whoa! being shouted at a horse race—heigho—oh well—

For years I had wanted to see the French river—the French of Champlain—of Brule—of Lalemnet and R. Le Caron of the old fighting nations of the Nipissings—the Ottawas and the Dokis. I wanted to see it and see it right the first time—there must be no fly in the ointment to spoil that first impression. At other times and from other angles I shall perhaps see it in detail—but this first trip must be right. But how to proceed. "Twould be easy enough to go to North Bay, Ontario—hire a couple of guides—purchase an outfit and make a survey of the river. Ah but who knows what might become of the atmosphere under such conditions.— Now undoubtedly this thing must be done properly or not at all. Then I met the Irishman one winter in Florida and the problem was solved—or seemed to be until this pitch black night at 10:15 when I stumbled down to the boat landing at the Four Kings Camp—the summer diggings of the Irishman who has since become, if not my most agreeable—at least I can say, my best friend. He lives in North Bay, confesses to begin three-fourths Irish and half In-

dian (add it up yourself) and knows his Nipissing and his French river—in fact his New Ontario up, down and across. The Indians call him Lakwini Mangoon (the Lone Wolf)—his white friends call him "that damned gypsy", and—I—well I've called him a good many things. "Sure—come to North Bay" he said, "and I'll steer you down the old French." The little steam boat "Northern Belle" picked me up at the North Bay dock and at noon the same day deposited me at "Four Kings" to be welcomed by the wild Irishman in his usual manner, "Hello Scotchman. Did you bring me any yankee cigarettes?"

The shack at Four Kings is a roomy affair in which axes and saws were probably the only tools mixed up in its creation, but comfort is there, the roof is tight and as you will see it has since become my second home. I was all set to commence the canoe trip on the following morning but the Lone Wolf wouldn't have it—"Wait" he said—"a couple or three days and see how a stomach made for porridge will stand up under bacon and beans"—"But Joe—my stomach is all right, never had stomach trouble in all my life." "Never had a He meal either in all your life." "We'll wait," was the answer—

WE waited—and then this—stumbling down to an eighteen foot canoe, loaded with our dunnage—in darkness that seemed thick enough to interfere with one's breathing—we would begin our trip, which for me was to be the trip, in the inky

blackness of a night whose stygian darkness you could cut with a knife. "No wonder the Irish can't have Home Rule." I protested to Joe, but I could have saved my breath for all the good it did me. "Don't forget your silk nightie Pop," was all the answer I got. "There's an old Bob cat at the head of the big Reccollet that won't tear a Scotchman unless he has a silk nightie," and so we started. "Put out that light so that I can see where I'm going," was the growled command, and of course the order was obeyed. I sat in the waist of the canoe facing the stern, my hands on either gunwale. In the bow, swinging easily to the rhythmic sway of the stroke which he was setting, knelt Little Joe Clement—65 years young, scout and bushman de luxe—one of the most interesting men I've met and of whom I shall have much to say later. In the stern crouched the other Joe—Joe Sheedy the infernal celt—I couldn't see him but I knew he had a grin on his face, and I cursed him in my heart. And the darkness—nowhere else in the world do I think "comes the darkness down so thick." I could not see my hands on the gunwales—I could not even distinguish the grinning figure in the stern, less than five feet away, but I could hear the faint knock, knock of his paddle on the canoe and I could feel the impetus given to the frail hull by the short powerful, yet effortless strokes with which he drove us forward—I could hear the purring swirl made by the prow as it broke through the water, but I could see nothing

to the right—nor the left—nor to the rear. The impenetrable blackness blotted out the sky lines and the water itself might have been miles away for all the registration it made upon my aching eyes, they were from straining, I suppose, into the darkness. I craned my neck to look forward. "Why don't you climb a tree?" came a snarl from the stern, and I swore under my breath. I was mad, clean through—my dream trip of many years—I would drift down the Noble river—the shades of Samuel de Champlain and his Courier du Bois drifting with me and I would drink in the wonderful intimate beauty of this unspoiled land—and now this—I supposed these savages would paddle all night—at least so far as hoping that fatigue would stop them I knew I was out of luck. I closed my eyes to ease the ache—I might as well sleep a bit and forget my chagrin—Perhaps I dozed a minute, or ten or fifteen—I awoke with a start. The canoe had stopped—I opened my eyes and almost upset the frail shell. A huge red ball of fire hung low against the horizon in a sharp cleft in the sky line. It couldn't be the moon. No moon could be so large by half—No moon could be so red, could diffuse so rich a light—aye no moon save a French river moon whose equal has yet to be created. The sky line was plainly visible now—etched in purple and faint delicate silver in the south and north, a rich purple in the west and in the east—maybe Kyne or Curwood or Mrs. Rhinehart could describe the east, I won't attempt it.

TO the south and east the hardwood hills of Parry Sound, to the north and west the pine and spruce of Nipissing. All around us the French river. On the left, the Island of Okikondaught—famous in the wars of the Nipissing, on the right—Horace Island where the northern tribes kept the first horses ever brought to this country after a successful and very bloody foray upon the tribes further south. "We hit it about right Mr. Sheedy," said the little Frenchman in the bow—"Yeah"—came the answer from the stern, "considering the balky Scot we had to drag along." I don't remember how long we sat and drank in the wonder of this wonderful night. The moon climbed rapidly, growing smaller and more like a moon every few minutes. Away to the north a timber wolf split the stillness with his long-drawn out, mournful howl, and from an Indian encampment on Horse Island a more or less (probably less) removed cousin gave him his answer. From a thicket on Okikondaught a whip-poor-will sent his echoing plaint to receive his reply from a sweet-heart, on Tomahawk to the east, and other answers from his rivals on Dead Man's Island and the Nipissing mainland. The water was perfectly still—a sort of purple haze of great depth and richness seemed to hang above the surface. The reflection of the moon in its mirror was as round and as perfectly etched as the original in the heavens. A quarter of a mile away, some night-flying insect touched the water in passing and the ripple was as clearly defined as though it were three boat lengths away.

In the stern the night was having its reaction on the Celt. The crooked pipe—badge of all the north land men was clenched in his teeth and his voice vibrant

with emotion never far from the surface in men of his race was pouring out some doggerel or other which goes, I believe, something like this.

Oh the man in the moon is from Dublin town,

Where every man should be;
Except the Zulu cannibal boys,
The Scot and the Heathen Chinee.

For every moon is an Irish moon,
As every man can see,
But it shines on every one just the same
On Scot and heathen Chinee.

They both seemed to get ready to go simultaneously although no word was spoken. We camped that night at the Little Chaudierre and in less than no time my bed was made ready, a small fire lighted, toast and coffee made its appearance and followed a sleep that was like medicine to the old bones.

Blinding sunlight awoke me. It was not yet 5:30. The aroma of coffee and bacon—back bacon by the way, was strong on the air. The roar of the Chaudierre was in my ears and I was at peace with the world. However, my old weakness had me in its clutches and I was soon on a high

rock at the foot of the first rapids aiming at a dark hole where the back wash made a foam flecked eddy. Below my rock and in deeper, slower water an arm flashed, a head cut diagonally across the stream and a voice called above the noise of the rapids—"Hey Scotty, don't you ever take a bath?"—The Irishman in his morning plunge—but my rod was trying to leave my hand and my line bade fair to burn a hole in my thumb for a four pounder had laid hold and the fight was on—three of these in seven minutes and the lightest went 4½ lbs. The two Joes had their bacon and eggs but small mouth black bass fried in butter for me every time and often.

After breakfast, I stumbled on some luck. Generally you fish in the French for a few minutes at a time and then you quit unless you are a butcher or a hog—for at the end of that time you have your limit of fish or at least all you can use. This morning, however, the Joes produced a large galvanized tub filled with water, and I was told to go ahead and catch all the bass in the river. It appears that the fish cannot go up the Little Falls and as there are no

(Continued on page 26)



ANOTHER PIECE OF EVIDENCE SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY AND THE FISHING POSSIBILITIES OF THIS WONDERFUL AREA.



A SMALL MEADOW WHERE STOOD A FEW HAY COCKS.

RUFFED GROUSE--

a Man and a Dog

THERE is something fascinating about the stillness and mystery of the autumn forest, the bewitching color schemes which the first frosts have painted on each bush and tree, and the sweet pungent odors with which everyone who has visited the woodlands at that time of the year are so familiar. If for only this alone the time devoted to these pilgrimages in which most people love to indulge, would be well spent. But add to these beauties the occasional presence of that grand old game bird, the ruffed grouse, and you have a setting to thrill the soul of the most fastidious sportsman and dreamer.

It is a much discussed question as to which of the two, the opening or closing day of the shooting season is the most popular with the gunner. I prefer the closing day, for by that time the old birds have become wiser, and the younger generation have learned a thing or two! True enough the opening day has its thrills, coming as it does at a time when the old trigger finger has begun to tremble from disuse, during the weary months of years, and with anticipation for the dawning of a new season's sport. But Heaven forbid

By WILLIAM LANGBEHN

that the killing of a few birds should satisfy the longing in men's hearts. There is much greater enjoyment to be had in the quest for the ruffed grouse than that. It is the joy of being out in God's pure air, feeling fit, matching wits with the wise old bird, not always successful, to be sure, but matching as best you can. It is the thrill of being near the wild things, which are Nature's children, watching them in play and more serious business. These are but a few of the things, and there are many more, which should fill the soul with joy.

AS a dweller on the blustery plains of the Dakotas in years gone by, like all others of the time, I thought no sport on earth could ever equal the taking of a brace of prairie chickens, and I will not gainsay that to those who have had no other sporting bird for their enjoyment that may even now be true, but I have met the ruffed grouse!

One beautiful May morning I ventured forth into the woodland, not particularly looking for anything, except, perhaps, for

ease of mind and body. I was wandering along rather dreamily, wrapped in my own thoughts when suddenly I was confronted by a big bundle of bristling feathers, evidently bent on seriously damaging my anatomy, for intruding thus in that sacred domain. While trying to dissuade the mother grouse from such a rash course I saw the reason for her anger at me, about a dozen little baby grouselets, and the way they disappeared in the brush was a sight well worth seeing. In the same instant that they were hid the old hen also scurried to safety. For fully half an hour I listened to her call her brood together. After that was accomplished all was quiet again, and I was left to go on my way dreaming my own day dreams.

The following fall I had my first shooting experience with them. It is needless to say that there was no marked depletion in the ranks of the grouse population as a result of my efforts, for I soon learned that there were more large trees and other obstructions behind which a shrewd grouse could wing to safety than was ever dreamed of. There was a shrewdness and sagacity about those chaps that baffled me.

However, experience teaches much, and during the following days of the shooting season I had experiences enough. By the time the closing day rolled around I was more or less proficient. I had learned to hit one occasionally. The closing day broke crisply cool but beautiful. It was one of those grand mornings so typical of autumn in the west. One of those mornings when all the world seems to smile, and everyone steps out briskly and alert. On such mornings it is a pleasure to be out, roaming over the hills.

Barney, my old doggie, now long since passed to that bourn from which no doggie e're returns, jogged along at my heels, occasionally touching my hand with his cold wet nose, just to let me know that he also felt the same. As we neared our favorite grouse cover I spoke the word that he loved to hear and with a joyous bark he bounded away.

Shortly after entering the woods I heard the peculiar chirping of a grouse, a sound familiar to all sportsmen who have hunted the wise bird. Presently I located the sound and stepping cautiously forward a short distance I came upon Barney staunchly on point, and a few feet ahead of his nose were two cock birds stretching their necks, looking at him, and wondering if it wasn't about time to fly. Both flushed at the same instant, one going to the right and the other to the left. I nailed one and swinging onto the other, pulled the trigger and tore a big piece of bark off of a beautiful yellow pine tree. Barney carefully retrieved the dead bird, and went on about his business. A few minutes later I heard him bark "treed," some distance away. Some seem to get a lot of "kick" out of shooting grouse out of a tree. I've seen it done and can't say that it thrills me much.

WHEN I found Barney he was dancing around a small fir thicket, barking as loud as he could. I cautiously stepped up, thinking I might get an opportunity to watch the antics of the grouse. I always like to watch them sit immovable, with their necks stretched just as far as they possibly can, apparently hypnotized by a dog's contortions. But these grouse were wary, and as I took a step forward there was a whirr of wings and a grouse went out right over my head. I whirled around and tried to get a shot, but the wise old fellow was safe behind a clump of trees. At the same instant another grouse left the thicket and before I could regain my bearings it zig-zagged and disappeared in thick cover. Barney continued to dance and bark around the thicket, so I felt certain there were more birds there but could not locate them. Finally I gave up the search and urged the dog to go on, but he looked at me inquiringly, then set up a new dance and bark. Finally I took him by the collar, intending to send him on, but at the same moment two grouse went out above my head, and started, abreast, down an old wood road. Fortunately both were out in the open and I scored a double.

Two birds to retrieve when both were fluttering! Poor Doggie, he had quite a time figuring out just how he would accomplish the feat. But it was seldom that

he came to his wit's end, so finally he picked one up, and trotting over to the other, placed one of his front paws on it where it lay struggling, and awaited my arrival. He was rewarded with a couple grouse heads.

A SHORT time afterward we came out of the thicket, into a small meadow where stood a few hay cocks. On one side of this little meadow flowed a little creek, where often times I have caught a nice string of brook trout, and on the other side grew quite a number of white birch, a few yellow pines, several hemlocks, and a great tangle of wild roses, thistles, thorn brush, and a number of varieties of wild berries. Ideal cover for grouse. As I stepped out of the woods into this meadow three grouse rose from the ground and started for the tangle of thorns. There was no opportunity to pick a bird, so I just blazed away at them! Barney evidently saw more than I did for he went into the thicket and a little later came out with a grouse.

This spot seemed to be the rendezvous of game birds, for while Barney was laying the dead bird at my feet a covey of Hungarian Partridges, those marvelous grey and tan foreign sporting birds, took wing with a roar that set my blood a tingling. There is a thrill to the flushing of a covey of Huns that far surpasses that of any other sporting bird. The covies will average from twelve to twenty, and when they go into the air they usually all go at the same instant. There is no popping up, one at a time, but the air is full of them at the same moment, and the next moment they are out of gun range. They are not of the lingering kind. Needless to say that I did not shoot at them, for they were out of range before I recovered from my surprise.

I picked up my grouse, and started on, day dreaming as I often do, thinking that perhaps my four grouse were plenty. I called Barney to heel. He came obedient to my wish, but he whined, nevertheless, showing me his desire to go into a patch of thistles only a dozen yards away. I let him go in and out came a great ring-necked pheasant! He started toward me, changed his mind, and started straight away. The charge of shot halted him, and Barney proudly brought him in.

You know, brothers, sometimes I wonder why the Creator made a dog man's best friend and failed to provide them with the speech of man. I love dogs, and know my dogs talk to me, and at most times I understand their wants, but often I wonder, just the same. It may be that could they express their thoughts at times in human tongue they would be less man's best friend, for I fear me some times some of us would get not kisses from them, but tongue lashings.

HOWEVER, Barney and I had a little love feast there in that meadow, and I said a great many nice things to him, all of which he appreciated, I know. Five birds, and one of them a "Chink," as we call them. I was satisfied with the day's sport, and started out of the hunting grounds, unloading my gun as I went so nothing would tempt me. As a matter of fact the next ten minutes were a great temptation, for during that time I saw more birds than I had seen all day. Twice I slipped a shell into the gun, then thought better of it, and started on a dog trot, with Barney at my heels, until I got out of the timber and well on the way home. Then, serenely, I went on my way, with the assurance that in my favorite grouse cover there was left enough birds for restocking for many years to come.



BEAUTIFUL BIRDS — IT SEEMS A SHAME AT TIMES TO SHOOT THEM.



UPPER DEWEY WHERE THE BROOK TROUT ABOUND.

Skagway Brook Trout

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

FROM the lobby of the Golden North Hotel in Skagway, Alaska, you can see the white waters of Dewey Falls as it drops from the heavy timber of upper Dewey Lake into the lower lake. Early in the morning, before the streets become noisy with traffic, you can hear the roar of this falls from the street.

We had been down the Yukon river to Dawson, fishing grayling and had but recently returned from the 575 mile trek. We were resting and waiting for the Canadian National steamship to arrive from Vancouver. Although we had fished every day for the past month, Jim, my 13-year old son, was anxious to try the brook trout that were reputed to be in the Reservoir, a fifteen minute hike up the mountain east of town. Mr. Henry Dedman, the genial proprietor of the Golden North, volunteered to accompany us if we cared to go. He spoke of other lakes lying between the two high peaks towering over the city. One was the lower Dewey lake and the other upper Dewey. An excellent trail leads to all three lakes and each is alive with brook trout which were imported and planted some nine years ago. There being little else to do about Skagway we decided to start in the morning and fish all three lakes.

Jim went to the theater, ate half a dozen oranges, a great quantity of peanuts and other junk and about midnight was in

pretty bad shape. But that did not deter him from the trip. At seven o'clock the following morning we started up the grade. Jim did not eat any breakfast and I expected him to give out on the five mile hike which is mostly straight up. We made the first lake or reservoir in about twenty minutes. We saw brook trout leaping for flies all about but we did not bother to stop as we were after bigger game. We skirted the reservoir, a beautiful little body of water, crystal clear and icy cold. The woods about this little lake are cool, green and moist. A creek runs from lower Dewey, a much larger body of water, into the reservoir. An early party of fishermen were in a boat on lower Dewey and we could see them pulling in the trout which made us the more anxious to get busy. The morning was foggy, but as we ascended the sun lifted the fog revealing the beauties of the lakes and rivers. A muskrat swam across the end of the lake, diving just before reaching the opposite shore. A great bald eagle arose with a fish in his talons. He soared down the length of the lake, arose and disappeared between the twin peaks high above us, his catch wriggling frantically to free itself from the murderous grip of the bird.

It was growing warm. We followed the rushing stream that is visible from the city below. Far down the mountain we could see Skagway lying like a child's toy city. We could see the glistening waters of the

Skagway River rushing into the sea from the White Pass country to the north. The sun glistened from the great glacier high in the mountains across Lynn Canal, an arm of the sea that reaches beyond Skagway into the Chilcoot Pass country.

We were passing through a desolate, fire-swept region, rocky and rugged in the extreme. The rocks were sharp-edged and cut like razor blades. I was glad we were wearing our Palmer boots. They are soft and pliable, easy on the feet and still take up the rough work in rocky country. With caulks in the instep and brads on the soles they held the trail and we made good progress. A lighter shoe would have gone to pieces in a few hours of this rocky trail work.

PRESENTLY we came to the edge of a beautiful, green forest country. Here the blue berries grew in wild profusion. They were much larger than the same type of berries back in Michigan. Some we found as large as cherries, juicy and delightful, a bit sour, but good withal. Jim was now getting hungry. The heavy going was beginning to tell on him. I had two oranges in my fishing creel and he ate these. We stopped and ate quantities of the delicious mountain currants, something like a gooseberry, sweet and with a faint flavor resembling the odor of skunk. We stopped again in the shady woods to drink from a cold spring that bubbled out from the bottom of a rock. From now on to the

head of the trail we passed through a forest as dense as any coast forest can be. This forest sighs from a distance. The tall firs bend in whispered murmurings. It is only after the door of the forest is opened and one creeps in that all the separate sounds enriching that sigh may be distinguished and recognized. Red squirrels run about in the undergrowth or climb the sides of some giant cedar. By a tiny stream that rushed from rock to rock a mother blue grouse drank and uttered endearing sounds to her half grown young ones nearby. All these sounds mingle with the rustling of the leaves of the trees. Everywhere there are woodland flowers showing wistful faces in the deep, green woods. In colorful pageant the flowers turn toward the little stream which seems to have lost its way as it winds around a cluster of rocks. It rushes from side to side, tripping haltingly over stones and logs in an excited effort to find its route to the larger stream.

TWO and one-half hours from the time we started from Skagway we arrived at the highest lake in this chain. Upper Dewey is a beautiful sheet of water lying at the foot of two high peaks. It is a lake three quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide. It is nearly above timber line, only a few low growing spruce and scrub trees growing in this high altitude. The twin peaks stand like gaunt giants guarding the great glacier just back of it. Bare of all vegetation the cold rock runs up to needle-like points. Dedman told that when he was 17 years of age he climbed the highest peak in four hours from the time he started from Skagway. From that peak he had an uninterrupted view of the ocean and the islands of the Inside Passage. Also to the left he could see hundreds of thousands of acres of ice forming the great glacier. We did not go beyond Dewey Lake. We were content to fish this beautiful body of water.

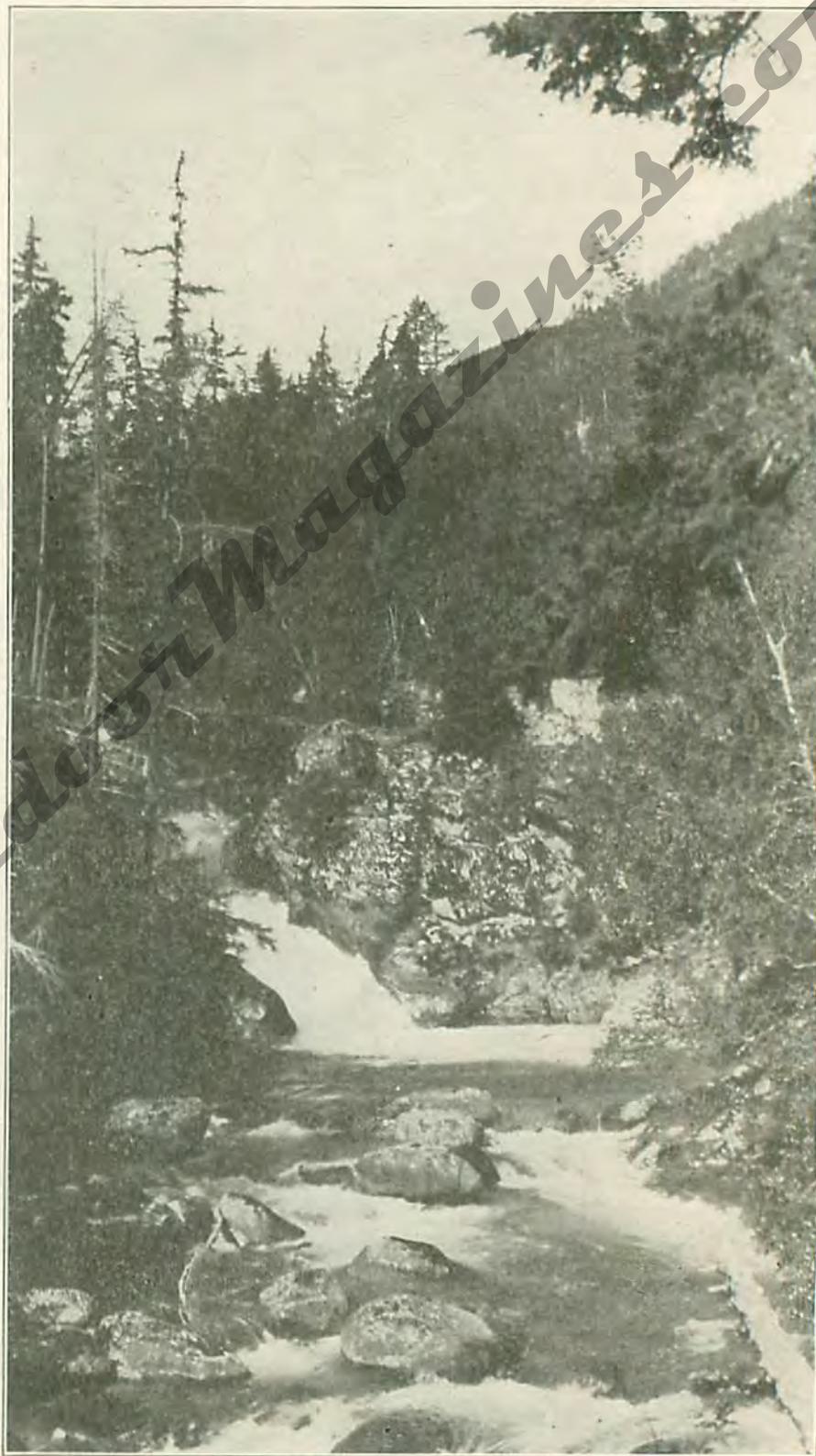
Deep and green and icy cold the waters of this lake contain some of the finest fish in all Alaska. There is a glacier stream rushing into the upper end of this lake. The brook trout gather about the mouth of this stream where it empties into the lake and one had no difficulty in catching enough for dinner in ten minutes. Like their eastern brethren they do not always feel like biting. But a tempting salmon eggs or artificial fly, properly placed will bring results.

We fished around the shores dropping our lines down by old stumps and tree limbs. The lake has been dammed at its outlet and this has raised it several feet. This has flooded back into the old shore line trees and killed some of them. It is around the sunken roots and trunks of these trees that the trout lie and it is in the deeper water off shore from these trees that the real large fish lay.

We had been fishing about ten minutes when I got a strike that nearly pulled me out of the boat. I was perched precariously on the edge wondering how deep the lake was beneath the boat. That one tug nearly dumped me into the water. The fish tore toward shore, wrapped the line around a sunken water-logged limb of a tree and snapped it like so much thread. The line scrubbed the slime from the

sunken limb and this alone floated and then sank as I drew the remainder through the water. I never saw this fish but Dedman assured me that it was not unusual for fishermen to catch four pound trout here. We could see the fish swimming about in the bottom and it was great sport trying to get the bait down to the larger fish without having some little upstart five or six inches long grab it. We did not fish too close to shore for we found the better and larger fish farther out in the lake.

We could not see what we were doing out so far but we did manage to get some good big ones. I left my long fly rod at the hotel and was using a South Bend bass casting rod that I usually fish with in Michigan. I found this type of rod much more advantageous than a longer fly rod as we fished with bait from the side of the boat in deep water. Jimmie was using an old bass casting rod with telling effect. He put on a spinner and a bit of lead and cast far out, reeling in as one



THERE ARE BROOK TROUT IN THE STREAM LEADING FROM ONE LAKE TO ANOTHER AT SKAGWAY LAKE, ALASKA.

would with pike or bass. He was almost instantly rewarded with a beautiful brook trout that gave him a good, stiff fight for about five minutes. We used salmon eggs and angle worms with telling effect for the smaller fish while Dedman fished with a fly rod from a rock near shore. We would row the boat over to the mouth of the incoming glacier stream and anchor at its largest rock. Then we would let our lines out into deep water below the dropoff in the lake. The current from the stream would make the blades of the spinner twirl and it worked in a most charming manner. We soon had to stop fishing for we were getting more than we could use and carry back the five long miles to Skagway. When we could no longer fish we admired the beauty of the rushing glacier stream. We even wandered up this stream a short distance from where it pours out of the mountain peaks. We did not follow it to the glacier, however. A stunted growth of spruce grows along the banks of the river, the bed of which is very rocky.

We found evidences of bear and other animals in this vicinity. The mountain gophers were all about, whistling like

frightened chipmunks. A coyote howled far off beyond the peaks. Away from the river a brooding silence hovered all. Solitude in such surroundings is delightful. We were in another world, far from the rattling street cars and honking horns of civilization.

At night we counted our catch. We had all we could comfortably carry back to Skagway. We packed down the trail through the green timber, through the fire-swept barrens to the lower lakes. We tried fishing a bit there but did not get any large ones and we soon quit as we were getting late. Jimmie was ravenously hungry by this time. We did not bring food. I was going to let him feel the pangs of starvation just a bit so he would appreciate civilized life more when he returned. Nothing daunted him however, for he built a fire and ate planked trout without salt or seasoning. For desert he secreted in one of the compartments of the Kennedy Kit I had lugged up from below.

We started down the trail. Through the same beautiful woodland we had come up topped off with raisins which he had through. It was late when we arrived at the Golden North. We were tired for

we had climbed five miles in two and a half hours and had fished hard all day before walking the five miles down. In some respects it is harder to walk down a steep mountain trail than it is to go up. One is inclined to speed going down and the chances of a bad fall are good. This means a broken fish rod or other equipment. Fortunately we did not experience any such bad luck. We didn't lose many flies either, which is something unusual when fishing those waters. We may fish in many states and provinces but we will never forget the brook trout in Dewey Lake high above the city of Skagway. In the hushed stillness of summer evenings we will dream of the rocky peaks of Dewey Lake, of the glacier stream rushing down the mountain side with leaping trout in every pool. We will not soon forget the beauties of the country about Lynn Canal. The mighty ranges with their lofty, castellated mountains and snow-clad peaks, with their crags and canyons, glaciers, and snowfields. Ever in our mind's eye will be the majestic winding rivers teeming with trout and grayling. A sportsman's paradise and a gateway to a little known land. Someday we will explore it.

The Outboard Motor--- a Revelation

A commendable article which was entered in our recent Outboard Motor Story Contest

By JOHN F. MUELLER

AN outfit consisting of Dad, three boys, an automobile, a camping outfit and an outboard motor resulted in an ideal vacation trip of some sixteen hundred miles from the agricultural central west into the land of ten thousand lakes of sky blue waters and pine forests.

It was early in July and, starting from eastern Iowa, where "the west begins" and where the tall corn was then growing taller, our trail led us through southern and central Wisconsin, where the fine black and white dairy herds are the rule rather than the exception, where the countless fields of clover were in the full glory of their bloom, veritably filling the countryside with their fragrance, on through northern Wisconsin's Flambeau Indian Reservation territory where still may be found some of the virgin pine forests which once covered such large areas in this state, and where the many clear watered lakes and streams seem continuously to be inviting you to stop. On through Michigan's iron ore district, where the chief activities of the populace are centered in the vast iron mining industry, on through the Great Lakes cities of Superior, Wisconsin and Duluth, Minnesota from whose docks are loaded the mammoth lake vessels, some of them carrying a quarter million bushels of wheat in one load, and others, more numerous, carrying iron ore to the steel centers, many of them having a capacity of carrying



TWELVE POUNDS OF FIGHTING FISH OUT OF BASSWOOD LAKE, MINNESOTA.

two hundred car loads of ore, and they load in three hours, and less if they are in a hurry!

Our objective was the Arrowhead Country, of Minnesota, the Superior National Forest, the "play-ground of a nation," and the last lap of our drive, that of a hundred and twenty miles from

Duluth to our jumping off place at Ely, where the wilderness begins, deserves a word of description by reason of the contrasts presented by this northland country to sights customary to other sections of the central west. No corn fields, no grain fields, no meadows, no live stock or dairying, no small towns along the way, instead a hundred miles or more of cut-over timber land denuded of the great pine forests they once carried, stony, hilly land not suited to agriculture, where only trees will thrive and where they are again covering the ground, though instead of with pine it is mostly with poplar and birch. But they do have roads. Those not paved are excellently graveled, with scarcely a corner on them or a straight mile, but interesting winding trails through the woods country, roads veritably inviting you to forget about speed regulations.

This was to be our initial trip with the "company" of an outboard motor and, considering that on previous trips our automobile had been loaded to its apparent capacity, we were confronted with a "where to put it" problem until it was solved by the boys constructing a light wood case, which with the outboard motor packed in added a weight scarcely more than fifty pounds, and after a coat of black paint, was clamped to the rear of the automobile and presented the appearance of a built-on trunk. The case and motor were easily and quickly accessible and detachable and we were to find that

instead of the "problem" at first presented, that case carried a multitude of things other than the motor. It even carried a cage containing several dozens of Iowa frogs, with scarcely a casualty. We were to learn later, that live lure was unnecessary to the taking of plenty of fish, so at our last camp we voted to liberate the frogs in order, as the boys put it, to provide opportunity for them to establish a colony of Iowa frogs in commemoration of their long journey into the northland and there to fittingly represent the great



FALLS AT PRAIRIE PORTAGE.

State from which they came. Not the least interesting was the fact that those frogs croaked all one night, seemingly in celebration of their liberty, and being near our tent it was at some expense to our hours of sleep. We found, too, that another convenient way to carry the outboard motor, particularly where space is available on the running board of the automobile, is to clamp same down and fitting over it a water and dirt proof canvas. Arranged in this manner, an outboard motor may be easily and safely carried and presents a good appearance on any sized automobile. While it is a fact that these motors may be rented at most resorts where boats are available. We found our purchase and the little trouble in carrying, justified by the certainty that wherever we went there was our outboard motor also, and the added advantage that continued use of the same machine effected a familiarity which resulted in rapid handling and the most motor efficiency.

FROM Superior National Forests' many lakes and streams we had selected for our destination camping location, Basswood Lake, which forms twenty miles or more of the border land, or perhaps more correctly the borders waters between "Our Country" and Canada. To reach Basswood Lake with our duffle required several hours of transportation via a launch and over a four-mile portage via a creaky Ford truck to which our load was assuredly not the first, and over little-used roads which necessitated several investigations to find whether we and the creaky Ford were still together. Under these conditions, and the several more or less rough

handlings of our luggage one of the least of our worries was the boxed outboard motor, although our box of groceries upon being opened presented an ill proportioned jumble of bulk sugar, salt, corn meal and raisins.

We were to find Basswood a fine lake, covering a wide territory with apparently numberless bays and pretty islands, one of the latter being selected for our permanent camp home and which the "boys" soon named Treasure Island, and such it was, set in beautiful Basswood Lake, covered by a growth of wildwood, with our tent set under and protected by pretty Norway pines. Apparently happy to share Treasure Island with us was a pair of wild canaries, a pair of rare war wings and others we did not know. These birds, with a pair of chipmunks, were keenly interested in anything discarded from our open air dining table. Another frequent visitor to our Treasure Island, when we had fish in our live pen, was a blue heron, which always timed its visits at day break and with each visit decreased our supply of live wall eyes by one, the bird carrying away fish which must have equalled the weight of the bird itself. Basswood Lake, aside from its being a beauty spot, even among Minnesota's 'ten thousand', was equally interesting for its fishing, all of the party having taken record sized Great Northern Pike as well as Wall Eyes. Of the latter we could usually take our limit in a couple of hours, always returning to water those not needed. We were in full agreement that Basswood was entitled to the designation as being the lake where fishermen's dreams come true.

THE most effective argument which the boys had used for Dad's purchase of an outboard motor was its labor-saving advantage. While this justified its purchase, we were to find many uses which had not been anticipated and which were important factors in the success and enjoyment of the trip, without it we would have found impractical, perhaps impossible, a fifteen-mile trip to Basswood Falls, a virgin scenic beauty spot on the United States—Canadian border which must be seen to be appreciated, a wonderful day's trip which brought us home to camp for supper after giving us several hours at the Falls and time to take a twelve-pound Great Northern Pike. Many other trips of like distance were enjoyed. We were to find that an advantage which we considered equal to the labor saving to be that of added safety in rough water. The rapidity and ease with which we could handle a boat, large or small, under such conditions was a revelation to us. A further revelation to us was the power developed by the tiny motors, our standard twin pushed a large boat carrying four adults upstream in a current against which the oars could make no headway. Attached to a light boat or canoe they develop actual speed. To reach the "fishing holes," the "deep water" or the "weed beds" where the "big ones" are, requires but a short time. To get shore, snapped the ones" we motored to shore, snapped the camera and could return the fish to water unharmed. Weeds had no effect other than slowing of speed. We bumped stones, sand bars and dead heads without

more unfavorable result than the kicking of the propeller out of water. On two occasions we found emergency use for this faithful little machine, one time towing into camp a boat containing a family with several children which had stayed too far out at the wrong time, another time in rushing to medical aid a fisherman who had imbedded in his hand two prongs of a three pronged hook. In either instance, the aid was rapidly accomplished to the genuine appreciation of the recipients.

The end of our two weeks, which meant the close of our vacation, and our trip homeward, arrived all too soon, and it was with four heavy hearts we broke camp and left Treasure Island. But the memory of this trip with its absence of time-consuming, laborious rowing, usual to former trips, of the visits to the spectacularly pretty white water falls at Prairie Portage, to the larger and dangerously powerful and beautiful Basswood Falls, the many cruises among the islands and the Canadian shore line, all timbered with age-old virgin pine forest, of the trips to Grassy Lake with its seemingly criminal waste of logs, to Little Bass Lake with its waters so clear we saw bass take our lure in ten feet of water, of the hungry walleyes of the big Great Northern Pike, warriors of ten, twelve and thirteen



ON ONDOW LAKE IN WISCONSIN.

pounds, one of them carrying an undigested white fish which weighed two pounds. These memories, and a host of others remain to haunt us all the year, and encourage us to be ready when vacation time arrives again.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA.—It is expected that some 1,100 head of buffalo, mostly yearlings, will be shipped from the Wainwright Park early in June to the range in the far northern part of the province, where during the past three years several thousand head have been transferred. The former monarchs of the plains have increased so rapidly in their sanctuary at Wainwright that their numbers have far exceeded the carrying capacity of the pasture in the park. Reports from the vicinity of Fort Smith on the northern boundary of the province indicate that the animals which have been moved are thriving in their new home.



"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME." THE CALL BORNE ACROSS THE LAKE ARRESTS THE ATTENTION OF THE LILY-HUNTING MR. MOOSE WHO SETS OFF AT ONCE TO SEEK THE SUPPOSEDLY LOVE-LORN LADY MOOSE. COURTESY CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Moose Hunting By GREEN MOUNTAIN

in Canada

"If at first you don't succeed," etc., is an old saying but in this story it assumes a new angle by applying it to a big game hunt.

ALWAYS having had a desire to go into big game country and if possible secure a large moose, I made arrangements by wire with Rowley Brothers, of Lake Edward, P. Q., for a 10-day sojourn in the bush of that region. This was late in October, 1926, which, I found out after reaching that part of Canada, was rather late for good moose hunting as the calling season was past.

Leaving the base early on Tuesday morning, October 23rd in a 16 foot canvas canoe with all necessary duffle and a wonderful guide, we were taken 16 miles through Lake Edward by launch and then paddled six miles to Big Bay where camp was made. We intended to work the small lakes between this point and the Vermillion River. Such lakes were Lake Loney, Lake Tonms, Lac 6 Carbou and others. Hunting moose was not to be my lot on this trip as the first night in camp these small lakes froze so no one could use a canoe only during the middle of the day. Instead of trying for moose my guide gave me a much needed rest and in the meantime gave me some of the most wonderful canoe trips one can find anywhere.

Moose tracks and moose trails were everywhere. These together with the words of my guide my last night in camp made me determined to go back when the season was right and try my luck again when the weather was not so cold. A timber wolf was all the game I saw on this trip and he was across a small lake too far to try for. So far you have read of a hunt that turned out to be a wonderful

rest and can easily understand why I began to plan at once my return home for the following year the result of which this article is written.

After returning, my guide came to my room to bid me good-bye and in his broken English and sign language told me he was sorry I did not get a shot, but it was too late and too cold. Then he gave me these words: "You get here 25th Septem', me take you out, let me select you head, me get you—nice one." Knowing moose were very plentiful and these words at parting can one be blamed for wanting to make a second trip into that wonderful great outdoors?

The year passed and Sept. 1st, 1927, rolled around. I made arrangements at this time to return to the same outfitting place and to have the same guide as the year before, setting my date of arrival for Sept. 24th.

IT may be there are few men who would care to make such a long trip alone, but for me I prefer such a trip alone since care to make such a long trip alone, but for me I prefer such a trip alone since every man must have a guide and knowing the habits of the moose, especially the large bulls, the big fellows with years of knowledge packed in their brain, one can go where he pleases, rest or hunt as the mood takes him.

Hunting deer in our eastern states calls for different kind of tactics on the part of a hunter than hunting moose in their native haunts.

Now for the main part of the story.

Sept. 23rd, 1927, found me ready to leave Bennington, Vermont, for the start of a 625 mile trip to Lake Edward, P. Q., on a hunt for a large moose, as I wanted a large head for mounting.

Lake Edward is situated on the Quebec and St. Johns railroad about 125 miles north of Quebec City. It is a lake 22 miles long, containing many beautiful islands and deep bays, a fine hotel and many camps. This and several hundred square miles make up one of the finest game preserves to be found in Canada. Hundreds of small lakes are to be found here as in many sections of Canada. It is at these small lakes and the surrounding country that the moose makes its home.

Fishing is at its best for those who care for that sport. Short or long canoe trips await those who do not care to hunt or fish.

This sportman's paradise is controlled by George and Bob Rowley, leasing same from the Canadian Government. Here nothing is left undone for the visitor's comfort and pleasure whether he intends to stay a day, a week, a month or longer. Both men have been in the game for many years and as outfitters cannot be surpassed. Everything is of the best both as to eats, outfits and guides (the latter of whom they employ many and none but the best) are much at home in the bush or on the water as you are on a busy street or in your office. They are fine cooks, pleasant and willing, always looking for your comfort and to make your vacation one long to be remembered.

