Good Trout Fishing in the Musconetcong, Pequest and Raritan Rivers and the Streams of the Catskills

MAJ. W. A. GOTSHALL TO 'HOP OFF' AGAIN

Just Back From Florida; Leaves Tuesday for New Brunswick; Alaska Next.

ARCTIC TRIP POSSIBLE

Outdoorsman Gets "Soft" in New York; Life in the Open More Appealing.

Major W. A. Gotshall, outdoorsman and big game hunter and angler for the sporting fish of the fresh waters and the sea, is just back in New York from a tarpon fishing trip in Boca Grand Pass, Florida, and is preparing to "hop off" again, this time to New Brunswick, Canada.

This trip to New Brunswick, on which he starts Tuesday, is merely a preliminary trip in order to harden himself for a big game hunt and fish in Alaska. On the New Brunswick trip Major Gotshall will canoe and fish, then return to New York to leave again on July 2 for Vancouver, from there to take a steamer on July 12 to Skagway.

If conditions are good and Major Gotshall can get good Eskimo guides and dogs and equipment he may go up to the Arctic Circle, where Stefansson spent a winter, and make a journey to Herschel Island. That trip will depend, of course, upon whether he can get the Eskimo guides.

The trip to Alaska is not really intended for the taking of big game so much as it is to get into the out of doors and study big game. Major Gotshall takes as keen pleasure in watching for hours through field glasses caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, moose, bear, foxes and lynx as in killing them.

Indeed part of Major Gotshall's itinerary will carry him across Mount McKinley Park, now a refuge for wild life. From previous Alaskan adventures Major Gotshall is heartily in favor of preserving the big game and the making of the Mount McKinley reservation into a game preserve meets with his approval.

All his life from the time he reached manhood has been spent in the outdoors, Major Gotshall being a builder of railroads, his work has carried him into places far from cities and towns. Now he has reached the stage when sleeping on the ground appeals to him more than in a bed.

Outdoors Has Thrills.

There is no boast in Major Gotshall's statement, made in a matter of fact conversation, when one realizes how man earns his sleeping place at night in the wilds. In the far away places on the North American continent that he has lived for many months in the year, money is of no value.

To get food one must hunt for it; also carry part of it in a packbasket. To prepare food one must chop or gather wood and carry water. To sleep in winter, it is necessary to cut night wood. "And after these chores are done," remarked the Major, as he sat at the luncheon table of the New York Athletic Club overlooking Central Park, "you get into your sleeping bag and you feel fully when you awake in the morning. In fact I feel better when I am away than when I am in New York. In New York, after a time, from eating good food and not having anything special to do, I get 'soft.' Then I find myself wanting to stay and continue the easy life. I am sure then that I need to go away. And I make my plans accordingly and feel all the better for it when I am in the open again."

Life in the outdoors has its thrills. Twice he has been close to death. Once when he was hunting mountain goats he thought the ledge below him was sand. Instead it was rock. As he began sliding he knew that just below him was a precipice with a drop of a thousand feet. Seeing a crevice in the rock he managed to steer himself toward it and clutched it. Being naturally powerful and of great strength he stopped his downward journey when within a few yard of the precipice.

Another time in climbing a mountain, so dangerous to climbers that ropes were attached to each man, Major Gotshall fell and had the rope not held or the guide not been able to hold the Major's weight, both would have met death wherever their bodies would have struck in their rapid downward descent.

The Major after climbing a mountain always says it is to be his "last." But it often happens when some one comes back and tells about the exploit that he did and the time in which he accomplished it that the next day Major Gotshall will start out to climb that particular mountain and try to do it within less time than the other fellow.

Although Major Gotshall writes little or nothing about his trips, he reads everything on the subject where other explorers, mountain climbers, big game hunters have been. Stefansson's Arctic explorations, Archdeacon Stuck's experiences in Alaska and his journeys are as familiar to him as the Broadway cabarets are to a chorus girl.

Sportsman Travels Light.

Major Gotshall believes with Stefansson that the way to travel in the north is to travel light, to use your gun and live on the country. For that reason he carries with him on his Alaskan trip in addition to his Mannlicher-Schoenauer rifle a little .22 rifle and a .22 automatic pistol. The little .22 rifle will kill birds without mangling that a larger gun would be sure to do.

