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MONTANA

WILD LIFE

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE
MONTANA STATE FISH AND GAME DEPARTMENT

The Fall Wind's Song

By Constance Marion Simpson
Helena, Montana



*It seems to be a part of me
The fall wind's song;
It's surging through the heart of me
The whole day long.*

*I long to take the sky-line trail
These gypsy autumn days,
To haunt the land of buck and quail
And Indian Summer's haze*

*I long to see the skies of gray
That bend above the lake
And wares of silver phantom foam
That beat the rocks and break.*

*I want to climb the lonely hills
That lift their peaks on high,
And hear the birds sing sweet and clear
As they go winging by.*

*It sets my heart a-quiver,
As it rifts the leaves along;
And I catch the gypsy fever
From "The Fall Wind's Song."*

MONTANA WILD LIFE

The Official Publication of The State Fish and Game Commission

VOL. II.

HELENA, MONTANA, NOVEMBER, 1929.

NO. 6.

Open Season on Montana Marten

INVESTIGATIONS made by employes of Montana's State Fish and Game Commission have revealed that marten are becoming a serious menace to game birds as well as domestic fowl and at the meeting of the Commission held at Malta October 24 an open season on the wily denizens of the woods was declared, this open season for trappers extending from December 15, 1929, to February 28, 1930, both dates inclusive. Trapping will be governed by state laws. Those present at the gathering at Malta, near Lake Bowdoin, were: Chairman Thomas N. Marlowe; G. T. Boyd, E. A. Wilson and W. K. Moore, Commissioners; R. H. Hill, Secretary; Deputy Game Warden Cosner; and Field Assistants Treece and Schofield.

State Game Warden Robert H. Hill advised that he had made inquiries of other fish and game departments relative to securing Chinook salmon eggs for the hatcheries of this state. He read a letter from S. F. Rathbun, supervisor of the game and fish department of Washington, offering to exchange an even number of Chinook salmon eggs for rainbow or cutthroat trout eggs from this state. On motion of Commissioner W. K. Moore Mr. Rathbun's offer was accepted and an exchange will be made with Washington an equal number of rainbow trout eggs for Chinook salmon eggs.

Mr. Hill presented a letter from S. S. Drew, asking for a supply of native trout eggs for next summer. He was authorized to advise Mr. Drew that the Commission will be glad to make a sale or trade if there is a surplus.

Mr. Hill read a letter from the Beaverhead Sportsmen's Association, asking the Commission to rescind the order opening Beaverhead county to Chinese pheasant and Hungarian partridge hunting this season, and the Commission so acted.

Mr. Hill presented a letter from Louis Schmittroth of Dillon, asking that the Big Hole River and the Beaverhead River be opened to fishing during the regular open season this year, and the request was denied.

Mr. Hill read a petition from the citizens of Chouteau county, asking that that county be opened to Chinese pheasant and Hungarian partridge shooting this season, and on motion of Commissioner G. T. Boyd an open season was declared on male Chinese pheasants and Hungarian partridges of either sex for the season of 1929 in Chouteau county. The open season on these birds

for 1929 begins with November 24 and ends with November 28, with dates inclusive. The bag limit is three birds per day, which may include three Hungarian partridges of either sex or three Chinese cocks or three in the aggregate, it being the intention of the Commission that the bag limit shall be but three birds per day, whether they be male Chinese pheasants or Hungarian partridges of either sex. No person shall have in his possession more than six of any such birds at any one time.

Mr. Hill then read a letter from the Stanford Rod and Gun Club, asking that Judith Basin county be opened to the shooting of Chinese pheasants, and the Commission approved.

A petition was presented from residents of Meagher county, asking that the waters of Newlan Creek and tributaries, in Meagher county, from its headwaters to the mouth of Spring Creek, be closed to fishing. On motion of Commissioner Boyd this petition was granted and the stream closed to fishing until further order of the Commission.

The request from Honorary Deputy Game Warden Ben Ish, of Chester, asking that the Great Northern Reservoir, at Chester, in Liberty county, be closed to fishing, for the purpose of protecting the young fish therein, was granted for two years.

Albert and Olive Wood asked that a game preserve be created on their property in Ravalli county, inasmuch as it is an ideal nesting ground for game birds and ducks. Mr. Hill advised that he had held a hearing in Hamilton on October 3, 1929, relative to the creation of this preserve, and that no objections to its creation had been voiced.

Commissioner Moore made the following motion, which carried:

"It appearing to the Commission that a proper petition has heretofore been received by the Fish and Game Commission, asking for the creation of a game preserve in Ravalli county, on the property of Albert and Olive Wood, and that a proper hearing, as required by law, has heretofore been held in this matter, and that there has been no protest to same, I move that we, the Fish and Game Commission, do hereby proclaim and create this game preserve as a game preserve of the State of Montana, to be known as the "Albert Wood Game Preserve," in the following described territory: The east half of the west half (E $\frac{1}{2}$ W $\frac{1}{2}$) and the west half of the east half (W $\frac{1}{2}$ E $\frac{1}{2}$), and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Five (5), the north half of the northwest quarter (N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$) and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Four (4), Township Seven (7), North Range Twenty (20)

Watch the Bag Limit on Game Birds

FOR the first time since Hungarian partridges and Chinese pheasants were planted in the Treasure State by the State Fish and Game Commission, Montana sportsmen will be given the opportunity of enjoying a five-day open season, November 24-28, both dates inclusive. Here's an important fact to remember: The Commission has ruled that the limit shall be three birds a day or six in possession at any time during the season. That means two Huns and a Chink cock, two Chinks and a Hun, three Huns or three Chink cocks, as the case may be. The female Chinese pheasants are protected. A sportsman may have three birds at home and three with him in the field. That's the limit.

Hungarians of either sex may be killed in the portions of counties declared open by the Commission. When in doubt, it's a safe plan to communicate with State Game Warden Robert H. Hill.

Only 12 counties and parts of three others are open on Huns; fourteen counties and parts of four others on pheasants.

The open season on Huns extends to Chouteau, Cascade, Treasure, Rosebud, Pondera, Flathead, Glacier, Lewis and Clark, Teton, Gallatin, Deer Lodge, Yellowstone and parts of Ravalli, Missoula and Lake.

The open season on pheasants extends to Chouteau, Judith Basin, Cascade, Treasure, Rosebud, Big Horn, Flathead, Petroleum, Custer, Yellowstone, Lewis and Clark, Fergus, Broadwater, Deer Lodge, and parts of Ravalli, Lake, Missoula and Carbon.

west; the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter (SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$), the southwest quarter (SW $\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Thirty-three (33), the east half of the southeast quarter (E $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$), the west half of the east half (W $\frac{1}{2}$ E $\frac{1}{2}$), and the east half of the west half (E $\frac{1}{2}$ W $\frac{1}{2}$) of Section Thirty-two (32), Township Eight (8), north of Range Twenty (20) west, Montana Meridian, located in the Bitter Root Valley in Ravalli county, Montana, a few miles east of the post-office of Victor, and the above described territory, known as the Albert Wood Game Preserve, shall be governed as a game preserve of Montana."

Discussion followed as to whether the Highwood country should be opened to elk shooting. Mr. Hill reported he had inspected the territory he thought should be opened, and presented a request from the Highwood Mountain Livestock Association, asking that a portion of the Highwood country be opened to elk shooting. Commissioner Boyd's motion provided as follows: "I move that there be an open season to the shooting of one elk of either sex, from November 10 to November 14, 1929, both dates inclusive, in the following described territory: That portion of the Highwood game preserve west of the South Fork of Highwood Creek to Arrow Creek Highway. Said road extends from Highwood Creek Station up the South Fork to Arrow Creek, Highwood Creek Divide, thence down Arrow Creek to the Forest Boundary. Further, all lands within Chouteau, Cascade and Judith Basin counties embraced within the area five miles in any direction, except in an easterly direction, from that portion of Highwood Game Preserve that is open to hunting."