A loaded canoe they handle in small

places or on rough water as easy as you handle or drive your car in traffic.

I arrived at this beautiful lake, Lake Edward at 1:20 p. m. Sept. 24, 1927, and was met by my guide, Stanlois Laviorie, and by George Rowley. The night of the 24th was spent at their hotel where I slept the sleep of the tired traveler and awoke the next morning to find the sky clouded and the air feeling like rain. Nevertheless at 9 a. m. a 16 foot canvas canoe was loaded for the start back into the bush, carrying provisions, stove, tents, blankets and personal duffle for a 10 day sojourn away from all telephone calls, train whistles and seeing no one but ourselves and the beautiful great outdoors.

We were carrying about 400 lbs. of duffle and the canoe which weighs 85 or 90 lbs. after being in the water for a few hours. Our destination was planned to be the Bostonnais River which lies about 22 miles northwest of the base or going in point. To reach this river requires two days travel, when carrying the load we were required to carry, and is reached by means of 8 carries or portages which vary from 300 feet to $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length and on all of these carries double trips were required to pack our load and canoe.

WE left the hotel at 9 a. m. and paddled down Lake Edward for three miles until we reached Williams Bay. On reaching the head of the bay, two miles up, we came to Williams River and our first carry which was short (300 ft.) round a short waterfall. We paddled farther up the river until another waterfall compelled another carry of three-quarters of a mile of rocky going, coming out again onto the same river and paddling for one-half mile, low water was encountered and it was necessary to wade for three-quarters of a mile drawing the canoe. Finally we reached Lake Girard and passing through this lake which is about a mile across we came to a carry $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long which ended at Lac Croche. As the sky told us a thunder shower was coming camp was made for the night having covered 10 miles that day. No sooner was camp set up when rain began to fall, and continued until 2:30 p. m. the following day. Monday at 3:30 the canoe was carried to Lac Croche and Stanlois called until dark but received no answer. Returning to camp at 6:30 supper was prepared and work finished for the night and at eight o'clock we were ready for bed.

The next morning found us up at 5:30; the wind seemed trying to change into the north. We had an early breakfast of bacon, eggs, and coffee and were now ready to break camp and repack for the balance of our journey in. Eight o'clock found us on the trail making one and three-quarter miles in about an hour and a half. Crossing Lac Croche we encountered our next carry of one and a half miles coming out at a small beaver dam. Here our water trip was very short through the pond when again it was unload the canoe and pack again three-quarters of a

mile to Squirrel Lake. After crossing this small lake our next carry of a quarter of a mile opened onto a large beaver pond a mile or more in length. The next carry which was short (600 ft.) took us into Sunset Lake, a beautiful lake of good size. Crossing Sunset Lake at one o'clock found the writer too tired to make the last carry of two and a quarter miles to River Bostonnais that day. Ten miles was a day's work for one not used to such travel. We were now in wonderful moose country where the big bulls rule and the small or young bulls dare not roam.

At 4:15 with my 30-30 ready Stanlois paddled across the lake leaving the canoe and following a moose trail up the mountain for half a mile. Several calls were made when we went on to a second small lake or swamp, calling at intervals until dark but with no answer. We returned to the canoe by the aid of a flashlight and crossed the lake where, after a big feed of fried onions, beans, toast and tea, the day was called and the blanket claimed us for the night.

Wednesday at 5:45 we were up to try again for a moose. The morning was very cold and clear. The guide's boots which were wet the night before were frozen hard and had to be thawed out by my stove before being able to be worn.

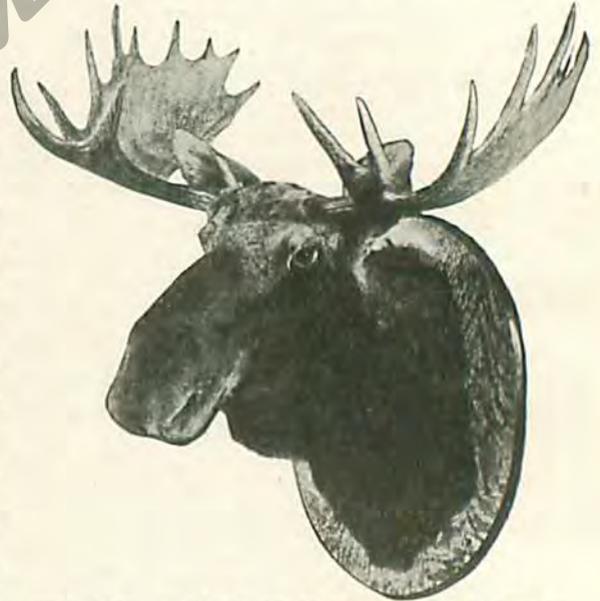
Again starting across the lake we heard the love notes of the cow moose at the south end of the lake. Sending the canoe through sound we went a short distance without making a tance on land. Finding a good place to shoot from, the guide called for about twenty minutes before an answer came and from only a short distance, but the wind having changed back into the south, it was in the game's favor. The guide said: "Wind no good, bull he have cow, no sure he come out." Never will I forget the sound of that first answer when the call for battle hit the frosty air. Had the wind been in our favor the hunt might have been over there. No one can tell. As it was, the guide drew Mr. Moose very near us, not many rods, but the brush was too thick to see him and he would not come out into the open. We could easily hear him grunt as he would blow when not answering the call. All at once everything was still and after several minutes the guide said: "Moosie he smell, he no come out, we go." So back to camp and breakfast of flapjacks, bacon, toast and coffee.

DAYLIGHT came without a cloud. Sunrise was glorious but by eight o'clock the sky was gray and no sun shining. After resting for an hour I came out to find a rabbit cooking over the fire. Rabbit stew for lunch did taste good. At two o'clock it started raining, and this time until Saturday morning. The rain held us inside about all of the time, and how

it did rain, day and night. Each morning I was up at 4:30 to 5 o'clock to take a look at the weather but it was back to bed.

Friday afternoon we braved the wet and went over to Lake Fell. On going up onto one point that reached well into the lake I saw a moose trail one never could forget. This trail was about 20 inches wide and worn smooth with not a spear of vegetation growing on it. Calling brought no answer. A thunder shower coming up and the guide wanted me to walk back to the mainland to see the trails as they came onto this point. Years and years it must take for moose alone to make such trails. The thunder shower striking us, a quick run was made for the canoe. Turning it over it made a good shelter until the hard part of the shower was over. Then we made our way back to camp a mile and a quarter. With supper over I lay in my tent trying to enjoy a good pipe when the guide came to me, "moon no sick, good day tomorrow; we move to Bostonnais morrow morning." His meaning was the sky had cleared and the moon was shining.

Saturday morning was partly cloudy, but not raining. After breakfast was over the guide, very anxious to fulfill his promise of the year before said: "We go to Bostonnais now, maybe no rain, only take five minutes for shoot moose, how so?" At 9:30 with one tent and the blankets



BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF MOOSE HEAD MOUNTED BY L. LOEW, TAXIDERMIST.

with as few eats as we felt we could get along with for one night or two, we were on the trail, leaving the balance of the outfit to be picked up on our return. The two and one-quarter miles were covered in about two hours and a half, thus reaching the river at 12 o'clock. Camp was made and lunch eaten and things put in order by one o'clock when the guide said: "You stay, me get canoe," as the canoe was left at Lake Fell the night before. It was a walk of about six miles for him yet he made nothing of it and at quarter of four he was back and anxious to start. How he covered that trip in the time taken was a mystery to the

writer. On reaching the tent he said: "You ready? Me no tired, we eat moose steak tonight." Again taking my 30-30 Winchester Carbine we got into the canoe and paddled upstream about two miles. Beaching the canoe, we started up the mountain. Soon we saw very fresh tracks, which we knew were made by a very large bull. Following the moose trail for three quarters of a mile we came to a small pond. Tracks were plenty.

Working our way along with as little noise as possible, we came to a good spot. Several calls were made but no bull answered; then came two sharp calls of the moose cow, a different call than I had heard before. In a few minutes Stanlois said: "Cow scare bull, no come in, 20 minutes we go next lake three-quarters mile." Waiting the time which he had planned would give the moose ample time to make the next lake, we worked our way around this pond and took the trail leading farther up. Here we saw signs where the moose had just passed. We made the last three-quarters of a mile with hardly a sound and came out on the south side of the lake. At once the guide said: "Beeg bull moose." On the north side I could see something moving. I took the glasses and saw two moose feeding in the swamp, but it being nearly a mile away and the wind against us we crawled back into the bush, going a half a mile to get around a hill and come out on the north side of the game.

On reaching the edge of the swamp, we could see the cow feeding, but no bull. By watching the cow and crawling a foot or more at a time, when her head was down feeding, we finally succeeded in getting very close to the cow. Finally I saw the bull at the farther end of the swamp about six rods from the woods, and by signs, I showed him to my guide who took a look with the glasses and said, "Beeg bull, fine head, shoot." Standing up, although it was a very long shot, I sent three shots his way in rapid succession and down he went. Then a slap on the back nearly floored me and the guide said: "That good shooting mister, no be fraid, moosie no go, he snore, one fine head, he no can go after first shot."

THESE moose were feeding in a bog, standing in the mud up to the body. When we reached the bull we found he had settled into the mud so only his head and neck were above the mud. The next hour and a half were spent trying to raise the body out of the mud, but pull as we might, one can imagine that two men could not pull 1600 pounds of moose very far when held fast in such mud. Yet with poles, etc., together with main strength we finally raised Mr. Moose so one side was partly clear of mud. One front and one hind quarter were removed, also intestines, but even then we could pull him no farther. Being sure there were poles enough under him to keep him

from settling back into the mud and as it was 6:30 p. m. and dark, we left him for the morrow to prepare the head for mounting and the long 26 miles over 8 portages by land and as many lakes and rivers on our return trip to Lake Edward, our starting point.

On putting my hand into the back of my hunting coat where I always carry the flashlight, can you imagine my surprise to find it not there. A mile and one-half to find one's way through swamp and tangled underbrush back to the canoe after dark and no moon to help seemed like the impossible to me, but my guide was not worried in the least. He, carrying my gun after removing the remaining shells so both my hands might be free, we started across the bog, finally making the woods without serious mishap. At this time our previous rainy days and nights stood us in good as everything was soaked from so much rain. Finding a large white birch tree the guide cut and stripped a large piece of bark, rolling this into a cone shape and rather tight. Lighting the large end, I found it gave many times the light of the flashlight. Walking close behind my guide to step on any sparks that might fall, and extinguish them, we made fast time down to the canoe. This woodman's flashlight was a wonderful thing when caught as we were, but one that would never be safe unless the ground was very wet and care taken to make sure any sparks that might fall were extinguished.

THE two-mile paddle to camp found us very tired and hungry, so after a good supper both the guide and myself were soon asleep getting the much-needed rest for the work of the morrow of preparing the head for transportation and mounting. Eight o'clock the following morning found us on our way to the work in store. After cutting a way in for over a mile, so as to be able to pack the large antlers out, we reached the spot and found everything as we left it the night before. After the head and neck had been cut free, even this part was so heavy we had great difficulty in drawing it to hard ground. I fully believe no moose was shot in a harder place to get him out, even the head, as that was all we could carry on our return. Work and perseverance finally won the day, and night found us back at camp with as fine a trophy as anyone might wish to own.

Monday morning everything had to be packed and camp broken for the long return trip which had to be made over the same route when going in.

At Quebec the customs regulations for shipping were attended to and the head

sent by express to Bennington where again it was re-shipped to the taxidermist.

This ended a very successful moose hunt. The two weeks spent enroute and in the bush, although there was much hard work, put new life into the writer and gave memories long to be remembered.

FRENCH RIVER

(Continued from page 17)

fish ladders we took this means of helping a few of the finny explorers on their way to the upper river. In an unbelievably short space of time, I had hooked 22 nice bass, several pickerel and any number of small pike. The pickerel and pike we returned to the stream. The bass were carried above the falls and dumped in the upper river.

After lunch—I ate bass again—we resumed our pilgrimage. Passing a deep bay with a fringe of wild rice and other growth on its northwestern shore, the Irishman wanted to know—"Like to see a big fish Pop?" They gave me a hand line and on our second trip past the weeds a big spotted fellow came in. We took him ashore and introduced him to a scale. 28 pounds. We put him back in the water. Even I can't eat 28 pounds of fish at a sitting.

At the five fingers we came across three Indians spearing. "They're looking for Sturgeon," said Clement. They had found what they sought too—and how. Two of these fish weighed 100 lbs. each, and five small ones weighed 100 lbs. in the aggregate. We camped that night at the head of the Pine Rapids.

I would like to take you in detail over this whole route but you haven't the time nor has the editor the space. Floating down this majestic river on whose banks the marks of white men are few and far between—a whimsical reckless Irishman in the stern and in the bow a lineal descendant of the Courier du Bois. This man is a wonder, weighs 130 lbs., height 5 ft. 6 in., speaks English, French and several Indian tongues. A couple of Indians gave me quite a thrill by running the Little Pine Rapids—later Joe Clement performed the same trick for my entertainment—but he ran them backwards. I got quite a thrill at the Big Reccollet when we paddled across the foot of the rapids while the white water hissed and boiled and the canoe trembled like a thing in pain—but later in the evening Joe Clement had some reason to cross the river to the further shore and from our camp I watched him returning. He crossed the eddy and came coursing down upon us like an express train standing up in the canoe.

And so I go back each year to Tomahawk Lodge on Tomahawk Island in the French River where the impossible Irishman has built himself a new home and I get each year a month of that magnificent country. Perhaps if I live a hundred years more, I shall tire of it—but—a hundred years is a long time.



A GLACIER FRONTING THE SEA NEAR SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

America's Most Able Archer

This modern Robin Hood is a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce and William, the Conqueror, and is a professional of an ancient art.

By GEORGE H. DACY



AMERICA'S ABLEST ARCHER BENDS HIS BOW.

HE could play the part of a modern Robin Hood or William Tell for he is as adept in handling a bow and arrow as the ablest of the English archers, this man Powell of Hialeah, who has invaded the homing grounds of the silent Seminoles and defeated the most skilful redskins at an art of which they were reputed to be masters.

Earl B. Powell of southern Florida is the leading archery professional of the United States. He now is in charge of the archery ranges and the archery-golf course at Hialeah, Florida. Powell draws the mightiest bow of any American archer—a weapon made of yew which requires a pulling strength of 105 pounds. He has hunted mountain lions, grizzly bears and western pumas in all parts of the Rocky Mountains. He took with him on these trips neither firearms nor ammunition. He pursued, trailed and slew the wildest of the western predators with bow and arrow.

Strange to tell, Earl Powell is a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce and William the Conqueror. The true story of his life is as romantic as one of fiction's popular productions. For all the world, it seems as though this stalwart American of the twentieth century is the embodiment of one of the olden archers of bonny Scotland again come to life. He is a student of the

sport which he loves best of all. Given bow and arrow and forest or meadow in which to hunt, Powell is supremely content. There is not a bird that flies nor a wild beast that roams but what Powell is ready to contest against. Today, he is husbanding every dollar that he earns to finance a trip to the African jungle—his cherished hobby. Powell aspires to do something which no white man has ever before consummated—to invade the wildest hinterland of Africa and there hunt wild elephants, terrible "rhinos," tigers, leopards and lions with his bow of yew wood and his light-weight arrows.

IF there is such a thing possible nowadays as the birth of a throwback—a man who lives in the present, but who is really a typical specimen of the male champions of medieval times—Earl Powell is one such. He is a splendid example of the law of heredity that "like begets like." Powell comes of a family strain which has been accustomed to begetting heroes and men who customarily conquer irrespective of what they attempt. Knowledge of archery has been handed down in the Powell family for many generations. Just as Kentuckians love thoroughbreds and the sport of kings, the Powells have always chosen archery as the most enjoyable amusement.

The first Powell to come to America was a certain Captain William Powell, who for some time was lieutenant-governor of the colony and commandant at Jamestown. The chronicles of Virginia's oldest settlement recount that William Powell, gentleman, was one of the most skilful Indian fighters of those times. Powell died without even having been wounded or captured—an epidemic of malaria caused his demise.

Another of the same family of Powells rode with George Washington during the Revolutionary War. This was Lewis Powell, who retired from the Continental army with the rank of colonel. Colonel Powell remained the close friend of General Washington even after the latter retired permanently to Mount Vernon. History discloses that on one occasion, Colonel Powell was candidate for a certain state office in the Old Dominion. George Washington rode horseback twelve miles through a driving rainstorm in order to vote for his intimate friend.



NOTE THE LEATHER PROTECTOR ON FOREARM AS A GUARD AGAINST THE RECOIL OF THE BOWSTRING.

On his mother's side of the family tree, Earl Powell is a relative of the Robert E. Lees of Virginia, while his genealogy also traces back to Robert Bruce of Scotland and the notable William the Conqueror. Both of Powell's grandfathers were officers in the Confederate army. The surrender at Appomattox meant ruin and relative destitution for the Powells, who had backed the Stars and Bars with their last dollar—and lost.

Earl Powell was born and raised on a southern plantation near Marion, Louisiana. His earliest remembrance dates back to the day when his uncle gave him a small bow and a quiver of tiny arrows. That was the beginning of the queerest shooting contests which the people of Louisiana ever saw. Every afternoon the little boy and the white-bearded man practiced archery on the front lawn where they had erected a straw target and a shooting lane.

After young Powell completed his schooling, he went West to seek his fortune. He found there adventures such as he longed for. Powell "busted" broncos, rode range, hunted "stock-killers" and generally was on hand when any excitement was in the air. Subsequently, he served as a soldier in the regular army. And no matter where he went nor what he did, this man, who was an expert shot with rifle or revolver, never lost his liking for archery nor abandoned the practice of that ancient art.

It is doubtful if there is a man in America today who is as serious a student of archery and its history as Earl Powell. For the last 15 years, he has spent all his spare time in public and university libraries, studying all the archery books and the historical references about the bow and arrow. For two years, Powell studied medicine at the University of Arkansas and later engaged in newspaper work.

Several years ago, when archery was revived as an outdoor sport in California, Powell made the neighborhoods of Los Angeles and San Francisco his headquarters, where he was director of archery schools. Between times, he acted in the

"movies." He played important roles in both "Robin Hood" and "The Ten Commandments." Recently this modern musketeer of the long bow migrated to Florida where he is in charge of a remarkable archery club located close to the rim of the mystical Everglades.

The records of warfare weapons do not disclose when or where the bow and arrow was first used. It is probable that some primitive tribesman was the inventor of these weapons. They were developed back in the dawn days of savage life before

ted archery. At distances of 100 yards, they shot at peeled wands which were but two inches in diameter. One of Robin Hood's men was not considered an expert archer until he could hit this minute target three times out of four at that distance.

The thrilling story of William Tell, who shot an ordinary apple from his son's head and thus established a unique archery record during the days before muskets came into important use, is another epic of archery accuracy. This would have been the more remarkable if Tell had used

20 yards of their prey and then felling it with deadly arrows. At close quarters and short distances, the aboriginal archers were accurate. But as distance bowmen, the white men were their superiors. The Indians used short bows as a rule, which were less than five feet in length.

The standard height of the long bow is six feet. It is made of yew, osage orange, lancewood, lemon wood or washaba, an African wood. Thousands of different models and makes of bows have been used during the history of archery. Some of these are even jointed in the middle. Osage orange provides the best American material for bowmaking. Yew bows are excellent for use in damp, cold climates. The bowstring is made of hemp or flax. Rawhide or animal tissue are not adapted for this purpose as they stretch too easily and are not sufficiently weather-resistant. The western Indians used the sinews of animals for stringing their bows. The standard arrow weighs 300 grains. Its ballistic properties are similar to those of a repeating rifle, the feathers on the arrow having the same effect on the trajectory flight of the missile as does the rifling of a gun have upon the course of the bullet.

ONE of the outstanding archery records of the United States made during recent years is that of Robert T. Elmer of Wayne, Pennsylvania, who hit a two-inch stripe painted on an ordinary target three out of six times at a distance of 100 yards. The American record for long-distance shooting was established last summer at a tournament in South Dakota, when one of the bowmen shot a lightweight arrow a distance of 304 2-3 yards.

One of the recent additions to the sport of arrow shooting has been perfected by Earl Powell, who has utilized cocoanuts



READY FOR THE ARCHERY GOLF MATCH.

written records of any kind were kept. The ancient Egyptians were the first to use long bows successfully in warfare. In fact, as long as this race depended on bow and arrow for military defense the Egyptians kept their independence. The archers of Rome were notoriously poor marksmen and most of them were mercenary soldiers of fortune. The Greeks used the spear more than the bow and arrow. The latter weapons were used by their auxiliary troops. Among the Mongolians, the Parthians were noted archers. As a result of their archery skill, the Parthians, once almost annihilated one of Rome's remarkable armies.

THE Saxons were not very expert archers and it was not until the Normans defeated them at Hastings and deprived them of all other weapons except bows and arrows that the former gained any particular proficiency with long bows. Subsequently, the English developed into the world's best archers, the natives of Wales, in particular, gaining fame for the mighty bows which they used. History has it that some of the strongest of the famous English archers pulled bows of 150 pounds. The velocity of the arrows shot from these bows was terrific. In the Tower of London even today, an arrow which has penetrated a four-inch oaken door is preserved as a relic. A prisoner tried to escape. The pursuing guards discharged their arrows at the fugitive. One of these stray arrows bored its way through the great door.

Robin Hood and his band of philanthropic outlaws were powerful and skilful archers. Great numbers of the King's deer fell prey to their marksmanship. Daily, these historical bandits prac-

a long bow. His weapon was a cross-bow which was aimed and handled like a gun and was much easier to operate. In early times, the particular forte of the eminent English archers was to shoot clouds of arrows into the air above the enemy army so that the missiles would fall like a shower of rain and spread death and destruction among the foes.

Up to the time of the American Revolution, the bow and arrow were efficient weapons both for warfare and hunting purposes. The ordinary army musket of those days was a single shot weapon. It took about one minute to re-load one of these guns after it was discharged. During that interval, an adept archer could aim and shoot 30 arrows which would be effective at distances of from 40 to 75 yards. The penetrability of the barbed arrows was remarkable. Many suits of mail preserved for exhibition in England show arrow holes at both the front and rear of the armor. The evidences are that the arrows were shot with such force that they passed through two thicknesses of mail and the body of the victim. Your writer has seen Earl Powell, America's most powerful archer, shoot one of his arrows through a three-inch plank. This feat was commonplace as compared to the olden achievements of the best English archers.

THE prevalent idea in this country that the American Indians were excellent archers is entirely erroneous. The truth of the matter is that the white men of the United States who have acquired proficiency in handling the tools of the archer have markedly exceeded the native redskins in marksmanship. The Indians always relied on stealing up to within 15 or



HOW THE ARROW IS STRUNG ON THE BOWSTRING.

as targets on the archery-golf course which he has laid out at Hialeah, Florida. The distance from the takeoff to the target on each of the nine courses ranges from 300 to 500 yards. The layout is somewhat similar to the average golf course. Some of the courses are curving like the dogleg holes on a golf links. A tall pole supports a flag high above each cocoanut so that the archer has a mark visible at long distances to shoot at. The purpose of the game is to go around the course in the minimum number of strokes. For example, the player starts on the first
(Continued on page 30)

The author says that much land is still available to homesteaders in Northern Ontario, a country replete with good hunting, fine fishing and first-class trapping. The many streams are also suitable for muskrat and beaver farming. This story should be of interest to all outdoors men.



OUR LOG CABIN HOMESTEAD.

Homesteading in Northern Ontario

By
W. H. COWLES

DURING many years that I have been a reader of HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, I do not call to mind a single article covering the subject of homesteading in this province.

And as much first class hunting, fishing and trapping is to be had in many townships now open to settlement.

And also a great many lakes and streams suitable for muskrat and beaver farming are to be found on lots offered as homesteads, I am sure that this subject would be of interest to many readers.

I regret that my lack of even a common school education prevents me from doing justice to the subject.

But if our editor and the reading public can overlook this deficiency and accept a plain statement of facts written by a plain old man who has had nearly a quarter of a century in Northern Ontario, during which time he has been homesteader, hunter, trapper, lumberman, contractor and many other things, I will give actual facts as I know them to be. And will give as much prominence to the obstacles and unpleasant features of homesteading here as I do to the good side.

My two sons were each located for his second homestead last summer and I am sending some small photos that will give some idea of the beginning already made by my youngest son who began clearing land in last October. At that time his homestead was solid virgin forest.

Not a tree had been cut.

He is unmarried and only twenty-three years of age. He had no means. He has

earned a living, erected small buildings, made roads, cleared three acres of land, paid a hundred dollars of old debts, and is now felling poplar pulp wood and clearing more land.

His homestead consists of one hundred and sixty acres of rich clay loam, and cost fifty cents an acre, or a total of eighty dollars. He paid twenty dollars down, and has to pay twenty dollars a year for three years, with interest at six per cent. There are many thousand of homesteads open to settlement at same price, and on same terms. The eighty dollars is the only cost to a settler. But there are settlement duties as follows:

EACH homesteader has to erect some sort of a dwelling at least 16 by 20 feet in size. And to live on his homestead at least six months of each year until he obtains his deed from the government.

He also has to clear and crop two acres a year.

When he has fifteen acres cleared he gets his deed and a full title at any time after three years from date of location.

Each settler makes his own choice of a homestead, and can look at as many lots as he likes before he chooses one.

There are hundreds of townships open to settlement, and in some of them the settler can obtain a free homestead instead of paying fifty cents an acre.

Settlement duties are the same.

There are a few townships near railways or large towns that still have desirable land open to homestead. But the great majority have been culled over years ago,

or are so far back that a settler cannot sell wood or timber for enough to cover cost of work. It is the same about getting potatoes, hay, grain, etc., to market.

In fact a great many settlers give up the struggle each year, and there are thousands of abandoned homesteads in various portions of Ontario. Some of these have log buildings and small clearings.

I know of some lots that have changed hands a dozen times and are now vacant.

There are a great many more failures than successes among homesteaders.

This is true even in the best sections. I have for many years made a study of this condition, and searched for the cause or causes, for there are many.

And this is the conclusion I have reached. The real cause for failure is usually in the man himself. The great majority have never had farm experience, or are from European countries, where conditions are so different that the methods used there are not adaptable to Ontario.

A very few men are adaptable and quickly learn from their new neighbors, and such men are nearly always sure of success.

An astonishing fact is this: Success or failure does not depend on capital. In fact the man without means, or with only small means, succeeds the best. Some men, too, succeed under the most adverse conditions. While others achieve failure in the best locations.

I would like to describe numerous examples that I have observed. But realize that our editor could not give space to so lengthy an article at present.

So will turn my attention to a phase of homesteading that is of interest to most readers: hunting, fishing and trapping.

Myself and sons are now located in the Sudbury District, near the greatest nickel mines in the world.

And in a splendid hunting and fishing region, yet we are within six miles of two railways, being between the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National, twenty-four miles east from Sudbury. Our post-office is Markstay, and is at a small station on the Canadian Pacific railway 415 miles west from Montreal. Our homestead is south one-half of lot 14, concession 2, township of Loughrin. It was all very



A VIEW OF THE CLEARING.

thickly timbered with very slim tall jack pine and poplar. At least these predominate. But there are some spruce. The undergrowth, which is sparse, is willow, alder and hazel. There is some white birch, too.

Our game animals are mostly moose and deer, but rabbits, squirrels, fox and skunks are very plentiful. Other fur animals less plentiful, but still to be found in small numbers are beaver, otter, mink, lynx, wolf. All these can be caught right in our own township. Bears are quite plentiful, muskrats are to be found wherever there are streams or ponds, but are not plentiful now.

Moose and deer are very plentiful, partridge and ducks are the principle game birds.

Fishing is not very good in our own township, but is wonderfully good in the next township north of us (Davis). That township and the one north from it are mostly lakes, and contain salmon trout, gray trout, muskellunge, pike, pickerel, suckers, and in some of the smaller lakes and streams, speckled trout. Muskellunge and gray trout weighing thirty to forty pounds are sometimes caught, black bass are also plentiful.

The lake region is hilly and rough and not suitable for farming, but contains very fine hunting, fishing and scenery. Canoe routes extend in every direction, and there are only short carries, or as called here, portages, between lakes or streams.

Our township (Loughrin) is splendid farming land covered with virgin timber, and there are still upward of thirty homesteads waiting for settlers. This will all be cleared and made into valuable farms.

But the region directly north is entirely

different and will remain a sportsman's paradise.

I would be glad to see a few good American families settle around us instead of the mixture of all kinds we are now getting. The township south of us (Hagar) is nearly all settled, and the population includes Scotch, Irish, English, Americans, Finnish, French, Italian, Poles, Indians, Dutch, German, and a few others.

I shall be glad to answer questions if those who write will send Canadian stamps, or small coin wrapped in paper to pay cost of postage and stationery.

I can also send maps, photos, samples of soil, etc., if enough money is sent to cover cost. But as I am a homesteader myself and just making my last start for a home, I don't want to be bothered with a lot of letters from people who write only from curiosity and would not come anyway.

And I don't want city people without experience or boys to come here. It takes knowledge, experience, good judgment, hard work, courage and economy to bring success.

This is a splendid chance for the right people. These can begin without means and soon own a good home and a farm that will provide a comfortable living and grow valuable very fast.

I MYSELF am fifty-eight years of age. I have had two strokes of paralysis. Am wholly without means, having lost by fire, sickness, and in business, all I did have. I am not only without means, but am in debt, yet I am making another start on a new homestead in solid unbroken forest. Not a tree has been cut. I must clear land, build a house, make fences, cut roads, and in the meantime earn my entire living.

I am now felling and cutting poplar pulp wood by cord at three dollars, to pay for food and team work and lumber. It is slow, but I am gaining some each day.

During past year I have earned my entire living and given more than a hundred and fifty dollars to my sons, yet I can't do much heavy work. I use a light boy's axe, as my paralyzed arm is not strong enough to use a common axe.

I am not writing this to boast or to get sympathy, but to encourage others. For certainly if an old cripple can make his entire living here and clear up a new homestead almost any one else can, if they know how and try hard enough.

My youngest son began cutting roads to his homestead last October. Since then he made the clearing shown by enclosed photos, and more than as much more since then.

The small photos make the timber appear small, but many of those trees make three sixteen-foot logs, and are sixty-five to eighty feet tall. We sold over five hundred logs, fifty telephone poles, seventy-six railway ties, six cords of lath wood, thirty-one cords of poplar pulp wood, five of jack pine, three of white birch, built two houses and a stable from timber on three acres. And now have a hundred and fifty more logs, five cords of 50-inch lath wood, six cords jack pine, 4 foot fuel wood, some mine props and telephone poles, and enough poplar felled to make thirty cords of pulp wood.

All on less than three acres. This lot is only five and a half miles from railway siding and saw mill. There is enough

timber on this lot still standing to last one man a life time if he does all the work himself. Other lots still open to settlement are nearly as good.

Mosquitoes and black flies drive away many settlers. They are very troublesome just now. It certainly takes courage to work among them for a few weeks each year. But we endure them as do thousands of other settlers. It is part of the price that we pay for success.

If all the readers knew how good an opportunity this is there would be a rush to this section that would require many times the number of lots still open. But there is such a deep rooted belief with most Americans that this section is too far north for farming that I do not anticipate a stampede in this direction. But I do sincerely hope that this article will bring a few families who will be desirable neighbors.

And I will repeat that I don't want single men nor folks without experience or plenty of courage, and resourcefulness.



W. H. COWLES, THE AUTHOR, SITTING ON A JACK PINE STUMP IN THE CLEARING.

I will probably be able to answer all letters, but there may be some delay as I am back on my own homestead, and receive mail at irregular intervals, sometimes two weeks apart.

AMERICA'S MOST ABLE ARCHER

(Continued from page 28)

course. The average archer can shoot about 150 yards while the experts will get 200 to 225 yards. The player shoots the second arrow from the point where his first shot stopped. When he gets close to the target, he shoots at the coconut. He continues until the arrow sticks in the target. Then he marks down the number of strokes and goes to the second range or fairway where the performance is repeated.

Where coconuts are not available as targets, paper discs mounted on small metal frames four inches in diameter may be used. These can be set up as targets around the course. Archery-golf can be played on the average golf course. The paper targets can be placed on each green near the golf cup. The arrows will not damage the turf on either the fairways or greens. This game adds great interest to the sport of modern archery. It interests many people in archery who would not be content merely to shoot time and again at an ordinary straw target.

Breast High Trails

A story of fox hunting in Pennsylvania. The methods used do not meet the approval of the lover of the chase but after all is said and done it is a matter of personal opinion.

By
BRUCE DAVID

On a Thursday night the fore part of November, a few years ago, I left for Birchardville, N. Y. for a week-end fox hunt with my friends, Marshall and Clayton Ball. Ed Ball, a brother of these boys had already gone down there the first of the week and had taken my dog "Duke" a black and tan fox hound with him. Duke had never run fox very much and as the boys were great hunters and had the finest dogs I ever saw run, I was, naturally, more than willing to have them educate him.

It had been dry all the week and the wind had blown some, so the running was not very good. (We had not had any snow here yet.) So conditions were all together rather unfavorable. But Thursday afternoon the sky began to thicken up with clouds and by 4 o'clock it was raining a good steady drizzle and I could hardly wait to get there.

It was only about a 20 mile drive and a fairly good dirt road and I should have made it in about an hour but when I reached the heart of what we call the Big Woods, there were two heavily loaded lumber trucks stuck in the mud and the road completely blocked. The road was so narrow that there was no chance of turning around so had to wait about an hour until they were hauled out before I could go on.

Arrived at the boys' place about 8:30 and was both surprised and pleased to find Jim Brainard a brother-in-law of the boys, there, and all set to go with us in the morning. Jim was a great hand to kid everybody and enjoyed getting a joke or gag on any of us. Rex Powers living on the next place below had a little bitch that sure was some dog and as Rex was an enthusiastic hunter and companion the outlook for the week-end was very bright.

On taking inventory that evening there were six of us hunters and their respective names were, Marsh, Ed, Slayt, Turner, (Rex) Jim and Cece (myself) and three dogs. My dog Duke, Turner's bitch "Spot" and the boys dog "Jack", the latter a real dog with a voice I'll never forget.

We turned in about ten o'clock and I could still hear it raining softly as I fell asleep.

At four o'clock the next morning we were awakened by Marsh building a fire in the kitchen stove and so rolled out, got out one of the fox horns and roused Turner. After the chores were done we all piled into Ed's Studebaker and my Buick and started for Brier Hill just above Minkler's pond.

It had stopped raining and was warm and very foggy. We let Marsh and Turner out with the dogs on a cross road leading into two patches of woods and a swamp, and the rest of us with the excep-

tion of Clayt, who could not come, went on about a half mile to the top of Brier hill.

We left Jim in an old orchard and Ed and I went on up until we came to four stone walls with a gap in them which I picked as my stand. Ed decided to go on up to the corner of the woods, but as we could hear nothing of the dogs he stayed



SOME REAL FOX HOUNDS THAT GET THE GAME. BLACK BESS AND G. S. BUGLER, OWNED BY GEO. SCHANTZENBACH, LEHIGH CO., PA.

with me and talked for about ten minutes when I could just hear Duke and Spot way down the valley on the under side of the hill and the way they were talking caused Ed to start for his runway on the double quick and me to duck down in the corner of the wall.

Nearer and nearer came the dogs and they sure had a hot track and were making some music. Suddenly on top of the knob between Ed and me, I could see the fox about 25 rods away and running down the crest of the hill. It was so foggy he looked like a shadow. Instead of crossing through the gap where I stood he jumped the fence at the other corner and crossed the field to where Jim was stationed. Jim said afterwards that he could hear the fox on the stone piles in the field but could not see him. The dogs were running strong and were about five minutes behind the fox. Down over the end of the wall they raced and it was so still and close that I could hear them pant and their feet strike the ground. Came a few seconds silence where the fox had been on the stone piles then Spot picked it up and soon both dogs were in full cry again. Down under the hill again along the edge of the pond and then I heard Jack chime in and my hat raised right up on top of my hair, such music! Soon I heard them swinging and once more I crouched close to the wall and in a few minutes saw that same shadowy shape running down the crest of the hill, jumped the wall at the same place and into the woods on the other side with the dogs close behind and running closely grouped.

I sure was tempted to change my stand to the end of the wall where the fox had circled twice but my position looked so good I decided to stick a while longer. So once more laid low as the dogs were swinging down by the pond and coming up the side of the hill and in a few minutes saw the fox running down the crest again but this time he swung to the left and headed for the gap where I was stationed. I let him come up to within about seven rods of me and at the crack of the Winchester he went down for the count. I blew three blasts on my horn which meant "all in" and soon the boys all came up.

It was an old she fox blind in one eye and teeth about gone but the way she circled, do not think she had been run very much.

While we were waiting for Duke to come in who had got lost off, Jim began making remarks about taking advantage of crippled foxes and shooting blind ones. (But its a long lane that has no turning.)

After we had thoroughly discussed the points of the chase we looked at our watches and it was not yet 9:00 a. m., so Marsh and Turner took the dogs and went down on the side of the hill toward the pond and Jim, Ed and I went up to the corner of the woods to look over Ed's runway.

We hadn't been there very long when we heard the dogs all break out in full cry on a hot track and Jim and I sure did tear down out of there to get to our stands.

JUST nicely got settled when I heard Ed just above me shoot twice and saw the fox going down the side of the hill between us. He sure was burning up the ground and the dogs about a minute behind. Down across the side hill, down the main road and around the saw mill they took him and there they got balled up. Silence, and while I was straining my ears listening Ed came sauntering down with a sheepish grin on his face. He said the fox had run right into him up there in the woods but it was so foggy and the fox so close that he missed him both times. While we were talking about it, it began to rain again and we crawled up close to the wall for shelter. We had sat there quite a while wondering what was the matter when we heard Jack way down the valley, pick up the trail and start our way.

Ed was afraid he could not get back to his runway in time as the bitch was in the race again and coming strong. So he ran over to the end of the stone wall where I had seen fox No. 1 jump it twice, and hid. It seems as though he hadn't been there a minute when I heard him shoot and looking that way saw the flame of another shot leap out of his gun. I waited

(Continued on page 36)

Coon Hunting



A Night Out

During which Sam and Blue, the two famous coonhounds, give an excellent account of themselves

I HAVE been a reader of the good old H-T-T for many years, but I have never seen anything in this great magazine from this vicinity, so I will relate the high spots of a hunt that took place January 28th, 1927.

I will mention this particular chase because it stands out in my experience of some thirty years of coon hunting more prominent than any I can recall. Our party usually of my brother, a farmer by occupation, and a coon hunter by natural inclination. A long lanky fellow, six

By VIRGIL B. WISE

Our dogs "Sam" a large black and tan, for whom we have no apologies in any company, strictly a coon hound. Blue, a good sized bluetick that my brother bought as a pup which he broke and developed into a straight cooner with plenty of ability. When either of these "coon dogs" open I mean "coon dogs," not varmint dogs, you can wager all you have it means a coon or coons.

much the bark was nearly all worn off of it. Well, we left this one for next season as it was in a den tree and we wanted to leave some for future sport as coon are getting scarce in this territory. Some game hogs cutting dens and others trapping day and night are thinning them out fast.

From here we turned back west to where we left "Henry" debated for some time as to whether we would go on west to a woods we had hunted considerable with good success or go on north to another place where we had permission to hunt. We decided to go on west as we only had about eighty rods to walk and walking was strenuous exercise at this time with ten inches of slushy snow on the ground. It also tried a dog's ability to trail and tree in this much snow. Well, we were about half way across to this woods when old "Blue" again says COON. We sat down and waited a few minutes when "Sam" says coon too.

We listened a short time to see which way they were going and didn't listen long till we decided we had better get in high if we wanted to be in the chase. Away we started in snow boot top deep; how far could you run on this kind of footing. Those dogs were running sometimes together and then they were quite a ways apart, so we decided they were running two coon. They were now almost out of hearing, driving hard, going due northwest. We saw by the track in the snow that they were driving an old timer so the writer told my brother to go on and follow the dogs and I would get there sometime. This I did by following the dogs, coon and my brother's tracks for about two and one-half miles through corn fields, clearings, a good sized woods, more fields, etc., on and on they went. I thought they would never make that coon take a tree, after walking about two miles I could faintly hear both dogs, I thought, barking treed. I kept on going, I didn't know where, as I didn't know where I was until I got to the tree. I could now hear them both barking treed distinctly and could see my brother shinning



WM. DONELSON AND SON, REX, WITH SEVEN COON CAUGHT IN ONE NIGHT IN WYANDOTTE COUNTY, OHIO.

years my junior that can stand more hunting than the average "Hound" (yours truly) and quite often a fellow worker named Ray Herrington who was always ready to go—if his better half was willing. Ray always carried the coon usually one in each hand and brought up the rear; sometimes steaming a little, but always getting there.