The sportsman's equipment that Major Gotshall will take along to Alaska will consist of a 9 by 7 tent, waterproof, with the floor sewed in, and mosquito proof. Mosquitoes are such an abomination that head nets are necessary and canvas gloves needed to keep the pests off. Leather gloves are used to work with. A bass and a trout rod are carried for fishing. The bass rod is intended for king salmon, fighting fish that weigh from five to twenty-five pounds.

In the way of clothing Major Gotshall wears medium weight, taking two sets of underwear, two pairs of trousers, six pairs of socks, two pairs of Palmer knee boots with heavy hobs, one pair of moccasins, two army flannel shirts, brown buckskin coat and a parkee, a covering made of skin with the fur on the inside.

Two men will accompany Major Gotshall, each man being allowed three and a half pounds of food a day, "a mighty liberal allowance" remarked the Major, "two and a half pounds is really enough." The rations consist of rice, flour, corn meal, bacon, prunes, raisins, dried potatoes, dried apples, apricots, jam (sugar is stored energy), crystallose (sweeting), coffee and tea. Stimulants are not carried, although the Major carries a flask for emergency purposes in case anything should happen to the guides. He himself does not use tobacco or intoxicating liquors.

The route Major Gotshall intends to cover is from Skagway to White Horse Pass to get to the Caesiar Mountains, thence by way of the Lewis River to Dawson, then the Yukon in a canoe to the Tanana River, across Mount McKinley Park, and from there to Fairbanks and Valdez to Seward on the Kenai Peninsula, and back to Skagway to Atlin. Going back to the Cassiar Mountains the second time is for the purpose of finding out which is the best route, by way of White Horse Pass or by way of Telegraph Creek.

If Major Gotshall should decide to go to the Arctic Circle his route would be by way of the Porcupine River, Fort Mackenzie, Herschel Island, Point Barrow and Fort Yukon.

It might be remarked, to leap back from Alaska to Florida, that Major Gotshall in his fourteen days at Useppa Island, although not fishing all that time, caught eighteen tarpons, the half dozen heaviest weighing 150, 140, 125, 120, 110 and 100 pounds each.

"Do you miss newspapers much on these trips?" asked the reporte. :"No, I don't," replied the Major. "You go away for a month, two months, six months, and you come back and you find the only thing that has happened has been a Hawker and Grieve have made an airplane flight across the Atlantic and failed and that a Read has won."

Schwinn and Hanners, Casting Champions.

Doings of Local Anglers With Rod, Reel and Line

Angling Situation Summarized.

Here is summarized the angling situation: Flounders are going out to sea. Blackfish are biting, also first fluke and sea bass. Striped bass are being taken in the fresh but not in the brackish waters as yet. The first Jamaica Bay weakfish gives hope of others. Kingfish, croakers and bluefish may be looked for this month. Next month, off shore, tuna may be hooked by those who know how and where to go and have the right tackle.

Fluke, whiting and ling are biting in the waters surrounding the Long Branch pier. The first fluke taken was hooked by George Egleff of 5 Hancock street, Fairview, N. J., and won for him an admission ticket worth $5.

Hudson River Canoe Clubs.

Marshal Seufert inquired last Sunday for information about Hudson River canoe clubs and membership. L. W. Hutchins of Everett-Hutchins, 299 Broadway, gives the following list of Hudson River canoe clubs:

Hiawatha Canoe Club, Harlem River and Dykeman street, Manhattan; Knickerbocker Canoe Club, 168th street and Hudson River; Inwood Canoe Club, Inwood; Fort Washington Canoe Club, three-fourths of a mile north of Edgewater, N. J.; Northern Canoe Club, a short distance north of the Fort Washington Canoe Club; Yonkers Canoe Club, half a mile north of Yonkers New York Central Railroad station, and Palisades Boat Club, one and a half miles north of Yonkers station.

"I understand," says Mr. Hutchins, "that all these clubs are well filled, but it is possible that a good man might secure membership. Its worth tryin'!"

The Twelve Fishing Club will angle to-day from the Edith of Ulmer Park and the Liberty Fishing Club in the Rod and Gun from Freeport. Both clubs seek blackfish, sea bass and fluke.

Bergalls.

Joseph Rindskopf of 984 Tiffany avenue, The Bronx, who went up the Sound last Sunday in the Rosebud from Clason Point with fifteen other fishermen, caught flounders and a first blackfish at Peacock Point and Oyster Bay. Mr. Rindskopf's catch was thirty-six flounders and numerous bergalls.