Word was received from Commissioner J. L. Kelly that additional construction work is necessary at the State Game Farm and on motion of Chairman Marlowe Mr. Kelly was authorized to confer with Mr. Hendricks, and empowered to go on with the construction of pens and all other work necessary finally to complete the State Game Farm at Warm Springs.

Mr. Hill advised that the dues for the membership of the Montana Fish and Game Commission in the North Central States Association of Game and Fish Departments had been paid for the year. He presented the report of the meeting of this association, held in Minneapolis on September 12, 1929. The Montana Commission was not represented.

Chairman Marlowe presented a letter from the Hamilton Sportsmen's Club, asking that all of Ravalli county, except the Bitter Root Stock Farm, be opened to the shooting of Chinese pheasants and Hungarian partridges this season, and that the former order of the Commission, opening all that portion of Ravalli county south of the Ravalli and Missoula county line and lying north of the Hamilton Heights road, which runs east and west through the middle of Sections 13, 14, 15, 16 and part of 17, and an extension of the same line across the remainder of Section 17 and Section 18, all in Township 6 N. of Range 20 W., and an extension of said last described line east

and west across Ravalli county, be rescinded.

The motion of Chairman Marlowe provided as follows: "I move that, in lieu of the territory heretofore opened by the Commission in Ravalli county to the hunting of Chinese pheasants and Hungarian partridges this season, that all of Ravalli county be opened to the hunting of these birds, except the Bitter Root Stock Farm, which is more particularly described as follows: Beginning at a point on the Northern Pacific railroad west of the Hamilton Heights road, thence east along the Hamilton Heights road to the Bitter Root National Boundary, thence south along the National Forest Boundary to Gird Creek, thence in a northwesterly direction along Gird Creek to a point where Gird Creek crosses the Dous-Nolan road near the Peter Dous ranch, thence in a westerly direction along the Dous-Nolan road to the Northern Pacific railroad, thence along the said railroad in a northerly direction to the place of beginning."

J. W. Schofield, field assistant in charge of hatcheries, advised that the cottage at the Miles City Pond Cultural Station, the material for which was authorized purchased at the last meeting of the Commission, will soon be ready for tenancy. Mr. Hill was authorized to write J. H. Chartrand, deputy warden, to move to the Miles City Pond Cultural Station, his residence to be at this cottage, as soon as it is completed; and to advise him that it shall be his duty to patrol this station, with his duties as deputy game warden.

Discussion followed as to waters in the state which should be closed to

fishing for a short period. Park and Brush Lakes, in Sheridan county; Ackley Lake, in Judith Basin county; and the Lower Glass Lindsey Lake, in Sweet Grass county, were closed to all fishing for two years.

Mr. Schofield was given permission to enlarge the living quarters at the Great Falls hatchery, and to take out a partition in the hatchery.

Dr. I. H. Treece was given permission to replace the pipe line at the Anaconda hatchery and superintend the installation.

Mr. Schofield presented a list to the Commission of the number of fish taken from the Miles City Pond Cultural Station during 1929.

Chairman Marlowe advised that the Rocky Mountain trout pond at Ravalli is for sale, and he was authorized to negotiate for the purchase and report at the next meeting.

THE PINE TREE

Tall and stalwart stands the Pine tree
With its limbs outstretched like arms
Growing in the summer sunshine
And defying winter storms;
With the north wind and the blizzard,
Through the sunshine and the rain,
Never does the Pine tree wither
But it stands the test and strain.
O, could men be like the Pine tree
With their arms spreading wide;
With their hearts growing bigger
Through the storms, with strength
and pride.
When the storms are darkest,
Could men only stand erect
And like the Pine tree, never wither,
But stand the strain and test.

In the Heart of the Bitter Roots



THE big game season in Montana has closed on deer but remains open until December 20 on elk in the Yellowstone area prescribed by law unless closed by the State Commission. Here's a magnificent hunting camp scene taken at Big Creek Lakes in October in the heart of the Bitter Root Mountains by Kenneth D. Swan, who is associated with the United States Forest Service stationed at Missoula.

Bag Limit Ballyhoo on Ducks

WHILE Montana sportsmen, for years accustomed to enjoying fall shooting of migratory waterfowl, are bemoaning the unkind fate that has brought about a scarcity of greenheads and webfooted companions, the Battle of the Bag Limit proceeds apace in eastern and southern states. Because of the extremely dry summer and fall, the disappearance of the water holes and the lowering of rivers and lakes, ducks and geese have apparently wended their way southward along routes forming the shortest pass to the southland. Few hunters have come near bagging the 25-bird limit. Montana sportsmen nevertheless favor decreasing the bag limit.

It has been comparatively few years ago since Montana water holes were blackened by clouds of ducks. There was no bag limit and the northern flight seemed impossible of extermination. Then came the days of bag limits. Federal and state limitations conflicted and the State Fish and Game Commission recently increased the Montana limit from 20 to 25 ducks to comply with federal restrictions. Despite the ballyhoo regarding the federal limit being too high, few instances of reaching the total kill will be noted this season in Montana. Under normal conditions the federal limit is too high. Twenty-five ducks is a meat hunter's figure. Yet it seems that in fighting the abnormal limit while blaming it for the decreased number of waterfowl, that some misguided conservationists are barking up the wrong tree. It's lack of attention to natural feeding grounds, failure to preserve cover and pollution of waters that's causing the difficulty, not the 25-bird limit.

In this connection Montana sportsmen will be interested in the editorial stand taken in the current issue of *The Sportsmen's Digest* in a controversy with *Outdoor Life*, regarding the situation. For the information of readers of *MONTANA WILD LIFE*, the editorial is published in full:

"It is not the policy of *Sportsmen's Digest* to criticize any other publication in the outdoor field because of the opinions that publication might hold on conservation questions. Rather, we would like to feel that all magazines serving the sportsmen of this country were working in harmony in presenting a true picture of the situation to those whose duty it is to see that proper steps are taken to conserve and increase the present supply of wild life.

"But politics creep in, and when one publication feels called upon to fling down the gauntlet, we accept the challenge. We believe that we owe something to our readers, and that it is our duty to expose the activities of a certain group, operating under the guise of sportsmen, who are intent upon disrupting those organizations that have done, and are doing, so much to conserve and increase the supply of game.

The Annual Miracle

Many years one may live in Montana,
But he can never outlive the thrill
When Spring suddenly reaches this
country

And the sun shines bright o'er the hill,
And the tiny wild flowers and the
grasses

And the willows begin to sprout;

It seems as though from the long, cold
Winter

Spring leaps with a gladsome shout,
As if planned in the cocoon of coldness
To give us this greatest surprise.

To sparkle with life in these high north
lands

That match Montana's bright skies.

—Faye S. Perry,
Butte, Mont.

"We refer to the editorial that appeared in the October issue of *Outdoor Life*, and we are quoting, word for word, portions of that editorial:

"We placed the blame for the situation squarely where it belongs—on Paul G. Redington, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, who in failing to recommend a reduction has repudiated the opinion of his predecessor, the eminent Dr. Nelson, and has laid himself open to the serious charge that he is under the influence of a clique of influential duck hogs who do their shooting in states where ducks concentrate, and who therefore want the highest possible bag limit. We condemned the Survey's widely publicized duck census, not because we disapprove of scientific study of wild life conditions, but because Redington was using counting-the-ducks as a smoke-screen to hide his true motives for opposing the reduction.