On this particular hunt we parked "Henry" at our usual place, walked about one-half mile east to the woods. We had just turned to go south to another woods on our south route when old Blue says COON; he was soon joined by Sam, a very able helper. They ran about forty rods and treed on an elm stub about forty feet high. This den had been used so

the tree. I knew then for sure the trail was ended much to my pleasure as I was getting very tired.

When I pulled up to the tree here they were treed on a large maple tree not over one hundred feet from a farmer's barn who had forbidden us hunting on his land. Well, my brother went to his house to ask his permission to get the coon. He discovered him getting ready to come out and see what those dogs had at his barn. When he came out with my brother we saw there were two coon. We told



A FOUR YEAR OLD REDBONE AND A HARD ONE TO BEAT ON COON, OWNED BY B. F. MINNICH, AUGLAIZE CO., OHIO.

him where we started them and he said sure you can get them after running them this far. For his amusement, my brother climbs the tree and out jumps a "lady" coon of good size. The tree was surrounded with very smooth ice, making poor footing for dogs to give battle on. No sooner had Mrs. Coon landed near old Blue till he mounted her and dismounted just as quick. By this time Sam had got to his assistance when he got his also. But the two together soon put the cleaner on her. In the meantime Clarence was having the time of his life keeping that other coon which proved to be the male from coming right down that tree when he heard his mate squall. This one finished we let Daddy come down, this time Sam made the tackle only to be promptly repulsed. This coon gave both dogs all they could handle after the long hard chase and the kill they had just finished; then tackle this veteran, they had their mouths full.

This coon fought both dogs for fully one-half hour before giving up and in his last moments took a good sized lunch out of Sam's ear, which hurried his demise. This coon when stretched, cased on a thirteen inch board measured forty-four inches from tip to tip. He was in our judgment from appearance at least ten years old. He was very thin and lank and would have weighed easily thirty pounds when fat, the largest and gamest coon the writer ever helped catch in my thirty years of hunting. Why this old grand-daddy took his lady friend on this kind of a trip with those dogs pushing them is more than I can understand; unless he wanted to give her a thrill which they both sure got.

This old Buck Coon was so old his fur was yellow, his teeth badly worn, but still he had enough left to put up an able

battle. We have no doubt but this coon has fooled some of our ablest hounds as he sure was a daring old veteran.

He sure pulled his stuff on Blue and Sam, but they put it over on him and his lady friend on this particular night.

If this finds its way into our good magazine, I may relate some more of my many hunts some future time. Come on you coon hunters, let's have some of your experiences. It's a long time before we can get the real thrill again.

The Big Fellow

By E. F. ARCHER

IT was a bad night for men or dogs to be outside, but I always fancied that "old ringtail" felt himself more secure on one of those rainy, foggy nights in midwinter when the pitchy blackness all around covers one like a huge cloak and the light from a single lantern stabs only a few feet ahead thru the darkness.

On such a night in the hills of Washington Co., Southern Ohio, two friends and myself started on this well remembered coon hunt.

A sort of rivalry existed between my Lead and their dog Enoch. Lead was a good sized brown dog of mixed strain, hound and shepherd. Enoch a spotted dog of about the same breed.

Long since I have parted with Lead, and as one recollects and compares, perhaps neither was a professional as a coon dog or fighter, but that need not affect the story.

The section through which we traveled was sparsely populated and a very hilly and fairly well timbered region with dozens of intersecting hollows and ravines, plenty of rocks and old den trees whose bark is badly scratched by coon claws from years back.

We started up one of those winding side hollows after travelling a considerable distance always alert for the sound of our dogs. We, at length, came nearer to the head of the hollow when suddenly through the stillness, one of our dogs began barking "treed."

We knew from the location of his voice that it would be a hopeless journey to him, as far as getting a raccoon was concerned, but went anyway.

ON arriving, both dogs were barking treed up an old den tree. We looked it over of course, but half-heartedly being convinced that he was safe if there. I often wonder if he hadn't come down instead of going up, that sometimes happens in treeing with fairly good dogs.

We called them away and up over the next ridge we went with the mud pulling and sucking at our boots and started down the next steep valley when lo—from out of the depth of the valley came old Enoch in full tongue, meaning business, headed our direction, with not a sound from Lead.

The boys were quick to make the best of a bad situation for me, by saying, "Where's your dog?" and "I thought you had a coon dog." Well, I thought then, and I do now, that my dog was a faster, better dog than Enoch, though Enoch's

name sounded like an old timer, but I replied by saying, "He's there, boys. You'll hear him directly," but they couldn't see my argument or hear it very well for old Enoch sent that coon over the ridge we were on within a short distance of us, headed for a deeper, wider hollow. Oh, but he did make music, as we all stood there and listened as he went down that long slope to the creek below. It was bitter music for me, but Lead relieved the situation by opening ahead of Enoch quite a distance up the other side of the hill, by now I began to feel proud of old Lead, as he showed Enoch how it was done. After quite a wait we heard Lead barking treed while Enoch was still bringing up the trail, pounding laboriously in his own honest way. It was some chase that "ringtail" led us and a long one too.

WE dodged brush, wire fences and mud-holes as we picked our way down one long slope of that valley and up the other. Scarcely a sound to break the stillness, but plenty of mud and water. As we came closer both dogs were telling him what they thought of him.

He was plain to be seen perched on a lower limb of a small walnut, caught with the goods on, for without a doubt he was making for the opposite hillside across another creek. The tree was on an almost open hillside, and as I sit far removed from that scene, I wonder yet if he did not feel his superiority enough not to climb to the top of that walnut tree.

From where I stood under him it would have been an easy shot to have bored him straight thru the neck. As we stood there all excited and hearts pounding, the thought of shooting him suddenly left us and in its stead someone suggested "Shake him out", followed by one of the boys saying, "Shall we do it?" I voiced my approval and in a short time down he came big and strong that old monarch of perhaps more than one similar escapade, and he came fighting, such fighting. We were confident we would bag him in just a few minutes with such odds, three men, two dogs, and a light in his eyes, but he was game clear through and a ring general. He reared, struck, scratched and dodged with equal dexterity and thru it all we were urging our two dogs to finish him, but he was there to keep on trying nor never say quit. In his favor was strength, age, and size to offset his seemingly small chance of escape. As the battle on that steep hillside progressed, one of the boys, wanting to get a closer view of the combat, came too close and was rewarded

by a neat tear in the leg of his trousers put there by one of those slashing grabs that the old fellow was using with such telling effect on the two dogs as they were beginning to slow up some from their first wild rush to tear him to pieces instantly, while the old boy seemed to have everything, sparring, boxing, wrestling, meeting every rush with a counter rush, every grab with a counter snap. Then he started the rolling process, whether it was wisdom on his part or luck, or both, it proved effective, for as they went over and over down thru weeds and briers, fighting all the way, it lessened the crushing power of Lead and Enoch to such an extent that in bringing up against a rail fence both dogs must have lost their fighting pose and he, quick to take advantage of a lull in activity quickly slipped under the bottom rail of the fence while both dogs turned back and forth so nearly exhausted and excited as to not know what to do, during this respite the old fighter was making his best effort and speed toward safety, after so heroic a fight, and it was better speed than his two pursuers who walked rather than ran as they grittingly followed his tracks down the remainder of the hill with us all the time close behind. We reached a small bottom, crossed it to a rather swollen stream which was forded somehow or

other without getting wet, then we followed the dogs up a near perpendicular bank that rose almost straight from the creek. At the top overhanging the bank and creek stood a giant beech stub. It looked black in the darkness and forbidding.

It looked like a hopeless task to try to dislodge the old victor whom we knew, from the attitude of Lead and Enoch, was safe inside nursing his hurts and breathing defiance in his own silent way. So there we left him or rather he made us leave him for I always have been a firm believer in the saying "May the best man win," and I'm sure he won honorably that night. Now on one of those still, foggy nights I can imagine the old fellow sliding down the beech stub overhanging the steep bank and creek, sniffing his way up some gully or ravine where fancy leads him, for crabs, wild grapes, or perhaps to take of adventure, the like of which he furnished us, or by showing other coons in other hollows that grit and strength and wisdom is a winning combination. So many chases may he have and good luck to him for had we conquered him that night it might have taken the tribute from that tough old warrior which he so gamely earned.

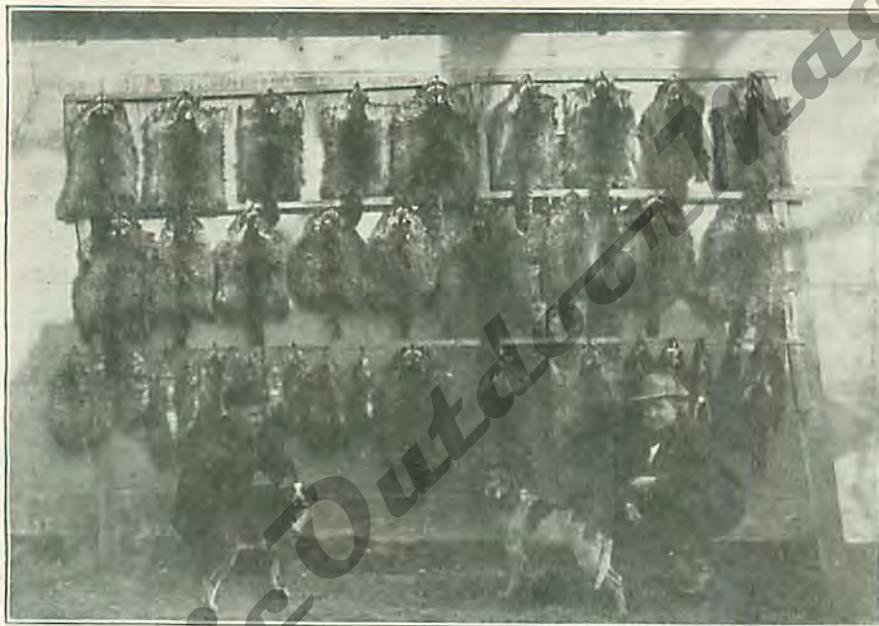
have to be pursued by a coon dog in order to tell you where Mr. Coon goes.

If you want to look at "a real he man's coon dog" just cast your eyes on the spotted dog to the right in the above picture. This picture was taken three days before the close of the past season and represents 21 coon, 13 opossums and five skunks caught by "Old Sport" the dog at the right. Add to this one more large coon caught the night before the season closed and you have this dog's catch the past season.

The gentleman at the left, Mr. David Norris, is holding "Topsy", another real bitch that can tree a coon with the best of them. She has 18 coons to her credit the past season, and was hunted by a friend of mine, Mr. Will Duling of Coshocton Route 4. The party on the right holding "Sport" is the writer, and I want to add our other "hunting buddy", Mr. John Thompkins, this city, who failed to get in the picture as he was working the afternoon we took same. Topsy was schooled with Sport.

I might say that I have tried many times to find a dog to take the place of old "Sport" and thus far we have failed. I have tried many so-called coon dogs, but when it came to treeing a coon with old "Sport" we have never had a dog that would stack up with him. We have found him treed after hunting for him for hours and he would be hoarse from barking. He knows we will come and he is as game as any dog. You ought to hear him lay it off when he can see your light coming over the hill. That musical instrument hasn't been invented that can compare with the confidence that old boy puts into you with his voice, saying "hurry up, I have been here over three hours."

Have you ever hunted a dog like that boys? If you have you know what I am talking about. He knows how the game is played and also knows we will stay as long as he will. You don't have to stand back and wonder what tree Mr. Coon is on. Sport will be right at the trunk, possibly with his front feet against the tree, barking a steady chop. He alone has caught 146 coons the past six seasons and I do not know how many opossums and skunks. I do know that his catch has netted almost a thousand dollars for us since he has been eating our corn bread. He seems to wind his game often times and goes straight to the tree, yet he opens on trail. I can tell when he is working more than one coon track, often several coons will travel together and I have studied him so thoroughly that I can tell by his actions. When he settles on a tree, after marking it several times and you go to him, he will at once circle the tree and strike off for the other coon. I have seen him tree three in one thirty acre timber, all on separate trees before we ever shot a coon. Don't you think, boys, that he knows his business? We know when Sport fails to tell us where the game goes, that he has done his part and will not fool you by barking all over the trees in the woods. You simply have to put the collar on him and lead him away from the trail a short distance and then cut him loose again. He is one of the most peculiar dogs I have ever known. He hasn't any more affection for me than a perfect stranger, and I know that he will hunt



THE ABOVE PAIR OF DOGS HAVE FORTY COONS TO THEIR CREDIT THE PAST SEASON, WHICH I CONSIDER A GOOD CATCH FOR THIS PART OF OHIO. PHOTO BY HUGH M. HAY, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Coon Hunters

BOYS, did you ever go out coon hunting with weather conditions ideal for hunting and never make a strike, let alone catch a coon? The writer has more than once and he thinks at least that he knows a coon dog when he sees one work. I will have to admit that I have been deceived more than once by dog dealers until I have practically lost all faith in my fellow men, when it comes to buying a dog; at least a coon dog.

As you returned home in the wee small hours in the night, you went over in your mind the different tracks that old Lead struck, and you did not even catch a coon. What was wrong? Was old Lead getting too old or was he running a mink? Or possibly he struck an old fox track. It's all in the dog boys, when it comes to treeing Mr. Coon. They cannot be put up if they are not down, and very often they

with anybody just as well as for me. Sport has a wonderful nose and possesses coon sense. Many times I have seen him tree when scenting conditions were bad and we would get the coon, when other full blooded hounds would not know what he was doing. He simply nosed trees until he located the coon, and after circling many times would settle down and start his steady coarse chop.

When it comes to endurance, I have never seen his equal. You simply cannot run him down and there never was a night too long or every night for that matter. He is always ready to go, and is past eight now, and I think he has as much endurance the past season as he ever had. He knows what to do when the coon takes the water as well as fences and especially when working on the grape vines. He circles a fence and heads on for the track and I have seen him hit the trail almost out of hearing. He is just a coon dog, boys, and one that you can rest assured has done all he knows how to do to show you a real night's hunt.

Yours for better coon dogs,

HUGH M. HAY,
Coshocton, O.

A SURPRISE IN THE SWAMP

By Kate Keene Seay

THEY were on a fox hunt down at Slade's Swamp, this party of hunters from Alabama, and had built for themselves a rustic cabin on the banks of Big Creek in Tuscaloosa County in the heart of the wood wherein to sleep at night and within to keep their grub and supplies.

They had killed rattlesnakes on this trip, the dogs had wandered away time and again seeking any prey they might chance upon and had to be recalled often. But tonight, as the boys sat around camp smoking their pipes and discussing the day's hunt, an old Walker hound had quietly left and the other dogs had followed unnoticed. Frank Keene, who had been too young for active service during the World War, was telling how Old Buck, this same Walker hound, had acted when his master, Oliver Keene, left home and volunteered for duty in the Medical Corps. The faithful animal would spend much time beside his master's horse and at home every time a certain record, which Oliver had loved, was placed on the victrola, he would force his way into the room and rising on his hind feet would place his forefeet and head lovingly on the instrument and whine softly until someone put him out.

"By the way," interrupted Wiley Lewis, "where are those dogs?" Everybody listened. Deep in the swamp they could hear the pack persistently baying something. Only a man who knows his dog can recognize in his bark what kind of prey he is chasing or has treed, but this time not one in the party could grasp what those dogs had chased to its lair. However, they did not hesitate to grasp their guns and plunge helter-skelter into the dense forest.

Stumbling over underbrush and fallen logs, they hiked on over grass waist high toward the sounds nearer and nearer till at last here they were in the midst of the writhing, yelping melee of dogs. Nothing could be heard above the uproar of barks,

for if they could have heard Oliver would never have thrust only a flashlight into his pocket and left his gun on the ground as he climbed that gnarled old oak tree with its hangings of grey moss in the pitch-black darkness. But this he did, fearlessly and glad, his heart beating high with the joy of the hunt. On up the tree he shinned. Cautiously now lest the animal escape. He had almost reached the top and still no sign of life. The dogs quieted down, one by one, as they knew their master had the affair well in hand now, and as the noise grew less, a furious buzzing sound came

higher or change his position. Only one chance in a thousand would save him. He thought of the faithful Walker hound at the foot of the tree. If the other dogs failed, would Old Buck this time? He never had failed in time of need. Oliver had played ball well in school, why not aim well now with the flashlight and knock the reptile from his perch to the ground? He would take a chance anyhow. Looking at the snake with the flashlight on him he gauged where he was when getting ready to throw, then in the inky blackness he hurled the light with all his



LEFT TO RIGHT: FRANK SNYDER, WIS. SHENBERGER AND V. K. DAYHOFF, WITH FOUR COONS IN ONE NIGHT'S HUNT WITH RED.

to the boy in the tree—the buzzing of an infuriated rattler beyond a doubt. Oliver's heart stood still. The snake sounded as though he had a thousand rattles. Where was he? Beneath him. Oliver had passed him on the way up. He must have crawled up inside the hollow tree and been out on a limb but he was undoubtedly beneath him now, getting ready to spring or attempting to climb up the mossy side of the tree trunk. Getting out his light the boy flashed its ray downward. Yes, there he was, a great speckled body a few feet below, his forked tongue protruding at intervals as he gave his warning signal, his diamond-shaped head and bright, beady eyes gleaming under the shining flashlight. Oliver had no gun and he was too familiar with his enemy to approach the infuriated reptile single-handed. He thought fast. No use calling to the boys below. They couldn't hear him and if they could they couldn't help him. The branches at this height were not long or strong enough to permit him crawling out on one, swinging out and dropping to the earth beneath. The snake meant fight. He brought his great body up a little nearer, then coiled on a projecting knot and went on rattling furiously. He was ready to spring and Oliver on his perilous perch could not go

strength. For an instant there was quiet, then the thud of the flashlight on the ground, the rushing forward of many dogs barking and scrambling over each other. They seemed disappointed and scattered, thinking perhaps that their master had thrown at them. Then after what seemed an interminable interval there was another and softer thud. All the dogs again rushed forward with loud yelps—then scattered again—all except Buck. He recognized his master's peril and with all his great strength he sprang forward alone. The reptile coiled, rattled and sprang, but Buck was too quick for him. Dodging, he met the snake half way and catching his huge body between his strong white teeth shook him with all his might, beating the diamond-shaped head frantically on the ground, until his master's feet again touched Mother Earth and the other campers had come running to his rescue. But the rattlesnake was dead.

Colonel Lindbergh's recent boost for a wider use of Air Mail is having its effect on the gun trade. Many hurry up orders from the Pacific Coast and a few from the Southwest are sent the Ithaca Gun Company by Air Mail rather than by the slower and older mail route.

Breast High Trails

(Continued from page 31)

a few minutes and as nothing came my way I went over. When I found Ed he was looking the ground over to see why he didn't get him. He said he missed him the first time but knocked him down the second shot. By this time the dogs had gone through and the boys were all there and as usual Jim was making remarks about a little target practice for a certain member of the party. When we noticed the dogs were running circles down in the woods, Marsh said, "Get down in the woods boys and spread out and if Ed crippled him he will probably get him, and sure enough, Marsh finished him in just a few minutes.

Once more three blasts of the horn and boys and dogs gathered in and fox No. 2 was relieved of his pelt. It was raining so hard by this time that we decided to call it a day altho it was not yet 11 a. m.

So back home we piled and got all set for the morrow.

The next morning was about the same, damp and foggy and we decided to hit for the same place. Clayt was on the job this morning and trying to hold Jim down.

This time I got out at the cross road with the dogs and Marsh and Turner and started toward the woods. Duke struck an old track and while he was nosing around Jack threw up his head and started. He went about 100 rods with his nose in the air and head swinging from side to side and out across two fields by an old rail fence he opened up on a pretty good track. It did not take long for the rest of the dogs to get on and trailing about a half mile toward Brier hill they jumped him in the swamp.

Down round the foot of the hill and along the edge of the pond they raced and then up over the knob, about the same course as fox No. 1 the day before. Marsh thought we had better stay where we were as there were 3 of the boys on brier hill and if they shot at the fox he was almost certain to come over where we were. Three times they raced around and over that knob and the suspense was too great, I just had to get over there. Turner couldn't stand it and he had to go too but before we reached there we heard two shots and so stood still to await develop-

ments. I stood in the middle of a field and as the dogs were headed my way I crouched down and hid as much as possible.

The fox went by me in an old ditch and I didn't see him and then ran right through where I had been standing. Pretty quick I heard Marsh shoot twice over where we had left him but Reynard kept on going. The dogs ran him about an hour longer and lost him. In the meantime I was curious to know who fired the first two shots so went over where Clayt, Ed and Jim were. Jim had stood at the runway I held the day before and the fox ran right over him in the open field. He shot at him the first time at 5 rods and the second time at 5 yards. When Ed came down with a joyous grin on his face, Jim said mournfully: "My God, Ed, I missed him, and the worst of it is Clayt stood up there and saw it all."

Needless to say we heard no more remarks out of Jim that day and as I left for Endicott the last thing I heard was Marsh saying, "I'm glad Jim didn't get him."

The Best Fisherman I Ever Met

(Continued from page 11)

and then sinking down into a swirl. There followed a terrific strike, and the fisherman braced himself. A second later a big steelhead was standing on his tail and trying to throw the hook. Then followed the greatest battle I've ever witnessed with a steelhead—and I've seen plenty hooked. This fellow was a double-dyed scrapper and all wool!

After his initial leap he rushed out and up stream taking all the line on the reel. When the fisherman stopped him, he simply went wild. One leap after another,

side twists and turns, deep dives and lurches, was in order. The greenheart pole bent and swayed in the dashes. George was defiant, steady and met each giration with expert ease and grace.

"He's wilder than a deer!" shouted George, "pulls like a Tuna, almost."

"I never seen better hi-divin'," I assured him. "We'll find out after a bit that he knows how to sulk too! They all do—these big fellows especially."

And while we watched and waited for him to give up, he went down deep and

stayed there. George recovered some line at first, but afterward he laid among the rocks and wouldn't budge an inch.

"Did you ever see anything like that! He seems to have braced himself against the walls of a submerged cave," said George pulling and attempting to reel in line.

Then as we waited, he suddenly let loose and came up like a streak of greased lightning. For a moment I thought he was off, but pretty soon he showed up away down stream in a fresh burst of speed. But all fights must come to an end. Either the fish must get away, or eventually be snaked into the net or gaff. This steelhead was no exception. After a little his nose was headed the right way, and after much winding by the fisherman, and feeble struggles by the fish, he came close to the bank, thence he found himself inside our net, a much beaten fish. He weighed 19½ pounds, measured 34 inches in length and was 21 inches in girth.

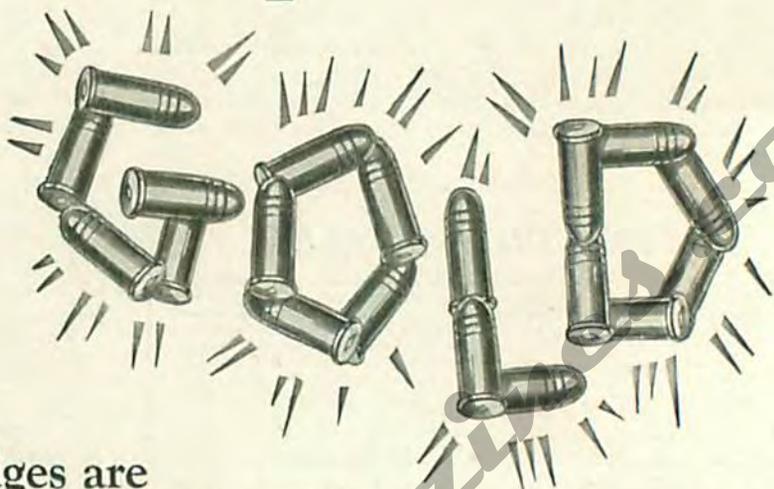
WELL, we caught many fish on that trip. Salmon trout of two or three kinds, steelheads a-plenty and some others.

After ten days we pulled out for Portland with the Columbia in view. It was our intention to fish that river for a month and then go on into Canada for a little spell of deep sea fishing on Puget Sound. Anyway, I just couldn't help telling you about George, though he don't like it. If you ever meet him, you'll put your O. K. on what I've written. *Adios!*



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1928 Anglers' Photo Contest

REGIONS of our readers the past four years, have shown great interest in our Anglers' Photo Contest, and judging by their happy expressions, those who have taken part have been more than pleased. It is therefore with great pleasure that we announce our Fifth Annual Anglers' Photo Contest for 1928.

The object of this contest is to interest and educate our readers in the more common fish caught by angling and also the waters inhabited by them. The contest therefore is divided into two parts which we term Group A and Group B.

\$700.00 in PRIZES

For the best photo submitted in each class, in accordance with the conditions of this contest, outdoor equipment or merchandise to the value of \$20.00 will be given. The second prize in each class will be outdoor equipment or merchandise valued at \$10.00. Each person, upon notification that he has been awarded a prize, will select one or more articles of outdoor merchandise to the retail value of \$20.00 or \$10.00. The only restriction being that all prizes selected must come from the advertisers in Hunter-Trader-Trapper.

Group A has to do with the actual fish. It is not the fortune of the average angler to be able to go where the record fish in size are caught. This is consequently not a contest where the big fish always wins. What we want more is a photo that shows the typical specimen of some particular kind of fish. By eliminating the size of the fish and making typical specimens the controlling factor, this contest presents an opportunity for everyone.

Pose the fish so that it will show to the best advantage, bringing in the detail of shape, fins, markings and all points that will serve to clearly identify the kind of fish. Size will not count against you, nor will it help to show a hog catch, as we all believe in conservation.

Group B has to do with the habitat of fish.

We believe that an angler should know where to look for fish, therefore, we have many classes for the pictures of your favorite fishing holes. Photos may be entered of pools, streams and lakes that, in your judgment, best display the natural habitat of any of the finny tribe from trout to the bullhead. Even if you do not catch a fish on a trip, perhaps a snap-shot of a pretty bit of water in river or lake may prove to be a winner. Match your judgment of what a good stretch of water should contain with that of those who will be the judges of this contest and fish sense will win if reasonably applied.

What we desire is your participation in this contest as a fisherman, showing your field of action and catches. Your interest as a contestant will be certain to awake a line of thought and application that will truly make you a better and more efficient angler.

Luck is eliminated so far as it can be done.

This contest has heretofore been heralded as the most novel and fairest. Read the conditions and list of classes and prizes carefully and then determine to record your trips in photos and enter the best. Plan to go early and often this season and don't forget to include a camera in your kit.

The judges will be known sportsmen and anglers who are capable of justly deciding the contest, and will be announced in a later issue.

CONDITIONS

All pictures of fish must be of catches made during the legal season of 1928.

Any reader of HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER may compete, providing he or she is not a professional photog-

rapher. It is not necessary that you develop your own film or plate, or print the photo; you can have this done at your camera supply shop or druggist's.

Only photos can be entered — not films or plates.

With each photo of fish, (Group A) submitted, must be the name and address of the entrant, the angler, the group and class, the specie (common name sufficient), the date, and place of the catch and the make of rod, reel, line and lure of bait used. The fish must not be posed on or before canvas or a blank or artificial background. The angler may be in the picture if desired. All fish photographed must be caught by angling in open season.

A photograph of angling waters (Group B) must be accompanied by the entrant's name, the location and name of the stream or lake, and the kind of fish, the habitat of which the photograph is claimed to show.

The picture may be of still nature only, or it may have camp, boats or persons in it.

All photographs submitted must show the United States postmark not later than October 15th, 1928, to be eligible for competition.

The print submitted is to become the exclusive property of HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER.

It is suggested that you write your name and address on the back of each photo and the group and class or classes in which it is entered. If space on the print will

CLASSIFICATIONS

GROUP "A"

Class 1 — Small mouth bass.

Class 2 — Large mouth bass.

Class 3 — Trout.

Any species except those known as Lake Trout, commonly caught by troll—includes Mountain Trout group, Eastern Trout, Rainbow Trout group, Steelhead Trout group and Charrs.

Class 4 — Muskellunge.

Class 5 — Lake Trout.

Includes Mackinaw Trout Sisowet and other trouts commonly caught by troll.

Class 6 — Wall Eye Pike (Pike Perch).

Class 7 — Pike and Pickerel.

Class 8 — Salmon, Pacific and Atlantic run fish except Onaniche.

Class 9 — Land Locked Salmon.

Class 10 — Catfish, All species.

Class 11 — Carp, Buffalo and Suckers, All species.

Class 12 — Pan Fish, Includes Rock Bass, Yellow Perch, Sunfish and Crapples.

Class 13 — Saltwater Fish. Any species caught by angling.

GROUP "B"

Under this group, Classes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 are for lake waters and classes 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 are for streams.

Class 1 — General view of lake and surroundings.

Class 2 — Muskellunge Water — lake.

Class 3 — Northern Pike, Pickerel or Walleye Water — lake.

Class 4 — Bass Water — lake, Large or small mouth bass.

Class 5 — Panfish Water — lake, Inhabited by any species in Group A, Class 12.

Class 6 — Trout Waters — stream, Any species in Group A, Class 3.

Class 7 — Bass Pool — stream, Large or small mouth bass.

Class 8 — Muskellunge, Walleye, Northern Pike or Pickerel Water — stream.

Class 9 — Carp, Sucker or Catfish — pool — stream.

Class 10 — Panfish Pool — stream, Any species in Group A, Class 12.

not permit the other data required to be given, then attach such information to the photo by paste or clip.

Photos should be mailed flat—do not roll. It is best to enclose them between two pieces of cardboard.

Don't wait until the closing date to enter this contest. You can send more than one photo if you so desire. Get out the camera now, along with your tackle and be ready; it will add pleasure to your outings.

Address all photos and articles pertaining to this contest to

Anglers' Photo Contest Editor,
HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

REMINDERS

THE little beagles are getting fat and the bird dogs are looking awfully shaggy for want of exercise but I'll bet lot of attention, just now.

The guns have been laid away for another rest and we now have fish stories, many of them, but don't forget your dog for it won't be long till again we shoulder the gun and call out the little hound. Remember, he gave you his best, and will do so again, if you will play the game on the square and give him the little bit of attention that he needs and deserves. Don't be an open sportsman only, but be one from one open season to the other.

And don't cheat your brother sportsmen. There are a lot of men who imagine that when they paid for their license they have done all that is necessary. But remember, if we would kill, we must replace; if your covers are shot out, now is the time to restock; get the game out early, especially rabbit and squirrel, as they breed early and should have some time to get acquainted in their new home.

AND after the game is put out do not forget it; visit your favorite hunting ground and see that the game is doing well. I suppose that the heavy snows are past and we need not be afraid that the game will be starved out, but visit the woods often, it will do you good. Be a sportsman all the year, and keep in touch with your sportsmen organizations; they will help put across the things that are best for you and yours.

There are many things we can do now that will help to make the next hunting season bigger and better. We must be on alert at all times for every now and then some one tries to put a bill over that, if passed, would soon make hunting, ancient history. We must not forget the farmer, he is the one we must depend upon for our game. Don't forget to thank him for the permission to hunt on his land and, at all times, be considerate of his wishes. Too many men take his good-nature for granted but remember, it is his land you are hunting on, and that he has fed the game that you hope to kill. It is true that it is your game as well as his, but just try to imagine where we would be if all the farmers would post their lands. It doesn't take long to go to the house and ask for his permission to hunt there; drive up to the house and he will know that your intentions are good. And when you leave, call in and thank him for that permission to hunt, and the chances are that he will ask you to come again.

Sportsmen, as a rule, are all fine fellows, for a man who spends as much time in the outdoors as he does will be a square shooter, nine times out of ten. But, we all make mistakes, and should remember the title given us, and try to be a true sportsman.

NEXT MONTH

In the July issue will appear an excellent article called "Finny Fighters of the Fire-hole," by G. Everett Ray. The scene of this story is laid in Yellowstone National Park.

JOHNSON HAS GIVEN WINGS TO WATER TRAVEL



THE dazzling speed of a racing car . . . the soaring flight of an airplane . . . neither can equal the exciting thrill of speeding over the water in a Johnson powered boat.

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Anglers know it from their fast and easy trips between fishing haunts. Cottagers know it and revel in its joy as they drive their boats undreamed miles over inviting water trails. Yachtsmen know it too. For them it means new comfort as they ply back and forth in Johnson powered tenders.

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Fishing

Fishing for Whitefish

By MORTIMER NORTON

DURING the last few years whitefish (*coregonus albus*) have more than ever come into prominence, in the eyes of the fishermen, and have frequently been numbered among the catch of a day's angling. These fish have become quite numerous in some of the smaller lakes, most likely for the reason that for a long time they had remained more or less undiscovered. This is probably true because it is not likely that many would be caught on the large hooks which fishermen most always use in lake fishing. Whitefish have a very small mouth, are without teeth, and are not able to take hold of an ordinary hook, or a large piece of bait fish. Also their mouths are tender and a hook can easily be jerked out, so, not being familiar with the peculiarities and habits of these fish, anglers have, unknowingly, torn the hook away, sometimes carrying with it a part of the upper lip. In this way fishermen have supposed the nibbling to be from a lake trout or some other variety, if still-fishing from a buoy.

At any rate whitefish have been multiplying quite rapidly and are now caught frequently, since their ways are beginning to be known by a few people in certain sections.

These fish are a member of the salmon family, and roam in waters in and about New York State, in Canada, and even up to the Arctic seas. The latter are the larger ones, but there we will be more concerned with the whitefish which are found in the smaller inland bodies of water, and which do not grow to such proportions as their northern brothers.

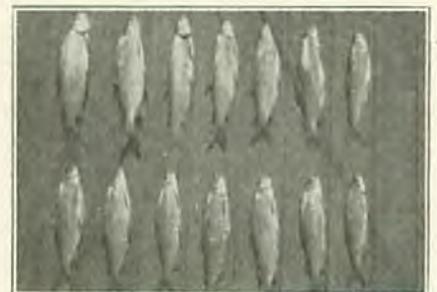
Whitefish are bluish gray along the back, lighter on the sides, and white below. Their body is elongated, but thick; they have a small and pointed head, large scales, a forked tail, and the first dorsal fin is not so long as high in front. In many of the small lakes they only reach about twenty or twenty-three inches in length, and weigh around one and a half to perhaps a little over three pounds. In one lake, in the Adirondack Mountains, that is seven miles long and two miles wide the whitefish are abundant as it was stocked several years ago, but I do not believe a three pounder has ever been taken from its waters. These fish are not very quick in movement, nor are they an especially fast swimming or strong fish, but they are capable of putting up considerable resistance, in relation to their size, when hooked. They are excellent

eating, the meat being sweet and delicious, and a meal of them is one to be enjoyed. The flesh is bluish white, changing when boiled to opaque white, whence their name.

These fish occur in the Great Lakes and are known there as "lake whitefish." They are esteemed as the equal of our shad by inland people and are on the menu of lake steamers and hotels, where they are considered a great delicacy.

The nibbling habits and manners of approaching bait are distinctive. One will swim around the bait several times, stop, look it over, and cautiously draw near. Then there will come a weak erratic nibbling, or a sharp *nip, nip, nip*. At times it is best to wait until the second attack on the bait before hauling up on one. When two or three light tugs are felt begin pulling immediately, as steadily as possible, but *not* very fast. This is assuming that you are fishing at a buoy and using a hand-line. If the fish starts to jerk quite hard and swims out and in circles, ease up a trifle to avoid too great a strain on the tender mouth cartilage. When he stops this resistance pull in just a bit faster, being careful always to keep a snug line.

Each fish seems to bite a trifle differently from others or will have to be landed in some other fashion, so they call for alertness and patience in hooking and playing them. But that is just what makes the fishing interesting. Many times you will lose one, but drop right back in at the very same spot, and nine times out of ten the identical fish will tackle the bait again,



FOURTEEN WHITEFISH A GOOD EVENING'S CATCH FROM THE BUOY.

even though he has been pricked two or three times. This method has worked on many occasions with the writer.

Quite often a whitefish will merely suck in the bait in a manner that cannot be felt through the line and will lie quietly

for a while, so it is advisable to occasionally gently raise and lower the line a few inches to see if one is on. When this happens it really is safer to give a slight jerk first, then pull up. Of course that is not always needed for the fish has probably swallowed the hook "clear down to its tail." Some will come up without a struggle, in fact will swim upwards, making you think you have lost him. When you have your fish at the surface just give a quick easy lift, clear of the side of the boat, and it will be flopping and quivering on the bottom. A net is hardly necessary, for if the fish has not freed itself on the way up the chances are safe that it is well hooked and will not shake loose, since they do not usually struggle very hard when brought to the surface.

In fishing for them a hand-line is much preferred to a pole or rod. Keep the hook from two to six inches from the bottom



SUN SETTING BEHIND INONDEQUOIT MOUNTAIN. SOON THE WHITEFISH WILL STOP BITING.

most of the time. You will need only one medium sized sinker. On an off day it is sometimes successful to let the bait rest on the bottom for a short time, forgetting the line. It is likely then that a whitefish will suck it into its mouth and swallow it. Presently you can slowly draw in a little line and if you feel one on draw up in the usual manner. Use a very small hook—a No. 8 works well. I once heard that a piece of red yarn wound where the gut and hook meet will attract them. In some places rods are used, but the line is either held in the hand or the hook is allowed to rest on bottom, and the fish are pulled in by hand.

These fish travel about in pairs or in schools. If you happen to strike it right you will return home with a catch of from five to thirty. Otherwise you may be lucky to get two. You have to wait sometimes an hour or more for some to swim by, or again you may be fortunate enough to drop line in among a school at their feeding period.

It is almost useless to fish for whitefish in very rough water, for you cannot tell whether one is nibbling or if it is only the motion of the boat that led you to believe one was at work on your bait. The jogging of the sinker will have the same effect, so do your fishing in as calm water as is reasonable, for there should be some slight movement to bring the best results.

Whitefish eat plankton—minute free-swimming organisms in the water, snails, insect larvae, tender aquatic plants, soft shelled mollusks, and occasionally small fish. That is their natural food, but what they like and feed on considerably is common

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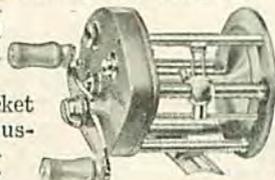
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canned sweet corn. Small pieces of sucker are used to bait the hooks and that is readily taken. On a few occasions when I did not have a piece of fish to put on I managed to make a kernel of corn stick, and lowered the line very gently so the corn would not wash off the hook. Upon catching a whitefish I would cut it open and either put on a piece of the liver or a tiny portion of the meat, and catch them as fast as ever.

Whitefish are generally caught in around fifty feet of water, during the summer months, from buoys or "anchors," which are well baited once every day at evening, after the fishing has stopped. They seem to like a sandy or gravel bottom about the best. August is a good month to secure a string of them in two hours' time. They usually stay on, or at the edge of a sand bar. In early Spring their home is the shallower water farther up on the bars nearer shore. In October they enter the rivers and streams from the lakes to spawn, returning in about three or four weeks. These fish move from place to place according to the supply of food.

THE best time to fish for whitefish is in the evening between six and seven o'clock until sundown, though a try in early morning might not be amiss. I have noticed that these fish stop biting right after the sun disappears behind the mountains. I have remained at the buoy for an hour or so afterwards, but only once did I feel a half-hearted nip, and that was all. Never have I caught one after darkness has set in, and others have experienced the same thing. For half an hour or more before sunset, if conditions are favorable, whitefish will bite as fast as you can re-bait and drop in the hook.

Sometimes a few can be taken around noon, but that is rare for it is hot then, and the fish do not come readily. Besides, it is not their regular feeding time, and most of them are either asleep on the bars, or have hunted the cooler spots in deeper water.