Of the latter Mr. Rindskopf says: "They say that everything in this world is made for some good purpose. The only good reason for bergalls, however, is that they help the diggers and sellers of worms—raise the price of their merchandise. The way the Sound bergalls can get the bait off the hooks without being caught is a caution."

The Anglers Club of New York will send a casting team to Weequahic Park, Newark, next Saturday afternoon to meet a like team from the Newark Bait and Fly Casters Club. The events include half ounce distance bait, half ounce accuracy bait, distance fly five ounce rod, and distance fly four ounce rod.

Early Weakfish Time Indicated.

"Irish Linen" writes: "Who would believe that lafayettes are in again; three years in succession and as large as young porgies? Princes Bay, Staten Island, is full of them; also mossbunkers and shad herring.

"From present indications we should have a fine early season on weakfish and bluefish.

"Could not tell what kind of fish were jumping last Sunday—some of them was two pound fish and they were sure frisky.

"Shedder crab and sand worms are dropping in price.

"Striped bass should be taking the hook at Deal and Allenhurst by June 10 if present weather conditions continue.

"Out your tackle, test your lines and hooks for that eternal big one you are hoping to catch!"

Willowemoc Ideal Stream.

"Blue Grouse" has just returned "from a jaunt along the Willowemoc, up in Sullivan county, which is an ideal trout stream." He writes that the Willowemoc has "plenty large pools, deep and shallow riffles, pretty flowers growing along the banks, birds of all species flitting across the stream. It certainly does one good to get away from the worries of business and enjoy a few days up there.

"I had only one real nice day, on which I took one ten inch rainbow, an eight inch and two seven inch brook trout. These I took on Professor. If I had an all yellow fly I may have done better. Yellow insects were fluttering over the water.

"The next day I took several eight and seven inch brook and brown trout. Threw back five undersize and handled them with wet hands. Saw several fishermen unhook small fish without wetting their hands. These men used worms entirely. I caught two fish on worm bait. For a novice at this game I believe I did pretty well.

"At De Bruce there is a trout hatchery and one of the employees will take you through. Fishing is good above the hatchery too."

The George A. Lindsay Fishing Club on the Dixie from Sheepshead Bay last Sunday caught blackfish, whiting, ling and fluke. The first prize was taken by George Landig of Newark, who had an eight pound blackfish in addition to twenty-seven ling, twelve whiting and a fluke. Richard Roche, Jr., had twenty-three ling and seven whiting, while Mr. Lindsay caught thirteen ling and seven whiting.

Class C Tourney Winners.

Winners of Class C in the third annual tournament of the Long Island Casting Club held at Midland Park, Grant City, Staten Island, last Sunday, follow:

Average of three casts, 30 foot line.—Won by E. E. Davis, 269 ft. 11 in.; G. Wahmann, second, 200 ft. 10 in.; J. S. Pettit, third, 200 ft. 4 in.; G. Escher, fourth, 177 ft. 11 in.

Open field, average of five casts.—Won by E. Nadel, 262 ft.; J. S. Pettit, second, 245 ft. 10 in.; H. Phillips, third, 237 ft. 6 in.; M. Peechie, fourth, 235 ft. 4 in.;

Open field, longest cast in five.—Won by J. Fernandez, 307 ft. 6 in.; E. Korenyi, second, 305 ft. 2 in.; E. Cramer, third, 303 ft. 3 in.; G. Wahmann, fourth, 289 ft. 6 in.

Surf fishermen's event, average.—Won by G. Escher, 147 ft. 5 in.; G. H. Rutman, second, 142 ft. 4 in.; Howard Kain, third, 141 ft. 5 in.; J. Doutney, fourth, 138 ft. 6 in.

Persistent John Shaw, Champion.

E. R. Phillips, secretary of the New York Casting Club, writes concerning the breaking of the world's record last Sunday by John Shaw at the third annual casting tournament of the Long Island Casting Club:

"The members of the New York Casting Club wish to congratulate persistent John Shaw for his record breaking cast and also to express commendation of the way the meet was handled by the executive committee of the Long Island Casting Club.

"The only two New York Casting Club's representatives, Fred C. Berger and George L. Eider, while not equalling expectations or distances made previously in practice work, deserve a great deal of credit when it is taken into consideration that this meet was the only time they had entered into competition.

"All hail to John Shaw, the most modest and unassuming champion one could wish to meet. May he do 475!"

HIGH WATER FOR LOCAL ANGLERS FROM JUNE 1 TO JUNE 8.

