

# Superb Scenes in the Trout Country

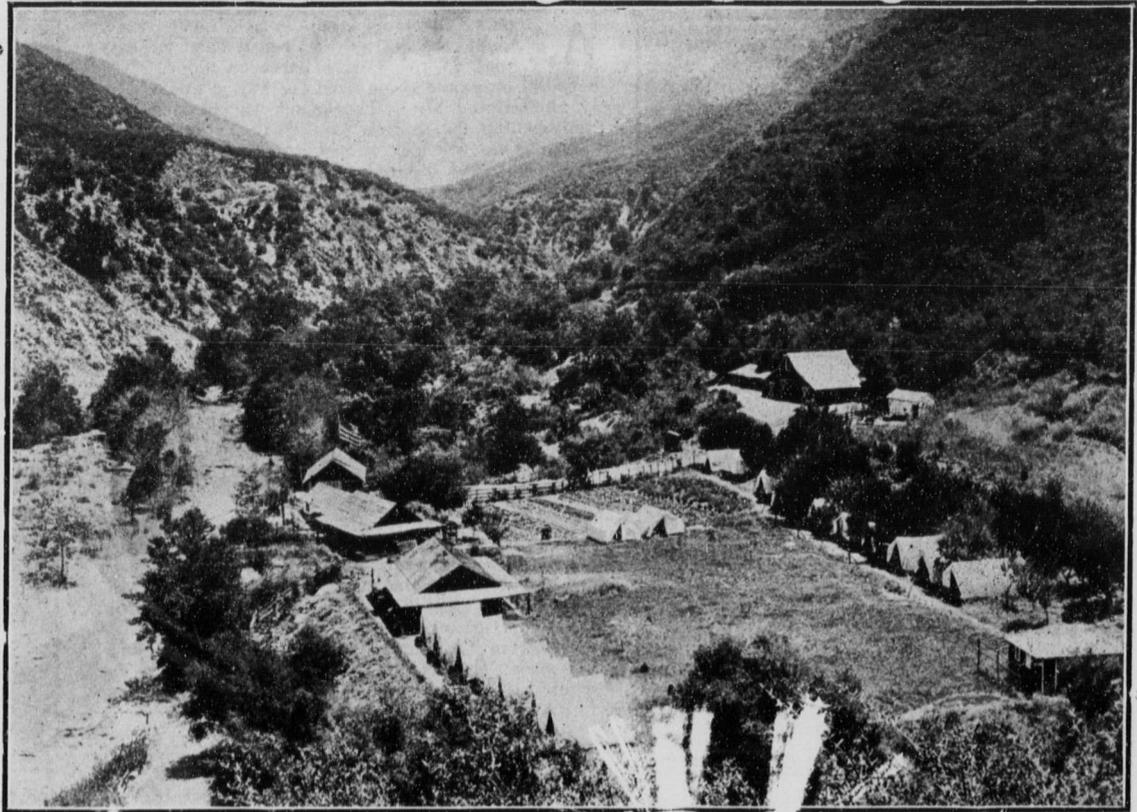
tial gifts of its fishy wealth are any proof? Every angler can tell you of many that he regards as such. He knows them so well that he can describe every pool and rock to you. Even in the dark he has often followed unerringly the familiar way along their banks and through their riffles, where a ford is necessary. He knows just where to find the vantage stones beneath the current, just how much line he needs to make a given cast. And such intimacy must needs beget friendship.

As for our angler there is no doubt about his feeling for the brook. Just accompany him, as I have done, when he revisits his old friend after a long absence.

The cows are part of the brook's domain, and do not alarm the trout. Indeed, a responsive rise comes even when the flies drop within six feet of some member of the herd as she leisurely crops the grass on the bank above. The cows have well worn paths through the alders, and when the angler meets one there she faces him for a long moment, seeming to expect him to give place. It is her path, she says, not his. But man rules here as elsewhere, and with slow reluctance and a deep "whoof" she steps aside.

The brook is here too deep to wade, and as the banks are three or four feet high the angler keeps back and bends low, casting a long line or availing himself of some friendly clump of alders. Along one deep run he progresses for twenty or thirty yards on his knees, taking utmost care lest his shadow fall athwart the current. But he has his reward when forty feet away, just at the tail of the hole, a flash of orange and silver rises through the amber water from beneath a snarl of alder roots. With an instinctive turn of the wrist he drives home the little fly hook, and at once feels that it is fast in a fish unusually heavy for these semi-civilized waters. After a sharp struggle the trout is turned from the snarl of alders—no hope if he once gets in there—and upstream he races, the angler rapidly shortening line with arm-long sweeps through the guides.

At last the fish is tired and the angler gingerly guides him toward the bank where, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, the little net is slipped beneath him and he is lifted tenderly out on the meadow grass—a plump pound and a half of jeweled beauty.



FOLLOWS CAMP IS A FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS FOR TROUT FISHERMEN

Before the swamp is reached three or four more nice fish, though much smaller, have been creeled. Then the angler returns to his starting point, gathers in his package of lunch and essays the woods. Here one must wade if he would fish all those nooks that "the other fellow" has left untried because they seemed too hard. Every brushy stream has many well defined stopping places, like the stations on a railway, at which the ordinary fisherman halts, neglecting the less promising water that lies between. Not so

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SCALING THE CLIFFS AT WILLIAMS FALLS, EAST FORK, SAN GABRIEL RIVER



THE DEEP GREEN GLOOM OF THE FOREST PATH IS ALLURING TO THE ANGLER IN THE GLORIOUS BIG TREE COUNTRY

So alluring is the scenery in the mountains where the cold water pours down the rocky bed of brook or river that the angler is often tempted beyond resistance. Then he puts aside rod, creel and landing net and climbs up to a resting place beside a clamorous waterfall, there to lie and watch the bubbling, foamy waters and idle away the hours when he might be whipping the stream for trout. But the true angler knows that fish is not the chief thing to be sought. California scenery repays the sportsman whether the trout are rising to the fly or sulking on bottom of the deepest pool.