"Lastly, we suggested that game officials in states at present possessing a limit lower than twenty-five write to the Secretary of Agriculture and demand a national fifteen limit, which could be brought about by a stroke from the secretary's pen. With Jardine as secretary, there was not much chance that the sportsmen's representatives would be listened to. But when Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri became secretary last March hope revived among representative sportsmen and conservationists that the secretary would lower the limit regardless of what was recommended by his assistant, Redington—who out of stubbornness can't afford to weaken now, though his back is to the wall and his few henchmen in the affair hide silently in the dark and dare not face public ridicule by openly supporting the twenty-five bag limit."

"Thank you, Mr. McGuire, for the compliment, but *Sportsmen's Digest* does not hide silently in the dark, and has nothing to fear in coming to the defense of Mr. Redington. Through intelligent study of the conservation problem from every angle, Mr. Redington has done more for the benefit of the sportsmen of this country than any other one individual, with the possible exception of the handful of federal game wardens who daily risk their lives in apprehending game hogs and market hunters, who recognize no limits whether they be fifteen birds or fifty.

"As Mr. McGuire well knows, the solution of the problem of increasing our supply of game birds will not be found in lower bag limits, and the insinuation that Mr. Redington is being influenced by a few duck hogs, is an insult to the intelligence of those who call themselves sportsmen.

"*Sportsmen's Digest* has repeatedly pointed out the many factors contributing to the decrease of wild life. We have called attention to the fact that agriculture has destroyed millions of acres of cover and that unless some steps are taken to restore such natural protection, bag limit legislation will accomplish nothing. We have pointed out the necessity for closer cooperation between sportsmen's organizations and farmers, to the end that the farmer permit a portion of his unutilized land to be used as cover for game.

"We called attention to the activities of game hogs and market hunters in southern states, where migratory game birds winter, and where federal enforcement officers were doing their best to put the violators out of commission. Drainage of swamp areas and the pollution of streams are annually taking their toll of many times the number of birds bagged by sportsmen.

"If the situation is remedied within the next few years it will not be due to further bag limit legislation, but to the intelligent program mapped out by the Bureau of Biological Survey under the able supervision of Mr. Redington. We sincerely hope that readers of *Sportsmen's Digest* will not be led astray by the propaganda broadcast by certain groups who have axes to grind.

"We further trust that every reader will accept this challenge and will write to the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., urging him in the name of true sportsmanship to back his assistant, Mr. Redington, with every resource at his command. Let's not lose sight of the fact that what is needed are more sanctuaries where migrating waterfowl may nest and rear their young; more facilities for propagating game; intelligent handling of the stream pollution question; more intensive study of the habits of migrating birds; and a united stand against the ballyhoo artists."

Turquoise Basin---A Sportsmen's Paradise

By REV. E. FREDERICK, St. Ignatius, Mont.

FOUR years ago a small group of enthusiastic sportsmen undertook the ascent of Mount Snieleman from St. Ignatius in the Flathead Valley to plant native trout in a hitherto considered almost inaccessible lake of Montana's scenic Mission Range. They reached the lake after an arduous climb of several hours, packing the valuable fry on their backs, and incidentally losing almost half of their consignment. Skeptics who had shaken their wise heads and predicted that no upper range lake like the Snieleman could sustain fish life were effectively silenced when it was ascertained last fall that the 2,000 fry planted several years before had prospered in the icy depths of the lake to such an extent as to abundantly people it with good sized native trout. A party of twelve sportsmen visited the lake in July and found it literally teeming with trout. The fish appeared to be of uniform size, averaging about a pound and a half, hardy, fat and well nourished.

Meanwhile the good work initiated in the numerous lakes of the Turquoise Basin by the Rod and Gun Club of St. Ignatius, in cooperation with the State Fish and Game Commission, goes on. The latest entries on the books of the club read as follows: July 3, 1929, 120,000 eggs (natives) planted in Iceflow Lakes; July 6, 1929, 12,000 eggs planted in an unnamed lake, 15,000 planted in an unnamed lake, two consignments of 6,000 and 42,000 planted in Falls Creek Lakes; July 7, 1929, 5,100 planted in an unnamed lake, 10,200 planted in an unnamed lake, and two consignments of 108,600 and 121,800 planted in Gray Wolf Lake, the last two including planting completed July 28, 1929.

The lakes of the Turquoise Basin, the subjects of our stocking experiments, are part of a mountain region unexcelled in natural beauty, though as yet little known because of its comparative remoteness from the highways and byways of the ordinary tourist travel.

Located in the extreme southwest corner of the Flathead National Forest, it comprises several Alpine basins near the summit line of the majestic Mission Range, containing numerous glaciers, lakes, and waterfalls, and affording broad views of an unsurpassed landscape.

Looking down from Mount McDonald, at an elevation of 10,250 feet above sea level, the highest peak of the range—Mount Snieleman being the second highest—the unaided eye gathers in the vast extent of the Turquoise Basin.

The delicate blue of the turquoise, inclining slightly to a pale green, predominates in the color scheme, Turquoise Lake itself forming the pendant of an almost circular chain of lakes. Some are still unnamed, as already stated, waiting for the magic wand of

the poet or lover of nature to single them out; others, and these are of course the larger ones, clearly indicate the distinctive individuality a well chosen name always enhances.

The Flathead National Forest still abounds in game. The duties of forest officers include recording and keeping up to date a game census, based on the most accurate estimates possible, making plans for game preservation and perpetuation, and enforcing the game laws. The latest estimates for the entire area comprising 1,721,478 acres of publicly owned forest land from Flathead Lake on the west to the Continental Divide on the east, and from Glacier National Park on the north to the mountains dividing the Flathead River drainage from that of the Clark's Fork of the Columbia on the south, show 2,700 deer, 1,300 elk, 30 moose, 500 mountain goats, 500 bear—black, brown, and grizzly—and many other animals, such as coyotes, mountain lions, beaver, fox, marten, mink, and otter. Big game animals of all kinds appear to be slowly increasing in numbers. In the Turquoise Basin in particular the wily grizzly is more than holding his own.

Because of its vast area and the fact that a large portion of the reserve is accessible only by trail, it is one of the few remaining retreats in the northwest where one may still feel the thrill of the explorer and experience the romance of penetrating into a wilderness area.

Thousands of people visit the forest for recreation every year. Those who get the greatest rewards for their efforts are the hardier souls who leave the auto roads for the interior fastness with saddle horses or on foot over the mountain trails.

The Turquoise Basin proper may be reached by auto road from Missoula via Seeley Lake to Holland Lake, where good accommodations, guides and horses are available for pushing into the heart of the glacier region, or the trip may be made from the lower Flathead Valley over the Jocko Trail, a safe Alpine trail second to none in the world and leading by easy stages to Legoon Lake, in the immediate vicinity of Turquoise Lake, the outstanding gem of the numerous lakes of the region.

"How is fishing?" the alert disciple of Izaak Walton will at once ask. The most accessible streams and lakes which are tributary to the roads and therefore fished most steadily are constantly restocked with game fish by the Forest Service, the state and various cooperating agencies, such as sportsmen's associations. The planting of fish in the numerous virgin lakes of the interior, such as the good work sponsored by the sportsmen of St. Ignatius, is proceeding at a goodly rate of speed and bids fair in due course of time to make a genuine fisherman's

paradise of the entire Turquoise Basin. Ardent Waltonians need not worry; a systematically carried out policy of stocking is bound to assure an ever-increasing supply of game fish, ample to gladden the hearts of even those who will come after us when we ourselves shall have crossed the Great Divide.