These fish are caught other ways than by still-fishing. In certain lakes whitefish are netted for commercial purposes. The pleasure of angling for them is lost in this way. The method of fly-casting has been tried, but the results have not been satisfactory. The flies do not seem to attract whitefish, and generally, I might say almost always, the fish disregard them. I have known these fish to be caught by trolling, but only in nine or ten instances in the lake I fish each summer. Each time the person who caught one did so by rather an accident, for he was out after lake trout and was using a large hook, baited with a big piece of fish. In one of the cases the whitefish was hooked in the side of the head. All were pretty well drowned when they reached the boat, and it is a great wonder none were torn loose, at the rate the line was retrieved. So if you want a meal of fine tasting fish do not waste your time trolling or casting for whitefish, but take the hand-line and hitch up to a buoy for two or three hours in the evening. These fish die quickly when taken out of the water, so if you should catch one that is too small handle him

gently and slip him back into the water as soon as possible.

Whitefish are known to have a disease caused by a parasitic larvae worm. This disease is being investigated and work is being done to check its spread. Sportsmen can help by being sure that the fish are not affected when transplanted or a new lake is stocked. So far in New York State this disease is known to prevail in only two lakes.

In Lake Clear and perhaps in a few other lakes in the Adirondacks there is found a fish somewhat similar to a whitefish—the frostfish. This fish differs in that the shape of the head, and the shad-



THIRTY-FOUR WHITEFISH—TWO DAYS CATCH BY THREE PERSONS.

ing of the scales varies slightly. It has the general shape and movements of a whitefish, and many people confuse these two kinds of fish because of their similarity.

Besides the lakes mentioned whitefish are to be found in Lakes Canandaigua and Champlain, and in some small lakes and in a few streams in New York State.

Whitefish are an especially easy fish to scale. If they become dry before cleaning wet them thoroughly in cold water. Then place a sharp knife at the tail and run it rapidly up the side to the head. This will scrape off all of the scales on that side, and continuing around the fish it is no trouble to remove the scales in good shape and in a very short time. I have found that this way is quicker than to skin one. Usually I skin a bass, perch, or pickerel since their scales are more obstinate about coming off; besides it is easier and quicker. But with a whitefish it is better to scale it as the skin has a nice taste, and in so doing more of the fish is saved.

The above explains pretty thoroughly the outstanding habits, peculiarities and features of our common lake and stream whitefish. It would hardly seem right to leave these interesting fish at this point,

and not give an incident, experienced from several seasons of fishing for "whites."

It was late afternoon of a beautiful day in the latter part of August that my friend, Joe, and I were returning from the outlet of Piseco Lake. We had been in the outlet for most of the afternoon trying our best to capture a few pickerel, but in vain, so, as we were nearing our buoy in the lake proper, we decided to stop and drop over a couple of hand-lines for whitefish. We did not want to reach camp "fishless," even if we had to postpone our supper. Why worry about missing a little thing like a meal when you are out fishing.

We baited, threw in the lines, and quieted down to give attention to our angling. We expected to catch some that evening for conditions could not have been better. A light wind was blowing from the north, making small rolling waves. This would give the desired movement to the bait and help attract the fish. The motion was not so great but what we could easily distinguish their nibbles. The boat was swung in a position parallel to, and nearly over, the edge of the sand bar; the buoy had been "fed" for some time, so we had cause to feel that we were soon to have action.

It was after six o'clock when my companion received the first bite. After the second attack on the bait Joe started to pull up in the usual manner, but the fish jerked loose, so he at once let the hook sink back near the bottom. On the next series of nibbles Joe successfully landed the whitefish, and that started off an eventful evening.

When we had eleven whitefish in the boat there came another slump, so we settled back to talk over the catch and enjoy the scenery.

By this time the sun was slowly dropping behind Irondequoit Mount'n, until just a small rim showed, sending a shaft of bright light upon the surface. Soon that disappeared, but the light of the sun shone on the fleecy, cumulus clouds above and beyond us. As the sun sank lower a beautiful red appeared on the distant clouds, gradually changing to a pink, and fading away.

JOE and I knew that only a few moments remained now for us to catch any more whitefish, and we sat there hoping for some to come around. Ah! One was nibbling! I had him! A big one, from the way it was jerking and swimming in circles. Almost to the top now! Shoot, he's gone! I pulled in the rest of the line to see if it had made off with the bait. On the hook I found a fair sized piece of its upper lip.

Shortly afterwards, as we both were busy at pulling in one, a commotion in the water in back of us was noticed, and then we saw that a whitefish was flopping around in a distressed manner. After landing our fish we untied from the anchor and rowed over to discover the trouble. Joe bent over and scooped the fish in with his hands. It proved to be the one I had lost, for a part of its upper lip was missing. It was nearly drowned, so our last and fourteenth whitefish was captured by bare hands.

Darkness was falling rapidly and no more fish would be accommodating to us,



"your Shimmy Wiggler leads them all!"

Enclosed is a photo of myself with three big bass, weighing 11, 12 and 9 pounds.

"They were caught in Saw Grass Lake, Brevard County, Florida, February 15th, 1928. Each was taken casting the ever reliable Al Foss Shimmy Wiggler with pork rind attached. The total catch that day was 7 fish averaging ten pounds each.

"I claim no record for this catch—except that your Shimmy Wiggler leads them all!"

L. W. Snead,
Lakeland, Fla.

Insist on the genuine Foss Pork Rind Minnows

The success and popularity of Foss Lures has been responsible for bringing forth a host of imitations.

Insist on the name "Foss" on every pork rind minnow and bottle of pork strips. These only are the genuine article, made by the originator, patentee and manufacturer.

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Action? Oh Boy!

It is a wiggly, lively-acting Mouse, and above all, it has a real, honest-to-goodness, wiggly, waving, "Feather Tail."

NO OTHER BAIT HAS THIS FEATURE.

FISHES: Gray, Red and White, All White with Pink Eyes, and All Black

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ERWIN WELLES CO., Sioux City, Iowa

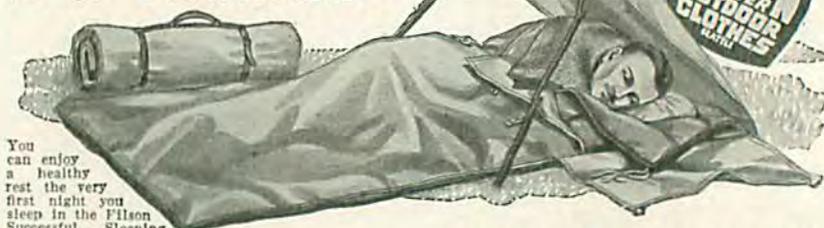
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Fishing Waders

WILL help you land the big ones. No sloshing around in clumsy, uncomfortable rubber boots to scare the fish. Keep dry and comfortable. Zephyrweights are light, waterproof, durable. Write — **NOW** — for full information to **HODGMAN** 454 Tripp Street Framingham, Mass.

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You can enjoy a healthy rest the very first night you sleep in the Filson Successful Sleeping Bag. Cozy warmth, protection against wind and rain are provided with less weight than blankets (10 1/2 pounds.) You're certain to find other outdoor needs in our free catalog "B". Send for it today.

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SPEED, sport, pleasure—never before have Evinrude motors given so much of each. Four remarkable twin cylinder models:

Speeditwin—16 H.P., only 85 lbs., 6 to 35 m. p. h. Power increased 100%.

Fastwin—12 H.P., only 69 lbs., 5 to 30 m. p. h. Power increased 200%.

Fleetwin—6 H.P., only 55 lbs. A new motor ideal for family row boat. 4 to 25 m. p. h.

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Evinrude Boat Speed Guide tells you exactly which motor to buy to give you the speed you want on the boat you own. Insurance policy against fire and theft from \$ 1.10 to \$2.10, depending on your model. Time payments—as small down payment as \$31.10 puts an Evinrude on your boat.

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Combines with canvas to form a sheathing tough as leather. Takes a fine finish and resists wear. Carry an emergency can.

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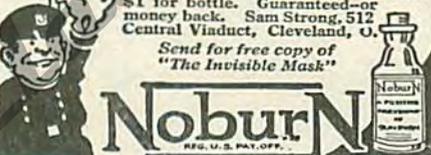
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Panel and Supplies Catalogs, 10 Cents
NIPPON PANEL CO., - - WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

we knew from past experience. We "fed" the buoy and a lonely sea gull that had come to watch and bag a meal, and rowed for camp. That was a fairly large catch of whitefish for that lake, and Joe and I were well satisfied, as well as the others who enjoyed a meal with us.

A FISHING TRIP

I AM an H-T-T fan, and I can faithfully say a lover of outdoor life. In 95% of my sport readings, I read about Tom, Dick, and Harry and how good a

We now were all set, so we were off, only to make one more stop and that was to pick up Joe.

"Good evening, boys, believe me we are going to have a good night. Let's push off," said Joe.

After about eight miles of riding over good and bad roads and without having any tire trouble, we drove up beside this pretty pond and found a place along the south shore that looked as though it would do for a parking place. We unloaded and got all set to put in a good night. In the next few minutes we had our lines



SEA HAWK GOING AT FULL SPEED ON THE SCIOTO AT COLUMBUS OUTDOOR SHOW.

hunter or fisherman he is. I want to write a little article about yours truly and perhaps it is nothing to brag about, but it will be worth while knowing that all fishermen or hunters are not experts, as I am one that has followed the game for years, and have come to a final decision that I am about as green now as when I started. However, I am one sportsman that will admit it. One of my experiences a few years ago proved to me that as a fisherman I would make a good shoe cobbler. After you read this article you will be convinced that I will never win any medals for my good fishing, but should they ever issue leather medals I would be highly distinguished.

Ring, ring, Hello! Yes, this is Stanley, what is on your mind, Walter?

"Joe and myself are going out to Hansons Pond tonight. I wish you would come along."

"Gee, Walter, I am glad you called me up, I am off duty tomorrow and sure will go."

"Alright, Stanley, get your outfit together and I will be there with the 'Lizzie' in about twenty minutes."

Friend wife always was a good pal and although she did not like to see me go on such trips, she would always help me while I was getting in to my boots, etc. The Mrs. packed a lunch. About this time Walter drove up in front of the house and the Mrs. helped her fisherman husband to the car, remarking that tomorrow we would have fish for dinner even if I would have to catch the fish with a silver hook.

in the pond. It was now fairly dark and we were enjoying the evening very much. Now and then Joe and Walter would pull in a bullhead. I always put Joe and Walter in the class with natural-born fishermen, because seemingly they knew just what to do and when to do it. I have watched Joe many a time take a bullhead off a hook. He would take his middle and forefinger and put them right over the fish right back of its what I call horns and then with the thumb of the same hand he would pull down the bull head's lower jaw. Joe could do this without any trouble.

I WAS fishing to the right of the boys out on what I would call a little peninsula. I had my pole laying with the butt end on the ground while the fore end was floating about in the pond. I was using a bobber and standing nearby watching its action. I was having bites one after another and lots of times as much as a half a dozen at one time, but they were only the greetings of the fisherman's undesirable friends, the mosquitoes. In a language of my own, I pulled my line in to look at the bait. As I was pulling the line I felt something dragging on the end. Thinking that I had at last found a blind fish, I was very happy and I said, "O, boys, I have broken the ice; I got one." In reply, Joe answered, "Good for you, Stanley." And then as I pulled it up on the shore I had the queerest looking fish I ever saw. I am quite sure that some time or other it used to live more

on the land than it did at this time. At any rate, instead of getting a fish, I got an old discarded shoe. Believe me, if the boys did not give me the ha-ha, no one did. I unhooked the shoe, re-baited and put my line back in the pond. It was only a few minutes until something started to run away with my line. This time a dandy big bullhead. So now I was to display my knowledge of taking this fish off the hook. Everything worked very well until my fingers slipped and Mr. Bullhead clamped his jaws down and right then I knew why this fish got its well fitted name and no one knows better than I do what this fish can do.

After a little pain and lots of laughing done by Walter and Joe, Mr. Bullhead finally gave up and Joe took the hook out of his mouth. So again I cast my line out more to the right and in a few minutes I pulled in again and things sure were coming my way. I caught everything but a cold. This time I landed a tin can and to my surprise the label on the can indicated that some time or other a pink salmon made its home in this can. This would be disgusting to the average fisherman, but I had lots of fun. Joe and Walter said they did too.

STANLEY E. LAYMAN,
Milwaukee Co., Wisconsin.

Arrowhead Country

By GEORGE HOFBAUER

MOST sportsmen and tourists know much about the Arrowhead country and Superior National Forest in Minnesota. Here, in this beautiful and romantic territory, dotted with thousands and thousands of beautiful lakes and wooded with virgin pine and hardwood, is my home and vacation land.

Many of these thousands of lakes are well filled with fish of almost every

perch. Fish of many varieties are also to be found in many of the rivers and streams, notably the Kawishiwa and Stony rivers.

Both these streams are noted for their beautiful scenery as well as for the fact that upon almost any nice bright day when the water is low you can take as many fish as you desire. I have surely caught some dandies—wall-eyes of from eight to ten pounds, northern pike up to eighteen—while other fishermen have taken northern pike weighing well over thirty pounds. When the water is high, however, they do not strike so well. I once worked the Kawishiwa hard for over three hours, both trolling and casting with a variety of baits and did not take a fish. Have had the same experience in high water on the Partridge river.

AT the time the blueberries were ripening last August Dr. Otto Alving telephoned me (at two o'clock a. m.) that he had fishing tackle and lunch packed for a day at Burnside lake. So I tossed in the little outboard and away we go. Arriving at the beach, we find no signs of human life but plenty of cars parked at the tourist camps and around the hotels to prove that a goodly number are sleeping away the beautiful morning. Small fish are rising for flies and the birds are singing. We take the trailer off, park both car and trailer by the side of the road, put the boat in the water and everything is ready. The doctor starts the motor and we're off.

On either side of the boat is mounted a big, specially made aluminum reel carrying three hundred feet of strong copper cable line. Attached to each line are six to eight sinkers spaced from a foot to two feet apart. Two swivels to prevent twisting of the line are necessities as well as a strong snap to facilitate changing of baits. While both wabbling spoons and wooden minnows are good baits, we use standard revolving spoons, No. 4, with a big shiner or sucker minnow on two treble hooks.

Dr. Alving knows every hole in the lake where the trout hold forth and he says



THIS PICTURE INTRODUCES DR. OTTO ALVING WITH A LAKE-TROUT WEIGHING 13 POUNDS CAUGHT AT BURNSIDE LAKE IN 1927.

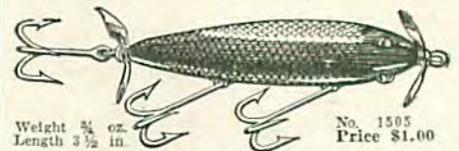
variety. Practically every sheet is teeming with Wall-eye and Northern pike, perch, etc., while the deeper bodies are populated with the gamy lake trout. Among the best known of the latter class are the Burnside, Snowbank and LaCroix lakes, as well as many others. The smaller lakes, most of which are not to be found on the average map, abound in black bass, pickerel, crappies, sunfish and yellow

TWO BASS On One Cast!



These 4 and 4½ Lb. Bass were caught on one cast by F. W. Teasdale, Minneapolis, Minn., using the old reliable — Injured Minnow—No. 1505! We wish you could have seen the beautiful string he caught in a few hours afterwards!

THE ORIGINAL INJURED MINNOW



Weight ¾ oz. Length 3½ in. No. 1505 Price \$1.00

For the real thrill of fishing—there's nothing made to compare with the original, genuine, natural, life-like and most effective Creek Chub Injured Minnow—No. 1500 series! Because all the fun and action is right on top of the water—where you can see, hear and feel the strike! With slow, short jerks, it looks exactly like an injured minnow—lying on its side—but with just enough life to kick up a little fuss! And how the Bass go for this easy meal! Insist on getting the original Injured Minnow—and you, too, will "Catch More Fish!" Made in Silver Flash finish No. 1518—and new Luminous day and night finish No. 1521.

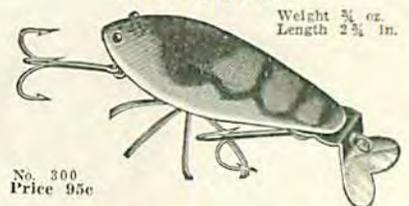
The Famous Pike Minnow



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The greatest of all around lures made—for salt water or fresh! It represents a natural Pike Minnow in size, shape, color, and natural swimming movements! By all means, don't go to Canada or the northern waters without a supply of Pikelets! Get a few with the new Silver Flash Finish No. 718. It's also a killer.

The Crawdad



Weight ¾ oz. Length 2¾ in.

No. 300 Price 95c

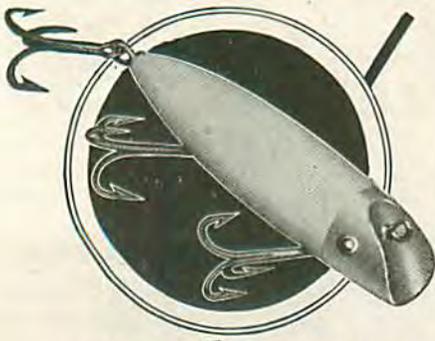
Natural in shape and moves backwards with wiggle mostly in tail! Floats until started! A splendid deep running lure for trolling! Also casts like a bullet! No other lure like it!

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Fishing Tackle of all kinds... Rods Reels Lines Baits



Here is a soft finish fly line that has met with wonderful success. You will be astonished at the life of this line. It looks like rubber, feels like rubber but is not. Will never become sticky and has all the requirements of the more expensive lines. Can be furnished only in 25-yard lengths which is all the average fly fisherman can handle. Twenty-five yards given free with one new subscriber or your renewal at \$2.00.

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GET Hoppe's Lubricating OIL. Light, penetrating, yet high viscosity—refined especially for firearms, reels, all fine mechanisms. No lead or other impurity; not a mixture. Prevents wear and looseness—keeps guns and reels like new. Never gums. At your dealer's, or postpaid 35 cents.

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WALTON SUPPLY CO. Dept. 3 St. Louis, Mo.

we are now in the right place. We let the spoons, minnows and sinkers over the side, take a good look to see that the spoons are spinning freely, and let them go. The doctor lets go about two hundred feet while I let out about 170. We slow down to trolling speed, the doctor handling both the motor and his tackle, while I watch both the doctor and my line. If he gets snagged to the bottom, I reel in some line so I don't get snagged too.

WE troll for over an hour and I get careless and start to light a cigarette when I feel the tell-tale jerk. I tell the doctor I have a trout. "Reel him in," he says and keeps on trolling. I try to follow his advice, but with the occasional savage rushes, it takes some time to reel in a hundred and seventy feet of heavy line. Now the line is almost in and I see the well-known silvery flash in about ten feet of clear water. "She's a dandy, don't lose her," says the doctor. A few more turns of the reel and I reach over the side and lift the silver beauty into the boat.

I select another nice minnow, drop him overboard, take another look to make sure the spinner is doing its work, settle down for a little rest and my postponed cigarette, when I get another jerk with the same amount of line, 170 feet, in the water. The same procedure and out comes my second trout and the doctor has not yet had a strike.

ANOTHER bait is made ready and we run in close to the shore along a high, rocky cliff. "Here's some very deep water and I have taken some good sized lakers from this locality," says Dr. Alving, when Bang! and I feel a savage jerk. I reel in and land my third silvery lake trout. The doctor says it's time to go to shore and eat our lunch, to which I heartily agree, and we both reel in and land on the nearest point where we take our ease under a majestic pine tree and partake of a well-earned meal with coffee brought from home in a thermos bottle. We note that it is now 8:30 a. m.

I can not resist asking the doctor how it is that he has not caught a fish and I have three splendid lakers to my credit, and he answers, "I have over 200 feet of line out and you have 160 to 180 feet, so my bait is 30 to 40 feet back of yours all the time. When we pass a fish he naturally strikes the first bait he sees, which is yours." I listen quietly to this and know why I am the lucky fisherman. After finishing with our lunch we pick enough nice ripe blueberries for dessert as well as for a few pies when we get home. Then we pack up the duffle and once more start angling.

This time we start back towards Burnside lodge. Before arriving there I add two more beauties to the string and the doctor declares this enough for one day. We arrive at the lodge at 11:15 and note that everything looks much different than in the early morning hours when we arrived. Tourists and sportsmen in great numbers are to be seen, some walking, some visiting, many swimming or in canoes and motor launches. Overhead an airplane circles and dips. Everybody is

happy, and I, with a fine string of lake trout, am happy too.

There is much more sport to be had in fishing lake trout in the early spring just as the ice leaves the lakes. Then the fish come to the surface and can be caught with lighter tackle. I generally use a light canoe with one man paddling and one trolling. I use my bait casting rod and line, the latter being 300 yards of eighteen-pound test silk, a standard Hildebrandt spoon No. 3½ or 4. In the snap-



ONE OF LAC LACROIX BEAUTIFUL SPOTS AND HABITAT OF LARGE LAKE TROUT.

comes a short shank single hook No. 1-O and a three-inch leader with a treble hook No. 3-O. I take a three or four-inch shiner or sucker and fasten the single hook through its head and the treble hook through the tail, making the minnow lie straight between the hooks. If I have no live minnows I use a Heddon surface lure series 200 with red head. Leave out about 150 to 200 feet of line, reserving the balance for playing the fish. The first week when the ice is breaking up I fish from 50 to 100 feet from shore if the water is deep and the shore sandy with a drop-off. Often I have taken two or three good fish in a half hour, while occasionally I strike a day when I fish for several hours without a strike.

WHEN I get a strike, using the medium light bamboo casting rod and 150 feet of line out, the reel fairly sings, the rod bends to the breaking point and it takes all my skill to play the game fellow out, as he zig-zags back and forth, often making mad rushes directly toward me, then stopping suddenly and starting in the opposite direction full speed, jerking the handle of the reel from my fingers and making me think I must have hooked a whale. When brought close to the boat the laker almost always makes one last rush straight for the bottom and then is when the angler must be right on the job. Bring him back to the surface slowly and when he finally floats bottom up, lift him into the boat.

With a good partner such as I had on

a trip last spring to watch and keep the canoe in the proper position this fishing with light tackle is certainly great fun. One of the best battles put up that day was by a laker weighing just over 4½ pounds. This on a beautiful spring day with the water as smooth as a mirror. I took three others within a few hours.

For all the excitement I get from catching these fine fish I derive more pleasure from my kodak than from my rod. After the fishing is over I always look for a suitable spot and pick out the choicest of the catch and snap a few pictures so that I may have souvenirs of these delightful trips in days to come. Thinking some of these pictures may be of interest to others I have entered a number of them in anglers' photo contests with some degree of success, as will be noted by the following prizes which have been awarded me by H-T-T:

- First Prize in Group A, Class 7 in 1927.
- First Prize in Group B, Class 3 in 1927.
- First Prize in Group B, Class 3 in 1925.
- First Prize in Group B, Class 8 in 1924.
- Second Prize in Group A, Class 7 in 1924.
- Second Prize in Group B, Class 5 in 1924.
- In the American Display Co., First Prize in 1925.
- In South Bend Bait Co., two last prizes in pictures in 1923.

NEW EVINRUDE POCKET SALES MANUAL FOR RETAIL SALESMEN IS PUBLISHED

THE Evinrude Motor Co. has recently published a small Pocket Sales Manual, which deals with the many advance and exclusive features of the Evinrude Motors. In getting out this booklet, the Company had in mind one which would be of great assistance to the dealer and salesman. It is a small book which can easily be referred to while talking to a prospect. The dealer, after demonstrating a motor to a prospect, is sometimes called upon to answer some questions, which at times are very difficult without aid of some kind. However, with this small Pocket Sales Manual, it is a simple matter. If the prospect is interested in knowing more about the inside parts of the motor, the dealer can show him actual pictures of the connecting rod, crankshaft, piston with rings, the crankshaft bearings, and other important inside parts, which are fully described.

The Pocket Sales Manual is especially handy to the man who is "green" on out-board motors when attempting to sell a prospect. With the aid of the Sales Manual this salesman need only read the booklet over with the prospect to make a fair sales presentation. The booklet is of handy pocket size and can be kept handy at all times. Among the features illustrated and described are, the electric light, describing how the magneto supplies the current when the motor is running, and how the battery supplies the light when the motor is stopped. A picture of the new large magneto illustrates easy starting, how one pull of the easy starter throws four powerful sparks into the cylinders. Pictures of the connecting

rod, connecting rod bearings, crankshaft, crankshaft bearings and pistons with rings, are described as to operation and material. There is a picture of the new style large silent muffler. The automatic tilt-up, which permits the motor to tilt out of the water when striking an obstruction and allows the boat to be pulled up on shore for attaching the motor; the new air horn carburetor, showing how the speed of the motor is controlled, are some of the other features listed.

From this, a pretty good idea of the book and what it will do for a salesman can be gained.

As a further help to the dealer, the Evinrude Motor Company has also gotten up a complete album, which consists of different views of the motors, accessories, sectional views, actual photographs of important races, race certificates, all of which makes interesting material for a prospect to look over. There is nothing outside of an actual demonstration of the article that attracts attention quicker than real photographs.

Dealers and prospective dealers are invited to write to the Evinrude Motor Company for complete information on these selling helps.

PFLUEGER ALPINE LEVEL WIND REEL PROVING A BIG SUCCESS

IF sales are an indication as to the success of a good fishing reel, then surely the Pflueger Alpine Level Wind Reel may be considered as having achieved a real worth-while success since it was placed upon the market some several months ago.

Since its introduction there has been an opportunity to determine its value in actual use in fishing waters where climatic conditions permitted, and it has proved itself worthy of a place in the angler's kit.

The reel is for the heavier fresh water trolling such as for Black B'ss, Muskegunge, Northern Pike, Pickerel, Lake Trout and Salmon and the lighter varieties of fish in salt water such as Striped Bass, Channel Bass, Kingfish, Jackfish, Bluefish, Weakfish, Sea Trout and Mackerel.

It has been found that since the distribution of the reel to the trade its general construction and adaptability is fulfilling a long-felt want, as was forecasted by The Pfluegers and their distributors. In actual use the reel has more than met the expectations of the sportsman.

WELL PLEASED

May 1, 1928.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
Gentlemen:

MY Johnson Motor has arrived and is all unpacked ready for business. I want you to know that I am sincerely appreciative and grateful, not only for the splendid prize but for the concern and interest which you showed in getting it to me on time.

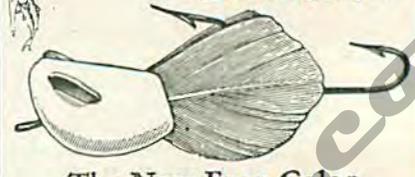
I anticipate many pleasant hours with it, and expect to try it out this month on a Maine fishing trip. Here's hoping I have a fish story worth telling you about.

Very truly yours,

R. W. PATTERSON,
Somerville, Mass.

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The New Frog Color Jamison Weedless Coaxer

No angler should be without a "Coaxer" if he wishes to be successful in Black Bass and Pickerel fishing. It's attractive, lively, life-like and a sure fish-getter. Goes through any and all kinds of weeds and lilies without snagging. It's easy to cast and can be used for skittering and trolling as well.

Made in two sizes—No. 1 large, No. 2 smaller. Comes in natural frog color, also white body, gold body, silver body, yellow body, red feather or Bucktail pattern. Price each, 85c. Barbed or Barbless Hooks as desired. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct, and be sure to ask for our

BEAUTIFUL NEW CATALOG showing complete line: Coaxer baits, Shannon Twin Spinners, Barbless Hooks and flies, silk casting lines, etc.

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739 S. California Ave. Dept. 126 Chicago, Ill.

JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS



Even For Bank Fishing

A rustless, free-running reel is necessary to land the big ones. Keep all your tackle right, with

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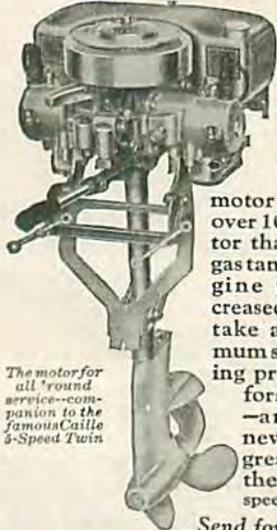


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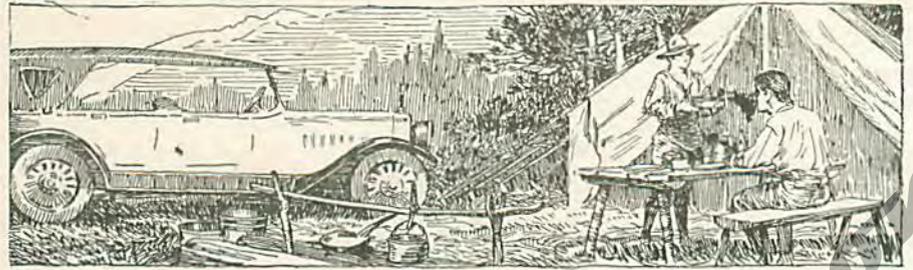
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Motoring and Camping



Motoring In Canada

By BYRON E. COTTRELL

ONE day late last summer (1927) my wife and I were out riding with Mr. and Mrs. Borden looking over some of the wilds of our own county. It was suggested that we ought to take a trip up into Canada, the fact was also mentioned that the Toronto Fair would be on the next week, our business was in such shape that we could leave it for a week, and we decided to start the next Sunday.

None of us had ever done any motor camping, and we didn't have much of an outfit, and when we got it all picked up it was a very meager outfit indeed, but it answered every requirement, which was not so bad for the first try. As we were going to attend the Toronto Fair we had to take along our good clothes, beside our regular camp clothes. This was a nuisance, but we could not very well have done otherwise. We had a trunk on the left side of the car to carry these in. We found that soft clothes that were not easily wrinkled, were the best. They might not look quite so dressy at first, but after they were carried around a few days they were one-hundred percent in the lead.

big days at the Fair. Most of the cars were going towards Toronto. Many were running along 20 miles an hour, and taking in the beautiful view, others were running 35 when they could (this was us) which was only about half the time. But I never saw as many cars move along so smoothly, if one wanted to go by, the car ahead was perfectly willing to give all the road necessary. No one tried to "hog the road," every one was good natured,



OUR CAR IN THE ROCKY COUNTRY.

WE left Potter County at 3:00 a. m. Sunday morning, Sept. 4th, and were half way to Buffalo before there were any cars to amount to anything on the road. We stopped several hours with friends in Buffalo. We crossed over the new Peace Bridge into Fort Erie, Canada, intending to camp somewhere along the Niagara River. But we kept right on going until we found ourselves in Hamilton. We did not really go thru Hamilton, we kept to the right, thru a cutoff across the end of Lake Ontario. Thru here were some fine camping places. It was a beautiful place if one likes the water. We did. It was getting late—in fact it was nearly dark, and we—or the most of us wanted to make camp at least by daylight the first night, but Vic Borden who was at the wheel seemed to have other ideas, for he kept his foot on the gas until we were in Toronto.

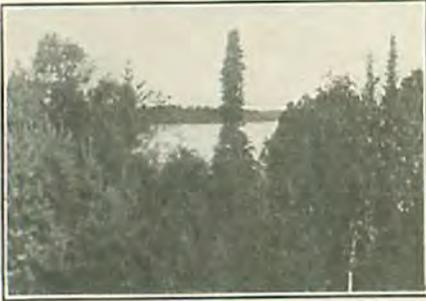
and trying to avoid any accidents. You were just as welcome to cut thru at 35 as you were to keep in line at 20. We didn't meet up with a single "road hog." There were many cars from "the States" but these all seemed to catch the idea, and were as good natured as the Canadians.

The Lake Shore Highway from Hamilton to Toronto is a beautiful drive, there were many nice looking camps along the way but we went right on by. The traffic was very heavy, being Sunday and the day before Labor Day, and also one of the

IT was dark before we got in Toronto. We wanted to camp as close to the grounds as possible, so we drove to the entrance. Here we stopped and asked a cop for information as to the nearest camping ground. He took all kinds of pains to be nice to us, and we talked with him for five or ten minutes. There was a solid stream of cars here both ways, and when we got ready to turn back we found it was not so easily done. The cop saw our difficulty, and stepped out and stopped all cars to give us a chance to turn, and as we passed him he waved us a good night. I have traveled a bit around this old U. S. A. but I never saw anything like that done here!

Well, we found our camping grounds without any trouble, and with the aid of our

"trouble light" soon had camp made in fine shape. We were on the sand at the very edge of Lake Ontario, not the nicest camping grounds, but a very pretty place just the same. On account of the Fair the place was full, and we had to pay one dollar a day, but we were well satisfied,—everything considered.



ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

We spent two days at the Fair. It was the best thing of its kind I ever saw. We came to an exhibit of fine furs in one of the buildings, with a dapper looking man in charge. About the kind of man one generally finds in the most fashionable shops. I didn't expect he would know really anything about fur except styles, etc., such a man in the States would not. I asked him some questions regarding some silver fox skins, and he talked as though he really knew something about fur, there were more questions, and we finally had quite a visit. This man had spent much of his time in the north country—he was a real outdoorsman. He knew as much about raw fur as he did made up furs. He told us where to go to see the most of the north country in the short time that we had to spend, and we found he knew exactly what he was talking about. In fact most of those Canadians knew what they were talking about—if they did not, they would say so and quit talking.

THE last day we went to the fair we broke camp at 5:30 p. m. Our camp was located at the west end of Toronto on the Lake Shore Highway. We went into Toronto on Queen Street, and turned north on Yonge street. We went straight north that night 47 miles, and camped near a place called Bradford. The people at this camping ground had Army 16 foot tents all up and ready at one dollar a day, or a camp site for 50c. We took the tent all up rather than unpack all our outfit. Everything was clean and nice. I met a fellow here who was a trapper. He said that it was naturally great muskrat country, but that they had been trapped off pretty close for the last few years. There was any amount of what looked like fine muskrat water, and I believe that many of the trappers in the States would call it pretty good trapping, it doesn't seem that there could be so much country and all trapped out.

The next morning we packed up and left camp at 8:30 and went on north around Lake Simcoe, and stopped in a beautiful park at Orillia on the shore of the lake. If any of you are ever thru here don't miss this place. We went on to a place called Brace Bridge and ate our dinner

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in a fine park and camping ground. The first one we had struck that was free. While we were eating dinner a red squirrel tried to steal a loaf of bread, and finally did get the loaf—to be exact it was about a half loaf—off on the ground. We tried to get his picture with the Graflex, but we couldn't quite do it. One time I could have gotten a dandy at about five feet, but I thought I could get closer—but I couldn't. We didn't have time to try much longer, as after dinner we started on north.

NOT far from Brace Bridge we came to the end of the hard surfaced road. From there on we had what they called a graveled road. It was not like the graveled roads of Penna. where a graveled road is very hard and almost as good as hard surfaced—in fact sometimes it is better. The graveled roads of northern Ontario were largely sand and gravel mixed, there was not enough clay in the mixture to harden them under any conditions, and altho it did not rain, so we could see I don't think any amount of rain would have any effect on them. I believe the rain would drop thru that sand and gravel and leave them in as good condition as if they were dry. They were a bit rough, but rode easier at a speed of 30 miles per hour than at 20.

Now we began to strike into the wild country. For the first 60 or 100 miles out of Toronto was as fine farming country any one would see in the U. S. A. But now the farms were scarce, and getting scarcer, and were mighty poor farms at that. There would be miles of almost solid rock, not rough and broken rocks, but more or less smooth and level with the ground. Possibly some people would not call it smooth, but it was smoother than any other rock country that I ever saw before. The rocks had a reddish cast. There would be patches of soil around in between the rocks in places, but the grass that grew here showed that the soil was very poor. Some scrub pine grew around among the rocks, but on the whole it was a very barren looking country.

AS we went farther north these rocks were more in patches, there were swamps and swales, and some real woods began to show up. This was as beautiful country as I ever saw.

There were small lakes and ponds surrounded by woods. The country began to look like pictures of moose country. We stopped at a small store in a little village for some supplies, and were told that it had been moose country years back, but now the moose were all killed off, but that there were still deer, and some wolves left yet. However, I saw less deer sign by far than we have in Penn'a.

At no place did we have any trouble getting rid of our U. S. money. I thought possibly we should have got it changed in some bank at Buffalo or Fort Erie, but at no place did anyone even mention the fact that we were handing out U. S. money. The change we got back often looked a bit odd to us, however.

Many of the trees were the same as we have here, or so near like them that we knew what they were. There were lots

of maples, several different kinds, also beech, birch, and pine. There were many different kinds of coniferous trees that we could not find the name of, some might have been spruce, and many slender pointed ones I believe were tamarack. The woods were different from ours at home, and to me looked prettier. The grasses and bushes were very green, a rather light bright green and this against the dark green of the conifers gave a very pleasing effect.



THE GRAVELED ROAD IN THE WILDS.

The country was not hilly, but was full of little ravines and gullies, and the road ran sometimes thru these, and just as often across them. The natives in this country seemed to have very few cars, the most of the cars we met were Pierce Arrows, Lincolns, Rolls Royce, etc., and most of them bore Canadian license plates. The road was very narrow, about like a lot of the back woods roads in Penn'a. They are one track roads, and a person not used to them would think two cars could not pass, but they generally can with no trouble at all. We rounded a curve and suddenly met a Pierce Arrow sport roadster. There was room to pass and we gave half the road, but this fellow didn't offer to turn out—he just stopped. We couldn't get by so had to stop. He didn't do it to be mean at all, he simply was afraid to turn out of the track. We finally convinced him that he could drive around us with no trouble, and he did so, but the young lady with him acted as though she expected the car was going to tip over or something. This fellow evidently had been used only to pavements, and possibly had just been in trouble somewhere on those roads, anyway he sure didn't expect to take any chances. If we both had not had good brakes we likely would have bumped.

IT was nearly night when we came to Echo Lake, and here we decided to camp for the night. A family lived up on the hill not far from where we camped. Two small boys came down and told us where the spring was, they had to carry water from the same spring for use at the house. These boys surprised us with their good manners, in fact they showed more good breeding than many of our top notch city boys. They said their father trapped in the winter, that he did not do much farming, but worked what he could at anything that came along in the summer.

Later on the mother came down, we asked if we might use an old boat that was drawn upon the bank, she was very nice about it, and my wife got in and

started out, she had done some rowing some years before, just enough so she thought she could row! Well this boat leaked, both oar locks were broken so the oar would hardly stay in place, and one oar was broken so that it was a foot or eighteen inches shorter than its mate. Well Mrs. Cottrell managed to get the boat a couple of hundred yards from shore, when the boat got enough water in to wet her feet, and she had to hold these up off the bottom. She did not pay as much attention to her rowing as she did to the water in the boat, and she rowed around in circles. More water came in the boat all the time, and she forgot about all she knew about rowing, and for once was mighty glad to have me stand on the bank and tell her which oar to pull on to get back to shore—generally she don't like to be told how to do anything!

WE were camped on the east end of the lake and that night saw the most beautiful sunset any of us had witnessed in years. We didn't spend much time getting supper that night, but stayed down by the lake until long after dark. A nice moon gave the night a beautiful wild look. Whip-poor-will's and other night birds called. There was no sound of any distant train. No motor cars came a'long. Not a sound except those of the forest. It didn't seem possible that one was only a day's ride from Toronto. I wanted to hear a wolf, but I imagine they are not very common in that country, and if they are anything like a fox they seldom bark in the summer anyway.

The next morning we were up early, had a good breakfast, took some pictures, and broke camp. We intended to go on north, but found that it was but a few miles to the end of the road, and so turned back the way we came. We did not stop to look at the country so much, and were back in Toronto before dark, we kept right on south, and tried to make Buffalo, but saw that it would be too late, and so we camped again on the shores of Lake Ontario, at Hamilton. The wind blew a gale and the waves boomed so that one could hardly speak. We pitched camp on a nice plot of grass at the edge of the sand, and not many yards from the lake.



MRS. COTTRELL AND A BOULDER FENCE ALONG THE WAY.

We banked the edge of the tent with sand to keep the wind out.

After supper we went out and sat in the sand and watched the lake. After a time we saw colored lights away out in the distance. It looked as though they were flares fired from a boat. I went



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after the eight power glasses, and could see that they were fireworks back at the Toronto Fair. Later we found out that it was 39 miles away.

A man and his wife and two children were camped next to us, who said they had been at that same place ever since May. He told me that they had camped in every state in the Union. They lived in the south and came north for the summers. He said he liked that spot beside Ontario as well as any place they ever camped. He had bought two loads of wood for camp fires, and he gave us enough for a beef steak roast. This was the only camp fire we had on the trip. For all our cooking we used a Coleman gasoline stove, and I never would undertake a trip of this kind without one.

The next morning we broke camp, drove to Brock's Monument and up the Niagara river to the Falls, where we spent a few hours, then back to Fort Erie and Buffalo. We spent two days in Buffalo—and incidentally spent more money than we did on all the rest of the trip.