Date.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) A.M.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) P.M.	Princess Bay A.M.	Princess Bay P.M.	Jamaica Bay (Canarsie) A.M.	Jamaica Bay (Canarsie) P.M.	Governors Island A.M.	Governors Island P.M.	Willets Point A.M.	Willets Point P.M.	New London A.M.	New London P.M.
June 1	10:52	11:12	10:57	11:17	11:07	11:27	11:20	11:45	1:48	2:30	12:24	12:42
June 2	11:46	12:04	11:51	12:09	12:31	12:49	12:25	12:38	2:45	3:20	——	1:25
June 3	12:40	12:56	12:45	1:01	1:25	1:41	——	1:29	3:45	4:34	1:38	2:24
June 4	——	1:35	——	1:46	——	2:20	1:33	2:20	4:53	5:40	2:35	3:23
June 5	1:40	2:30	1:54	2:35	2:34	3:15	2:30	3:17	6:02	7:43	3:34	4:20
June 6	2:44	3:24	2:49	3:29	3:29	4:09	3:27	4:12	7:07	7:39	4:33	5:15
June 7	3:36	4:15	3:41	4:20	4:21	5:00	4:25	5:05	8:06	8:30	5:32	6:06
June 8	4:29	5:03	4:34	5:08	5:04	5:48	5:20	5:53	8:59	9:17	6:27	6:52

STAMP BRINGS PERMIT.

Permission Given to Fish Certain Long Island Waters.

The Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, 50 Court street, Brooklyn, issues angling permits for certain streams on Long Island. These permits are issued upon application to the Court street office when accompanied by addressed stamped envelope.

Several readers have asked the location of four of these ponds: Watts, Smiths, Pines and New Bridge. Cornelius M. Sheehan, deputy commissioner, gives their location as follows:

Watts Pond—West of Valley Stream railroad station, Long Island Traction Company; trolley stop, Central avenue.

Smiths Pond—Merrick Road and Long Island Railroad tracks; railroad station Rockville Centre, L. I.; also reached by Long Island Traction Company (trolley).

Pines Pond—North of Smiths Pond.

New Bridge Pond—West of Bellmore railroad station. (No trolley.)

Bankers to Compete for Prizes.

AVALON, Cal., May 31.—When the California Bankers Association meets here on June 5, 6 and 7 a silver prize will be given to the man who "spills" the best fish story and a trophy for the man who catches the largest fish.

Wreck Lead.

There are no planners there,
Nor a plush chair I declare,
And a "flivver" couldn't get there if he tried;
For there's only paths and trails,
No post office for the mails,
And you've got to go a-sailing for a ride.

But I'll tell you what there is,
And it seems to me good "bis,"
There's a lot o' docks a-crumbling away;
All the shacks are broken down,
Lack of paint has made 'em brown,
And there's lots o' yachts a-sailing on the bay.

I've been goin' there for years,
And to me it sure appears,
That 'tis just the place to get away from strife,
Where the old wrecks on the shore,
Mutely point to days of yore,
Where a chap can lead the "close to nature" life.

I've sat fishing on the dock
For six hours by the clock,
Just a-laying there and basking in the sun,
Now and then a little lunch,
And I have a little "hunch"
That with the boys I have the best of fun.

It is not a place for "speed,"
Oh, no, that is not Wreck Lead,
For to hurry is a thing that is taboo,
But you lay around and fish,
Just as long as you may wish,
Or maybe gather clams to make a stew.

You can get a little boat,
And a few strokes from the float,
You can fish around and spend a happy day;
You can do just what you like,
But you never hit the pike,
For the only road is on the placid bay.

Then sometimes we start at morn,
Just as sure as you are born,
Out on the Rosabell to fish for cod;
Through the marshes—through the creeks—
I could do it—yes, for weeks,
With a sandwich and my good old fishing rod.

You can hear the breakers roar
As you stand there at the door,
And see wild ducks a-flying overhead;
See the marshes wild and green,
Finest picture ever seen,
In autumn change to purple and to red.

When the sun is burning hot
There's a smell can't be forgot,
'Tis the sea grass and old ocean blended in,
'Tis the sea tang, I say,
I'll go to it while I may
To stay away is certainly a sin.

Now the longer that you stay
You put off the fatal day
That will take you citywards and back to work;
For there's "lazy" in the air,
"Sweet do nothing," here for fair—
Ev'ry useful thing you feel you've got to shirk.