Such a policy was begun in 1925 when St. Ignatius sportsmen, headed by W. F. Fellows, secured several thousand fry from the Montana Fish and Game Commission. These fry were liberated in Snieleman Lake after hours of arduous climbing during which more than 50 per cent of the fry were lost. That the judgment of those who made the trip and stocked the lake was sound is shown from the catch made from the lake three years later or in 1928 which is shown in the accompanying pictures.

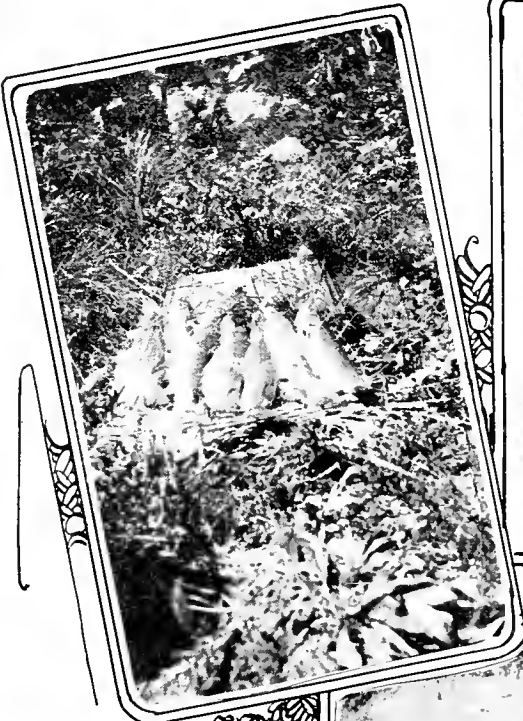
Before the planting in this lake in 1925 it was barren so far as fish were concerned. A mile or two of rapids and falls made it impossible for fish to ever get there. The catch made in 1928 demonstrated that fish would do well there and in other similar lakes in that vicinity if they can only be stocked, but stocking these lakes was a problem. The country was so rough and so steep that getting there with the live fry was almost an impossible undertaking.

Learning that the State Commission had undertaken planting isolated lakes with eyed eggs Mr. Fellows again took up the matter of planting these lakes but with eyed eggs instead of fry and as a result many of these lakes for the first time have husky young native fry in them.

Frank M. O'Brien, an employe of the Fish and Game Commission and an expert in the planting of eyed eggs, was sent to stock these lakes by Dr. I. H. Treece, western field superintendent in charge of hatcheries of the Commission. In this way Mr. O'Brien, his guide, George McConnell, and a pack horse did more in one day towards stocking these inaccessible lakes with fish than a pack train with twenty-five horses carrying fry could have done in ten days.

A question of general interest: How old may the Turquoise Basin be? The age of the original Mission Range, a pre-Cambrian formation, may with sufficient accuracy be set down at an even hundred million years. Its history is written indelibly in the Alpine glacier formations abounding in the Turquoise Basin, antedating human culture and traditions by many millions of years. At that it is still to a considerable extent unexplored land, a region of wonders not touched by the hand of man, an unexcelled masterpiece of the inspired forces which eons ago fashioned its virgin beauty.

PLANTING FISH UNDER DIFFICULTIES



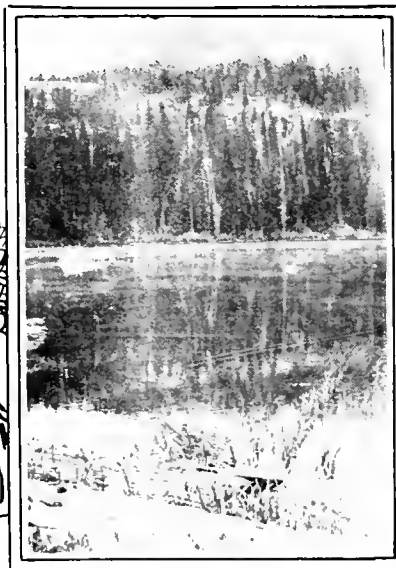
SEVEN BEAUTIES
CAUGHT IN
SНИЕLEMEN LAKE
PLANTED IN 1925
CAUGHT IN 1928



SНИЕLEMEN FALLS
A MILE OF RAPIDS
AND FALLS OUT
OF THIS LAKE



GEO. McCONNELL, F. M. O'BRIEN
WITH PACK HORSES AND EGGS



GEO. McCONNELL
(GUIDE) and F. M. O'BRIEN WITH HORSES
AND EGGS GOING INTO GREY WOLF
BASIN AND LAKE

UNNAMED LAKE NEAR
SUMMIT - PLANTED TO EGGS
IN JULY BY F. M. O'BRIEN

A VIEW FROM
GOAT CLIFFS ON WAY TO
SНИЕLEMEN LAKE, LOOKING UP
MISSION CANYON and CREEK

MONTANA STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

COMMISSIONERS.

Thomas N. Marlowe, Missoula, Chairman.
G. T. Boyd, Great Falls.
Joseph L. Kelly, Anaconda.
W. K. Moore, Billings.
E. A. Wilson, Livingston.



ROBERT H. HILL, Helena
State Fish and Game Warden
Secretary.

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GAME GUARDIANS OF NATION MEET

THE American Game Conference will hold its sixteenth annual convention in New York City, December 2 and 3, under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association. This conference, composed of official representatives of seventeen national and international organizations, state, provincial, federal and dominion officials, game breeders, scientists and sportsmen, bids fair to surpass any like convention ever held in this or any other country.

Problems of tremendous importance will come before the conference for discussion and solution. At the meeting held last year a committee on a national policy for wild life conservation and restoration was provided for. This committee will present its report. It is confidently expected that, based on this report, a definite policy in wild life conservation may be worked out. It is not expected that this committee will devote itself to sectional problems, except in so far as they reflect conditions as a whole, but rather the gestures will be toward those fundamental problems of a general nature from which it is hoped problems may be successfully worked out upon the foundation laid by the committee.

Restoration of forest areas, swamp and overflow lands uneconomically drained and utilized, game farming and fish culture, and all other restorative methods found to be helpful in setting up a program for the perpetuation of all useful forms of wild life, will be discussed.

Never before in the history of North America has public conscience been so aroused as it is today in reference to wild life. Never before in the history of this country has the economic and esthetic value of wild life so impressed itself upon the masses. The rich and poor alike are drawing lines upon the map to lay out the nearest and best route to those woods, fields and streams where in season and for recreational purposes they may take a reasonable bag of game or creel of fish.

Emulating the dominion government of Canada, the government at Washington, after ten years of side-stepping and debate, has finally arrived at a governmental policy in game restoration through the establishment of breeding and feeding grounds for migratory wildfowl.

Habit is a cable. We weave a strand every day till it gets so strong that we can not break it. Habit formed is habit prolonged. When we practice a good or evil action a while it becomes easy and we take pleasure in doing it; we do it frequently and by frequency it grows into a habit.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

ANOTHER work of Montana art is presented to readers of MONTANA WILD LIFE on the front cover of the November edition. The bobcat so strikingly illustrated was killed by Ira Tester of Libby shortly after he had snapped the picture among the pines and firs in the mountains of Lincoln county. The photograph was submitted by Deputy Game Warden William J. Dorrington. Seldom it is that unusual photographs of wild life such as this are taken in the woods. MONTANA WILD LIFE is making an incessant effort to portray scenes of Treasure State outdoor interest with each succeeding number, and requests its readers to submit photographs for publication.

The wild life of today is not wholly ours, to dispose of as we please. It has been given to us in trust. We must account for it to those who come after us and audit our records.