EVERYONE used us just fine while we were in Canada, but we had hardly got back in the U. S. A. before trouble began. When we crossed the Peace Bridge into Canada we bought a return ticket for \$1.00. When we got back they wanted something like 50c extra, claiming we did not have enough tickets. We knew we did have all the tickets they gave us. I did not care so much for the 50c but I didn't like to get "stung" this way. This bridge is privately owned. I went to the custom officers about it, and they said there was no doubt but what we paid the correct price for a return ticket, but that they had

not given it to us. The men in charge of the bridge told us we would have to pay the 50c, but possibly might get a return from the Superintendent's Office. But the Supt. was not there. I have understood that this happens very often, and I believe is the game at this bridge, so I would advise others to make sure that you get the right tickets—and no matter how much of a rush there is take your time and look them over.

IN Canada we paid as high as 32c a gal. for gas and 50c a quart for oil. However their gallon is quite a bit larger than ours. The tank of our car holds exactly 12 U. S. gallons. One time up there we ran out of gas when we were just in sight of a gas station. We threw the car out of gear and coasted to the pump. Nine of their gallons filled the tank full. The man who pumped the gas said we were the second ones who had coasted to his pump that day. In Canada the gas has to meet a certain government standard, and it is all mighty good gas. The oil we paid 50c a quart for was 20 percent castor oil. We drained the crank case and filled up with it. It was a very fine oil, and I would use it here if I could get it. The car gave us no trouble, and we had only one down tire and that was a horse shoe nail we picked up on a detour the first morning out.

We were all more than pleased with the trip, and are planning another for the coming summer.

For cameras we carried a small pocket camera with a good lens, and a Graflex. We took practically all the pictures with the latter camera. It mattered not what the conditions of light were, could get the picture just the same.

Good Work

By FRANK J. DEDRICK

OLD Chenango County, the land of sunshine and snow, and one of the best parts of the state for fish and game, is located in the central part of New York state, noted for its rich farming land and the finest spring water.

Game and fish are plenty here due largely to the strict enforcement of the game laws backed up by a number of fish and game clubs in this section with Mr. Lewis H. Burnside, one of the oldest state game wardens, his motto being, "sleep by day and fly by night if you want to get the violators."

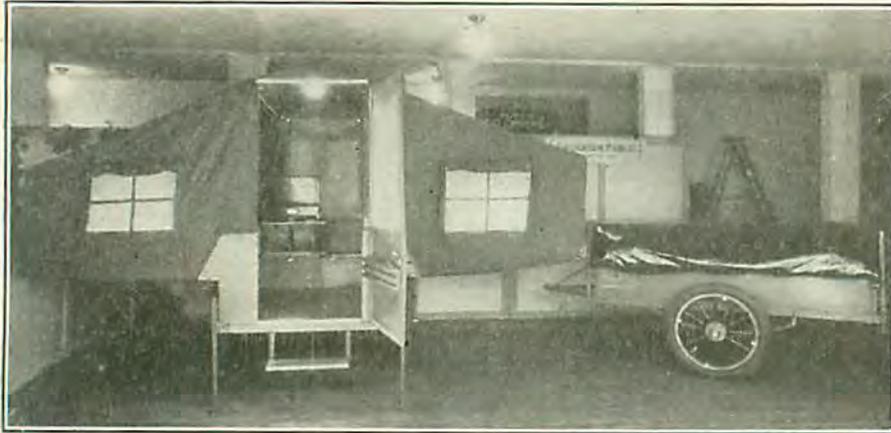
We have deer that are increasing rapidly, pheasants, ruffed grouse, woodcock, rabbits, squirrels and ducks, trout, pickerel, perch, bull heads and old king carp that weighs forty pounds, a pest to the streams.

Back in the old days of market hunting, one hunter showed me his book where over seven hundred grouse and woodcock were shipped to the markets from Oxford and no doubt about the same per cent. shipped from other stations throughout this country. At this time New York state awoke to the fact that unless

some action was taken immediately, our game and fish would soon be exterminated, and passed a law forbidding shipping of game, which had a wonderful effect. Other laws have since been passed and seasons cut down until today we are having a great increase of all kinds of fish and game.

In 1924 one hundred men, lawyers, business men and men with a political backing, called a meeting and organized a club called The Lake Ludlow Club, Inc. They bought eight hundred acres of wild land in the town of McDonough, New York, six miles west of Oxford, with the second largest lake in Chenango County they constructed a new dam at a cost of eight thousand dollars, increasing the lake to twice its usual size with a fine large clubhouse, and other improvements. Some of the members are noted shots and fishermen, over ninety-five per cent are true sportsmen, agreeing this club should go on record as a protector of wild life, giving our land and waters as a sanctuary for the propagation of fish and game.

The club has planted twenty thousand



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young pine trees and will continue planting spruce and pine until the entire club land has been reforested. Mr. Arthur M. Griffing of Miami, Florida, being one of our club members, purchased three hundred and thirty acres adjoining the Lake Ludlow Club lands and last year planted over one hundred thousand young pine and different kind of spruces, his plans being to reforest the entire three hundred and thirty acres. The Lake Ludlow Club is taking up work that the great state of New York should have done years since. Adjoining land owners entered into the spirit of game and fish protection and joined our club and today we have over twenty-five hundred acres under protection with a deputy game warden to see that our game and fish are protected.

We allow no shooting in this park, not even to club members, and have prohibited all taking of fish through the ice. Today we have wonderful fishing for the club members and their guests. The game has increased under our protection so that good hunting can be found outside of our park throughout the whole section of this part of the county.

We are planning a crusade against all vermin and will offer prizes for the largest count during the year; owls, hawks, crows,

weasels and other animals will be destroyed which will help to increase game of all kinds.

The club received a shipment of Missouri cotton tail rabbits and will cross them with our local cotton tails in the hopes of enlarging the breed and wipe out the existing disease which is now affecting the rabbits of this section.

One of the wonderful traits of a true sportsman is after years of enjoying the out-door life he is willing to give himself up to the softening process of age and stands shoulder to shoulder with his brother sportsmen to protect the sport we have had, and make it possible for the coming generation to have the enjoyment that we all have had in years gone by, knowing that their fathers made it possible for them to know, that they were descendants of a true sportsman, which will teach our young coming generation to live up to the game laws and become good law abiding citizens.

NEXT MONTH

The Wolf Club, by S. R. Winters, an interesting story regarding an organization by the above name, for the protection of live stock against the depredatory animals in Texas.



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Guns and Ammunition

Rifles and Bullets for Long Range Vermin Shooting

THE animals that would be classed as vermin, and which would be shot at long ranges, would not make a very long list. I would name the coyote and wolf, the woodchuck, and possibly the crow and fox. Very few crows or chucks will be hit at 200 yards, but coyotes and wolves are quite often hit at 300 yards.

The bullet is so strongly made that it will not expand in the small soft game at this velocity. In large game, for which the bullet was designed, it will still open enough to make a good wound. Sometimes in very heavy tough game the bullets will expand as well at 300 yards as they will at the muzzle.

If a person were to choose a rifle for wolf hunting he would not be very likely to use anything with less power than a 22 H. P. Savage. A better choice would be a 250-3000 or a .25 Remington. Other suitable cartridges would be the 270 Winchester and 30-06. A 25 H. P. Special cartridge and the 7 mm. cartridge are also good but require special hand-made rifles.

The remedy when shooting small game at long ranges is to use bullets that will open up very easily, but this again is easier said than done. We have gone so far with our bullet improvements that we do not have any now that are entirely satisfactory for small game that is hard to kill at long ranges.

Any of these cartridges, given a good rifle and good loading, will shoot very well at 300 yards, well enough to hit a coyote if given the correct elevation and are held right. The .30-06, when used with the best ammunition in a good barrel, will have accuracy enough to hit the most of the coyotes held on at 500 yards, if correct allowance is made for any wind that might be blowing and the correct elevation given. But to kill constantly at such ranges is another thing.

Now we will take up each cartridge that I have mentioned individually. The 22 H. P. is, to the best of my knowledge, still loaded with the old style thin jacketed soft point bullet. I believe this rifle will be found a good killer up to 250 yards for coyotes and wolves. Since it is only made in lever action it is doubtful if it could be made to give fine enough accuracy as is needed for smaller animals.

Here is where we come to the subject of bullets. A few years ago practically all big game shooters using high-velocity rifles were asking for better bullets for big game as the old style bullets were breaking up too quickly and did not give the necessary penetration. It was not long until practically every cartridge company put out improved bullets. These improved bullets were made with heavier jackets, with less lead exposed at the tip or in various forms of protected points. These bullets do hold together much better than the old ones did, and we seldom hear any complaints about their work on big game. The most at fairly close ranges will blow a hole in a woodchuck or coyote from one and a half to three inches across where the bullet comes out. But when the range gets up around 250 or 300 yards the hole made by this same ammunition is noticeably much smaller, and often will not be any larger than the bullet. This is because the velocity is considerable less at these longer ranges. The 3000 ft. velocity of the 250 Savage drops down to nearly 2000 at 300 yards.

THE .25 Remington is a fine rifle and should be used with the new Hi-Speed or Super-Speed loads. These are loaded with the 87 Gr. thin jacketed open point bullet. It should prove a better killer at about the same range as the 22 H. P. and give better accuracy. If you reload you can speed this 87 gr. bullet up to 2900 f. s. velocity with safety and get better killing power. The Remington 87 gr. 250-3000 soft point bullet is of the old style thin jacketed type and is an excellent bullet to use in any of the .25 caliber rifles. These bullets at 2900 f. s. should prove good killers at 300 yards.

In the 250-3000 Savage rifle the 87 gr. S. P. bullets are the best to use. They will make a good hole in soft game at 300 yards. If you reload you can use the 87 gr. Remington 25-35 mushroom bullet at 3200 f. s. velocity in a bolt action rifle which would make a better killer. The 100 gr. bullets are of improved design and will not do as well as the 87 gr. The new Western 25-35 Boat-Tail 117 gr. S. P. bullet can be driven close to 2700 f. s. velocity. It is a thin jacketed bullet, and might be a better killer than 87 gr. It would be worth trying.



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The .25 H. P. Special is a special shell made by Niedner and a few other barrel makers. It is the .30-06 shell necked down to .25 caliber. Neidner regularly uses the 250-3000 bullets but any .25 caliber bullet can be used. It gives about 100 f. s. more velocity than the 250-3000 when used with the heavier bullets. It is a very accurate cartridge, but the objection is that both rifle and shells are made up especially and cost more, although they may be worth it to those who want all they can get even if special.

THE .270 Winchester would be an ideal rifle for wolves if there were any suitable bullets for it, but as this is strictly a big game cartridge the bullets are all made with heavy jacket to hold together well in large game. As it is an odd size, no other bullets can be used in it. I believe the best wolf bullet in the .270 is the Peters Protected Point.

The Western Open Point is a good one and the hole in the point might be enlarged a very little and also deepened so as to make it open easier for soft game.

The 7mm, as a special rifle made from the Springfield as Mauser by private barrel makers, is mighty fine and right in the same class as the .270. It is in the same boat in regard to bullets. About the best bullet in this caliber for wolves is the 139 gr. Western Boat-Tail open point.

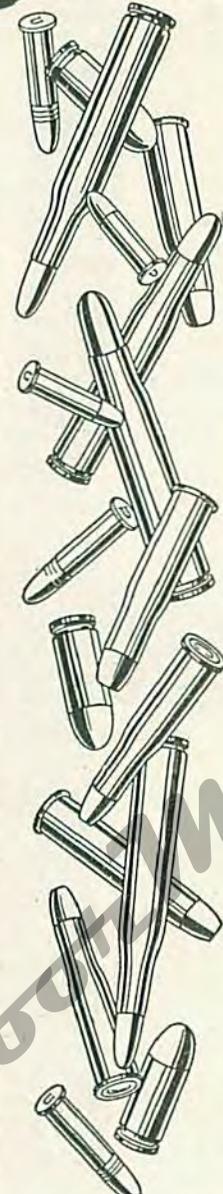
And now we come to the last and possibly the best of the lot—the .30-06. This caliber offers a great variety of factory loadings and a far greater number of possible hand loadings. It is 30 caliber and most any 30 caliber bullet can be used in it.

I should say that there are three good factory wolf loads in the .30-06. The Remington 110 grain High-Speed with its velocity of 3500, the Remington 150 grain Hi-Speed load which gives 3000, and the various 180 gr. loads which give 2700 ft. per second. In the 180 grain load, I would prefer the Western Boat-Tail Open Point, the Peters Protected Point Expanding, or the Remington Bronze Point. While these heavier bullets start off at a whole lot lower velocity than the 110 gr. they hold their velocity better and at 500 yards range there is not so much difference. In fact, for real long range shooting this places the 180 grain bullet at the head of the list. At ranges up to 300 or 350 yards the 110 grain Hi-Speed is by far the best to use, but as you go much beyond this the choice will lie between the 150 gr. Hi-Speed and the 180 grain.

THE .30-06 can be reloaded with 30-30 bullets to make some great explosive loads. The Western 30-30, 150 grain Open Point bullet can be loaded to 3000 f. s. velocity and it sure is a killer, because the thin jacket will open well even at a considerably reduced speed. I loaded some of these for a friend of mine and he said they were the greatest woodchuck loads that he ever used. Another good load is the Remington "Express" 30-30 bullet loaded to 2800 ft. per second. This bullet will do about what the 150 gr. 30-30 will, but may give a little better accuracy at long ranges in some rifles.

The only thing against the .30-06 is its loud report and rather heavy recoil, otherwise, I would say that it is the best of the lot.

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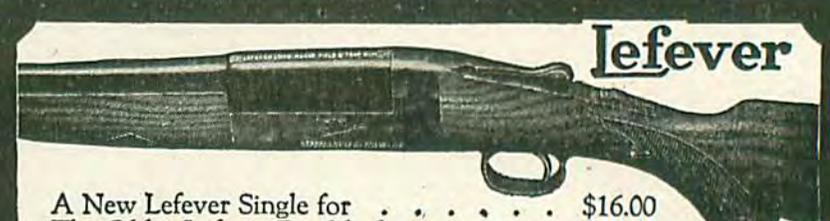
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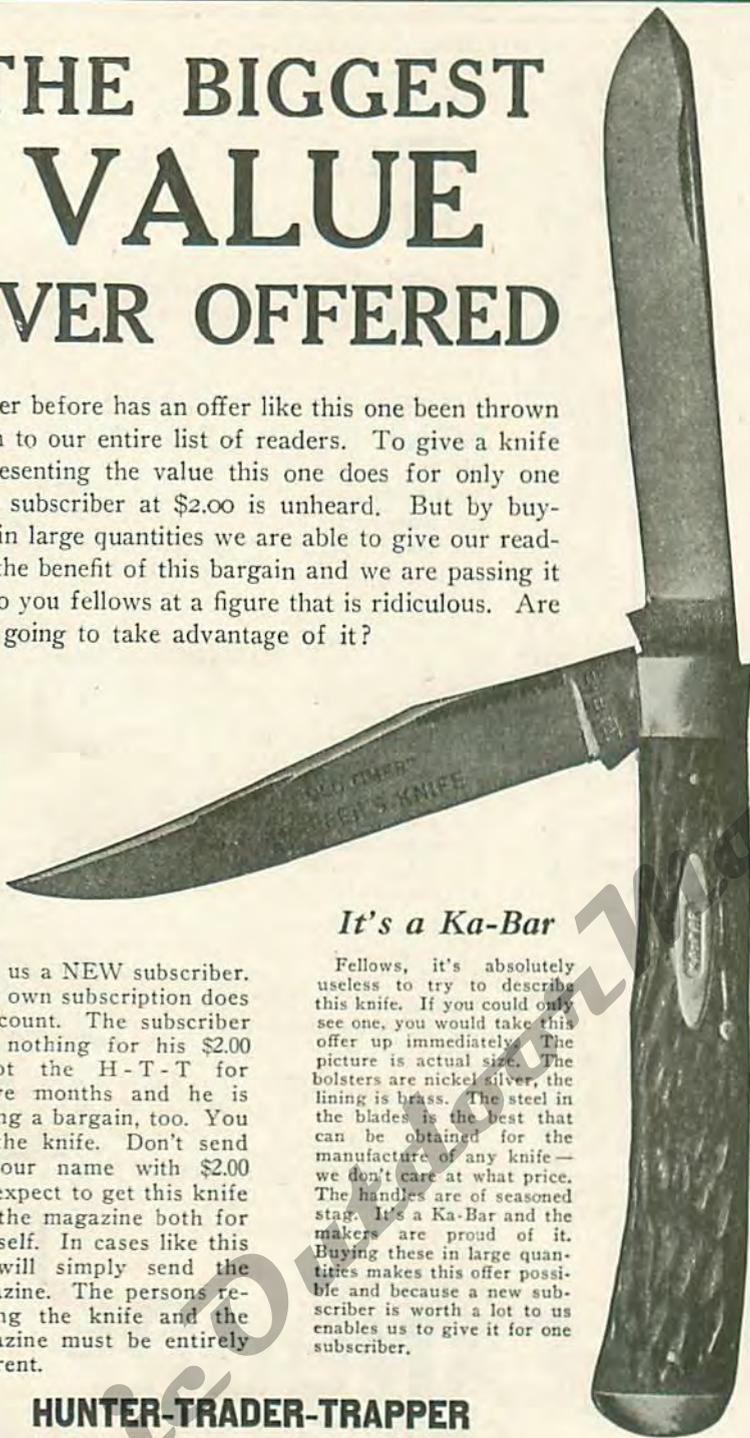
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If you want a gun of little recoil, light weight, and next best to the 30-06, get a 25 Remington Model 30 bolt action or a 250-3000 Savage bolt action, or a hand-made special rifle to take this same cartridge or the 25 H. P. Special.

I am going to express the wish that some cartridge company will make thin jacketed easily expanded bullets of the best long range type for vermin shooting for some of our best modern high power rifles, as for instance, a 180 grain boat-tail for the .30-06, a 130 grain for the .270 Winchester and a 100 grain for the 250-3000 Savage.

In the meantime many a coyote and woodchuck will get "drilled" thru the middle with bullets that do not expand enough and he will get away. With the woodchuck, the loss will not be great, but the hunter always hates to see any game get away after being hit. With the coyote or wolf, several dollars escape.



A SHED DEER ANTLER SHOWING HOW MICE GNAW AT THEM.

REMINGTON ANNOUNCES ALL METALLIC CARTRIDGES ARE NOW KLEANBORE

REMINGTON announces that its entire center fire line of revolver, pistol and rifle cartridges has been perfected in Kleanbore. This will be good news to sportsmen everywhere.

Remington startled the shooting world in the fall of 1926 with the announcement that its Ballistic Engineers had developed a non-corrosive priming mixture for rim-fire ammunition, which absolutely prevented corrosion, rust and pitting in the bores of rifles, pistols and revolvers adapted for the rim-fire cartridges; thereby eliminating for all time the necessity for cleaning. Within a very short time after this announcement Remington placed on the market its now famous line of Kleanbore cartridges which definitely established its claim as originators of this non-corrosive type of metallic ammunition.

Beginning April 1st, shipments of practically all Remington cartridges will be made in the familiar green box, and it is expected that by the end of April the factory will be on production basis sufficient to meet the enormous demand from sportsmen everywhere for this new and wonderful cartridge.

It is difficult to say who will benefit most from this great development. Some say it is the sportsmen, the man who hunts big game and who uses high powered rifles. There are some who claim that the police, or those who habitually carry the revolver or pistol as a means of protection will gain the most. There are, of

course, some who insist that the target shooter will derive the greatest benefit. The truth of the matter is, there is no particular class of shooters which will benefit most, it is every man handling a gun. The more he shoots, the greater will be the benefit to him.

The full realization of what Kleanbore ammunition means to the sportsman or target shooter, or to our policeman, will not come immediately, it will take some time for the full significance of this great development to sink in. However, the fact remains that it is no longer necessary for anyone to clean the bore of the rifle, pistol or revolver, providing Kleanbore ammunition is used exclusively.

THE Remington Arms Company has had its experts working on the problem for several years, and in that time long and exhaustive experiments and researches have been made. All this means that the sportsmen need not experiment with Kleanbore ammunition—the Remington Company has done that for them. There are among sportsmen doubting Thomases, just as in other walks of life, but the shooter who will not believe that he may walk into a sporting goods store, buy Kleanbore ammunition and then go home and throw his cleaning rod away, is standing in his own light, and not willing to take advantage of a modern development that has revolutionized the firearms and ammunition industry, and which has also relieved the shooter of the necessity for ever again worrying about his favorite firearms.

There is on exhibition at the Remington

factory at Bridgeport, a .22 caliber rifle, through which over 100,000 Kleanbore cartridges have been fired over a period of a year or more and which has never been cleaned during this time. The condition of the bore of this rifle is practically the same as when the first shot was fired through it. It shows no sign of erosion, corrosion or rust. There is a very slight enlargement of the bore diameter just in front of the chamber amounting to almost .0004 of an inch or less than the thickness of a human hair. On the other hand, there is another rifle through which approximately 10,000 cartridges of the old style type have been fired at various times, but no cleaning rod has ever been used in this rifle. A careful record of the progress of the shots fired through this rifle indicate that it began to lose accuracy very quickly after 5,000 shots, and with much evidence of erosion and corrosion. At the present time, after 10,000 shots have been fired through it without cleaning, the rifle is virtually ruined. The rifles provide a very interesting and graphic exhibition of the march of improvement in rifle cartridges.

Sportsmen everywhere owe a debt of gratitude to Remington, which maintains its place as the pioneer in the manufacture of modern firearms and ammunition, having developed the Hi-Speed and Express types of sporting rifle cartridges; the wet-proofing of shotgun shells; the oil proofing of automatic pistols and revolver cartridges; and the Game Load idea, thus raising the standard of accuracy and efficiency of ammunition to a point undreamed of before.

The .22 L. R. Is Good But—

IN the December issue of H. T. T., I read with interest the article by Mr. Erickson concerning his ideas for a new inexpensive small game cartridge between the .22 Long Rifle and the 25-20. I think, however, that he underrates, to a great extent, the killing power of the .22 long rifle cartridge. On small game and vermin such as squirrels, hawks and crows the long rifle will kill effectively up to nearly 100 yards. The trajectory is too high, I agree, but a lot of us have good .22 rifles and anyone who knows his rifle and has it equipped with a good peep sight can judge the distance and elevate his peep accordingly. No small game or vermin is going to live long when struck with a long rifle hollow-point bullet within a reasonable distance.

I have shot crows and owls up to 100 yards and have killed a lot of them so I know what the .22 will do. It is generally admitted that a stray woods cat is a hard customer to kill. I have shot them at good distances with the .22 Long Rifle hollow point and upon examining them have found that a fair hit will kill them.

A few days ago, while on the side of a hill, I chanced to see Mr. Cat slinking through the grass in a field below. Judging the distance to be 150 yards, I raised the peep sight and foolishly fired. At the report of the rifle, the cat went down, only to rise and drag himself into some

nearby weeds. I should never have taken such a long shot for I know 150 yards is beyond the effective range of the .22. I am glad to say I was able to find the cat to finish it.

The last incident shows the .22 cartridge to be O. K. as far as accuracy is concerned, but lacking in the necessary killing power beyond 100 yards. I did not get the idea of the accuracy of the .22 by this one shot. I know about the various small bore records it has established up to 200 yards. The .22 cartridge is, therefore, entirely out of its place when used beyond 100 yards on anything larger than crows or hawks. I do think, however, that if crows were hit even up to 200 yards, that they would be killed. The chances are about fifty-fifty that if hit they would be killed. I do not like to take such chances and cause the creatures long suffering and a painful death, so do not shoot at them beyond the effective killing range of the cartridge.

What kind of cartridge is, therefore, best suited for small game and vermin with an occasional crack at a fox or coon under the above circumstances? Many will say the 25-20 or 32-20. These cartridges, however, are too expensive for many; too powerful for fox or vermin, and too dangerous to use in settled districts. They will tear a valuable pelt too much, and one feels it a waste to use a load larger than actually needed.

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TRAPPER—Very accurate. Shoots .22 short, 6 INCH long and long rifle cartridges; 17 shot double action; blued steel; gold sight; large checkered walnut grip. **\$8.25**

HUNTER 10 inch barrel, same as above. **\$9.25**
Fine Leather Holsters, 6-inch, \$1.00; 10-inch, \$1.50

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BREAK OPEN TYPE, auto-matic ejector; 6 in. barrel; blued steel; gold sight; 7 shot double action Fine Cowhide Holster to fit \$1.50. **\$12.50**

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What is needed for this kind of hunting is a new cartridge with accuracy as fine as the .22 long rifle; nothing else will do. It should have more velocity which would give it a flatter trajectory and more killing power. A cartridge with about half the muzzle energy of the 25-20 would be about right.

My idea for a real small game load would be a bullet of 45 or 50 grains driven at the limit of velocity for a lead bullet. Cased bullets would increase the cost too much. The lead bullet might be improved by making it harder than the regular .22. It might help to copper plate it as Western does now do with their .22 long rifled bullets. Improved powder might help also. A cartridge like the 25 Stevens long might be necked down to 22 caliber and come near filling these figures. Such a load would, of course, have to be rim fire and would then sell at about 1 1/2 cents or half the price of the 25-20. If the cartridge was made in center fire, the price would be about the same as the 25-20. I do not think it would be possible to lengthen the .22 long rifle case and secure the desired requirements. The .22 extra long has been tried, but it is not much better than the .22 long rifle. Maybe some day one of the gun or ammunition companies will work out such a load and I am sure it will be greeted with the greatest of enthusiasm by all those who like to shoot a lot and hunt small game and also shoot vermin during the closed season on game.

JOHN HEROLD,
New York.

POP GUNS?

I HAVE just read an article by Mr. Howard Mignot of Pennsylvania, commenting on and roasting Brother William F. Lewis of Alaska, who wrote an article in which he mentioned the 25-35, 32 Special, and 30-30 as pop guns. Now the Brother from Pennsylvania seems to take violent exception to those remarks and intimates that Brother Lewis is not a real hunter and does not know what he is talking about. Well, that warmed me up as much if not more than the man from Pennsylvania could possibly have been, and I am here to say that Mr. Lewis is a real sportsman and hunter and there are lots more just like him here in this patch of Mountains. If Brother Mignot thinks that they do not know the game up here as well as he does in Pennsylvania, he should take a trip up into this country and bring his 30-30 along with him and try to show some of us how to kill Alaska Brown Bears with it. I think a few shots at one of our bears would be sufficient to satisfy him that Brother Lewis is right, that is, if he is lucky enough to live long enough to think the matter over after he has done his best with his 30-30. I give Brother Lewis credit for knowing his game and guns.

Now I am a small bore crank myself and, at present, use a 30-30 Remington automatic, and think it is a very good little gun, but after 27 years here in Alaska, I have learned not to see any big bears while hunting with it. If anyone thinks that I can't shoot, I should be very pleased to compare targets with him shot at any dis-

tance that he may choose from 10 yards to 250 yards. I am over 60 years of age and can't see well at a greater distance or I would make it any range instead of putting a 250 yard limit. We may not be expert target shots up here, but we get the meat just the same. It is, I think, 20 years since I have shot a deer other than in the head or neck. I have killed deer with a .22 caliber automatic pistol, and last winter, a year ago, I killed, with the same pistol, a black wolf which weighed 120 pounds. But for all that, I don't make the foolish claim that a .22 caliber pistol is big enough for deer hunting. I used to live in the states and thought that I had seen and killed some big bears in my time, but when I came up here, and got a good look at a real bear, say Brother, he looked like a battleship alongside a canoe, compared to a black bear.

I should like very much to hear from some of the real old big game hunters back in Pennsylvania and other states as well, and perhaps we might find something in common to write about. I have killed a great many deer, several black bears, and wolves but have my first brownie to tackle yet. I am personally acquainted with plenty of those who have had that good fortune or misfortune, which depended on whether they had a real gun or just a 30-30, 32 Special, or a 303.

S. S. ATKINSON,
Alaska.

REWARD OFFERED

THEIVES made a raid on the Ithaca Gun Company's booth at the Izaak Walton League show in Omaha, April 21st, the night the show closed. The stolen guns were a little 410 Cal. 26-inch No. 7 Ejector double gun with single trigger, ivory sights and gold inlaying. The number stamped on this gun was 448950, the value \$400.00.

The stock and frame of a No. 4 Ejector double trap gun with a single trigger was taken but the thief overlooked the barrels and forearm. The serial number stamped on this frame is 448929, value \$100.00.

The third gun taken was a single barrel Ithaca trap gun, grade No. 4 Ejector, 12-gauge, 32-inch, serial number 401317, value \$125.00.

A reward will be paid by the Ithaca Gun Company for information leading to the recovery of any of these guns.

ITHACA GUN CO.

A SIX SHOOTER THAT WAS A SINGLE SHOT

I LIKED my single shot Stevens "Marksman" very much for squirrels and small game and I have even killed a deer with it. Yet the bother of always hunting for another cartridge in the box or pocket was a handicap especially when in a hurry to get in another shot.

I studied out how I could make a "repeater" out of it. So in the stock of the gun about one and one-half inch from butt-plate and an inch from lower side, below the long bolt that holds stock and frame together, I bored five holes. I made them just the right size to hold a .22 cartridge snugly and leave just enough of the head sticking out so that I could easily pull it out. After some use, the holes become

well lubricated and do not rub any off the bullet. The holes should be the right size to make a snug fit—not too tight or too loose. These holes are about 3/4 inch apart.

Now, if I make a miss or see two or more squirrels, I can reload about as easily as if I had a magazine full of shells. I also can reload while keeping my eye on the game.

I have used this "six shooter" for over a year and I have never had a shell fall out. Besides my shells are not sandy or dirty from being carried in my pocket.

If one has not a drill bit the size of the shell he can use a size smaller one, reaming out the hole so that the cartridge can just be slipped in and it won't fall out.

Practice on block of wood until the hole is the right size. Then bore holes in stock. If right handed, bore holes on right side, on left side if left handed. Now, your single shot is a fine gun for small game as you can reload quickly.

W. H. ROBINSON,
Colorado.

VALUABLE PRIZES TO BE GIVEN TO BUILDERS OF FERDICO SPEEDSTERS

THERE has been nation-wide interest in the plans of the Ferdico Speedster which have been furnished this season by L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of Boston, Mass. Requests for these plans have been received from forty-four different states in the Union, Alaska, Hawaii, five provinces of Canada and several foreign countries. Early in April more than three thousand copies had been distributed and many people have written that they were building the boat.

It was stated at the first of the season that two prizes would be offered to the builders of these Ferdico Speedsters but, until now there has been no official announcement as to just what the prizes would be.

A pair of S. & A. Marine Binoculars will be given for the best photograph of a Ferdico Speedster, made according to these plans, employing Ferdico Products in its construction, submitted by the builder and received by the Ferdico Speedster Contest Board, care of L. W. Ferdinand & Co., on or before August 1, 1928.

An Outboard Motor of one of the popular makes will be given to the builder of the Ferdico Speedster, made according to these plans, employing Ferdico Products in its construction, making the best speed in any race conducted under the auspices of either the American Power Boat Association or the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association before December 1, 1928.

Full particulars regarding the rules of the contest may be obtained from the Ferdico Speedster Contest Board.

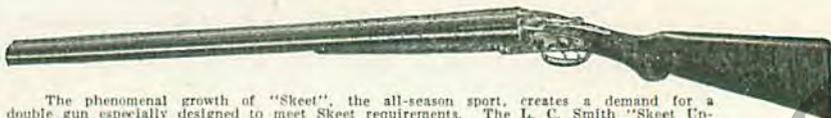
The plans and specifications of the Ferdico Speedster were produced by the well known speed boat designer Arthur E. Doane. Copies may be obtained by sending ten cents in stamps to L. W. Ferdinand & Co., 152 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

Errata

In some unaccountable manner the wrong boat cuts were used with the article of L. W. Ferdinand & Co., 152 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass. This item appeared in April issue and had to do with the above Speedster.

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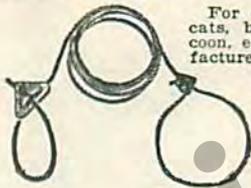
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Locating the Fur Farm

By FRANCIS G. THOMPSON

IN starting a fur farm the location is of prime importance, for, if one is desirous of producing the finest furs, the seat of production must be so situated that the climatic conditions will accomplish this. And, the production of the best quality furs is, or should be, the producers aim, because these bring the highest prices consequently are most profitable.

As taken from the wild state the Southern states produce a great bulk of the more common furs such as: muskrat, opossum, skunk, raccoon, etc., but, even though the bulk is great such furs lack the quality to bring the highest prices. This must, then lead one to the conclusion that it would be folly to locate a fur farm in any of the southern states.

Of course if one is the owner of a large marsh, or so situated that muskrats may be raised in a manner similar to that of their wild state, this should be a paying business anywhere if enough of them can be produced. But the finer furs such as silver, blue or cross foxes, marten, mink, fisher, ermine, etc., cannot be produced profitably anywhere except in the north, and generally speaking the farther north one is located the better.

However, there is one notable exception

to this rule this being the Pacific Northwest. Here we find a mild climate and one in which good furs can be produced. Other exceptions are instances of where the advantage of altitude is taken, by using mountain tops and places higher up for the production of fine furs. At such high altitude, practically the same climatic conditions, even in southern states, can be taken advantage of as one finds in the North. There are some such fur farms located in North Carolina, California, West Virginia and probably others, but the Southerner who wishes to produce the fine furs must, generally speaking, seek other climes.

If one lives in the New England states, those bordering the Great Lakes, or the two northernmost tiers west from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, and is the owner of a small piece of land, he (or she) is favorably situated for the production of fine furs, provided they have the incentive.

But, if the would-be fur farmer, be he northerner or southerner, is not favorably situated for the production of the best furs and is casting about for a location he would do well to consider the Pacific Northwest. To be specific I refer to Western Oregon, for it is here that one



A CORNER OF SKINNER'S MINK RANCH IN IOWA, SHOWING SOME OPEN AND ROOFED PENS.

can obtain a suitable location for about whatever they might be able to afford. Land suitable for fur farming can be homesteaded and deeded land can be bought cheaply. \$50.00 or a little more, perhaps, will place one in possession of a 40 acre homestead for three years when an additional \$100.00 or thereabouts would be required in making final proof to obtain patent to the land.

Locations in many places requires the major portion of one's investment in starting a fur farm but such is not the case in Western Oregon if one so chooses. If you are endowed with a minimum amount of capital, or, even almost none, and a determination to farm fur, and impelled by a somewhat adventurous spirit your venture should prove profitable as well as enjoyable.

The more adventurous may want to seek farther, endure greater hardship, live the life of the loneliest, and perhaps, gain (?) more, but for those who are content with these in moderation, save the last, Western Oregon surely offers such in goodly portion. And the gain should be such as to satisfy and please most anyone, where the venture is painstakingly and successfully carried on.

MANY who have never experienced anything of the sort may feel that it would be thrillingly and wonderfully adventurous and, perhaps, pleasingly romantic to go to some wild place in the far North or some lonely island in the Pacific, or some other distant and wild corner of the globe, settle and live (?) alone. To a few, a very few, perhaps, the venture would prove such, but my guess is that not many would find it so.

The danger which is most generally attendant to adventure has a way of erasing its glitter and glamour leaving one to face the bare facts, and in such cases the thrills one anticipates are entirely lacking. Sometimes instead of thrills one gets a real scare and this is not altogether pleasing to many of us. Then too, the loneliness of such a life palls upon many of us, and after a little real experience feel that, no matter what the gain, it can not compensate for the displeasure experienced in this way.

I wonder just how many of you fellows who know nothing of this sort of a life, especially those of you who are accustomed to the city, the crowds, the bright lights and all that goes with them would stick in some snowbound cabin in the icy North, or on some lonely island of the Pacific long enough to bring your fur farm to a paying basis. My guess is that not many would do it, and even though you did it seems that the gain could not well be such as to justify doing it unless one enjoys leading a life of isolation and loneliness.

Now it is not my intention to cast any undue reflection on the "far North" or any other part of the wild, out of the way think that one should not allow the glitter and glamour that appears upon the surface of a proposition of this sort to overshadow their better judgment. So to the inexperienced I would say, go slow in locating your fur farm in some far off, wild

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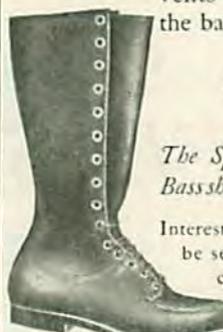
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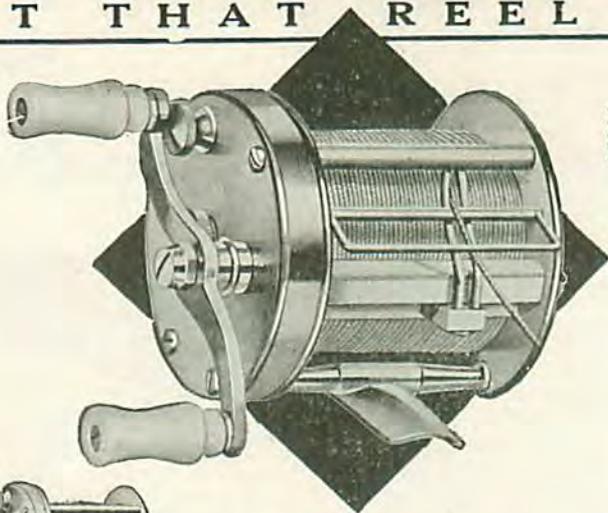
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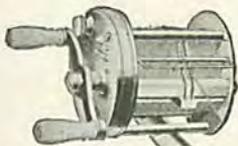
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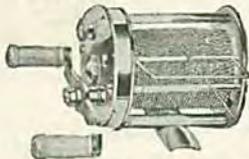
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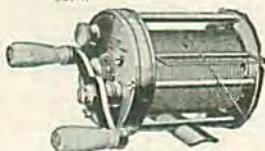
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Western Oregon offers more and greater inducements, I believe, than Canada, Pacific Coast islands, or most any other place to the would-be fur farmer who is sincere and is looking for a location. Especially a location where he (or she) can enjoy the great outdoors and still live in or near to civilization.

One does not have to undergo the hardship and discomfort that usually is attendant where the winters are severely cold and which, most generally, is an essential requirement in the production of fine fur. The winters of Western Oregon are mild and moist, but, even though they are mild, the very finest fur is produced. This is attested to by experts and by the fact that there are many fox farms containing silvers, blacks, blues and other foxes located here. Apparently the moisture and dampness of the atmosphere is the reason for the good fur produced in such a mild climate.

If one is short of capital a location can be had, as before stated, for the taking, almost, and, generally speaking, such location should furnish adventure and thrills to suit most everyone as he can go as far back in the wilds as he chooses. On the other hand one does not need to go so far back if he does not wish to.

There is a goodly portion of large game in the country such as deer, bear, bobcats, and some cougar. Birds such as grouse, pheasants and quail are plentiful. While there are some fur-bearing animals they are not plentiful although plentiful enough as to variety. These run from the smallest to the very largest, and, beginning with the lowly, but all important muskrat, there are weasel, civet cat, mink, skunk, raccoon, grey fox, beaver, otter, lynx cat, bear and cougar, and sometimes a lynx is found.

TRAPPERS make some money but cannot depend upon trapping alone for a livelihood. All the trappers that I know generally work during the summer months, or find something to do outside of their trapping operations to add to their incomes.

If the fur farmer were lacking in capital he would be most favorably situated to bring his venture to a paying basis anyway, as he could depend upon the labor he has to sell to bring in the additional necessary capital. He would be located in one of the very best sections of the country to obtain work, and where labor is paid good wages at all times.

None of the fox family with exception of the greys are indigenous to Western Oregon, hence, anyone wishing to start a fox farm would have to buy breeding stock of another breeder. This seems to me to be no great drawback though, as one might have to trap a long time in a country where there are known to be silver foxes before catching one. This would cause delay in getting started and one would, in all probability, be better off to purchase breeding stock at the start.

I am not advocating the purchase of silver foxes to start the fur farm as it takes no small amount to pay for a pair of good silvers, and since this is written mainly with a view of aiding the person with small capital, such advice might ap-

pear ludicrous. I am not sure that I would even start with foxes, but with some other animal the-breeding stock of which could be more readily afforded by one with limited means.

But, to get back to the subject of locating the fur farm, anyone wishing to do this will find in Western Oregon land as rough or level as he wants, the rougher land having better drainage and in most places plenty of the very best of water. This, in the form of springs and small creeks running clear as crystal. There is also plenty of large and small timber which may be utilized in building and making pens, fuel, etc. In short, conditions found here all seem to be very favorable for the production of all fur with, possibly, the exception of muskrats or beaver requiring marshlands.