Here the scheme of life's complete,
Right among the fishing fleet,
Here overalls are all the clothes you need;
No worry and no plans,
Fishing—sailing—digging clams,
Oh, that's the way we live down at the "Lead."

ARTHUR THORNTON.

GAME PROTECTORS KILL 1605 'VERMIN'

Efficiency With Rifle Shows Increasing Results as Work Continues.

NINE MONTHS' CAMPAIGN

Mortality List Includes Cat, Red Squirrel, Crow, Woodchuck, Starling and Hawk.

Nine months ago Commissioner George D. Pratt armed one hundred of the State game protectors with 25-20 Winchester rifles, which they were instructed to carry with them at all times when in the field and use for the killing of predacious creatures which destroy game and other useful wild life.

Out of a total game protective force of 131, the hundred men to whom the rifles were assigned were those whose districts covered territory where wild life was most abundant. At the same time a list was sent from the office of the Conservation Commission to each protector tabulating the creatures which were regarded as "vermin" and to which he was directed to confine the use of his rifle.

In a statement just issued by the Conservation Commission it is shown that no less than 1,605 predatory animals and birds have been killed by the protectors since they were provided with the rifles.

Cats Head Mortality List.

The complete list follows:

Cats	349
Red squirrels	261
Crows	226
Woodchucks	240
Starlings	118
Hawks	108
Porcupines	84
House rats	57
Weasels	46
Dogs	24
English sparrows	22
Kingfishers	21
Great horned owls	17
Foxes	16
Snakes	15
Skunks	1
	1,605

Bird lovers who have realized the destruction of bird life caused by hunting house cats (estimated by Dr. A. K. Fisher of the United States Biological Survey as 2,500,000 birds annually in the State of New York alone) will be gratified that these animals head the mortality list.

The large number of red squirrels and crows that have also been taken will mean much to the preservation of the valuable bird life of the State. Dr. E. W. Nelson of the United States Biological Survey declares that during the summer red squirrels spend a large part of their time in predatory nest hunting and that "the number of useful and beautiful birds that they destroy must be almost incalculable."

In a bulletin lately issued by the Board of Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania the crow is branded as the leader of all vermin, "who destroys individually more birds of all kinds, more birds' eggs and young poultry than any other bird that ever flapped a wing."

Woodchucks for Food.

With regard to the woodchucks that were killed, Commissioner Pratt states that not only was a very genuine benefit conferred upon the farmer, but some additional food was provided, for in many cases these animals were turned over to persons who wished to cook them as food.

Another significant fact is developed in perusing the vermin list submitted by the Conservation Commission, and that is the more or less steady rise in the number of vermin killed from month to month.

For instance, in July, 1918, the first month in which the protectors were provided with the new rifles only 120 predatory creatures were killed, whereas in March 1919, the latest month to be recorded, no less than 285 vermin were disposed of—the largest total in the list.

This would indicate that with continued practice the protectors are becoming more proficient with their guns and as time goes by can be expected to perform even greater execution in the good work of vermin destruction.

Good Example for Sportsmen.

Of far greater value than the use of these rifles by one hundred State game protectors will be the fact of encouraging, by example, all sportsmen to join in the vermin campaign.

No matter how conscientious in the work of vermin destruction they may be, depletion of the great army of vermin that can be accomplished by 100 game protectors must be at best a mere "drop in the bucket." Not until all sportsmen have enlisted in the campaign against vermin can appreciable results be expected.

Already the Conservation Commission, by appeals upon every hunting license and in other ways, is urging sportsmen to shoot all they can of foxes, cats hunting protected birds, harmful hawks, red squirrels and other enemies of useful wild life.

Emphasis will be added, when sportsmen meet the armed protectors afield, to the fact that unremitting warfare upon predatory creatures is absolutely necessary both for the preservation of game and for the maintenance of their own sport.

AIRPLANE HUNTING TIME NOT FAR OFF

Easy for Sportsman With Wings to Explore New Fields.

TORONTO, Canada, May 31.—E. J. Zavitz, provincial forester of Ontario, says that some experiments at fire detection by airplane have been made and states that it is possible that the air service will revolutionize the work of protection from forest fires.

Rod and Gun in Canada believes that hunting by airplane is not far off. It says: "What a radical change in the matter of transportation alone! Instead of hours of trudging over a corduroy road or bumping along a bush trail we will have a few minutes flying until a suitable landing place can be found.