TRAPSHOOTING SEASON IS NEARING

SCATTERGUN enthusiasts of Montana are looking forward to the opening of the registered tournament season shortly after the holidays. With the close of the season on migratory waterfowl, the trigger fingers of trapshooters are afflicted with a peculiar itch that can only be relieved by association with fellow victims at the gun club homes of the state. The annual telegraphic trapshooting tournament for the state title is to be staged again under supervision of The Montana Standard of Butte and new clubs are being formed to participate.

With these new clubs coming into competition it might be well to remember the honored warning against too much shooting and the advice of Lon S. Lossing, secretary of the Florida association. Lossing puts out this advice:

Get your gun club together again—you can do it. Let's adopt the following weekly programs. And if you will do this, watch your membership grow and new talent enter the sport. Adopt this program and shoot but once a week:

- First event—10 shots, 2 at a peg, 16-yard targets.
- Second event—15 shots, 3 at a peg, 16-yard targets.
- Third event—10 shots, 2 at a peg, 16-yard targets.
- Fourth event—15 shots, 3 at a peg, 16-yard targets.

This gives the little fellow, or the beginner, a chance to shoot and then drop out after shooting 25 and only costing him what he can afford; also, it gives a chance to some onlooker who may have become interested to step up and shoot the second 25, taking the place of someone who has dropped out. Adopt the program and watch your club grow. About the same program has brought over 200 shooters out to the traps in one city lately and you can get up the same interest in your home town. Forget the 25-target event stuff for your club shoots—it is killing your favorite sport and keeping away those who would join in with you if you did not make it so expensive.

Human life is absolutely dependent upon wild life and forests. Without these things we would become extinct as a race.

SOLVING BIRD SECRETS

APINTAIL duck which has just been caught in California, with a band around its leg, proving that it was sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture's scientific staff at Bear River, Utah, 12 years ago, has given rise to a discussion as to how long a bird can live. Twelve years is officially believed to be a record. Some time ago a stork was found whose "band" showed by the date inscribed upon it that the bird in the course of 11 years had migrated from the Rositten bird observatory in Germany to the United States.

THE BARBER SHOP BRAGGART

WHILE Montana's State Fish and Game Commission is striving diligently and successfully in the vast program of conservation of wild life throughout the state, the overwhelming majority of sportsmen of the Treasure State are cooperating in wholesome manner. At times, however, some misinformed resident emits a complaint based on barber shop debate, without seeking authentic information. This situation is well handled in a recent editorial in *The National Sportsman*, which reads as follows:

A few days ago we received a rather disturbing letter from a western state as follows:

"I have read much lately in regard to game conservation and want to register myself as being in favor of this movement. Anything that can be done to increase the game crop ought to be done as it is a known fact that game birds are becoming fewer and rarer. Time was when I could knock over 300 ducks and up in one day, and other game in proportion. During the last ten years my best duck day was 102 birds, my best quail day 65, and my best pheasant day 27 birds, which I consider only average bags.

"As I spend most of my time hunting and fishing one can see that it takes several thousand birds a season to fill my game bag alone. Taking into consideration the closed season, low limits, and over-officious game wardens, a sportsman nowadays has his hands full in getting a decent day's bag.

"All my hunting friends are complaining about the situation and are unanimous in the opinion that the state could do a great deal more than it is doing with the hundreds of thousands of dollars collected in license fees, fines, etc.

"The money spent in salaries for game wardens should be used in raising game. On several occasions I have been compelled to let birds lay after I had shot over the limit as there happened to be a warden in the immediate vicinity."

Whether statements contained in this letter are true, and whether the name signed to the letter is the name of the writer, we do not know. The letter does not make especially edifying reading, but it is published for a purpose. That purpose is to call attention to the fact that harm is done by merciless hunting law violators who brag of excessive kills, whether actually made, or not.

It is usually the case when those who have such a warped idea of entertainment are approached by an "official" game warden that they are ready to say that their statements were just a bit of "kidding." They wanted to have some fun with somebody.

Nevertheless, such statements have a most unhealthy influence. While the man who knows the situation merely laughs it off, there are in the great class of sportsmen today so many unthinking individuals on whom statements such as are contained in this letter create a bad influence.

There is and always will be unrest among the sportsmen. There will always be those who feel that they are not getting their share. There are those whom the best work of conservation agents will never satisfy. This dissatisfied class feeds on such statements as this letter contains. While they may not really believe it, it gives them a topic for conversation.

Ostracism from the society of wholesome sportsmen is too good for thieves who are stealing the future heritage of sons and daughters.

Every hour three people die from automobile accidents. Pretty soon state game commissions will have to raise pedestrians!

HONOR INVENTOR OF GUN CAP

ATABLET has been unveiled in the Tower of London to the Rev. Alexander John Forsyth, a parish priest of Belhelvit, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, who, in 1800, invented a detonating powder and the first percussion lock for small arms. His finding laid the foundation for the modern rifle cartridge.

Before this invention the powder in the old muzzle-loading muskets was fired by matchlocks or flintlocks. Besides being slow, this method was uncertain, as the powder would not ignite if it became damp. "Keep your powder dry" had more than a figurative meaning in those days.

Forsyth's invention encountered the usual opposition accorded to revolutionary military innovations, but was finally adopted by the British army and was first used in action by British troops at Amoy in 1841.

THE PASSING OF THE MALLARD

THE Manhattan County Searchlight, published by the community organization of students, faculty and patrons of the Manhattan, Mont., community schools, says editorially:

"The Montana law allows a duck hunter to bag a limit of 25 ducks in a day. The limit on ducks a few years ago was 20, but the legislature changed the law to allow 25 to conform with the national law. We wonder if making matters worse would correct an evil. So far, it has not.

"If this law continues in existence much longer, the beautiful mallard and the wedged Canadian honker will soon suffer the fate of the vanished buffalo and we shall have the privilege of seeing them only in protected reserves which will be established after it is too late. Why not take action now? Isn't 10 ducks enough for any hunter to bag in any one day?

"Such a suggestion will be distasteful to our game hogs who never are satisfied unless they bag the limit, but to that large majority of hunters who are satisfied with a bag of one-half dozen ducks, in fact, enough for a nice feed, and who on the other hand would like to see the web-foots exist, will think this suggestion rational and timely."

Do not do too much for your boy, but everything with him.

STUDY RUFFED GROUSE IN NEW YORK

SPORTSMEN of the New York Conservation Commission have begun a study of the ruffed grouse, the birds once so common in Montana, in a serious effort to preserve the species. Only a few weeks ago a special meeting was held in the offices of the Conservation Commission in Albany, when prominent sportsmen met with Chief Protector Llewellyn Legge to discuss the situation. At that time George A. Lawyer, for ten years chief game warden of the United States, now of the New York Development Association, started a project whereby the sportsmen of the state would raise the necessary funds to employ experts to decide upon a plan to save the grouse. The complete study will be made along the lines of the quail investigation recently conducted in Georgia by the United States Biological Survey.

The scarcity of grouse is not due to overshooting, experts say. This bird is hard to hunt and harder to shoot; the bag limit of the state is only three a day, with a short open season. The principal cause of death is the familiar poultry disease "blackhead." Probably other diseases take their toll and the bird suffers seriously from the inroads of prowling house cats, wild cats, foxes, owls, hawks and other enemies.

H. L. Stoddard, field assistant for the quail investigation, reported that when nature's balance between reproduction and enemies is radically disturbed, serious results follow. Only recently the southern gray fox has worked north into the best grouse cover.

If, by persistent vermin hunting, the balance is thrown in favor of the birds, they soon multiply rapidly. This may mean, as was brought out at the meeting, that the state may be infested even as far as the foothills of the Adirondacks. Because this vicious little hunter lives right in the grouse cover, thickets, swamps and briar patches, it is excessively destructive to these birds.