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that the silver fox fur rabbits will yield larger returns for the investment than any other fur animal. One good doe will produce from 24 to 36 young a year which on a pelt basis alone, should gross the breeder \$36.00 to \$72.00 per year; by selling your best offspring for breeders and pelting the balance she should bring you \$200.00 to \$250.00 per year. We do not anticipate any breeder of genuine Silver Fox Fur Rabbits having to pelt any but his inferior offspring for years to come. The skins of these rabbits cannot be imitated by dyeing, neither can the silver fox. They require little space to raise, our hutches are 3 ft. long, 3 ft. wide and 3 ft. high. A trio of these Silver Fox Fur Rabbits will place anyone in a position to sell breeding stock in a short time. We breed nothing but registered stock as we think it pays in the long run. The does at maturity weigh 14 pounds, the bucks 10 pounds. One of these rabbits will consume about from 1½ to 2 bushels of grain a year, the cost of keep is nothing at all. The little fellows when first born are pure black just the same as silver fox pups are, after they are six weeks old the silvery guard hairs begin to make their appearance, the silver extends well down on the belly legs, as well as the face. The fur trade uses their pelts to make all kinds of fur garments, such as chokers, scarfs, muffs, collars, coats, etc. They have from 4 to 10 at one litter and breed from 4 to 5 times each season. They are very hardy animals and will stand the coldest weather. Their pelts are 4 or 5 times thicker and stronger than the fox pelts are. Every fur buyer you show the pelts to gets very interested right away and wants to buy. We have a very good outlet for their pelts and will have better later on as quick as people get to raising them in larger quantities in this country. There is no reason why we should not raise our own furs over here instead of having to import them. There is from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 worth of rabbit furs imported to this country every year.

SUCCESSFUL RAT RANCHING
S. Schutt.

THE past few years muskrats have been raised in pens, bust every pen rancher has to admit there is no profit in this form of ranching. In the first place the muskrat is accustomed to securing his own food and he knows just what agrees with him. Now if a person takes these muskrats are penned up and fed all alike, some of them will die. If a person could give each animal individual attention no doubt but what he could keep them all, but for profitable as well as practical ranching I find either a marsh or a field will do first rate.

First let us assume you live in a level territory with no marsh near. A ten acre field is all one man can handle, and this is sufficient for several hundred to five thousand rats, depending on the number of ditches and the natural food obtainable.

A good way to make the ditches is to dredge them. A tiling machine can make very good ditches if the furrows are made side by side. The ditches should be about four feet deep with sloping banks. About ten ditches should be made if the field is square. The space between the ditches



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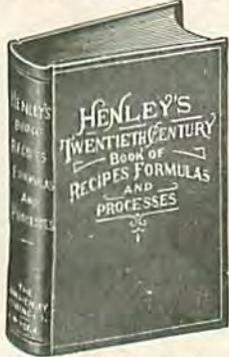
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should be planted to wild rice, clover, cat-tails, etc., for these are the main food of the muskrat in the summer time.

Habits of Muskrats

Muskrats become very tame if they are not molested and they are then safely handled. The muskrat will either burrow into the bank and make his nest in the ground or they will make houses on the surface. The latter form however, pertains strictly to marshes. At no time should you molest these houses for this will disturb the females and greatly affect the number of young born.

If marsh raised muskrats are put into ditches they will make their nests right out in the open on top of the ground. This is undesirable as owls, hawks, etc., can easily destroy the whole family. It is best to secure your rats from similar territory to yours. Muskrats usually work during the night, but when preparing for the winter they can be seen at almost any time during the day.

If there is no other body of water near your ranch there is no reason for a guard fence except to keep out the natural enemies of the muskrat. If a guard fence must be erected it should be five feet above the ground and four feet beneath, for muskrats are great diggers. The wire should either be turned in at the top or a narrow strip of tin should be put on top to prevent climbing out. The natural enemies of the 'rat are fox, owl, mink, weasel and hawks.

The owls and hawks can be easily caught by putting traps on top of posts, erected in the ranch. The birds will light on the posts to guard against surprise and thus get caught.

Food

Muskrats that have wild rice, clover and brush handy require no feeding whatever. When the number of rats become so large as to make feeding necessary food such as corn, apples, vegetables, fruit, etc., may be given any time during the day.

Breeding

Muskrats breed from three to six times a year. Litters are from five to ten in number. While muskrats usually mate in pairs, one male will do for three females. This can be accomplished by removing a certain amount of males during the winter months.

A great question to be answered is: will muskrats inbreed and fur value decrease. The answer is yes. To overcome this arrange each year with some other muskrat rancher to exchange your males, thus each year you will have new males, females can be exchanged also, but the males are easily caught where females aren't so easily captured. Secure your muskrats only by live animal traps for if a muskrat has once experienced the steel trap it will sometimes die from infection caused by the steel.

If possible buy your breeders from successful ranches as these rats are experienced and accustomed to the ranches.

Conclusion

In this short article I have given the bare facts based on my experience as well as those of others. It is tiresome to try to read a long dry article on any particular subject to obtain the few facts you wish to know. Therefore I have condensed the facts to a very short article, which ordinarily could fill a book.

Muskrat ranching is a very profitable business if properly conducted.

Water if not pumped into the ditches can be secured by piping from a creek or other body of water nearby. This method of course requires a force pump. Do not let your ditches become dry as this will cause disease among the muskrats.

In closing, I wish to say: Do not expect any profit from your rats until the second or third year.

BLACK RACCOON

FUR farming is an enterprise that is fast coming to the front, and the black raccoon is taking his place as one of the leaders in this industry, and is here to stay.

As yet the black raccoons are raised mostly for breeding purposes, but when the supply is large enough that their pelts are put on the market, it will be found that their glossy jet black coat is hard to beat for beauty as well as wearing qualities.

There seems to be lots of confusion about the black raccoons as I have had letters from people wondering if they are the same as the dark northern raccoon. They are not, as the dark northern is simply a dark gray, while the genuine blacks, are jet black. There will be lots of coons put on the market this year, sold for genuine black, that are simply crosses, and that are practically worthless as breeders. In color they will be a rusty black.

There are but a very few strains of the genuine black raccoons raised, that will breed true to color.

Poor stock is not cheap at any price, and when buying your breeders, get the best. It costs no more to raise good stock than poor, and then when the times comes to sell you have something that will bring the price, and build up your trade for the future.

The black raccoons are a good investment, as the breeding market is not over crowded, and will not be for some time on account of the scarcity, and the demand for fur is constantly increasing.

E. L. HARTMAN.

FEEDING THE SILVER FOX

MR. C. M. DANIELS of the Tarnedge Fox Ranch gives his method of feeding foxes before and shortly after whelping.

"It begins two or three days after mating, when the male is removed from the female, but kept just on the other side of a double partition. In this way they are satisfied as they can see one another, and yet the tendency to run hard and play is gone, which often causes abortions. Another advantage is that the male can be fed a different ration from the female, cheaper. As soon as this separation is made, the female is gradually weaned from the horse meat diet to one of beef, beef tripe, etc., as they do not whelp so well on horse meat. Two or three weeks before whelping, the female is given a little milk at noon, into which is put a beaten raw egg, and lime water one day, and the next day cod liver oil and calcium phosphate, besides the regular addition of cereals, raisins, etc.

"Twice a week for some time before the whelping a feed of beef liver is given, and knowing the exact date of the whelping, a further feeding of liver is used two

days before. Plenty of water is given, which at that time of the year in some ranches is apt to be uncertain because of the melting snow. If the foxes are allowed to have nothing but snow all winter, which is the rule followed here, the substituting of water in the spring is often apt to be put off a little, and the foxes should have all they want to drink during that period.

"Shortly after whelping one of the meat feeds is eliminated, milk and cereals being substituted. This is done so the pups will not be weaned entirely on meat when they begin to eat something besides the mother's milk. When the pups are twenty days old the usual worming takes place if the weather is good; otherwise it is delayed to the first good day, but no on account is it allowed to pass beyond the twenty-fourth day.

"When the pups have reached the age of five weeks no whole meat is given, but ground meat is used and mixed with the cereals.

"If this method of handling the dam and pups is followed, I feel sure that losses can be reduced to a minimum, providing the kennels are built properly and assuming that a very thorough watch is kept on all pens daily with glasses."

This is the procedure followed in the feeding of the foxes on the Tarnedge ranch at Sabattis, New York, during the whelping season. Mr. Daniels is of course offering these suggestions only as such, knowing that other successful breeders follow differing methods with equally good results.

FROM A MINK BREEDERS ASS'N

I BELIEVE that there are now sufficient mink ranches in the United States to form a mink breeders association. Breeders of the East, breeders of the West, do you not think that the time has arrived when a mink breeders association should be formed? I believe that a meeting should be called, a central place should be designated for a meeting of the breeders in the West, and at the same time a central place should be designated for a meeting of the breeders of the East, each and every mink rancher should be notified of this meeting or conference. It would not be possible, of course, for every mink rancher to be

present at this conference. The ranches that are close together should unite and send a representative to this meeting. Here we could find out the feeling of those who are engaged in the business, here we could thrash out a set of rules to govern the organization, a president should be elected with his officers, rules and regulations should be enacted to govern each and every phase of the industry.

Let us hear from the mink ranchers, of their sentiments in regard to this association through the columns of our fur magazines. Let us put the mink breeders association in order, help to eliminate graft, enact a set of rules for the betterment of the industry, that the breeders may have an incentive to work, that will improve the quality and types of mink, that will establish the industry on a sound and safe basis.

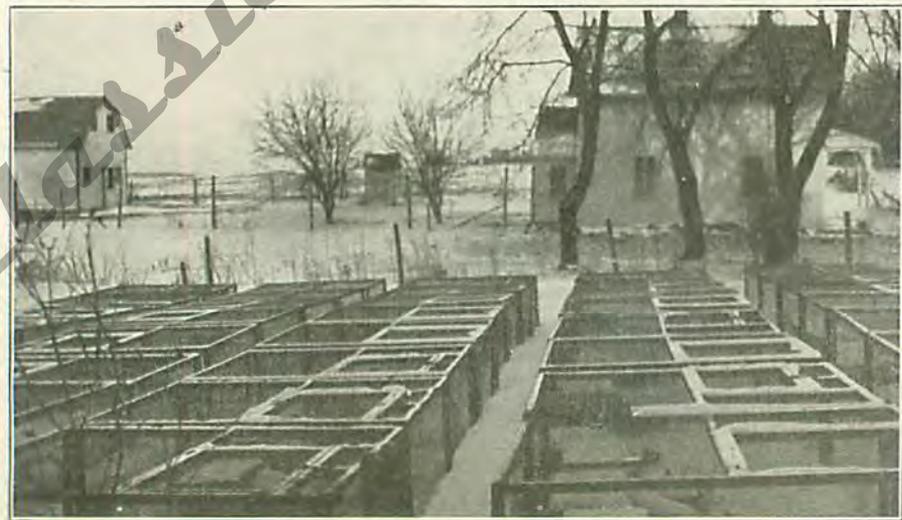
LESTER D. LOWE,
Franklin, Idaho.

COON HUNTERS CANCEL FIELD TRIALS BANQUET

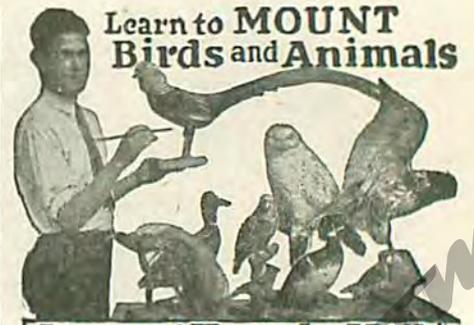
THE Mahoning Valley Coon Hunters Association will not hold their annual field trials and banquet at Brier Hill Steel park this year. This event has created a great deal of interest among sportsmen for the past 15 years, but the association at their meeting held recently voted to dispense with this year's trials, and make preparation for a much larger event in 1929, Ray F. Lawrence, board chairman, announced today.

The annual banquet of the Eastern Ohio Fish and Game Protective association has also been cancelled this year.

MR. FRANK G. ASHBROOK, of the Bureau of Biological Survey in Washington, D. C., has just published a book "Fur Farming For Profit." It is a complete treatise on the breeding of the following fur-bearers: Silver Fox, Fisher, Marten, Mink, Otter, Skunk, Raccoon, Opossum, Beaver, Muskrat, Rabbit, Chinchilla, Karakul Sheep. It also covers the subjects of pelting and marketing, and legal questions pertaining to fur farming. The price of the book is \$4.00, and it may be obtained through the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER.



A WINTER VIEW OF THE H. WINTER MINK RANCH, WABASHA CO., MINN.



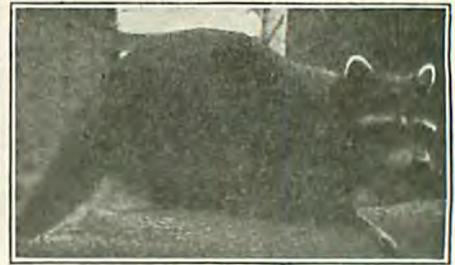
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Hunting Dogs

National Coonhound Field Trials

By
HERMAN BONCHEK



THE START OF THE SEMI-FINAL RACE. FOURTH DOG FROM THE LEFT IS BONES, WHO WON THE RACE AND WON SECOND PRIZE MONEY IN THE GRAND FINALS.

TALK about suspense, and excitement, and thrills!

Here's what happened.

A crowd of several thousand lined the short wire fence watching intently for the first sign of an approaching coon hound.

A brace of eight coon hounds had just been released on the last semifinal race. They're due here any minute, now.

The judges standing in pivotal positions forming a triangle about the tree in which the coon is chained, stand motionless.

Minutes pass. Not a sign of a dog.

Then something black, like a streak, shoots swiftly through the clump of trees into the field. The black streak is alone and racing at breakneck speed for the tree which marks the end of the trail.

A murmur like the whisper of soft breeze passes through the crowd as eyes strain for a closer view of the hound.

The dog is at the tree, now. He circles the tree twice, looks innocently at the crowd, runs over to another tree, hesitates, and returns to the right tree. He leaps on the tree, once.

The crowd holds its breath.

For the black streak has not yet barked. And to win, the coon hound must not only rare or muzzle a tree and show interest, but he must also bark and remain near the tree.

An unusual stillness reigns on the field as the hound forsakes the tree which means victory, turns away, off on another trail. But, wait. In a minute or two the black

hound returns, sniffs at the trunk, and then again wanders away.

In the meantime, the other dogs can be seen approaching at a rapid gait in the distance. They're drawing nearer and nearer. It looks as if after all, the black dog was out of it. For he is nowhere in sight.

The other dogs are almost at the tree when suddenly the crowd gasps—the black streak is back, and before any of the other hounds can reach the tree, he rares, leaps high toward the branch several times, and barks, once, twice.

The black dog wins the semifinal and later wins the grand finals.

This happened Sunday, May 6th at Leavittsburg, Ohio, where the National Coon Hound Field Trials were held under the auspices of the United Coon Hunters Club of America.

The black hound that won the semifinal race and later won the grand finals in as close and exciting a race as was ever run, was Bruce, three-year-old black and tan hound owned by J. E. Corrigan, of Springfield, O.

And don't think that Bruce had a soft job winning the silver loving cup and first prize money of \$260. There were 213 hounds from 22 states, ranging from California to Florida,—some of the best coon hounds in the country entered in the events.

The crowd got its big thrill in the grand finals when only two dogs raced for first prize money.

The contestants were Bruce, the black hound, and Bones, four-year-old blue tick hound, owned by Elmer Warner of Peters-



TWENTY DOGS WHO FAILED TO QUALIFY IN THE REGULAR HEATS WHEN FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER THEY LOST THE TRAIL WERE GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE. HERE THEY ARE ALL STARTING OUT AT ONCE.

burg, O., and L. Robinson of Dunkirk, O. Bones had won the first semifinal race in practically no time at all. He just followed the scent of the coon at top speed from the second he was unleashed by his owners and led the pack toward the tree. No sooner at the tree than Bones rared, leaped several times at the trunk, and barked.

"Them fellers, Warner and Robinson, have a secret method for training their dogs to bark as soon as they rare at the tree," an oldtimer told some of his friends



J. E. CORRIGAN, CLARK CO., OHIO, LOOKS HAPPY, DOESN'T HE? CORRIGAN REGISTERED THE SMILE WHEN THE HOUND HE'S HOLDING, BRUCE, THREE YEAR OLD BLACK AND TAN, WON FIRST PRIZE MONEY OF \$260.00 AND A SILVER LOVING CUP AT THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

at the field. This news soon spread among all.

"The black dog won't have a chance," was the general consensus of opinion among the coon dog owners, watching the contests, thoroughly thrilled, now that their own dogs were eliminated and they had nothing at stake. "Bones will just come in and bark while the black hound is still making his mind up which tree the coon is in."

And it almost seemed as if the crowd was right in this. For as the tense judges and observers gazed over the horizon for the first glimpse of the racing hounds they saw Bones far in advance of the black dog bounding towards his goal at a rapid pace. Bones was gaining every minute and was almost at the tree.

And then the break which makes true sportsmen stick to the game more than ever, came.

Bones seemed headed right for the tree, then suddenly he stopped, sniffed, looked up at the branch of a tree, about ten feet away from the right tree, saw a nest there, and barked. He continued barking at this tree, the wrong one.

A moment later Bruce came in, panting, rolling, and sniffing. He came straight for the right tree, saw the coon, and barked.

Several thousand persons who came to see the field trials at Leavittsburg had the time of their lives as due to the special planning of "Doc" Beatty of Warren, O., president of the United Coon Hunters Club, and a veteran in the game, there was no break in the schedule.

The first race started exactly at 9 a. m. The field of more than 200 acres had been cleared of briars, brush, and wild grass in the trails where the races were to be run. While one heat was being run, the trail was being laid for the next heat a quarter-mile away. And just as soon as one race was over the crowd moved to the next course.

The semifinals were begun at 4:30 p. m. The finals were run shortly after six p. m.

A low smooth wire fence held the crowd back from the tree. All rules were strictly observed.

In the elimination trials the trails were little more than one-half mile. In the semifinals the trails were one mile and in the final race the trail was a mile and a half.

C. H. Snyder, of Akron, was Master of Hounds.

Judges were R. M. Thomas of Baltimore, Md., B. L. McQueen, of Vermilion, O., and S. B. Poole, of Aberdeen, Md.

Third prize money, which was to be awarded to the dog qualifying for third place was divided among heat winners as the hounds racing in the second semi-final got off the trail and failed to show up for 20 minutes.

Through the combined influence of this magazine and the author of this account, motion pictures of the field trials were made by the Tri-State Motion Pictures Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, for Pathe News. This is the first time on record that pictures of a coonhound field trial have ever been taken.



ELMER WARNER, MAHONING CO., OHIO, AND L. ROBINSON OF HARDIN CO. ARE SHOWN HERE WITH THEIR COONHOUND BONES, WHO WON A PURSE OF \$130.00 OFFERED AS SECOND PRIZE MONEY IN THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS FOR COON DOGS.

COONHOUND BREEDING

THERE is considerable argument among the coon hunters as to the coon hound. Some argue the cross bred, such as the bull and hound, shepherd and hound and what not. But my idea of a coon dog is a good big compact hound, with a flat broad head, broad heavy muzzle and nose, big well set eyes and ears, set close to the skull, long enough to make him look like a hound. With a good heavy coat of hair

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Condition Pills	.25	each label. Send 10c in
Eye Lotion	.25	stamps for booklet on
Flea Repeller & Disinf.	.50	diseases of dogs and
Scent Restorer & Intensif.	.50	valuable information.

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Two couple Masterly Bred Beagle Pups.

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to protect him from the cold drizzly rain and briars. He should weigh about seventy-five or eighty pounds, and above all a clear loud trailing voice.

The way I take or look at a coon dog is this, we have about ninety days a year to hunt our dogs, and the other two hundred and seventy to just sit around and admire him. If you are going to feed a coon dog, feed a real one, one worth looking at. He don't eat anymore than a cur. Don't waste your time in raising, trying to train, chasing after and worrying over a dog that



PAUL E. SHANOR, AND COONHOUND, QUEEN.

when all is said and done is nothing more than a scrub or second-rater. Own one that shows breeding in every hair. One that is worth a dollar to look at every morning and as good as he looks.

There has been considerable interest shown in the mating of coon hounds in the past three or four years than any other time. I give the various coon hound trials credit for this. I met two boys at the Central Ohio Field Trial last summer that had a beautiful big black and tan bitch. They told me they drove three hundred miles and paid twenty-five dollars stud fee in order to get puppies out of a dog that was coon bred for generations back, six of these puppies sold for one hundred and eighty dollars at eight weeks of age. I think if we all took more interest in mating our hounds we would be well paid for our trouble.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why it was that when two supposedly good bred hounds bred together that their offsprings did not measure up to the parents. The fact is the ancestors of these hounds were not bred true probably cur blood mixed in at some time. To breed hounds with any degree of uniformity is not a simple matter. I believe since field trials have become so popular that coon hound breeding will get more attention as there is a good market for top notchers and exceptionally high prices are being paid for them. I have a friend that had a good big bitch that was coon bred back four generations, that we knew of. She was an A-1 coon hound, and a beautiful specimen of the breed. He bred her to a large black dog that was an A-1 coon dog. He won

the Grand Championship prize at Youngstown, Ohio, in 1926 in strong competition. He was a Tennessee coon bred hound. The offsprings from that litter were natural born coon dogs. Those puppies would trail and tree when they were six months old. There are four of this litter that are two years old now, that do not run anything but coon and possum. These pups weren't hard to break off rabbits. It seems that coon is their game. It isn't the custom of a coon hunter to ask for a pedigree of a coon hound, but he mostly insists on from a ten to thirty days trial.

I sincerely believe if coon hounds were bred from generation to generation using survival of the fittest for breeders, we could breed dogs to be A-1 coon dogs at two to three years of age. Of course breeding isn't all, as an old Dutch friend of mine often says, after you get a real good breed pup you have to polish and polish him, and let me tell you that this polishing stuff has to be done by a trainer that knows more than the pup.

Personally I don't claim to be much of a trainer, but I do give Mr. Robert Legare, author of the Coon Hound, credit for publishing the best methods of training the night dog I have ever read.

PAUL E. SHANOR,
Beaver Co., Pa.

THE OLD FASHIONED LONG EARED BLACK AND TAN AGAIN

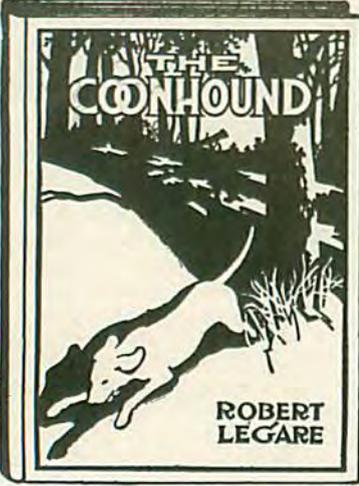
HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
Columbus, Ohio.

WE presume you get as many requests for the breeding or ancestry of these old fashioned hounds as we do or more, and many are the mistaken ideas presented. While we claim to be no authority we naturally have made a study of the breed, its history, etc., and thought you might be interested in the results of our study, which are as follows:

Please understand this is not meant for any heated debate, nor a part to anything that has been written pro and con in the columns of your worthy publication regarding the virtues and faults of the long eared versus the short eared hound. It is simply written for what good it will do, if any, its aim being to enlighten on the origination of the breed.

Many think them scions of the purebred English Bloodhounds which is as far from the truth as to assume that the English bloodhound was developed from the old fashioned American Foxhound. The natural question then, assuming above assertion to be the truth, is where does the resemblance come from. That is the whole story. Our best authorities on hounds tell us they are descendants of the old Talbot hounds, which is reasonable to assume after a study of the type of these hounds, from which the English developed the English bloodhound.

The Talbot hounds were introduced in England at the time of the Norman Conquest. Hence we find that the English made use of these hounds as man trailers and bred and developed them for that purpose. They were first found on American soil immediately following the American Revolution, a pack of them being brought across by our French friend of American independence, General Lafayette. We are told a portion of these were presented to



CONTENTS

The Origin of the Coonhound. Proper Breeding. Inbreeding. Selecting a Puppy.

Training With an Old Dog. With a Tame Raccoon. Random Training.

Rabbit Proofing. Ailments and Remedies. Some Good Advice.

George B—, Coondog Trainer. Glossary.

From What Did the Coonhound Originate ?

Is the Coonhound and Fox Hound the Same ?

The answers to these and hundreds of other much talked of questions are entertainingly and authentically discussed in "The Coonhound". It is a book replete with many startling facts about this popular breed of sports dog.

Twenty-eight full page photographic illustrations picturing some of the finest bred coonhounds and other subjects. Many expressions from the best authorities; a complete glossary of definitions; thorough treatment of dog ailments and their best known home remedies, in fact this book is a complete encyclopedia of the Coonhound condensed to the essentials in an easy to read and understand form.

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HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER
Dept. 86 COLUMBUS, OHIO

our fox-hunting first president, George Washington, which no doubt accounts for the cold nosed black and tan hounds known in the South as the old fashioned Virginia hounds and which we are told by many Virginia hunters are practically extinct in the south. However, these hounds were originally developed to meet the hard hunting conditions of a rough, extremely cold country and most of the Lafayette hounds remained in the New England country where they were landed and where they were more carefully perpetuated and met more favorably with New England hunting conditions.

Even here they became scattered and faced extinction as far as the purebred hounds were concerned and undoubtedly would have died out had not the late O. B. Clark come to the rescue at about the period of the Civil War and assembled the best remnants of the breed which he carefully bred all through his life and started recording them with the United Kennel Club at this time. We have an old photo of this pack and must say they are not equalled by any kennel in the land for pure old-time type throughout. They were strong bodied upstanding hounds and showed much less resemblance to bloodhounds than the present day hounds. In color they were jet black with rich ma-



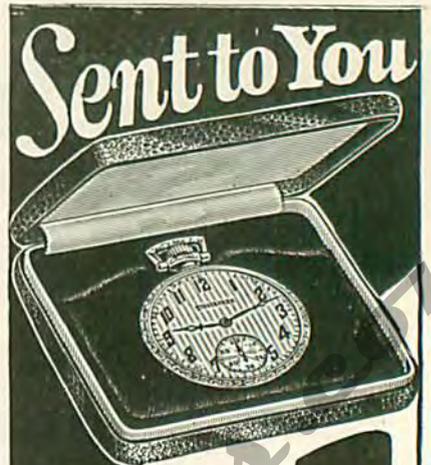
BELL ROSE, AGE NINE MONTHS. SHE WAS TRAILING AND TREERING AT 7 MONTHS OLD, AND IS AN OLD TIME REGISTERED AMERICAN FOXHOUND OWNED BY DALTON FOLTZ, CROSS CO., ARK.

hogany tan dots over eyes, muzzles and under legs.

A few years ago the craze of extreme earage led several breeders to use bloodhound blood which accounts for the pronounced bloodhound type in certain strains but which was very detrimental to the hunting characteristics of the breed though it realized the aim of producing extreme earspreads.

Constructive breeders today aim to breed hounds with the desired type and hunting characteristics letting the ears take care of themselves which are long enough in all the pure strains. Our observations show beyond dispute that the most extreme eared hounds were practically valueless as hunting dogs. The reason is plain, as

(Continued on page 71)



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Amazing Anti-Glare Device for Automobiles

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READ!
Rathney sold 108 in less than a week. Balance made \$40 in a day, \$200 in a week. Grindinger sold six first fifteen minutes. It's a winner for salesmen.

THE FUR MARKETS

NEW YORK LETTER

New York, May 5th, 1928.

RAW FURS: Interest the past few weeks has been largely centered in the Auction Sales both here and in Europe. Offerings of nearly all of the principal furs at these Sales have been extremely liberal, with the result that an unusually large proportion of the goods had to be bought back by the shippers. Among the staples, Skunk has been the best seller both in New York and London, but profits have been small. Opossum which were in such good request for Europe during the early part of the season have been a big disappointment. Excessive quantities, with an apparent lessened demand have made the market very unsatisfactory. Prices which ruled during the active receiving season were too high and shippers to the Sales have lost heavily. The staggering offerings of 2,300,000 in the combined Auctions was too much. Except for the spring collection, northern skins from the very best sections, suitable for Hudson Seal, Muskrat sold poorly. The early skins of which there were large quantities were in poor request and a good proportion bought in. The heavy Raccoon brought good prices while the other sorts particularly the flat and low grade were considerably off in price. Mink did not sell very well. It would seem as though the shippers paid too much for the brown and paler sorts. Only the dark was well competed for. Foxes of all kinds continue in fair demand although prices have eased off somewhat on the Silver and Red. On the whole the Sales have not been money makers and the season so far has been a rather lean one. The market looks for an improvement now that there will be no more Auction Sales until fall and as manufacturers have not bought anything like the usual quantities, the outlook is good for a fair business during the summer.

WILD GINSENG: This is the duller time of the year. It is too early for the new root and the old has been practically all marketed. Exporters the past season have not done very well and it would seem as though prices on the new crop will open up on a lower basis than last year. Quotations on old root continue unchanged as follows:

New York, Nor. Pennsylvania, New England, Canada, \$16.00 to \$18.00.

Michigan, Nor. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Central Pennsylvania, \$14.50 to \$15.50.

Central Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, \$14.00 to \$15.00.

Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, \$14.00 to \$15.00.

So. Pennsylvania, Nor. W. Virginia, Maryland, Nor. Carolina, \$14.00 to \$15.00.

So. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Virginia, \$13.50 to \$14.00.

Central and So. W. Virginia, \$12.00 to \$13.00.

Missouri, Arkansas and Southwestern, \$12.00 to \$13.00.

Kentucky, Alabama, and other southern states, \$12.00 to \$13.00.

CULTIVATED GINSENG: Last seasons crop has about all been marketed. Market steady, with prices unchanged.

Best quality (resembling wild), \$9.00 to \$11.00.

Good quality, \$7.50 to \$8.50.

Medium quality, \$6.00 to \$7.00.

Inferior, damaged, etc., \$4.00 to \$5.00.

Coarse Fibre, \$1.75 to \$2.25.

Fine Fibre, \$1.25 to \$1.50.

GOLDEN SEAL: Market firm. Good average clean, dry root \$3.00 to \$3.25 per pound according to quality.

LONDON AUCTION SALES

Messrs. C. M. Lampson & Co. Report by cable the following results of their London Fur Auction Sales:

Beaver—Same as last winter.

Wolverine—Same as last winter.

Sable, Russian—Same as last winter.

Otter, Turkish and European—Same as last winter.

Otter, Scandinavian—Same as last winter.

Otter, American and Canadian—10% lower than last winter.

Otter, African—10% lower than last winter.

Lynx—10% lower than last winter.

Fisher—10% higher than last winter.

Marten—10% higher than last winter.

Opossum, Australian—10% lower than last winter.

Opossum, Australian Ringtail—Same as last winter.

Wallaby, Furriers & Tanners—10% lower than last winter.

Wombat—20% lower than last winter.

Red Fox, Australian—10% higher than last winter.

Fox, Cross—15% higher than last winter.

Fox, White—5% lower than last winter.

Fox, Blue—Same as last winter.

Fox, Red—Same as last winter.

Marten, Stone—10% lower than last winter.

Marten, Baum—Same as last winter.

Ermine, American—Same as last winter.

Ermine, Russian—10% higher than last winter.

Skunk—Same as last winter.

Civet Cat—Mostly unsold.

Wolf—15% lower than last winter.

Jackal—15% lower than last winter.

Bear, Black and Brown—Same as last winter.

Bear, Grizzly—10% lower than last winter.

Persian Lamb, raw—10% higher than last winter.

Fitch, White—15% lower than last winter.

Fitch, Black—Same as last winter.

Marmot—Same as last winter.

White Hare—Same as last winter.

Mole—20% lower than last winter.

Badger—25% lower than last winter.

Badger, Japanese—Same as last winter.

Cat, Wild—Same as last winter.

Cat, House—Same as last winter.

Fox, Kitt—Same as last winter.

Fox, Grey—Same as last winter.

Fox, South American—10% lower than last winter.

Nutria—Mostly unsold.

Lamb—Mostly unsold.

Mink, Northern—10% higher than last winter.

Mink, Southwestern and Southern—10% lower than last winter.

Squirrel—15% lower than last winter.

Raccoon—10% lower than last winter.

Muskrat, Brown—15% lower than last winter.

Muskrat, Southern—Same as last winter.

Muskrat, Black—Same as last winter.

Opossum, Central kinds—Firm.

Opossum, Southwestern and southern—Slightly lower than last winter.

NEW YORK AUCTION SALES

The following telegrams were received from Fred'k Huth & Co. as the result of their fur auction sale. Complete details could not be obtained at time of going to press with this issue.

May 2

Beaver sold very well; Otter sold well; American Opossum sold fairly well.

May 3

Mink sold fairly well; Ringtail Cat sold very well; Badger sold very well; Kolinsky sold poorly; Japanese Mink sold fairly well; Fitch sold poorly.

May 4

Muskrat, good sections, late collection, sold exceptionally well; others well; Black Muskrat sold fairly well; Sundry Fox sold well; Red Fox sold exceptionally well; South American Fox sold well; Kitt Fox sold well; Grey Fox sold exceptionally well; Southern Muskrats sold poorly; Tigers, Leopards and Leopards Cats, better ones, sold well.

May 7

Wild Cats and Lynx Cats, good sections, sold exceptionally well; others sold well; Sundry Cats neglected; Squirrel sold well; Bear sold fairly well; Hair Seal neglected; House Cats sold well; Persians and Shiraz neglected; Lambskins and Crosses neglected; Mandels neglected; Monkey sold fairly well; Coney and Rabbit sold poorly; Timber Wolf sold fairly well; Wolf sold fairly well.

Skunk sold well; Civet Cat sold poorly; Raccoon sold well; Silver Fox sold fairly well.

Fred'k Huth & Co., announce their Fall Fur Auction Sales: In New York, commencing September 19th; in London, October 17th.

1928 LEAFY OAK FIELD TRIALS

THE National Leafy Oak Coonhound Field Trials which will be held beginning Labor Day, September 3, and continuing each day until finished are attracting more attention than ever before. Although the meet is still four months away, many inquiries are being received daily asking for information regarding the meet. These inquiries are coming from practically every state in the Union. In addition to these, some entries have already been received from those boys who evidently believe in getting in early and avoiding the rush, which is sure to come later on.

The approximate \$4000.00 in heat money which is being offered is proving the magnet which will draw the cream of the coon-hunting fraternity to Kenton, Ohio, for this important meet.

Although the same rules which were in force last year will again be in effect there have been some important changes in the primary routine with regard to the prize money offered the heat winners. While there has been no advance in the nomination or starting fee a method has been devised so that one dog in every ten will have an opportunity of winning \$50.00 for his owner. This \$50.00 will be split two ways, \$25.00 going to the first dog which leads the trail across a specified line and the other \$25.00 to the dog that wins at the tree. Of course it is not only possible but likely that the same dog will win both prizes in at least some of the heats.

In addition to these heat prizes the Grand Final Stake will again be for \$1000.00, divided \$600.00, \$300.00 and \$100.00 to the dogs running first, second and third respectively.

The judges will be selected by three leading sporting publications.

Complete information regarding rules and regulations can be obtained from Pfeifer and Lingo, 6 Columbus St., Kenton, Ohio.

—d—

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
Columbus, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN: I am a constant reader of your magazine, and the thought occurred to me that you might be interested in learning of the programme we are putting on in this county in the interest of fish and game propagation and conservation.

Up until a few months ago, there had never been any concerted effort made to restock this county with game and fish. Several sportsmen got together, and we organized the Mingo County Fish and Game Protective Association. One of our first efforts to be crowned with success was the appointing of a full time game warden by the State Department. Next we secured three dozen rabbits, which we turned out about one month ago. We have now on the road two shipments of quail, one bought by us, and one donated by the State Department. We have also orders in for four shipments of small mouth black bass for stocking the various streams in this county, and which will be received this fall. Our game warden has secured one conviction for dynamiting, and one for dumping saw dust into one of our best streams. Our next big effort will be a membership drive, in which our goal is 500 members, and along with this we are working to secure

a game sanctuary which we hope to put through very shortly, and which will be stocked with deer, wild turkeys and other game.

E. D. STROHECKER, Secty-Treas.
Mingo County Fish and Game
Protective Assn.

HUNTING SEASON SHOULD BE CHANGED

THERE are many people in Pennsylvania who think the date of our hunting season should be changed. It would be much better to make all the dates 15 days later for the following reasons:

1. Game killed too early in the season, when the weather is warm spoils quickly.
2. Crippled deer are often not found when there is no tracking snow.
3. Leaves not off the trees and weeds not dead, make it hard hunting, also more dangerous.
4. Game is more mature especially rabbits and quail.
5. The farmer rightly objects to the city hunter killing off his game on his farm before he may go hunting. The farmer must first harvest his crops.
6. Better feeling would exist between the farmer and the city sportsman, if they could hunt together. The result would be less posted land.
7. If deer season came during the Xmas week instead of earlier, more of the working class of people could indulge in this sport without loss of pay.
8. The exercise we get would do us more good when it is colder than when it is so warm.

Please comment on this question. Let us see what the rest of the boys have to say on the subject.

Yours for more and better sport,
P. E. PARMER,
Williamstown, Penna.

DOG SHOWS AND FIELD TRIALS

A. K. C. Dog Show, September 3-4.
Field Trials for Pointers, Setters and Spaniels, September 3-4-5-6.
Beagle Hounds, September 3-4-5-6.
Coon Trials, September 3-4-5 (\$1,000 dog stakes).

Trap Shoot, September 3-4-5-6.
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For entry blanks and further information, address Herbert Borrell, Meadville, Pa.

The Old Fashioned Long Eared Black and Tan

(Continued from page 69)

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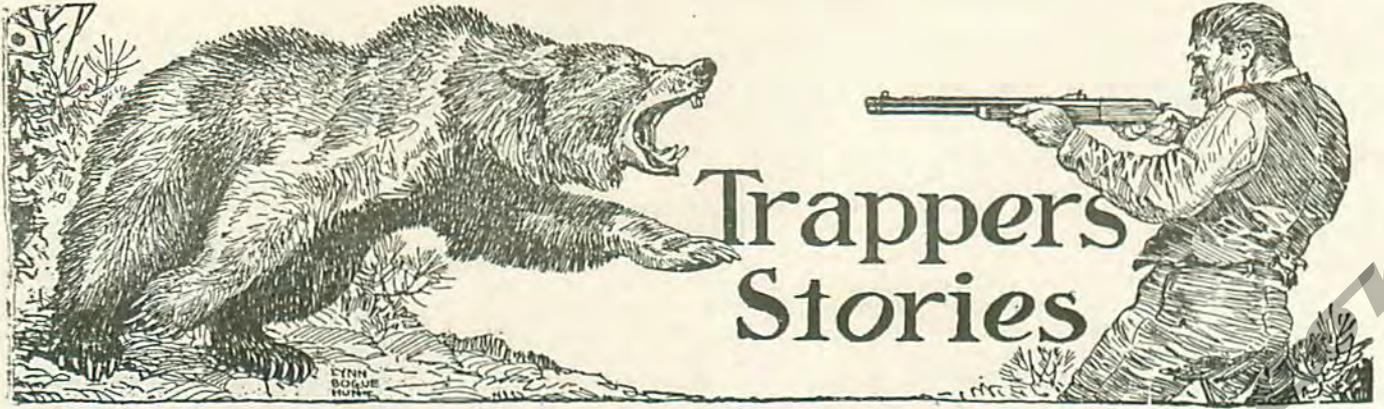
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The Amateur Trapper

By B. G. ROBERTS

IN the question and answer department of H-T-T in a recent issue, I noticed the following statement and question: "Been taking H-T-T about a year. Never set a trap but am willing to take a chance next winter. What do I need on the trap line?"

As this same question is asked time and again in the different outdoor magazines, I would like to say a few words if the Editor can give me room in his splendid magazine.

Lots of persons who have never set a trap, or who cannot tell a fox track from a house cat track set out each winter to make a pile of money on the trap line, but a great many of them quit in disgust after a few trips over their trap line, sell their traps for a song and say there isn't any pay in trapping, because they have failed through their own inexperience.