"Instead of eight or nine days' hunting and the rest of a two weeks' vacation spent in travelling, the hunter of the future will be able to enjoy the full duration of his holiday.

"One of the advantages of a pleasure hunting trip by airplane will be the easy manner in which new game fields will be explored. If the old haunts prove to be a failure a few hundred miles over virgin territory will be an easy two hours' run for the sportsmen fortunate in the possession of 'wings.'

"The advent of the airplane in the commercial and sporting life of Canada opens up a field of noted possibilities."

Closed Time on Jersey Fish.

It is illegal in New Jersey to take trout, bass, pickerel and pike perch between 9 P. M. and daylight.

Good Trouting in Streams of Catskill Mountains

New Jersey Waters Also Afford Fine Fishing—Hackettstown Gives Access to Musconetong, Pequest and Raritan Rivers.

By FELLOW FISHERMAN.

The Companion of "Stillwater."

My story starts out with leaving New Haven, Conn., on April 11, 1919, for a fishing trip through four states, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts. Recreation and diversion as an object and trout fishing as the means to attain.

Through the kindness of "Tamrack," an intrepid sportsman, our itinerary was made out. O "Tamrack," Thou stonewall of strength and dispenser of correct "dope," we owe thee much. Good sportsmen are nature's philanthropists when they give their fellow men the benefit of personal experiences. We have followed thy directions and found them good.

And so if blessings never cease we had the pleasure of an initiation in the art of fly fishing by a true disciple and pronounced exponent of the art, "Virginius!" What spirits of noble Romans the very name conjures up. Were it chariot race or marathon, "Virginius" would lead. And so we found him.

From the bank I watched "Virginius" cast his fly, and felt wonderfully repaid. Straight as an arrow it shot over the gliding waters to lure the trout to strike. And they did strike. Teach fellow sportsmen thy art "Virginius" and you will need not decry the bait can. To your health "Virginius!"

Historic Section Fished.

From New York we travelled through the historic village of Morristown to Hackettstown, distance less than fifty miles, where we made our headquarters at the American House, kept by R. H. McCracken.

Hackettstown is a mecca for trout fishermen. It is situated on a watershed giving access to several good trout streams flowing in almost opposite directions. We fished the Musconetcong, the Pequest and the Raritan, and in spite of adverse conditions of weather and waters succeeded in catching trout in all. And that, too, on flies.

And now a word before passing on. How many potential fishermen are there in and about New York who do not know these facts, or knowing them are not alive to the benefits derived from a day or two on a trout stream.

You brain workers, professional men, office men, confined within four walls the livelong days, have within your grasp diversion, recreation and new life.

You do not require varied or expensive equipment. Besides your equipment there are but two essentials—your license and your manners. Practice throwing a fly a few times during your spare moments. If your back yard is too small perchance your office suite will do to begin with. Remove your stenographer to the roof and start in.

After a few such lessons you will sally forth to the stream, where you will marvel at your own adroitness. But let us return to Hackettstown. You meet many friends on the streams. The fish and game wardens are your friends. They are interested in your catch, and will often give you timely advice and help.

If you, Mr. Business Man, become an angler or a hunter for the recreation there is in it (for you have the born instinct), you will the more readily appreciate and value the work done by the several States in propagating and protecting fish and game. As a means of preserving national virility alone the money required for this work is well spent.

Good Fishing at De Bruce.

Before leaving Hackettstown a word to fishermen and others about our genial host Curley McCracken, proprietor of the American House. Scion of a fast departing race of hotel hosts, amiable, solicitous and generous, few are left like him, and we have met none better. Besides, he is an ardent angler.

From Hackettstown, N. J., to De Bruce, N. Y., by way of the Delaware Water Gap, following up the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River to Port Jervis, and thence through Middletown, Monticello, Liberty and Livingston Manor to the border of the Catskills; the natural scenery along this route is too well known to tourists to require description. Suffice it to say, the journey was a pleasant interlude to our trip. All anglers appreciate nature in its entirety.

At De Bruce, where streams converge to make variety and option possible, again we found weather and stream conditions bad. In spite of storm and high water we took our share of trout, and always on a fly. My brother anglers will observe I am using an editorial "we." I don't want them to forget I have a companion. There is design in the we.

Fishing the Willowemoc at De Bruce we suddenly came upon a youthful angler, a little boy about 7 years old, excitedly hurrying to string a seven inch trout on a crotched stick nearly as big in diameter as the trout.