The best example of rigid economy is a dead Scotchman.

DUCKS GALORE IN COLORADO

COLORADO'S State Game and Fish Commission, under R. G. Parvin, opened the season on elk November 4, 5 and 6 to thin out the bulls. These elk have recently been coming down from the state game refuges and are creating some damage in the farm lands. Colorado has 19 refuges embracing a total of 3,324,480 acres.

Reports are that hunting in general in Colorado was good this season. This also includes waterfowl. As the report states, "not for many years have so many ducks been seen in the great San Luis Valley and other watered areas of the state." This feature is rather interesting because of the pessimistic reports from Montana and the northwest of a bad duck breeding season due to lack of water.

Colorado has also about completed the construction of the Glenwood Springs fish hatchery with a capacity of 10,000,000 fish. This year Colorado planted about 35,000,000 trout, and with the addition of the new hatchery the annual capacity of the state hatcheries will be 75,000,000.

Humane Aspects In Fur Farming

MONTANA fur farmers who have become intensely interested in the growing of foxes for their commercial fur value have created a new industry that promises to add substantial sums to assets of the Treasure State. At the recent convention of the American Humane Association at St. Louis, Dr. J. E. Shillinger, biologist, division of fur resources of the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, delivered the following address on the humane aspects in fox farming that should be of interest to Montana's fur farmers. He said in part:

"When the first wire enclosure was erected to hold a pair of silver foxes in captivity, few persons had any conception of the important factors involved in feeding, breeding, and managing fur animals on farms. The 'hit-and-miss' methods of management that were termed 'the tricks of the trade' in the old days are now matters of history. Much safer and saner methods are now in use, and the business of fur farming is a recognized part of our agricultural industry. For instance, successful fox farmers now do not feed foxes by throwing handfuls of meat or fish over the fence to the animals. Water dishes are not allowed to stand for weeks at a time until green mould has collected in them, or until the foxes have contaminated the dishes with feces. Pens, dens, and nest boxes are no longer receptacles for manure, or storage houses for the bones and other debris that foxes choose to carry in. Small double pens with single wire partitions through which a fox could reach and pull the leg or tail off its neighbor are now passe. A lot has been learned about the control of diseases and parasites. This is by no means the nightmare that it once was.

"Crushing the life out of a fox by placing the foot on his chest, or striking him on the base of the skull with a club, are no longer the common practices of killing foxes. If for no other reason than economy it is unwise to use any form of violence in killing the animal, for its pelt. Skins of animals slaughtered by a blow or shot with a rifle are damaged and will not bring full price.

"The best results are obtained by the action of some form of lethal agent that will cause prompt loss of consciousness. Carbon tetrachloride, chloroform, or ether will produce the results desired. Carbon tetrachloride is preferable because it is cheap and easily obtainable. A small dose of this liquid is injected into the nasal passage of a fox by means of a syringe and the fox dies in a few seconds.

"At first, foxes were treated as scavengers and were compelled to eat refuse and decomposed material and to live in filthy surroundings. This was believed by some to be absolutely necessary, as it represented conditions to which the fox was accustomed in the

wild. Never having studied the fox in its natural habitat, a large number of pioneers in the industry held this idea for several years.

"Experiments have demonstrated in every line of animal production that good breeding is ineffective unless the feeding is such that the animals will thrive and yield a good increase. This is also true of fox farming. Only food that is clean and wholesome should be supplied. Polluted or diseased material should never be given. To obtain the best results from feeding, a ration must be provided that is both palatable and acceptable.

"These changes that have evolved in the thirty years in which this industry has developed have been rapid and revolutionary. They have not only improved the environment of the foxes but have done much to improve the quality of the fur produced.

"It is being demonstrated constantly that the natural supply of furs can be supplemented by raising fur animals under the care and protection of man. There are approximately 5,000 fur farmers in the United States and Alaska and the investment is between \$20,000,000 and \$25,000,000. This does not include the vast areas of muskrat marshes in the country, many of which also are operated privately or by the state as fur farms.

"Mink, muskrat, and rabbit raising has developed more rapidly in the last year than have any other branches of fur farming. Persons raising minks have had no difficulty in contracting for the sale of young at \$250 to \$350 a pair in the fall prior to their birth in the spring. Muskrat ranch owners in the east have shipped large numbers of live muskrats to the Pacific Coast states and to European countries for restocking marsh areas.

"Rabbit raising is no longer a pet-stock proposition. It has become an agricultural business that is now assuming large proportions in various sections of the United States, especially in the Pacific Coast states, the Middle West, and South.

"The chief purpose of the work of the fur resources branch of the De-



Female Montana Mink

partment of Agriculture is to conduct experiments and other necessary research in fur farming. Facts are being gathered on all phases of production for the benefit of the growing numbers of fur farmers throughout the country. The results of the investigations are given to the public through demonstrations, individual advice, and bulletins and circulars.

"Through investigations at the fur-animal experiment station at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the rabbit experiment station at Fontana, Calif., and the work in fur-animal diseases being done in cooperation with the medical school of the University of Minnesota, valuable information is being developed regarding all species of fur bearers now being propagated on farms in the country. Their habits are observed here and elsewhere, and investigations are made of the best management practices regarding feeding, breeding, and housing captive animals, and prevention or control of the diseases and parasites to which they are subject when concentrated in numbers greater than are ordinarily found in small areas in the wild."

Montana Duck Is Shot in Mexico

MORE than 2,000 miles from its native haunts in Stillwater county, a pintail duck was shot at Puerto, Mexico, in the Mexican state of Vera Cruz, within 50 miles of the Central American border, according to a report received by George Mushbach, federal game protector, from the Washington headquarters of the Biological Survey.

The bird was banded by Mr. Mushbach at Goose Lake, a mile north of Big Lake, near Wheat Basin, on July 6. It was one of a number banded at that time, all of which were still too young to fly. It was shot October 23 by R. M. Salinas, according to the report. Puerto, Mexico, is on the south shore of the Gulf of Mexico about 800 miles due south of Galveston, Texas. In an air line it is about 2,150 miles southeast of Montana.

While the time of the start of its flight to the subtropical country for the winter may only be guessed at, few of the young birds reared on local lakes leave before the beginning of the hunting season in the middle of September. The bird bore the band number of 542,068.

Last year he received a report of one killed in Texas.

The bureau through its field men and also with the cooperation of other nature lovers has been banding a large number of migratory fowl each summer with the view of tracing the paths of migration and obtaining data.

Game Protector Shoots Wild Rapids



George Mushbach

GEORGE Mushbach, federal game protector with headquarters at Billings, recently successfully negotiated the famous Big Horn Canyon, with a companion, Dr. Will Allen of Billings. Dr. Allen has made three trips over the hazardous course, the first more than twenty years ago. They used two canvas boats, one for themselves and the other to carry the camp equipment.

Shooting the rapids was difficult because of low water.

The Billings men started on the trip through the canyon from Kane, Wyo. They found the rapids exceedingly rough and it was necessary to let the boats down by ropes through the worst rapids. This was especially true toward the lower end of the canyon. Except for several drenchings while letting down the boats and slight damage to the boats which they were able to repair the trip was without mishap.