To make a successful trapper requires years of study and experiment, learning the habits of different animals, where they travel, what they eat, the kind of tracks, droppings, etc., so as to be able to tell what animal is using along your trap line. The experienced trapper can read the story told in the snow or mud as plainly as if printed in the book. While to the man that is new on the trail it may appear only as so many dents or scratches in the snow.

One might as well expect to be a successful farmer, and not be able to tell a grain of wheat from a grain of corn, as to be a successful trapper without some experience along the trap line. Now I do not want to discourage any one from trying the trapping game, for if he is willing to start at the beginning and study the animals he is trying to trap, he can become a real trapper. No trapper ever learns it all, for something new happens every day.

The equipment for the trap line depends to a great extent on the location, the kind of animals trapped for, etc., also the time to be put in trapping. If one intends to trap a little as a side line in connection with other work, he will not need so many traps as where he puts in his entire time.

In farmland trapping from 25 to 50 traps will probably be enough, ranging in size from No. 1 to No. 3. Where there is danger of catching hogs or dogs the larger size traps should only be set where these animals are not apt to get into them. One winter I caught a 75 pound shoat in a

but where there are lots of rats and no Johnny Sneakums to steal your traps, I believe they would be an excellent trap, as lots of rats escape from ordinary steel traps by twisting off a foot.

For fox and coon use No. 2 or No. 3 traps, either long spring or jump style, but I prefer the long spring trap for most sets. Some times one can use jump traps to better advantage, as they are easier to conceal.

In connection with traps the trapper needs a hatchet or belt axe, a small pair of wire pliers that can be carried in the pocket, some staples or baling wire for fastening traps, a pair of rubber boots if trapping in water, and a trap placer will be very useful, especially in water trapping in placing and covering traps without getting the hands wet. Any trapper who has set traps and covered them with his hands in the water when the weather is around zero will appreciate the above tool.

FOR carrying traps or bait, and other articles a trap bag is needed. I have found the army haversacks to be good for this purpose, and they can be purchased from army goods stores very cheaply. For a bait sack I use an army gas mask bag, and find it a splendid article for this purpose.

The question "What gun is best for the trap line?" has been asked and answered thousands of times in this magazine, but I will give my opinion about it.

Most amateur trappers who ask this question seem to think that a gun is about the most important thing on the trap line, and expect to kill a lot of game but this is seldom true. When only a boy I confess that I carried a gun every trip, but I have learned that a gun is more of a liability than an asset. The least amount of shooting along the trap line is best; for all wild creatures are afraid of a gun and a lot of unnecessary shooting will drive your game away. Any noise has a tendency to frighten fur bearing animals, such as shouting, singing or loud talking. Personally I prefer a good .22 calibre re-



MUSKRAT DOME TAKEN BY DAVID TERRIER, TRAPPER, NASSUA CO., N. Y. NOTE THE MUSKRAT AT LEFT SIDE HOLE.

No. 3 trap set for fox, so have been careful since then in setting large traps. The muskrat trapper can probably use 150 traps to advantage, if he is lucky enough to have several rats on his line. For opossum and skunk, No. 1½, 91, 91½ Victor, 115 Triumph, 1½, 2 Jump, or No. 2 Coil Spring are good traps. For mink and muskrat, No. 91 or 91½ Victor or 115 triple clutch traps are best in a single grip trap as these traps have jaws especially made to prevent twisting out. I have never used Gibbs two trigger traps,

volver for a trap line gun, with a six inch barrel, as this can be carried in a holster and leaves both hands free, and is accurate enough and powerful enough to kill trapped animals or animals for bait. In buying a gun of this kind, be sure to buy a good one. Some states make it a violation of the law to carry a pistol in any manner, so before carrying one on the trap line, the trapper had best inform himself as to the laws of his state. It takes quite a bit of practice to become a good shot with a revolver, so a good .22 calibre rifle will perhaps prove to be the most satisfactory gun for the amateur trapper who feels that he must have a gun of some description. Hunting and trapping cannot be successfully combined, and the trapper will have more furs on his stretchers at the end of the season by leaving his gun at home. The only time that I can remember when I could have made a profit by having a gun while rounding up some traps, was about ten years ago. I was going around a bluff, when a



POPLAR TREES CUT BY BEAVER.

red fox jumped out from under the bluff and started out the hillside. I was within ten steps of him when he started to run, and if I had been carrying a gun, could have killed him easily, and made about \$10.00 out of his fur.

IN contrast to this I have lugged a ten pound shotgun time after time over a ten to twenty mile line of traps and never fired a shot, and every pound the trapper carries counts on an all day tramp over hills and mountains.

If carrying a gun on the trap line, do not shoot game out of season or kill more than absolutely needed during open season. Some beginners carry a gun and take a pack of dogs along and then wonder why they do not get more fur out of their traps. Leave your dog and gun at home and put in your time looking for signs of game and locations for traps if you wish to become a good trapper.

Buy some good books, and subscribe for a few magazines that publish trapping articles, for most of these are written by men who have spent years in the woods and know what they write about from actual experience. No matter what business a man may engage in he can always find out something from the other fellow who has made a study of the same business.

My methods of trapping have been given in a previous article, so will not go in'to them here, but will say that the methods used in one locality may have to be changed a little to apply to another, and a trapper has to be acquainted with the place where he traps.

THE RIVER TRAPPER

By WALTER S. CHANSLER.

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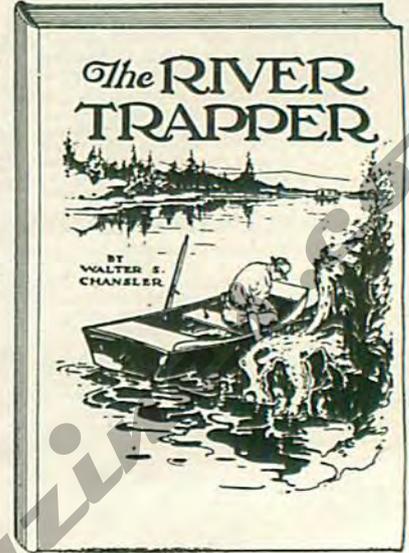
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G. WHITE, LEFT, AND GLEN KINGREY, WITH HUNTER AND RED, WM. HACKWORTH FAMOUS COONERS, KNOWN THROU ALL OF LOGAN COUNTY.

One of my neighbors is an old man of perhaps 60 years, who has been here for two winters. Last winter he set some traps and never caught a fur, although he claims to have trapped foxes in Massachusetts and New York years ago. He said he could not set traps here as he did there, and asked me how I trapped. He set his traps as I told him, and caught three opossums, three skunks and one fox within half a mile of his home this winter, in about half a dozen traps. This shows that some of the methods used in the northeast will not prove successful here.

THE BEST FUR

WON by a hair's breadth. How often that expression has been aptly applied to the result in every kind of a contest and it can be just as aptly applied but in a more literal sense to the result of the "best pelt" contest conducted by the Animal Trap Company of America. The margin by which the winner was decided was scarcely more than that.

An exceptionally large mink, caught in

the hills near Montevideo, Minnesota, proved the vehicle by which Herman Schoning of the above city was proclaimed the winner. But the mink itself was not the deciding factor—it was the superb skill with which it was skinned, the extraordinary care in stretching and drying that turned the tide in Schoning's favor and made him \$1000 richer for his exacting efforts.

But the race was close, it was not decided in a moment's time, it required the extreme judgment of the editor of this magazine together with representatives of National Sportsman, Fur-Fish-Game, and Sportsmen's Digest to decide the issue. These men fell to their task seriously and seemed to realize the responsibility that had been placed upon them. The winning pelt was caught in a No. 1 Newhouse trap and was entered along with a number of other skins by E. E. Baldwin, Fur Dealer, to whom Schoning had sold his prize pelt.

Running a close second to the mink was a muskrat sent by Kakas Brothers and caught by Arthur Lowell of Franklinville, N. Y. In justice to the manner in which this pelt was handled, it should be said that one of the judges voted to award it the \$1000.00 prize. However the other three favored Schoning's mink and the result was as described above.

Had other prizes been awarded a large beaver skin taken in a No. 3 Victor trap by A. B. Cook of Townsend, Montana, and entered by the Leo M. Goldberg Fur Company of St. Helena, Montana, would have copped third money.

Many other exceptional furs were entered and all received just consideration. In an ordinary contest any of them would probably have won; but this was an extraordinary contest—it was a contest of prize winning furs. Furs that had previously been declared the best handled, by the respective fur houses in the shipments received by them throughout the season. Speaking in a broad sense every fur caught



MR. E. J. VOGELER ADMIRING TWO OF THE MANY EXCELLENT-MUSKRAT PELTS IN THE PRIZE CONTEST.



ANIMAL TRAP CO.'S EXHIBIT IN HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER'S BIG OUTDOOR LIFE SHOW

this past season was an entry in this contest because it was eligible for the coveted prize. But the best only were selected by the fur dealers and these were the ones which confronted the judges as they assembled in a room in a Columbus hotel. There was almost every kind of skin imaginable from the dainty white wease's to exceptionally large timber wolves. And mind you, every one was a work of the trapper's art, combed from millions of furs by the scrutinizing eyes of the critical fur men.

HAD all the furs eligible to win this contest been assembled in one place for the judges to pick the winner, the task would have been an utter impossibility but it was through the assistance of the fur dealers that only the best handled furs came to the attention of the judges. And the furs that were sent were not only a testimonial that trappers do know how and can handle furs properly when they try, but also that fur men are not asleep at the switch either and recognize a real pelt when they see one.

But those furs mentioned were a mere handful of all that received real consideration. A grey fox taken in a No. 2 Victor trap by Julius Reimund of North Columbia, California, and entered by R. C. Elliott, Fur Dealer of Salt Lake City, Utah, was very commendable. E. A. Stephens of Denver, Colorado, and the F. L. Wight Fur Co., of Bangor, Maine, sent splendid entries. It was very apparent that the fur men had exercised as much care in the selection of their pelts as the trappers had in the handling. Such a combination is hard to beat but someone had to win and Schoning turned the trick.

The following is a list of trappers who received honorable mention and who will be rewarded with unadvertised and unpromised prizes for their efforts. These prizes according to the Animal Trap Company

will be in the nature of traps with which each will have the opportunity of winning the grand prize next season.

Henry D. Mitchell, Shirley, Wyoming; W. J. Shock, Monte Vista, Colo.; Pierre Joseph, Cusick, Washington; John McGee, Rocky Ridge, Ohio; A. B. Cook, Townsend, Mont.; Mike Rushin, Winnett, Mont.; Bob Murray, Helena, Mont.; Clinton Peterson, Orpheim, Mont.; L. E. McIntyre, Upperdam, Maine; Julius Reimund, North Columbia, Calif.; Thomas A. Judd, Grantsville, Utah; Tod Jones, Big Piney, Wyoming; W. P. Conner, Salt Lake, Utah; J. B. Howe, Salt Lake, Utah; J. P. Harrison, Fish Springs, Utah; Arthur Lowell, Franklinville, N. Y.; Joseph Babim, Lyme, Connecticut; Harold O. Smith, Bangor, Maine; Clyde G. Rice, Northfield, Maine; E. L. Rice, Richmond, Maine; John E. Doane, Bangor, Maine; Hamlin Kingman, East Brook, Maine; Jacob J. Bjornseth, Kelvin, North Dakota; George N. Post, Pine Plains, N. Y.; Herman Schoning, Montevideo, Minn.; Nathan Diamond, Chatham, N. Y.; Elmer A. Fritz, Anna, Ohio; John Dingham, Kinderhook, N. Y.

EVERYONE should remember that a muskrat or skunk has just as much chance to win as a marten or other more costly fur. The kind of animal counts for nothing—it is the care and skill employed in skinning, stretching and drying that decides the winner.

A mink won this year, a muskrat was second by a mere hair's breadth, and other less costly furs vied with the elite of the industry on an equal basis.

So next year boys when you send those furs to your fur dealer use extreme care in handling. One may find favor in his eyes and he may enter it in the contest with the result that you will probably be pleasantly rewarded to the tune of one thousand dollars.



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Q. Is black powder ammunition the only kind that can be used in the old fashioned 45 caliber single-action Frontier Colts revolver?

2. Would it be all right to use smokeless powder, too?

3. Can you give me a method of making common dry glue at home, from cow horns and hides?

4. Can you give me a method for making neatsfoot oil at home?

5. How can I make a revolving drum for tanning?

6. Does the drum do?

7. At what stages of tanning are drums used?

8. What is put into drums with the hides?

9. What is inside, just a hollow, or some kind of jigger?

10. Where can I obtain a good herb doctor book?

11. I want to prepare various herbs and plants for home use, medicinal purposes.

Pend O. Reillie, Idaho.

A. Smokeless powder has many strengths, densities, properties. Nitro and other substances are used in making it, instead of old carbon black powder. It follows that some smokeless powders would blow an old Colts to smithereens if badly used. But using Co's recommendations will give you same power in smokeless as in black powders, and do away with the heavy fumes and smoke. That is, lets you see to make second and later shots when you're in a hurry.

2. Not the faster, stronger kinds in the old firearms which were made for black powder out of weaker metals.

3. Glue is an impure form of gelatin. Bone, skin, fish are used, as well as cowhorn and hooves. For good glue, you must have vacuum pans, boilers for pressure, and varied special and chemical skills and apparatus. The Indians simply boiled down hooves and horns. Processes you'll find described at length in encyclopedias under "Glue" and "Gelatin." First the fats are skimmed off the mixture. Then the glues and gelatines appear, and these are drained off, screened out of the mineral matters. The oils skimmed off are "neatsfoot" when hooves and horns are used. The higher qualities, the fine work, is done only with proper equipment by experienced students. The glue, for example, is chemically related to fruit jellies, and there are many kinds—a whole chemistry being involved, the treatment of boils under steam, in boiling water, with or without pressure bringing out the varied fats, oils, greases, mineral substances, jellies, etc. Merely for glue, it is cheaper to buy it.

4. This is the oil from hooved animals—the oil from the hooves, which rises to the surface when boiled, and is skimmed or run off.

5. A stout hoghead, ends braced in, and trap fitted in sides or ends, to remove the skins, turned on a shaft—that is a drum. A barrel will serve you for small skins, turned over for hours by power.

6. The process loosens and "breaks" or softens the fibres.

7. Drums are used after tanning to soften the pelts, hides, leathers.

8. Sometimes just the skins. By putting in various kinds of sawdust, the skins may be worked as with the bare feet of tanners—mahogany, maple, and other hardwood or non-resinous woods can be used. Sumac, chestnut, oak sawdusts for example would add tannin to the chrome tawed furs. Or to leathers. But one should study the effects of various wood juices, component parts, on furs and leathers in selecting the woods. Tanning, tawing, glossing, working skins is a life-time study.

9. Drum-users are often baffled by scratches and cuts in skins from drums. Nails, sharp corners, jerky "working" makes these leather and fur injuries. Generally no paddles or churn-dashers are inside, the rolling and falling of skins being enough.

10. There is none. Too many people spend their time doping themselves, when what they

need is a good line of grub to eat. The human race is starving for proper diet, and the right food will cure many ills. When you need medicine study your grub and change your diet.

11. Better get a cook book, and study food values of grains, meats, fruits, vegetables, etc. When you think you are ailing, figure on whether you are eating too much fat, grease, poorly cooked grub. When you need a doctor, get a real one. Or study Christian Science and think yourself well.

Q. My pal and I plan to go to Montana to trap. He has a friend who has permission to use a cabin.

2. Would it pay us to make the trip?

3. How much money will we need for bare expenses?

4. What outfit?

5. What would we need for two or three?

6. How about our clothes? Would those we use in Arizona do?

C. W. Roberts, Arizona.

A. Montana has a hundred thousand square miles. The conditions range from sage brush and alkali to dense green timber forest, from Missouri river bottoms to Bad Lands and huge Rocky mountain ranges. And I suppose there are about two hundred kinds of trapping from prairie dog and varmints to fine furs of the timber belts. And your cabin might tap any or none of these, for all I can guess.

2. Yes, if you take it's lessons to heart. I don't mean in money, for you might not trap a cent in fur.

3. Depends on conditions. Carfare, about 3c a mile, both ways. Then the supplies, the pounds of grub each per day. That means perhaps 40c each, a day, perhaps less. Then expenses of transportation, traps, etc. These are local and according to conditions, region. It might be \$2.50 a week, each, or \$10 a week each.

4. Well, one trapper in Montana has ten horses, 500 traps, a dozen cabins and probably \$5,000 worth of equipment. Another may get by with a dozen mink and marten traps. It all depends.

5. Protection from blizzards that sweep those high plateaus. Clothes and fuel for fires, plenty of grub.

6. Heavy woollens. Footgear that won't freeze your feet—woolen and loose. Lots of cowboys freeze feet with tight boots. And you need blankets, thick woolen shirts, extra. You would have to figure these from the conditions you are going into.

Q. Will dried fish be a good food for young dogs and how much of this sort of rations should be fed?

Otto Johnson, Wisconsin.

A. Dried fish are not suitable for dog food as the small bones frequently lodge in the throat and are very difficult to remove. Dogs that have fish bones in the throat will attempt to expel them by coughing. Fish meal may be fed and makes a very fine addition to other meat and bone meal which may be added to wheat bran and corn meal. To make a cooked food use one pint each of fish, meat and bone meal; two quarts each of bran and ground corn to which add water, milk or broth to make a dough and bake to a golden brown.

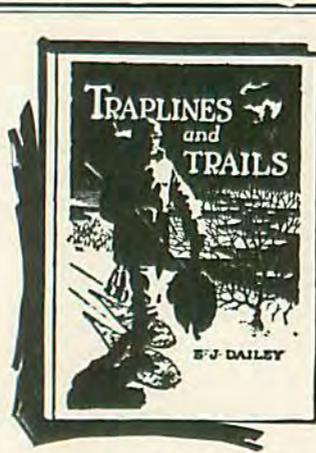
Q. Do you think if one feeds rabbits to foxhounds it would cause them to run, chew and eat them?

2. Would antiseptic have any effect on the dog's nose so it would spoil his scenting power when out in the field?

John Woodward, Kansas.

A. Rabbits should not be fed to hunting dogs as they will soon acquire the habit of chasing every rabbit that they have an opportunity to jump and when catching his prey devour it immediately. Dog will get the loose hair in his mouth and spoil him for other game which you may be seeking.

2. Care should be taken not to get any antiseptic, grease or bacon on dog's nose as it will prevent him from scenting game.

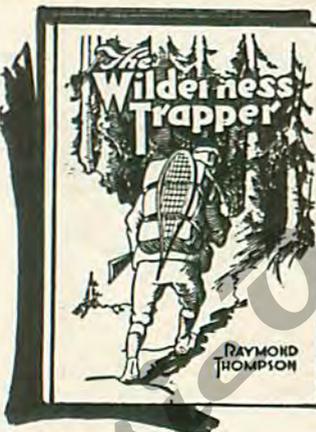


\$1.00 POSTAGE PREPAID

A Complete Manual On Trapping

Some of the latest methods and the handling of fur-bearers will be found therein. The author, E. J. Dailey, has made a life study of trapping and spent many years in the Adirondack Mountains, being well versed in outdoor pursuits. This book contains 242 pages, is bound in cloth and embellished with 54 illustrations of actual scenes taken on the trap line. A book every beginner of trapping should possess. The chapter on Carling and Marketing Furs is alone worth the price of the book.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
386 South Fourth St., Columbus, Ohio



\$1.00 POSTAGE PREPAID

A Book of Master Trapping Methods

There are sixteen chapters of practical wilderness trapping in this book by Raymond Thompson. It is valuable as a guide to the big woods. It tells of outfitting the wilderness trapper, the grub stake, fox trapping, war on wolves, beaver, lynx, marten and fisher trapping, the bear family, tracks and tracking, grading furs, caring for steel traps, firearms and snowshoes, etc. It is cloth bound, contains 226 pages, with many pictures and drawings of sets and tracks. Many favorable comments have already been received.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
386 South Fourth St., Columbus, Ohio

9. Where can I get a good map of Canada?
10. Where can I get a good map of New York?
11. Is there good trapping in the Salmon and Clear Water river country?
12. Is there good trapping in the Adirondacks, especially in the Raquette, Cold and Roaring Brook countries?
13. Do mink shy at human or iron scent?
14. Do they shy at the looks of a trap, not the scent?
15. What is a good set for mink?
16. Where can I get a good book on mink trapping?
17. Is anise oil a good scent for coon?
18. Is a mixture of one part anise, two parts fish and one part oil of rhodium a good scent for fox?
19. Is fish oil on raw meat a good scent for mink?

Donald McKinstry, Penn.

A. Department of Lands, Ottawa, Canada. You must remember, though, that only a small portion of Canada has been exactly surveyed, and that to cover Canada, you need about a hundred or two of maps.

2. U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. Ask for Index Sheet, and then pick topographical sheets for localities you want to study, as Raquette Lake, Canada Lake, etc. sheets.

3. Yes.
4. Yes. But only for those who know the region, its peculiarities and conditions, and the habits of the fur animals there. One must be a specialist in deep snow trapping to get anything in green timber Adirondacks—and for special kinds of animals, as pekan, otter, marten, mink, fox.

5. Yes, especially old and southern mink.
6. Yes. A mink sticks his paw to his nose at most human sets, from looks to smells.

7. A good set for mink must be set at its runway, with bait appropriate for the particular mink's appetite, with or without scent, and according to the season, region and conditions. If squirrels and rabbits are plenty, a mink may turn from fishing to hunting. If fish are plenty, the mink may pass up meat baits entirely. To trap mink, you should follow the tracks of ten or twelve different mink at least 100 miles, and 500 would be better, studying every detail, day tracks, night tracks (they differ a lot at times) and hunting, fishing, courting, playing places noted.

8. Nothing quite equals studying the locality. Then you should study Raymond Thompson's Wilderness Trapper, Dailey's Traplines and Trails. Both are especially good for Adirondack region conditions—which means of course all the green timber regions of the country.

9. The best, as a rule. More coons come to it than to any other.

10. When a fox got that mixture in his nose, he might give a yelp of astonishment and dismay, a vulpine laugh or a snort of amusement and curiosity. Use fish oil at streams, anise for curiosity or fascination, rhodium for temptation of appetite. I think this all around scent business is the bunk, in finest and most intelligent trapping. A man needs to use what's right for each particular point—and that means, always, brains, ideas, intelligence, figuring out the animal's particular habits right there.

11. I don't like fish gravy on my beef steak, personally. Maybe you have a mink on your beat which wants fish and beef mixed in a sausage, but my observation and belief is mink eat fish or they eat meat, and they pamper their appetites according to their personal ideas. And you'd better study their lives to learn their notions.

9. Is there such an animal as the black lynx?
2. Where does it occur?
3. Can the common Canadian lynx be tanned so it won't shed its fur?
4. What company will guarantee a tan so hair won't fall out?
5. Is there any species of lynx which cannot be tanned to hold fur?
6. Does dyeing of fur cause it to fall out?

J. Calvin Rutan, Penn.

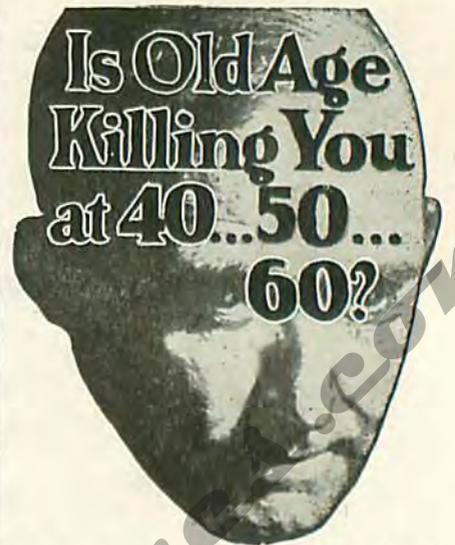
A. This is melanism, probably cause by inbreeding. The lynxes are generally pale to rufus.

2. Usually on islands, where animals inbreed. They are great wanderers, and do not often inbreed, except as indicated.

3. Fur falls out for two or three reasons. One is improperly handled by trapper, who allowed skin to decay. Or it was baked by sun. Or in tanning, the mordant, or alum or whatever is used to set the hair wasn't worked.

4. They won't till they have examined the skin. Most of the trouble is due to so-called "farmer handling" though not all of it. A lot of the trouble with furs is due to cheap chemicals and efforts to speed up tanning or tawing, dyeing and other manufacturing. And this poor work, done on low-grade furs, makes trouble for square dealers.

5. No.
6. Sometimes.



Are you aging too soon—getting up 5 to 10 times at night—is vitality ebbing steadily away—are you definitely on the down grade, half-living, blue, depressed—are you subject to chronic constipation, chronic fatigue, backache, foot and leg pains? Then look to the vital prostate gland!

New Facts About The PROSTATE GLAND

Do you think it is natural for a man to suffer at or beyond a certain middle age? In men past 40, do you know that these symptoms are often the direct result of prostate gland failure? Are you aware that these symptoms frequently warn of the most critical period of a man's life, and that prostate trouble, unchecked, usually goes from bad to worse—that it frequently leads to months and even years of fruitless treatment and even surgery—that it even threatens life itself?

Free to Men Past 40

No man past 40 should go on blindly blaming old age for these distressing conditions. Know the true meaning of these symptoms. Send for a new illustrated and intensely interesting booklet, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40," written by a well-known American Scientist, and see if these facts apply to you.

Natural Method

There is little or nothing that medicine can do for the prostate gland. Massage is annoying, expensive and not always effective. Now this scientist has perfected a totally different kind of treatment that you can use in the privacy of your own home. It employs no drugs, medicine, violet rays, diets or exercises. It stimulates the vital prostate gland in a new natural way, and it is as harmless as brushing your hair. 40,000 men have used it with remarkable results.

Swift Natural Relief

Letters pour in from every state and from many foreign countries. Now physicians and surgeons in every part of the country are using and recommending this non-medical treatment. So directly does this new safe treatment go to the prostate gland that noticeable relief often follows overnight. So remarkable are the results that you can test it under a guarantee that unless you feel 10 years younger in 6 days you pay nothing.

Scientist's Book Free

Send now for this Scientist's free book and learn these new facts about the prostate gland and old age ailments. This book is sent without cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon to The Electro Thermal Co., 8106 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

If you live West of the Rockies, mail your inquiry to The Electro Thermal Co. 303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 84-F LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Electro Thermal Co.,
8106 Morris Ave.,
Steubenville, Ohio.
Without obligation, kindly send me a free copy of "Why Men Are Old at 40."

Name

Address

City State

Button Rupture Newest Way [Without Pressure]



Science now advises discarding cruel, steel springs, barbarous leg straps, and other harness that "press against the rupture and thus prevent nature from healing it. A new method has been perfected, after thousands of test cases, called Magic Dot—entirely different from any other way. Instead of "pressing," it "seals" rupture, and of course allows users to run, jump, bend and cough in perfect safety.

Breathes Air

with this 1-25th oz. device is a new kind of pad, air-porous and washable. It actually breathes air, and cannot slip off the rupture—a feature, you'll frankly admit, that is lacking in your present appliance. In fact, it is so superior and different that it is praised by physicians as "an entirely new departure." Users report they have forgotten they are wearing it. But don't buy it yet.

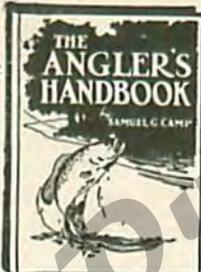
See It First

By a special arrangement, you can now have it sent to your home without obligation to wear it. Don't send a penny or order it now. Just write for full description of Magic Dot and details of this unusual "no obligation" offer. Tear out this ad now and write today, for quick relief.

New Science Institute
7449 Clay Street
Stuebenville, Ohio

Full of Fishing Lore and Fishing Facts

\$1.00 POSTAGE
PREPAID



A sound book by an authority on fishing. Mr. Camp has been a nationally recognized authority on angling for nearly twenty years. This is his latest and best book—a practical handbook covering all important phases of fresh water fishing written in the author's usual entertaining style. It tells of fly fishing for trout and bass, also bait casting and still fishing; where and how to fish. Fully illustrated from photographs and drawings; over 200 pages and bound in cloth.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER,
386 South Fourth St., Columbus, Ohio.

FURS

Big saving on furs made to order on skins of your catch. Largest tanning and dressing plant in the west. Master workmen. Rugs, Robes, Mounted Heads men's and women's fur garments—all guaranteed finest style and workmanship. Write today for FREE illustrated fur facts. **COLORADO TANNING & FUR DRESSING CO.** 1789 So. Broadway, Denver, Colo.

AVOCADO Groves pay enormous dividends, 100% or more. Largest planting in world—30,000 trees—commence bearing this year. Chance on ground floor, \$5 to \$500. Easy terms. Illustrated Book FREE. Avocado Park Groves, H.T.T. Miami, Florida.

Q. What is the best book published about the habits of wild fur animals?
2. Where can I obtain a book illustrating them and their tracks?
3. How go about studying the habits of wild animals?

H. S. Joyce, Canada.
A. There is no such book. The H-T-T line of books on trapping cover the subject from the trappers' viewpoint. But there is no one book that describes at all completely the things you wish to know. Dr. Cone's Fur-Bearing Animals covers the weasel tribe, otter and wolverine and ermines, etc., but mostly this is a talk about teeth and skulls, and a chapter about habits. Out of print, too.

2. The best is the issue of the National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D. C., which Fuerter illustrated and wrote. Shows animals in natural poses and surroundings. I've been gathering such material for years, to describe wild life from outdoor standpoint. But probably not worth while publishing as all anybody wants is the animals' hides, as a rule.

3. Following their tracks in the snow, mud, runways, etc. Then gathering all books about animals within scope of the study. Also, clipping every item in papers or magazines which give habits or actions of animals. I have collected probably 500,000 facts about fur-bearers in this way. But relationships of fur-bearers to birds, forests, mountains, deserts, to one another and to human students and killers is intricate and changes in every region, under every weather and seasonal condition.

Q. Where should I write to join the Calgary mounted police?

2. Name me a good post where I could offer my services?

3. What are the requirements?
A Six-Year-Reader of H-T-T, Te-as.

A. A letter addressed to Local Post, Mounted Police, Calgary, Canada, would get you information.

2. Posts throughout the northwest; name has recently been changed to Canada Mounted Police, I think, with Ottawa, Canada, headquarters.

3. Unless you are a Canadian or British citizen your quest is hopeless. They have only natives on this splendid force, whose record is proud. No reason why citizens of the United States should look for law enforcement work in foreign countries. There never was a time when branches of State, Federal, regional law enforcement departments of our country needed honest and heroic men so much as now. And it is not worth while pestering the hard-working, underpaid officials with inquiries, merely for sake of vagabonding desire for adventure and excitement. There is too much serious work needing to be done, without our hunting ground for soft snaps and ways of evading the duties we owe our communities in the way of private endeavor and public probity. I don't mean men who want to work for the government shouldn't go after the jobs. I just wish to hint that we should examine our desires and longings and make sure we are not dodging local duty in hope of getting something nice somewhere else.

Q. What direction and how far from Minneapolis to get good deer hunting?

2. What will be the expense for four or two weeks?

4. Would the Krag-Carbine be suitable?

5. What lead would I have to have on a deer running full speed?

6. What is the velocity of a 30 calibre?

7. When is the season open in Minnesota for big game?

8. Is it lawful to carry a side arm hunting big game?

A Subscriber, Minn.

A. This is largely a matter of choice and conditions sought. The best deer hunters prefer few deer and difficult to approach. Might as well shoot cows as deer in numbers and easily approached. Deer are found in all the big timber and cutover regions, and unsettled country. My advice is to go to the kind of region you like—cutover, virgin timber, hardwood, swamps and swales, lakes and streams, the far east glacial worn rough or the other types. Deer will be found in all the back regions.

2. Depends on what you know about cooking, camping, your style of outfit, whether you do a lot of toting, paddling, packing, etc. I suppose railroad fare plus about \$10 each a week. Guides, rents, hauling extra.

3. Guides are usually sublimated camp cooks. If you need somebody to point out the game, to find you when you get turned around, to tell you where to go and how to get there—well, personally, I prefer to go on my own and learn how myself.

4. Yes, if you know how to shoot it. It isn't the best or the worst.

5. You can't shoot running game till you can shoot and hit standing game. It is all poppycock, this talk about holding ahead and setting down on 'em to pop them over as they

run. The problem of holding ahead depends on how quickly you pull or jerk the trigger, how fast the hammer falls, how quickly you do get into the sights. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred a man is a fool to shoot at running deer. A good hunter almost never has to shoot at deer on the run. He ought to be able to find and see the game where it feeds or lies and shoot before the animal knows he is present. Any other kind of hunting isn't still-hunting, but noise-hunting. And my compliments to the men who can go alone into the woods, find and get their meat without having it driven to them, or shot for them, or found for them. No man should be allowed to brag his deer if somebody else got the game for him.

6. There are ten or fifteen velocities, from 1100 to 3000 or so.

7. Get the state laws from the state game warden after the close season for making laws by the state legislature.

8. A question of local law and practice. A 22 calibre side arm is good for grouse, rabbits, ducks, etc.

Q. Could you tell me how to find a ranch that would like to hire a steady man and wife by month or year?

2. Wife is a good cook.

3. We have a 13-year-old boy.

4. All in good health and are outdoor people.

5. We home-raised in North Dakota in 1900 and have had experience with small bunches of sheep, 500 to 700 head.

6. Would like to get into good water locality.

7. Have had considerable experience with other stock.

8. Also farming.

Bert High, N. D.

A. I've cut your questions up. We have to look at all phases in answering questions. We are not exactly outsiders as regards our friends and correspondents, but must be careful not to give wrong advice or miss the conditions submitted to us. Now you can find ranches a-plenty. Write to the Chamber of Commerce in the central town of the districts you wish to get into. Cheyenne, Rawlins, Cody, Casper, Wyoming, Butte, Round Up, Helena, in Montana, and foothill towns along the Rockies, both sides. You seem to be the type ranchers could well use. The local chambers of commerce secretaries are interested in placing workers, visitors and business people in the right places.

2. You might add mine town boarding houses to your list—small settlements in the back country.

3. I don't like to think of a boy growing up without having his right to schooling. I have myself settled far from my most preferred phases of outdoors to give one boy his education, and the other his trade—printing. I gave up—I give up—everything that I ought to in order to see that the other members of the family have their just dues.

4. That will count largely in your favor. The Cheyenne center of cattle, sheep regions can refer you to stock associations (Secretary Chamber of Commerce) who may have members seeking your kind of help.

5. This should make you valuable in summer grazing and winter feeding both. A central ranch should be your needs. Eastern Utah, if not too far away, as Duchesne, Ft. Duchesne, Vernal, Craig, Colorado, Saratoga, Wyoming, etc. Any map of Wyoming, Montana, Colorado will give you lists of towns to write to, making inquiries.

6. Out of the Rockies and spur mountains—fine water.

7. Cattle, sheep, goats (southwest) and some horses are available. You'll probably find what you want over on the head of Powder river, or thereabouts. That was the last of the open range, you know—wagons with the cattle herds.

8. This means irrigation projects, out here. You'll find lots of these chances all through eastern Montana, Wyoming, the foothills of Rockies in Colorado. The plains at the foot of the Rockies in Colorado, however, is fenced farming country, and not "outdoor" in our sense.

Q. My dog when out hunting sometimes takes spells of barking, runs around in a circle and when at home he also runs and jumps over the fence and then back again, runs into the house and jumps out of the window and acts crazy.

LaVern Fenwick, Ohio.

A. The ailment your dog has is running fits and is very common with young dogs. Frequently dogs have fits which come on suddenly, the animal runs as if being chased, froth issuing from mouth, quivering of the muscles, falls over, struggles, has fear and shows signs of fatigue. If dog is afflicted with this sort of disease get the "Running Fits" remedy (see ad) which will cure and prevent this sort of trouble and put dog in condition for hunting.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Advertisements under this heading will be inserted for 10c per word cash with order. Name and address count as part of the ad. No advertisement will be printed in which only the box number appears; full name and address must be given. No advertisement taken for less than \$1.00. All advertising must be in the mail not later than the 5th of the preceding month. Rate on display advertising will be sent on application. No display advertising however will be inserted in classified columns. We reserve the right to refuse any appeal to sportsmen will find a ready sale through these columns. Make use of them. The number of classified ads that appear in each issue is a silent testimonial of results. Advertisements appearing in these columns are not guaranteed.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS

RAY H. WRITE ME 408 MADISON STREET, Amarillo. I have good and sad news for you. Everything O.K. Steve at Pampa told me you had gone to California. Your loved ones, Katy and Elva.

BLUE FOXES HAVE FROM 5 TO 12 PUPS to a litter. Why not put a pair or two on the ranch and have a nice income? 1927 pups now ready. Snow Pass Fox Co., Petersburg, Alaska. (**)

MINKS RANCH RAISED FOR SALE. JOE Bellig, 522 Belgrade Ave., Mankato, Minnesota. (9-8-28)

REGISTERED BLUE AND SILVER FOXES. We stock your ranch or ranch your stock. Agents with our foxes have immediate income. Six bank references. Cleary Brothers, Fox Farms, Seattle, Washington. (1200 acres.) (5-10)

I AM NOW OFFERING A WIRE NET THAT we have used on my black Raccoon farm for several years for handling raccoons and other smaller animals. Every trapper and muskrat breeder should have one of these nets. Animals can be handled without injury and without danger to the operators. Price \$3.50 post-paid in U. S. A. — \$4.00 in Canada. Circular on breeding and care of raccoon, 25c. L. S. Russell, Cardington, Ohio. (**)

WILD RABBITS — JACKS AND COTTON- tails. Can furnish any number in season for restocking or coursing. My prices will interest you. Live delivery. Earl Johnson, Rago, Kansas. (**)

WANTED—LIVE MUSKRATS. NORTHERN Raccoon Farm, Fairfax, Minnesota. (7-6-28)

THREE VITAL FACTORS — GOOD DARK blue foxes — guaranteed to breed first year — reasonable price. Thompson Fox Farms, 2201 Emerson St., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Buy all you pelt 15 per cent over market price. (**)

MINK OF QUALITY—WE ARE ORIGINA- tors of the C. D. C. strain of breeding mink. They are improved Quebec and Nova Scotia stock. Dark and prolific. Write us your wants. Mink book, \$2.00. C. D. Charlton Fur Farms, Skyland, North Carolina. (**)

BOTH PROSPECTIVE AND PRESENT FUR farmers should get a copy of our book, entitled "Practical Fur Ranching." Contains about 200 pages and is fully illustrated with photos from a number of our leading fur ranches. Treats of the silver fox, mink, muskrat, skunk, raccoon, marten and fisher as completely as is practical. Price is only \$2.00 with postage paid. This is the price you are usually asked to pay for a treatise on any one of the above animals. Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio. (**)

WANTED—ALL FUR ANIMALS. STATE price for cash. D. S. Crowe, R. F. D. 1, Paterson, New Jersey. (**)

CURTIS FOR PRESIDENT. WHY? WRITE Gill, 6900 Kensington, Kansas City, Mo. (1-6)

MAKE MONEY FROM MUSKRAT FUR. Raise muskrats in dry land pens or hutches. Get facts. 612 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (**)

ANYONE LOOKING FOR MUSKRAT marshes should be sure to read the ads under our Homesteads and Lands heading.

I SELL, RAISE AND RANCH NORTHEAST- ern and Alaska Dark pen-raised Minks. Also Chinchilla Rabbits on cash or time payments. Martin Valleskey, Collins, Wisconsin. (2-7)

SPECIAL PRICES ON SILVER FOX. JUST a few pairs to sell. Prize winning blood. All stock registered. We were offered and received up to \$400 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Huber's Silver Fox and Game Farm, East High St., Fosteria, Ohio. (**)

BEAVERS FOR SALE — GOOD NORTHERN stock; now booking orders for fall delivery. Webber and Cross, Red Lodge, Montana. (3-8)

QUEBEC MINKS OF HIGHEST QUALITY. Stanstead Fur Farms, Stanstead, Quebec. (2-2-29)

MINKS OF THE FINEST. PEDIGREED, and from four to nine generations bred in pens. Selling at wholesale for next fall delivery. Only 20 per cent down with orders and balance next fall. Write to Pine Woods Fur Farms, Rathdrum, Idaho. (**)

IMPORTANT

Advertisements appearing in the classified columns are not guaranteed, however every precaution is taken to bar those of undesirable nature. The Publishers of Hunter-Trader-Trapper are glad to hold purchaser's money order or certified check made payable to the seller until the article advertised is found to be satisfactory.