As we approached and learned the cause of his excitement we were filled with admiration. "Mister! Mister!" said the lad. "Won't you please carry me across this stream? I just had a bite over near the other shore."

I waded the stream with boy, trout and all upon my back and left him on the further side fishing eagerly his favorite hole. The animation, anticipation and thankfulness in the boy's face was rich reward.

There is good trout fishing in and about De Bruce. Under favorable conditions one could count on good catches. A famous old guide, who in past years conducted many fishing and hunting parties through this region, vouchsafes this. This same guide, a martyr to poor marksmanship, boasts of more buck shot under his skin than a deer in open season. Or it may have been bird shot. At all events he is well informed and still a good sport.

Schoharie Productive Stream.

From De Bruce we made a short excursion to the Neversink, a beautiful stream that should have been more productive. I mention it only because it was here my companion "Stillwater" nearly met his waterloo. Poor "Stillwater"! And Neversink is a misnomer, that still water runs deep we all know, but my companion here learned that swift, turbulent water may also run deep and that one may sink in the Neversink. In trying to wade the stream he got in over his boots and the swift current bowled him over. Fortunately "Stillwater" is a good swimmer as well as a good fellow. He crossed the stream, but when he recrossed it he went back to his own element, selecting still water.

Leaving the Neversink we fished Red Kill, a branch of the Schoharie. It was here we learned we were again on the right trail for big fish. We met here an intelligent farmer and to give evidence that there were big trout in the stream he took us to the barn and showed us the dried heads of some dozen brown trout strung on a wire, mute evidence of his prowess. These trout would range in size from two to six pounds. Like an Indian Chief of old, with his belt full of scalps, he exhibited these trophies.

Who says the farmer does not benefit will be enforced as tightly as possible, farsighted in securing his evidences there would be fewer unbelievers to-day, stocking streams? Had Jonah been thus by the money expended by the State in

Notables on the Banks

Commodore "Dave" Cameron Sketch No. 1

By ARTHUR THORNTON.

Among those who have gone deep sea fishing for many years in these waters there is Commodore David Cameron, a man whose company at sea is most delightful, and who knows the fishing game on both salt and sweet water most thoroughly.

Commodore "Dave" has fished for salmon in the "Hielands o' Bonnie Scotland," and tells many thrilling yarns of his youthful poaching escapades in the land o' cakes, and also quite a few "aboot" his scandalous affrays with gamekeepers, for he was a lawless "chiel" in those days.

It is, however, with salt water fishing we have to deal now, and it should be said of this modest and unassuming angler that his regard for appearances is so negligible that he is just as likely as not to be seen with his rod over his shoulder and his bundle of tackle and lunch trudging toward the Evelyn's dock at Sheepshead Bay with no necktie on, or he may even have forgotten his coat, but it is a sure thing that he has remembered to bring his corn cob pipe—indeed, some say he keeps it in his mouth all night for fear he will forget it in the morn.

To see this well known figure in his glory is to see him on the Seventeen Fathom Bank in winter in a gale of wind pulling up big cod or maybe a big blackfish; then it is that his Scottish face lights up, and then it is that the brogue that belongs to the land of Bobbie Burns comes out full and rich.

"Dave" has fished on all the bank boats that have sailed these waters for the past thirty years, and he knows what it is to "slaughter 'em," and he also knows the days when there is "nothing doing." His speciality is to go to New Rochelle for blackfish, where he has several places called "Cameron's banks," and it is a sure thing for him to bring in large catches of "blackies."

The Commodore is of that kind whom you are always glad to met. Wherever he is, he is a welcome addition to the party. His tackle bag is public property, and the misfortune is that there are not more of that ilk.

He has the true sportsman's instincts—will get up at 3 A. M. in January, when there is a cold rain or even snow, and will hike from the Bronx to Sheepshead Bay in the hope of sticking a hook into a big cod. Sometimes he does it and sometimes he doesn't!

A great believer in six hooks for cunners, is a fine rod maker, can catch ling faster than most men but hates to do it.

Seldom takes a fish home, only eats "Finnan haddie" and Scotch "herrin'."

Only knows one song, "Annie Laurie," his favorite flower is the "thustle," and always oatmeal for breakfast and haggis for dinner, calls his hat his "bonnet," and the only music he will listen to is the skirl o' the pipes. Hoot, mon, ye canna beat him!

Fishway Needed at Keokuk.