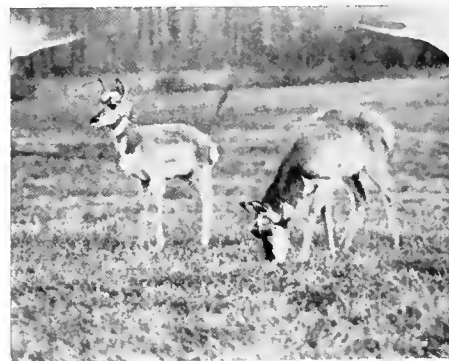
They made their first camp near the mouth of Devil's Canyon where Mr. Mushbach found fishing fine and was able to get enough for most of the rest of the trip. The next night they camped at Ewing's Creek and the other camps were made at the mouth of Bull Elk and Black Canyon and at the mouth of the main canyon.

Both men had cameras. According to Mr. Mushbach, one of his films was injured by water but he got good scenery snapshots on the other and Dr. Allen also got some fine pictures. They saw many deer and bear signs. There was little evidence of any humans being through the canyon.

The scenery in many parts of the canyon is magnificent. There are only one or two places where the canyon can be entered and crossed, although there are several places where one can get to the floor of the canyon but must return the same way.

Several attempts to go through the canyon have ended in fatalities. Two Mormon boys were drowned in 1918 and their bodies found near the mouth of the canyon. Last year a party headed by Charles Belden made a trip for the purpose of getting photographs of the canyon wall to be used in national magazines.

On Montana's Prairies



MONTANA'S State Fish and Game Commission is doing everything within its power to protect the antelope. Despite this incessant activity a short open season was recently declared in Wyoming and many strayed across the Montana line to fall before guns of hunters in Wyoming. Efforts are being made to induce the federal government to check the killing of antelope on Indian reservations by redskins who claim to be government wards and assert they are entitled to pursue their own ways on reservations despite state laws governing fish and game.

One For the Anglers

HERE'S one for Montana anglers to solve: James Nort White, poet laureate of the Helena printing profession, angler, outdoorsman, and heretofore regarded as strictly a man of his word, submits this communication:

On Sunday, October 26, I was on the Little Blackfoot River. At a big bend a few hundred yards from the station known as Gilbert, the water when high forms a sort of a second creek through the timbers. As the water recedes in the fall, it leaves a bare space of several feet, thus landlocking any fish unfortunate enough to remain until that time. Approaching this spot, I heard a thrashing in the water. The bank is about seven feet above the water. Looking down I observed a loch leven trout nearly 16 inches long. I was about to drop my fly pole when I noticed it seemed to be acting somewhat peculiarly. The water was about a foot deep there, filled with fallen leaves. The trout was nosing these leaves to each side, leaving a cleared space leading to a flat rock jutting out from the shore. While watching his antics, the trout suddenly turned belly up, his nose out of the water resting on this flat rock, the rest of his body extending into the cleared space of water. But it was dead.

Now, did this fish know he was going to die and prepare his burial ground, or what's the answer?

Names of Ducks are Changed

PROBABLY few Montana waterfowl hunters ever heard of the smoking duck. Yet that is the name by which the widgeon was frequently known 50 years ago, for the reason that its call was thought to resemble the sound of a smoker puffing on his pipe. For that matter, it is to be doubted if the modern wildfowl gunner would recognize many of his targets by their names of a half century ago.

Many of these titles were bestowed on the ducks by the market hunters and have passed into oblivion along with the clan from whose language they came.

For instance, eastern marketmen claimed to furnish their patrons with three varieties of mallards in the late 70's and 80's.

These were the greenhead, the gray mallard and the black mallard. The gray mallard was the female greenhead, commonly believed at that time to be a separate species. The name black mallard has lived and the black duck today is known by that title more frequently than by its rightful name.

To the oldtime gunners, the green-wing teal was known as the winter teal, the blue-wing as the summer teal. The wood duck boasted the names of tree duck and acorn duck and was rated as one of the finest of wildfowl for table use.

From its habit of rafting in huge flocks, the bluebill was called the flock

duck, raft duck and troop fowl. The merganser was known as the shelldrake even in the early days. Sometimes, however, he was called the sparring fowl, sparring being the ancient English name for smelt on which the merganser fed in that country.

From its agility at diving at the flash of a gun the golden-eye won the title of spirit duck. It was known too as the whistler, name that has lasted, and as the jingler and among the eldest of the gunners as the merry-wing.

The coot was hunted under a host of names in that day as now. It was called the mud hen, marsh hen, pond hen, water hen, sea crow and crow duck. Despite its unflattering names, however, it was held in high esteem for the excellence of its flesh, especially when fattened in the rice fields. The king rail and gallinule were commonly known as marsh hens.

The Canadian goose was known among gunners as the gray goose, the bay goose and the reef goose. The smaller Hutchins goose was called the mud goose, the winter, barnacle and Eskimo goose. By some hunters this wildfowl was believed to spring from the shell of a small barnacle.

The brant won its name from its dark color, being first called the brant goose, meaning branded or burned goose. It ranked high on the table and was especially fine when killed in late spring so the term May brant held much significance for epicures.

Chinchilla Rabbits For Food and Fur

WHILE the chinchilla rabbit is a valuable addition to the domestic breeds of rabbits and offers unusual possibilities to persons who will develop its good qualities, it is important that breeders pay special attention to commercial rather than fancy qualities, according to the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. The future of the breed and its ultimate popularity depend solely on its economic value as a food and fur producer.

Chinchillas are a comparatively new breed, especially in the United States, and many inquiries are received for an accurate description of the breed and for information concerning the food and fur value.

The color of the pelt of the chinchilla rabbit is especially attractive, and this is responsible in large measure for the widespread popularity of the breed. The markings are unique and difficult to imitate successfully, so that they make the fur attractive for garments and trimmings and for other uses of the fur trade.

"The chinchilla, perhaps more than any other breed of rabbit," according to D. Monroe Green, of the Biological Survey, "has been widely heralded as a 'fur rabbit' and many exaggerated and misleading statements have been made regarding the value of its fur and the large profits to be derived from the sale of the pelts. This has had a tendency to create a false impression and has led many to invest large sums in breeding stock, with the expectation of a rich reward, only to learn from hard experience that the claims made were exaggerated.

"As with all domestic rabbits, chinchillas must be bred for both food and fur to combine the returns from the two commodities and thus derive the maximum profit on the labor and capital invested."

The principal need of the chinchilla breed, says Mr. Green, is the development of larger individuals. Greater size of frame must be developed if the required weight of flesh is to be added, and the size and color of the pelt must be improved if its value as fur is to be increased. Progressive breeders realize this, he says, and are making earnest efforts to develop larger animals. Already some bucks and does of fine color have been produced weighing nine or ten pounds, illustrating what can be done by careful breeding and feeding.

A lady had taken her four-year-old son into the booth while her husband voted in that adjoining. When they met after casting their ballots the little chap said to his father:

"Daddy, mother must love all the politicians."

"How is that?" the father wanted to know.

"Well, I saw her mark kisses ahead of a lot of their names."

Day Off for Ducks

NO DUCK hunting on Wednesdays" is the word of caution which the Wisconsin Conservation Commission sends out to duck hunters just as the season opens. The legislature passed this silent Wednesday provision of the law, which is intended to make a rest day during the week so that ducks will have an opportunity to recuperate from flying away from hunters all week.

During recent years the conviction has been growing among duck hunters and sportsmen generally that by establishing refuges and rest periods, hunting conditions can be greatly improved. The experience of eastern states proves that hunting is improved by such tactics, and the Wisconsin legislature, in declaring there shall be no duck hunting on Wednesdays, is in line with conservation opinion.

Otherwise the laws regulating duck hunting are just the same as they were last year—no shooting from open water, no shooting from sunset until thirty minutes before sunrise, no shooting from any motor boat, and no shooting of any game birds other than wild geese or brant with a rifle.