FOR SALE — FINEST QUALITY SILVER and blue fox. Johnson Fur Farm, Spirit, Wisconsin. (3-6)

FOR SALE — EIGHTY CANADIAN GESE, one to six years old, very highgrade stock. Address Dayton A. Webster, 50 Vernon St., Brookline, Massachusetts. (3-6)

FOR SALE—JET BLACK RACCOON; ONLY pure strain in the United States. Illustrated circular on breeding and care, 25c. L. S. Russell, Cardington, Ohio. (**)

NOTICE! FINEST SILVER FOXES, DARK- est blue foxes, pedigreed minks; also martens and fishers for sale. Write Pine Woods Fur Farm, Rathdrum, Idaho. (**)

NORTHERN MONTANA MUSKRATS—OR- ders now taken for pen or ranch raised muskrats for September delivery. Sex and live delivery guaranteed. R. M. Davies, P. O. Box 902, Billings, Montana. (3-6)

PEAFOWL, PHEASANTS, BANTAMS, PI- geons, guineas, wild geese, ducks. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (3-6)

ALASKA MINKS, SUPER QUALITY NORTHERN Minnesota minks. Blue foxes, Alaska silvers. Best quality. Booking orders for spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minnesota. (5-6)

LIVE MUSKRATS. BEST COLOR, BEST quality. Over twenty years' experience. Live delivery guaranteed in Canada or United States. Brown's Muskrat Farms, Port Rowan, Ontario. (1-7)

CASH PAID FOR BUTTERFLIES, INSECTS. See Sinclair advertisement on page 84. (1-7)

SALE — RACCOON, SELECTIVE GRAY, eight years of careful breeding. Booking orders now for 1928 stock. Single, female, \$15.00; male, \$12.00, or \$25.00 a pair. Dewey Imler, Spencerville, Ohio. (4-6)

CROSS FOXES. ORDER NOW FOR FALL delivery. Foxy's Fox Farm, Greenfield, Ohio. (6-11)

FOR SALE—QUALITY RACCOONS, ZECHES Raccoon Ranch, Hazel Run, Minnesota. (4-6)

MINK FOR SALE—PEN RAISED. BOOK orders for July, August delivery. Henry J. Loehr, Hilbert, Wisconsin. (4-6)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT: FOR SALE— Fine Northern Minnesota muskrats, immediate delivery, special selected, \$15.00 pair. Ordinary selected, \$12.00 per pair. Rock Lake Fur Farm, Joseph Hengel, Prop., Staples, Minnesota. (4-6)

MINK — BEST NORTHERN MISSISSIPPI Valley minks. Select stock. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Homer, Minnesota. (4-9)

CHOICE ALASKA, VERMONT AND QUEBEC mink. Raised right, fed right. Information free to parties ordering 1928 young. Frank C. Gother, Anthon, Iowa. (4-6)

MINK—BRED RIGHT, FED RIGHT, priced right. Will start you. Golden Rule Fur Farm, Lyons, Nebraska. (4-6)

WANTED—MANY RED FOX CUBS. STATE lowest price. Emil Blank, Decatur, Illinois. (5-6)

BIG, DARK, LUSTY ALASKAN MINKS, product of eight generations of careful breeding in pens. Booking orders for a limited number for first of September delivery. Stock with the best for success. C. E. Duval Fur Farm, Oxford, Nebraska. (5-6)

WANTED TO BUY THREE CUB BEARS. Mr. Andrew Feay, 119 Thorn St., Reading, Pa. (5-6)

JOIN US — RAISE SILVER AND BLUE foxes co-operatively. No capital. Small monthly dues. Money back guarantee. 10c brings our official publication, Trappers' League, Richmond, Maine. (5-6)

WANTED—FIFTY PAIRS OF SILVER FOX that are "killers" or have lost their pups from any other cause, to ranch for half of the increase. Your only expense is express and a fifteen dollar quarantine charge. Battle Mountain Fox Farm, Battle Mountain, Nevada. (5-6)

MUSKRATS — PRACTICAL HINTS ON breeding and raising in pens by a breeder. Chapter on habits, food, sex trouble eliminated forever, breeding, nests, care of the young, lice and diseases, pens, tanning. I was the first to show tame muskrats at an exhibition. Also sketch of automatic springless trap; will catch any number, can be made at home, price \$1.50. A. McKinlay, Amherst, N. S., Canada. (5-7)

GENUINE BLACK RACCOONS FOR SALE. One of the oldest and blackest strains in United States. Guaranteed to please. Albert Pioch, South Haven, Michigan. (5-10)

COMFREY FUR FARM IS NOW BOOKING orders for June, July and August delivery. Some of the finest dark Northern mink, raccoon, skunk, muskrats; silver, blue, cross and red fox. We invite anyone who is interested in starting a fur farm to call at our ranch and see for yourself that all of our stock is of finest quality. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minnesota. (5-10)

PAPPIO MINK SEVEN GENERATIONS pure bred. Booking orders for 1928 young. Dr. Warta, Omaha, Nebraska. (5-10)

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COONHOUNDS—REAL COONHOUNDS THAT have got twenty to thirty coon this season. Particulars and photo 10c. Deposit your money in your bank for trial. Alva Moffet, Memphis, Missouri.

COONHUNTERS, IF YOU BUY SKIP, I PAY express; he is four years old, a finished cooner, takes icy water and trees 85 per cent of his trails. A perfect tree barker. Deposit \$45.00 for a 30 days trial. Lube Beadles, S236, Mayfield, Kentucky.

COONHOUND PUPPIES FROM REGISTERED Walker bitch sired by one of the best black and tan coonhounds in the state; record of bitch and sire—twelve coons and fourteen opossums in six nights. Hilmar Lassen, Tama, Iowa.

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FOR SALE—ONE FINISHED FOUR-YEAR- old coonhound, full blooded redbone, wide ranger, open trailer, water worker and an honest to goodness tree dog. If you buy Lake at \$15.00 I will pay express. Shipped on 30 days trial. Lube Beadles, S231, Mayfield, Kentucky.

FOR SALE—ONE HIGH CLASS FINISHED male coonhound, four years old, as good as hunts the hills and swamps of Georgia, over \$200.00 worth of game caught last season, \$45.00 buys him on 30 days prepaid trial. Dorace Scott, D121, Calhoun, Georgia.

LITTER FROM \$300 PAIR BUGLE-VOICED straight cooners, will start, trail, tree coon when one year old or money back guaranteed. Howard Robart, Scribner, Nebraska.

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SALE—CHEAP, PUPS FROM REAL COON- ers, will run this fall. Write T. M. Beavers, Blakeslee, Ohio.

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COON AND COMBINATION HOUNDS; squirrel dogs, young hounds, well started. Trial. I have the dog you want. Clair Carr, Morrilton, Arkansas.

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AS WE ARE GOING TO HUNT BONES, HIS litter mates and his puppies this coming season we will sell six mighty good coon and some combination dogs at from \$75.00 to \$225.00. Robinson and Warner, Petersburg, Ohio.

COONHUNTERS—WHEN YOU WANT COON- hounds give us a trial. We will satisfy you. Boroughs Coonhound Farms, Statesboro, Georgia.

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FOR SALE—WALKER PUPS, COON BRED, \$5.00 apiece. H. Winter, Elgin, Minnesota.

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FOR SALE—WELL BRED COONHOUND pups, shipped C. O. D. reasonable prices. Harry Thompson, Pekin, Indiana.

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE FOR WORMS—A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs. This drug was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and is as effective as carbon tetrachloride but considered safer to use in cases of running-barking fits and hook and round worms; in capsules for dogs and puppies. \$1.00 postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept 13, Quincy, Illinois. (**)

RUNNING FITS STOPPED AND WORMS removed in one treatment. Tetrachlorethylene has probably cured more cases of running fits than all the other fit remedies put together. Revilo Tetrachlorethylene is the safest wormer known. Safe for puppies three weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies. \$1.00 postpaid. Oliver Products Company, Dept. 7, Quincy, Illinois. (**)

DOG OWNERS, STOP RUNNING FITS IN three days, harmless remedy, guaranteed cure or money refunded. Send \$1.00 with order. Reference, First National Bank, C. Scott, S101, Mayfield, Ky.

MANGE CURE AND FLEA KILLER, guaranteed, \$2.00 a gallon. Zemo Chemical Company, Independence, Missouri. (6-7)

ATTENTION! FITS CURED. BEST remedy on earth for running, barking fits. Quick, astonishing results, \$1.00. Eva Schotten, Hubbard, Ohio.

DOGS TRAINED AND BOARDED

HOUNDS BOARDED AND TRAINED, REA-sonable. Beck's Boarding Kennels, JC12, Herrick, Illinois.

HAVE ROOM FOR FEW MORE COON-hounds and bird dogs, summer boarding and training only \$10.00 per month. Frye's Kennels, Finger, Tennessee.

EAGLE TAILS

SHIP US EAGLE TAILS, WINGS, GRIZZLY bear claws, Indian curios, stone age relics. Highest prices. Trappers House, 444 East 42nd St., Chicago. (3-8)

FEATHERS

WANTED—EAGLE TAILS, STONE RELICS, Indian curios of every description. Albert Heath, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (**)

FERRETS

FERRETS — BRED FEMALES A SPECIALTY. Walter Soldan, Seventeenth St., Wheeling, West Virginia.

ANTIQUÉ FIREARMS

WANTED—OLD TIME COLT AND REMINGTON revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-8)

FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION

GUN SALE—10 GAUGE DOUBLE. BOX OF shells, \$7.00; 12 gauge double hammer gun, \$9.00; 12 gauge ejector single, good shooter, \$4.50; 12 gauge ejector single, fine, \$6.00; 12 gauge ejector 26 inch Long Tom, \$9.50; 10 gauge single goose gun, box of No. 2 Turkey loads, \$15.00; Iver Johnson 16 gauge, raised rib, fancy checkered, ejector single, 100 loaded shells, \$15.00; Winchester 410 single, box of shells, perfect new, \$11.50; 1873 Winchester 32-20 repeater, box of cartridges, \$12.50; Fancy Belgium 12 gauge double hammer-gun, barrels government tested, new, \$35.00; 12 gauge Winchester lever action repeater, \$25.00; 12 and 10 gauge brass shells, new, regular, \$3.00, sell per box, \$1.50; two 45-90 Winchester and Marlin repeaters, each with box of cartridges, \$25.00; 25-20 Winchester octagon repeater, fired seventeen times, \$23.00; Remington 22 regateer, \$6.50; 10 gauge Parker double hammergun, 100 loaded shells, \$25.00; Spencer 12 gauge hammerless pump, \$15.00; Colts 45 calibre revolver, 5 1/4 inch, \$17.50; 22 Savage high-power takedown, like new, Marbles folding rear sight, bead front, new takedown case, \$35.00; Winchester 30-06 takedown, 1895 big game rifle, like new, box of cartridges, takedown case outfit, \$58.00; Winchester 30-06, 1895, solid frame, combination front sight, graduated receiver peep sight, fine canvas case, box of cartridges, \$55.00; 30-06 Springfield sporter, checkered pistol grip and forearm, 40 cartridges, new case, \$55.00; Marlin model 39, 22 take down, fancy checkered target peep tang sights, box of Kleanbore long rifle cartridges, takedown canvas case, outfit, \$35.00. Send money orders, N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minnesota.

FOR SALE—PARKER SHOTGUN 16-26, 200 shells, \$35.00, perfect. E. L. DeVere, 2707 Mildred Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

BARGAINS THAT ARE BONA-FIDE — I will trade, buy or sell guns, rifles, revolvers. All makes and lowest prices. Send stamps for big bargain list. Oldest and most reliable dealer in U. S. Established for over 60 years. Money saved, prompt service. Wm. R. Burkhard, 143 E. Fourth St., St. Paul, Minnesota. (**)

LOADING TOOLS, MOLDS, SCALES — Measures for metallic cartridges and 410 shot shells, also M. J. Bullets, primers and cases. Handbooks and catalog, 10 cents. Modern Bond Corp., 321 W. Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (**)

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, FISHING tackle. I will trade, buy or sell all makes. Write for special cash prices on new guns. Send stamps for big bargain list. The "Reliable Gun Man" will save you money and give you prompt service. Emil C. Novotny, 324 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minnesota. (1-6)

SPORTSMEN'S EXCHANGE — WE BUY, sell and exchange guns, rifles, revolvers, cameras, field glasses, binoculars, etc., and will pay the best prices. Wanger, 5227 Market St., Philadelphia, Penna. (**)

MEXICAN MADE HOLSTERS, CARTRIDGE belts, horsehair articles, rattlesnake belts. Send four cents for list. Tex-Mex Leather Company, 312 Everson Bldg., Houston, Texas.

FOR SALE—TWO REMINGTON 30 EX- press rifles, 30-06 calibre, No. 1 Lyman 48, No. 2 factory sights, \$40.00 and \$35.00. Both new last December. Bargain. Oliver Magnuson, Sours, North Dakota.

SELL—30-06 CARTRIDGES, \$2.00 PER hundred. Send stamps for gun list. Chas. H. Miller, Ransom, Kansas.

FOR SALE—WINCHESTER TRAP GUN; also M. Baugh & Lomb binoculars. W. Clark, Milan, Illinois.

REMINGTON AUTOMATIC 12, FULL PER- fect with case, \$40.00; Reising 22 automatic, A-1, Heiser holster, \$25.00; new six foot National fifty pound longbow, quiver, arm guard, dozen hunting and flight arrows, \$22.00. R. Glover, Centerville, Mass.

SAVAGE 22 AUTOMATIC AND 25-20 Sporter with tools, primers, empty's; want 20 gauge Remington or Savage G kit, 45 Colt automatic for 22 automatic Colt or Reising, all No. 1. Theodore Snyder, Levels, West Virginia.

COLTS 45 AUTOMATIC, SHIPPED C. O. D., \$17.50. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wisconsin.

SALE—20 GAUGE, DOUBLE BARREL LE- fever, new, \$25.00; 12 gauge, double barrel, \$8.00; biaspice, \$3.50. Stanley Moen, Inwood, Iowa.

MARLIN 25-20, GOOD CONDITION, CASE Sell or trade for hi-power Savage. Henry Schultz, Barron, Wisconsin.

FOR SALE—30-20 WINCHESTER, GOOD

as new, \$20.00. Elna Hartwell, Oregon, Wisconsin.

250-3000 SAVAGE, PERFECT; CASH OR exchange for Parker. H. C. Wiley, Purcellville, Virginia.

45 COLT AUTOMATIC, VERY FINE, \$18.50; 45 Colt 1917, very good, \$15.50; 38 Smith & Wesson special, holster and belt, very fine, \$21.00. E. Thomson, 23 Pinckney, Greenville, South Carolina.

SALE—45 COLT AUTOMATIC, \$17.50; 45-70 Sharps-Borchardt rifle, \$15.00; 35 Smith & Wesson automatic pistol, blued, very fine, \$18.50; modern and obsolete cartridges; also cartridges for collectors. W. S. Lutz, 2133 Cypress St., Philadelphia, Penna.

FOR SALE—WINCHESTER 22 CALIBRE, 52 target rifle, new, aperture front sight, sling strap, 400 long rifle cartridges, \$35.00; Remington model 12C, 22 calibre, new, Lyman peep, 400 long rifle cartridges, \$25.00. B. F. McClelland, 722 Loretta Ave., Toronto, Ohio.

BARGAIN — BRAND NEW WINCHESTER model 53 25-20, peep sights; two boxes cartridges. Price \$20.00. No trade. William Shotten, Jr., Hubbard, Ohio.

COLTS 22 AUTOMATIC, NEW CONDITION, \$20.00. Austin McCune, Trimble, Ohio.

SELL WINCHESTER 10 GAUGE, 32 INCH full choks, duck and goose gun, brand new in factory grease, never fired, first money order, \$65.00. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minnesota.

SELL HIGH GRADE 8 AND 10 BORES, W. Greener, Parker, W. Scott, Charles Daly, Smith single trigger, Pefeever, Moore and Harris, Spencer; also 50 other shotguns. Printed firearms list, 10c. N. P. Frayseth, Minnesota.

FISHING SUPPLIES

SOUR CLAMS—BEST CATFISH BAIT, TWO pounds postpaid \$1.00. "Doughball," guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid for \$1.00. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (**)

FISHLINE SINKERS, CAST YOUR OWN. All popular sizes. Complete instructions with mold, \$1.00. Dolph Manufacturing Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (4-5)

FISHERMEN! SPORTSMEN! FIFTY DOUGH- ball baits for fishing and recipe for making same with instructions. 50c postpaid. Henry Bergman, Box 9, Springfield, Missouri.

FISHERMEN—LIVE BAIT, BELGRAMITES, \$1.25 per dozen, cash with orders. Jacob Thonis, North Vernon, Indiana.

KICKAPOO LURE MAKES THEM BITE when everything else fails, nothing like it. Fish just can't resist it, \$1.00 postpaid. Two old fishing secrets included free, satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Charles Davis, Box 202, Rutland, Massachusetts.

REAL TROUT BAIT, WILL GROVER, Bristol, Vermont. Testimonial, "Your trout bait beats anything I ever tried. Rollin Tarceter, Brandon, Vermont." (6-7)

CATCH QUANTITIES OF BASS, TROUT, pickerel, etc. Wonderful bait 10c. Luft Bait Company, Hermansville, Michigan.

FOX HORNS

FOX HORNS — 30 DAYS' TRIAL, MONEY back guarantee. Illustrated booklet, Aaro Vark Shop, 2513 Lincoln Ave., Box 61, Chicago, Illinois. (1-6)

HELP WANTED AND INSTRUCTION

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES—EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50, make \$1.25. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Company, Dept. 175, East Orange, New Jersey.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKING sparkling glass name and number plates. Checkerboards, signs, big book and sample free. E. Palmer, 527, Wooster, Ohio. (**)

NO DULL TIMES SELLING FOOD, PEOPLE must eat. Federal distributors make big money; \$3,000 yearly and up. No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. We furnish you with sample case, license and FREE SAMPLES for customers—Sure repeat orders. Exclusive territory. Ask now! Federal Pure Food Co., P2307 Archer, Chicago. (**)

GOVERNMENT FOREST RANGERS, \$125- \$200 month. Quarters furnished. Enjoy the outdoors. Particulars and "How to Qualify" free. Write Instruction Bureau, 352 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., immediately. (1-12)

MEN WISHING TO ENTER DINING, sleeping car service as conductors, porters, waiters, write 123 Railway Exchange, Kansas City. (**)

AGENTS—WE START YOU IN BUSINESS and help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Spare or full time. You can earn \$50.00 to \$100.00 weekly. Write Madison Co., 560 Broadway, New York. (9-8-28)

EARN \$25.00 WEEKLY SPARE TIME, writing for newspapers and magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book, "How to Write for Pay," free. Press Reporting Inst., 1276, St. Louis, Missouri. (1-12)

GOVERNMENT FOREST RANGERS NEED- ed frequently \$125.00 to \$200.00 a month. Quarters furnished. Enjoy the outdoors. Particulars free. Write Ozment, 382 St. Louis, Missouri, immediately. (**)

YOU ARE WANTED TO RESILVER MIR- rors at home. Immense profits plating auto parts, tableware, etc. Write for information, Sprinkle, Plater, 70, Marion, Indiana. (4-9)

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY, EX- cellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. American Detective System, 2195 Broadway, New York. (5-10)

BECOME AUTO MECHANICS, EARN \$1900 year. Sample lessons free. Write immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. E408, Rochester, New York.

MEN—BIG PAY WORKING ROMANTIC wealthy South America. Fare, expenses paid. South American Service, 14,509 Alma, Detroit, Michigan.

\$20.00 DAILY, EASY, INTRODUCING amazing gasoline tonic. Every motorist buys over and over. Experience unnecessary. Amazing profits. Investigate. Darrell, 730 N. Hays, Jackson, Tennessee.

BIG PROFITS, SELL ELLIOTT'S RUG cleaner, cleans sixteen \$312 rugs. Send 25c for sample. Elliott & Company, Bristol, Penna.

MEN—GET FOREST RANGER JOB; \$125- \$200 month and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 1479 Temple Court, Denver, Colorado.

MAIL CARRIERS, CLERKS, RAILWAY postal clerks, \$178.00 to \$225.00 month. Steady jobs. Men, 18-45. Sample coaching free. Write immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. E90, Rochester, New York.

GET INTO ADVERTISING, LEARN quickly at home. Experience unnecessary. New East plan. No text books used. Practical work. Old established school. Send name and address for interesting free booklet. Page-Davis School of Advertising, Dept. 712A, 3601 Michigan, Chicago. (6-5-29)

HOMESTEADS AND LANDS

SELL YOUR PROPERTY QUICKLY FOR cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman, Dept. 5, Lincoln, Nebraska. (11-18-28)

\$5.00 DOWN, \$5.00 MONTHLY — 5 ACRE fruit, poultry, fur farm, river front; Ozarks; \$100.00. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Henry Hubbard, 1973 N. Fifth, Kansas City, Kansas. (6-12)

MUSKRAT OR FUR FARM LANDS, \$10.00 down, \$10.00 monthly. Harry R. Bradley, 294 West Irving St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (4-9)

CHIPPEWA AND NAMAKAGON RIVER frontage, also farming land well located; land with small lakes and streams. All \$10 per acre, easy terms. Write for circular. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wisconsin. (4-6)

FOR SALE — NEW LOG COTTAGE FUR- nished three acres on beautiful lake, Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan. (4-6)

FOR SALE OR RENT, FURNISHED COT- tage, farms, ginseng gardens. Fred Shearer, Custer, Michigan.

SELL MY 100-ACRE FARM, CUTS 100 TON tame hay. Good building, 20 acres muskrats, Mink pens, live traps, etc. Also 1200-acre muskrat swamp. Travis Eastham, Crosby, Minnesota. (5-6)

FOR SALE—LAND IN THE ARROW HEAD country of Northeastern Minnesota. Along the north shore of Lake Superior in the big game district. Wild lands, timber lands, lake frontage and some improved farms. Ben Robertson, Grand Marais, Minnesota.

196 ACRE STOCK FARM, GENERAL store, home, poultry farms. Vol Brashears, Combs, Arkansas.

MUSKRAT AND BEAVER FARMS, GET free list. DeCoudees, Bloomingdale, Michigan.

FOR SALE—COTTAGE IN COUNTRY CLUB. Good hunting, fishing privilege, thirty miles from Cleveland. Write Jos. H. Oswald, 225 E. 156th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MOUNTAIN RANCH—159 ACRES, 19 MILES from north gate of Yellowstone Park; two and one-half miles from railroad station, Gallatin National forest one mile; Absoraka eight miles; excellent hunting and trout fishing; ideal for hunting lodge or marten fur farm. \$25.00 per acre. Terms. Owner, D. M. Tate, Hickory, Virginia, Route 2.

BUY, SELL, EXCHANGE REALTY EV- erywhere. E. Crippen, Grovespring, Missouri. (Stamp.)

MUST SELL MY SUMMER HOME, LAKES, woods, trout stream. Fred Shearer, Custer, Michigan.

FOR SALE—160 ACRES WILD TIMBER land with one-half mile lake frontage in Northern Minnesota. Deer, moose, bear and good trapping, good resort or fur farm location. L. F. Wilmer, Pearl City, Illinois.

HONEY

WHITE CLOVER EXTRACTED HONEY 60 pounds \$7.50; 10 pounds, \$1.50; 5 pounds, 75c. Lee Waller, Durand, Illinois. (5-6)

INDIAN GOODS AND BEAD WORK

BEADED HAT BANDS, HEADBANDS, necklaces, \$2.50; watch fobs, \$1.00; war clubs, \$3.50; pipes, \$5.00. "Everything Indian." Blankets, costumes, prehistoric relics; birch-bark canoe and catalogue, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. T. T., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (6-11)

INDIAN GOODS, CURIOS, MINERALS, coins, stamps, fossils, shells, butterflies, archery, 1,000 article catalogue 10c (none free). Indiancraft H. Company, 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, New York. (**)

INSECTS WANTED

CASH PAID FOR BUTTERFLIES, INSECTS. See Sinclair advertisement on page 64. (1-7)

MEDICAL

THE PILL THAT WILL—NEW WAY restorative for men. Absolutely amazing results. \$1.00 proves it. Address Dr. Roberts, 45 Roberts Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. (**)

HAY FEVER, CATARRH, ASTHMA, ALL nasal and throat infections. Instantaneous relief. Use Haro-Kold, the scientific nasal and throat treatment. Sample sent receipt 10 cents coin. Haro-Kold Chemical Co., New Haven, Connecticut. (**)

OBTAIN SUPER HEALTH, BANISH DIS- ease. Greatest Hindu breathing secrets on earth. Send \$1.00 instructor. A. L. Bradley, Box 199, Savannah, Georgia. (3-7)

FREE—BOOKLET, FACTS ABOUT HY- giene, also key to health, and personal information, for 2c stamp. Hygiene Health Co., Box A, 1153, Chicago. (**)

I-VY, OAK, SUMACH POISONING—DON'T suffer. Immediate relief guaranteed. 4 oz. I-Vex by mail, 50c U. S. money order, don't send coin. Remo Laboratory, Box 144, Elizabeth, New Jersey. (6-7)

MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS

GINSENG SEED \$2.00, 1,000; GINSENG 1600. \$1.25; also plants. C. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (**)

WILD GOLDEN SEAL PLANTS, 50c DOZEN \$2.00 hundred, \$12.00 thousand. Louis Owen, 1582 Highland Ave., Springfield, O.

FREE BOOKLET: GINSENG, GOLDEN Seal Roots and Herbs, all about growing, gathering, selling. Get yours today. O. Twitchell, West Milan, New Hampshire.

GINSENG, GOLDEN SEAL ROOTS, 20, \$1.00; 100, \$2.00. Very profitable to grow. Vol Brashears, Combs, Arkansas.

MOTORCYCLES

USED-REBUILT MOTORCYCLES. ALL makes, guaranteed. Terms, Supplies, parts. Catalog free. Floyd Clymer, Denver, Colorado. (5-10)

PARTNER WANTED

PARTNER FOR TOURING IN CAR START- ing August. Must be all-around good sport and have some money. Willard Rude, Decatur, Iowa.

OLD COINS AND CURIOS

\$2.00 TO \$500.00 EACH PAID FOR HUN- dreds of old or odd coins. Keep all old money; it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated coin value book. 4x5. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clark Coin Company, Desk 10, Leroy, New York. (**)

CALIFORNIA GOLD \$1/4 SIZE 27c; 3/2 SIZE 52c. Russia bill and catalog, 10c. Norman Schultz, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (**)

PATENTS

INVENTIONS—SEND SKETCH OR MODEL for advice and exact cost of patent. Ask for our free book. "How to Obtain a Patent." Tells what every inventor should know. Established twenty-eight years. Highest references. Prompt service. Reasonable charges. Chandice & Chandice, 481 Seventh, Washington, D. C. (12-10-23)

PATENT-SENSE—VALUABLE BOOK FREE for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Lacey & Lacey, 755 P. St., Washington, D. C. Established 1860. (12-11-28)

PERSONAL

THE CIRCLE, RENO, NEVADA, BOX 77H help you; early happy marriages. Large number of lady members who like the great outdoors. Honest confidential service. Positive results before fee. (**)

MARRIAGE GUARANTEED IN SIX months. Photos, addresses, descriptions, free. Mrs. C. Floyd, Hinsdale, Illinois. (4-10-28)

MARRY—FREE DIRECTORY, PHOTOS, DE- scription, many wealthy (sealed). Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 48, Kansas City, Missouri. (1-12-28)

WIFE GUARANTEED EVERY MAN JOIN- ing my club. Photos, addresses free. Bertha U. Floyd, Western Springs, Illinois. (1-6)

MARRY—FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 19, Kansas City, Missouri. (7-6-28)

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE—PHOTOS, DE- scriptions, many wealthy, matrimonially inclined, mailed free. Cupid's Columns, St. Paul, Minnesota. (**)

BRITISH GIRLS SEEK AMERICAN HUS- bands. Proposition 10c. Clan, 16 Cambridge St., London, S. W., England. (1-12C)

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE, IF sincere write Mrs. F. Willard, 3004 North Clark, Chicago, Illinois. Stamp appreciated. (1-6)

MARRY—WRITE FOR BIG NEW DIREC- tory with photos and descriptions free. National Agency, Dept. J, Kansas City, Missouri. (6-7)

PRETTY AND CHARMING LADY, wealthy, but lonely, would marry. Fern Gray, Station B, Cleveland, Ohio. (**)

MANY RICH, ATTRACTIVE CLUB MEM- bers desire early marriage. Descriptions "sealed." Doris Dawn, East Cleveland, Ohio. (**)

WEALTHY YOUNG MAN TIRED LIVING alone, would marry. Write Club, Box 1156, Station B, Cleveland, Ohio. (**)

LONESOME; 25 PHOTOS, 150 DESCRIP- tions, 25 names, addresses, 25c. Cecil Collins, TT-211, Vancouver, Washington. (3-8)

LONELY? MEET YOUR SWEETHEART. Receive interesting letters, photos. Names, descriptions, free. Stella Braun, 353 W. 47th, Chicago. (6-7)

GIRLS IN MEXICO, CUBA, PORTO RICO, etc., want correspondents. Booklet, photos, particulars, dime, stamps. International, Dept 56, Box 670, Havana, Cuba. (**)

FIRESIDE, DECENT AND SENSIBLE LA- dies. Many Germans. Personal. Sealed letters. Descriptions free. Box 2248, Denver, Colorado. (6-7)

MARRY—CORRESPOND WITH CHARMING refined ladies wishing to marry; many worth \$1,000 to \$50,000; postage appreciated. Address, Prof. Ward, Box 674, Valley, Nebraska. (6-7)

MARRY IF LONELY—MOST SUCCESSFUL "Home Maker," hundreds rich. Confidential. Reliable. Descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California. (6-11-25)

ANYONE DESIRING MARRIAGE PLEASE write H. Chambers, Beulah, Manitoba, Canada. (6-11-25)

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIREC- tory and description of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 15, Kansas City, Missouri. (1-12-28)

LONELY HEARTS—JOIN OUR CLUB, THE world's greatest social extension bureau. We have a companion or sweetheart for you. Correspondents everywhere. Many worth \$5,000 to \$50,000. Photos, descriptions, introductions, free. Send no money. Standard Correspondence Club, Grayslake, Illinois. (6-7)

SINGLE, WRITE ME! HAVE LADIES worth \$50,000, \$100,000, \$165,000; gentlemen \$200,000, \$200,000, \$300,000 desiring marriage. Free hundreds descriptions. Florence Mirton, Box 100, Detroit, Michigan. (6-7)

EXCHANGE LETTERS—MAKE NEW friends. Ladies, gentlemen. Private introductions. Particulars free. Goodfellowship Club, Reading, Penna. (6-7)

KNOW YOUR FUTURE. LET ME TRY and locate your future mate; will send name and address. Send stamped self-addressed envelope and birthdate, Adel, Dept. 13, Box 160, Station C, Los Angeles, California. (6-7)

PRETTY GIRL, WEALTHY, ROMANTIC, craves friendship. Please write. S-Club, 39, Oxford, Florida. (6-7)

MARRY—WEALTHY, HONORABLE MEM- bers everywhere. Mae Crippen, Grovespring, Missouri. (Stamp.) (6-7)

WANT A CHARMING SWEETHEART? I guarantee you one. Write today. Lola Lucas, Box 1179, Chicago. (6-7)

WANT A CHARMING, WEALTHY PAL? I guarantee one. List free. Helen Walker, Jackson Park Sta., Chicago. (6-7)

LONESOME? 24 PHOTOS, 100 NAMES, addresses. Descriptions complete 25c. Rose Blossom, B-349, Portland, Oregon. (6-8)

MARRIAGE PAPER—BIG ISSUE WITH DE- scriptions, photos, names, addresses 25c. No other fee. Send sealed. Monitor, Box 2265-M, Boston, Massachusetts. (6-7)

PREHISTORIC RELICS

SHIP EVERYTHING IN FINE STONE AGE specimens; Indian curios for cash return mail. Specimens for sale. Amecind Museum, 444 East 42nd St., Chicago, Illinois. (6-11)

INDIAN CURIOS, STONE AGE SPECIMENS, antique guns, pistols, and daggers from all parts of the world. Illustrated list 10c. N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. (6-7)

PRINTING

PRINTING—250 BOND LETTERHEADS OR envelopes, \$1.25. W. E. Moyer Supply House, Milton, Penna. (6-7)

PRINTED 200 NAME, CARD OR ENVEL- ope, \$1.00. Ellison Print Company, 205 Farnsworth Ave., Aurora, Illinois. (6-7)

FUR RABBITS

PEDIGREED FLEMISH GIANTS, GUARAN- teed. Close Rabbit Farm, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-8)

FOR SALE—BEST QUALITY CHINCHILLA rabbits; pedigree stock, type and color guaranteed. Under three months, \$5.00; three to five months, \$10.00; six to eight months, \$15.00; over eight months, bred, \$20.00. Hobart Fur Farms, Hobart, Indiana. Box 431. (**)

MAKE BIG PROFITS WITH CHINCHILLA rabbits. Real money makers. Write for facts, Conrad's, 812 California Bldg., Denver, Colorado. (**)

CHINCHILLA RABBITS, FANCY STOCK, pedigree, eligible to register, satisfaction guaranteed or money back. For sale cheap. Walter D. Campbell, Homer, Michigan. (4-3-29)

SILVER BLACK FOX RABBITS, REAL quality. Thos. Broden, Rush Lake, Wisconsin. (4-9)

SILVER BLACK FOX RABBITS, ALGERS Fashionable Fur Farm, Waukau, Wisconsin. (3-8)

RAISE FUR RABBITS, CHINCHILLAS, Flemish Giants, New Zealand. Booklet 10 cents. Makranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Penna. (6-7)

SILVER FOX FUR RABBITS, THE BIG black silver tip fellows that are so hard to get. J. Smith, Yelm, Washington. (4-6)

COLONIAL PEDIGREED CHINCHILLAS, three months old, pairs \$8.50. Free list. Colonial Rabbitry, Watertown, New York. (5-6)

CHINCHILLAS FROM REGISTERED STOCK—Healthy, well furred and colored, raised on doors, three to four months, trios, \$12.00. Ship C. O. D. Wayne Puffet, Fayette, Iowa. (6-7)

SILVER FOX FUR RABBITS—THE SEN- sation of fur farming. Write today for free booklet, beautifully illustrated, giving origin, breeding, care, feeding, etc. Reliable foundation breeders. Desk 43, American Rabbit Association, Inc., Arcade Station, Los Angeles, California. (6-8)

CHINCHILLA RABBITS ELIGIBLE TO REG- ister, \$6.00 per pair. White New Zealand, \$6.00 per pair; New Zealand reds, \$5.00 per pair. Pedigrees furnished with the above. White rabbits, with pink eyes, no pedigree, \$3.00 per pair. All the above rabbits are two months old or older. Earls Rabbitry, Nora Springs, Iowa. (6-7)

SILVER FOX FUR RABBITS, SEND FOR literature. E. L. Morris, P. O. Box 265, Ogden, Utah. (6-11)

FOR SALE—TWO BLACK FLEMISH GIANT bucks. One steel grey buck, \$5.00. Valery Costello, Charlotte, Iowa. (6-7)

FOR SALE—HOWE STRAIN GIANT CHIN- chillas, pedigree at \$15.00 pair. One half cash, balance C. O. D. L. Howe & Sons, Kenton, Ohio. (6-7)

CHINCHILLA PEDIGREED, REGISTERED rabbits; Northern dark, pen bred, pedigree muskrats. J. E. Kasen, West Duluth, P. O. Box 115, Duluth, Minnesota. (6-7)

FOR SALE—YOUNG AND MATURED CHIN- chillas, New Zealand reds, Belgiums, Flemish giants, Dutch Belts and Common Whites from \$2.00 up; pedigree and from registered stock; also a few fine New Zealand white bucks of breeding age at \$5.00 each; eligible to register. River Raisin Fur Farms, Inc., Dundee, Michigan. (6-7)

EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL, VALUABLE, rare, silver fox, Russian sable, silver marten fur rabbits. Enclose stamp, prices. F. L. Grove, Humboldt, Iowa. (6-9)

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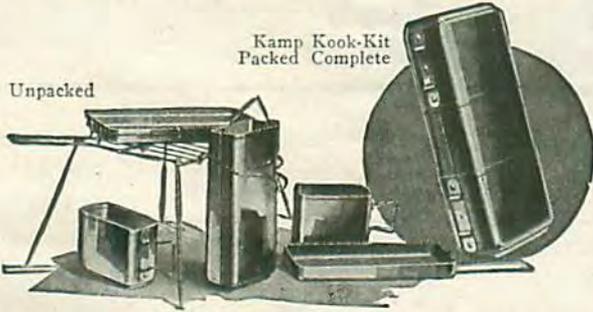
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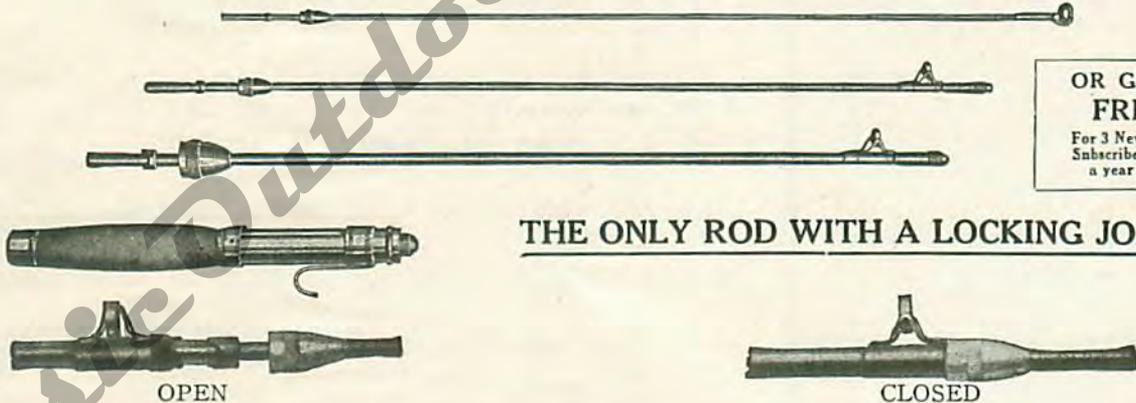
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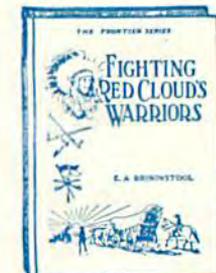
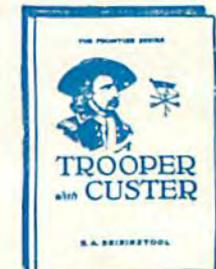
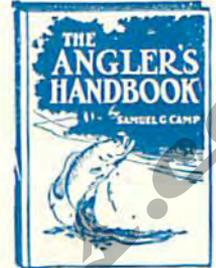
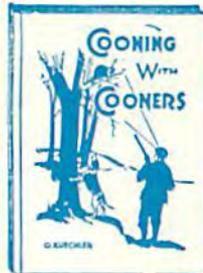
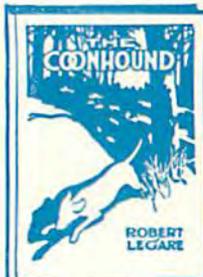
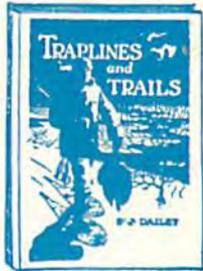
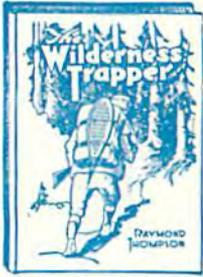
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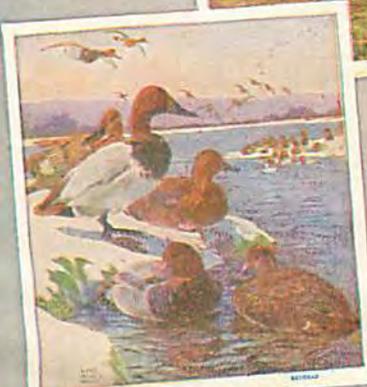
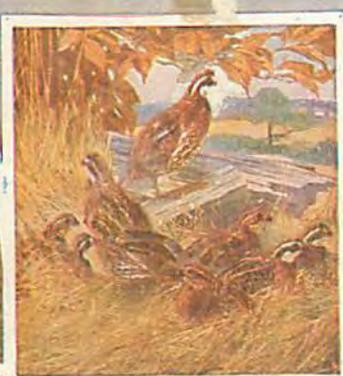
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