MCGREGOR, Iowa, May 31.—The Keokuk dam has stopped the migration of fish in the upper Mississippi River. The dam forms a barrier when the fish going down-stream attempt to return. Fishing clubs are asking for a properly constructed fishway.

Chicago Casters Hold Tourney.

CHICAGO, May 31.—The Chicago Casting Club will hold a tournament tomorrow at the casting lagoon in Garfield Park.

Washingtonians to Cast.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Next Saturday and Sunday the Washington Park Amateur Casting Club of this city will hold a tournament at Washington Park.

ROD AND GUN.
Paladin Leaves foot of 15 St., Hoboken, at 6:45 A. M.; C. R.R. Pier, J. C. 7:30 every Sunday. Capt. E. BALETTI.

BOLSHEVIKS KILL EUROPEAN BISON

Lenine and Trotzky Forces Exterminate Animals.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 31.—Peter P. Carney, editor of National Sports Syndicate, has received word that the European bison (an enlarged American buffalo) has been exterminated in Russian Poland by the Bolshevist forces.

Before the Bolshevists overran this war torn country there were 180 bison at Spalo and 30 at Pilavin, every one said to weigh in the neighborhood of 2,000 pounds.

These fine animals were slain to make a feast for the followers of Lenine and Trotzky.

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IS MAN ALONE ABLE TO DISCERN COLOR?

Inconceivable That Trout Should Be Denied Power to Recognize Insects.

POSSESSED OF KEEN EYES

Interesting View of Color Blindness Reduced to a Practical Question.

By ARTHUR T. BRICE.

The article in THE SUN of May 18 relating to color blindness in trout refers to an interesting question, but it can only be of interest to the angler when reduced to a practical question.

The practical question is not whether the trout sees red as red and green as green, &c., but whether they can differentiate in colors borne by the various insects upon which they feed.

John Dalton (1766-1844) the celebrated English chemist and natural philosopher, was himself color blind and was the first to give a detailed description of the peculiarity now known as color blindness, described by himself and studied under the name of "Daltonism."

He says of himself: "That part of the image which others call red appears to me little more than a shade of or defect of light, after that the orange, yellow and green seem one color, which descends pretty uniformly from an intense to a rare yellow, making what I should call different shades of yellow." Which proves that, though color blind, he had a discernment of shades or hues, and could differentiate between them.

Here we have the testimony of an intelligent human observer that, though there was much similarity, he had a sense of shades or hues and could see a difference in them.

Keen Eyes of Trout.

That is the practical question in regard to the trout, and it is inconceivable that Nature should have endowed the fish with such wonderfully keen eyes as they are known to possess and yet have denied them the power to recognize by color as well as by form the various insects upon which they exist.

Indubitable tests have been made with the human eye for color blindness, and the following statement would seem to indicate that the trout has a sufficient sense of color to enable him to decide what is wholesome food to take.

An oculist of high reputation has stated to me that in examining conductors for a railroad company he has resorted to the following test:

A man is sent down the track, supplied with three lighted lanterns, of red, green and yellow lights, respectively.

Upon the display of one the candidate is asked—not "what color is that?" but "if you saw that light what would you do?" and so with the second and third in turn.

In subjects known to have defects in color sight the answer to each question was invariably correct, showing that though red may have appeared only as a shade of light, and the yellow a different light, the man could clearly distinguish the variation and could see some distinction in color, no matter what it was called, applied to indicate a certain line of duty.

Color Blind.

They say I'm color-blind,
And can't tell red from green,
That blue is yellow,
Pink is brown
And purple a silver sheen.

Well, be that as it may,
And prove it, if you can:
I can't believe
The God of all
Gave color only to man.

While floating near my mate,
With spots upon her side,
If I see green
What you see red,
What matters that, betide?

There's nothing in a name—
You can learn it if you wish—
It's joy that counts
In the life of all,
Be it beast, or bird, or fish.

New Hampshire's Opening Day.

CONCORD, N. H., May 31.—Sunday is the opening day in New Hampshire for the following game fish: Muscallonge, pickerel, bullhead or hornpout, pikeperch and white perch.

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1917 2-35 Limousine.
1916 1-35 Twin Six.
MISCELLANEOUS
1918 Stutz, 6 Pass.
1917 STUTZ, 4 passenger.
1917 STUTZ, Bearcat Speedster.
1917 WINTON, 7 Pass. Touring.
FIAT, 16 valve, 75, Speedster.
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MINERVA 18, Limousine.
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