The decoy provision is the same as last year, no one hunter being entitled to more than fifty decoys within and no decoys beyond 200 feet from the blind or covering in which the hunter is located. The fifty decoys allowed each hunter may include not more than five live decoys, each of which must be provided with a registration tag.

The commission appeals to the good sportsmanship of the hunters throughout the state, not only to abide by the game laws but to have consideration

for the other hunter. Remember that no shotgun can carry a killing load further than fifteen or sixteen rods, and also remember that it is bad sportsmanship to shoot at ducks which are out of range, thus spoiling a shot for a neighboring hunter.

Hand-Fed Bruin



THE cook at Granite Park chalets in Glacier National Park has made a pet of a big black bear that came to visit him for hand feeding daily during the last summer.

Park Elk Patrol Is Strengthened

WHEN sportsmen from all parts of the nation make their annual Christmas pilgrimage to Montana for the elk hunting season in the vicinity of Yellowstone National Park, they will find the border patrol strengthened as the result of cooperative efforts being put forth by the State Fish and Game Commission, the forestry and national park officials. Plans for this work were perfected at a recent conference at Livingston.

Because of the fact that the northern herd declines to move out of the park until forced out to feed by heavy snowfall, the season in that area outside the park boundaries has been extended until December 20, subject to change by the State Commission. When the elk movement starts, the word: "They're coming out" is flashed along telephone and telegraph wires and the hunt begins. Extreme vigilance is used to prevent the killing of elk within the park sanctuary.

The only other district in the state where elk may be killed after the close of the regular season, October 15 to November 15, is the Sun River region

which includes portions of Teton and Lewis and Clark county, as prescribed by law.

State Game Warden Robert H. Hill and Commissioner E. A. Wilson represented the Fish and Game Commission at the Livingston conference, with Roger Toll, park superintendent, and Chief Ranger Bagley for the park service, Glen A. Smith of Missoula for the forestry department, with other park and forestry officials assisting.

Arrangements were made whereby the three departments will cooperate in strengthening the park patrol when the elk begin wending their way outside park boundaries in search of food. The northern herd now numbers about 13,000 elk. With the federal appropriation made available, lands on both sides of the Yellowstone River are being bought up as grazing areas for the monarchs of the forest. Attempts will be made this year to secure an actual count of the number of elk killed. A checking station will be established on the highway at Carabella where hunters will report going in and out of the open area.

This Doe Wears Horns

NUMEROUS circuses have shown wonders of the world in their side shows, including five-legged or two-headed calves, but here's a story from Missoula that bears attention.

To Ernest M. Rose some credit is coming, for he has brought to light one of western Montana's oddities. He took to Missoula a buck-doe. It is a doe, but it has horns and has the hoofs of a buck, according to reports.

Old-timers, when they heard the story of a buck-doe, scoffed and said, "buck fever." But Mr. Rose has 150 pounds of proof at his home.

Mr. Rose and Frank Smith, both employees in the federal building at Missoula, went on a deer hunting expedition. On the Nine Mile divide where three counties come together, Mr. Rose sighted an animal with horns. It was a large animal, with two short horns which appeared in the velvet. With one shot he downed the animal, and upon inspection it was disclosed that it was a doe. On its head were two horns about four inches long, covered with hair, like the inside of its enormous ears.

The extraordinary head will be preserved so that doubting Thomases will doubt no more, Mr. Rose says.

Three hours after Mr. Rose got his buck-doe, Mr. Smith shot a seven-point blacktail buck, which it is reported weighed more than 250 pounds and possesses a head of unusual beauty.

Now You Tell One

BELIEVE it or not," writes Professor J. W. Severy of the University of Montana botany department, when telling the prize fish story of the month, "but that was the way it happened."

Professor Severy was fishing on Lake Ronan, it seems, and lost his pole and tackle as many other fishermen have done. He had laid down his pole in the boat. A fish had taken his hook and dragged the pole into the lake before he could recover it.

The following day, says the professor, he was again fishing near the same place. Soon after he threw out his line he got a strike. Upon reeling in he discovered that he had picked up the pole and line he had lost the day before, and on the end of that line, furthermore, was the fish that had absconded with the tackle the previous day.

THREE FISH, ONE HOOK

Jake Kenne, veteran angler of Anaconda, accomplished the feat of catching three fish on one hook. He was fishing upstream, as is his usual custom, and landed a four-ponnd Dolly Varden trout that had two four-inch trout in its stomach. Thus he claims he caught three trout on one hook and ridded the waters of a cannibal. The big fish, with others, was sent to the Sisters at St. Ann's hospital for their dinner.

LIFE FOR BATTERIES

PRACTICALLY all campers use flashlights. It is a poorly appointed camp nowadays that can not boast of one or more of these little necessities. That is why batteries are often found dead with the source of supply many hours and miles away, says Field and Stream.

When your battery cells go on the blink next time, try this: With a nail, punch a hole in the bottom of each cell between the center and the edge. This is to keep the bottom of the little can from being insulated from the positive pole of the next cell.

Into this hole pour several drops of water and then plug the hole with chewing gum, pine pitch, paraffine or anything to make it air tight. A short time later you will be surprised to find that your battery has found a new lease on life.

The secret of the thing is that the chemical action within the cell uses up the water contained in the blotting paper lining of the little zinc can. This treatment will work so long as there is any zinc left.

CAPERCAILZIE PRIZED GAME BIRD

POSSIBILITIES of the Russian cock of the woods or capercaillie as a valuable game bird in the northern United States and Canada are pointed out by the American Game Protective Association. The cock of the woods, the male of which weighs from seven to seventeen pounds, has long afforded excellent sport in the forested regions of Russia and Siberia.

The bird is found in a type of country very similar to the northern states and Canada. It ranges through the same covers as does the bear, the marten, the otter, the hare and the moose.

During the winter months it is found for the most part in pine, spruce and fir woods, where it feeds on needles and buds of these trees. Mountain ash berries and juniper berries also are included in its diet at this season. In summer the bird takes to marshy woods where it can find an abundance of berries and roots. The diet of berries is continued until autumn when the bird commences feeding on acorns if it can obtain them.

The nest is built in a thickly wooded spot constructed of grass and feathers. For the most part the bird keeps to itself and it is not known to molest grouse or any other of its feathered neighbors.

Its large size has made it a favorite and important game bird in the Russian forests. In Scotland, Ireland and England where it was introduced years ago it is looked upon with high favor. In the latter countries the bird is commonly known as the capercaillie.

A strong, fast flier and fairly fleet-footed on the ground, the cock of the woods has many qualities to recommend him as an addition to the game lists of this country and from the similarity of his native covers there is every reason to believe that an attempt to introduce and propagate the bird here would succeed, the Game Protective Association points out.

Drive Elk Like Cattle

MONTANA, once the land of great cattle roundups, is due to see a band of elk driven by mounted men, a distance of some 20 miles, if plans from the Musselshell country develop. With the Highwood elk herd fading from the picture, a herd reared on fenced land on the Durant ranch in the Musselshell country near Martinsdale has drawn the spotlight. This Musselshell herd was started several years ago as an experiment and recently 68 of the animals were released. As feed in that section is not the best, they are said to be becoming a menace to feed crops of farmers and the Forest Service plans a drive to take the animals to the Judith River country, where elk were planted by sportsmen and the State Fish and Game Commission.

W. B. Willey, supervisor of the Jefferson national forest, said that if present plans were executed farmers of that area would be called on by the Forest Service to aid in a drive to place the stray animals in the Judith River preserve. If those participating in the drive are fortunate the animals will not have to be driven more than 20 miles. It is thought that as the elk were raised under fence they may be accustomed to riders and it will not be difficult to drive them to the desired place.

While a drive has been suggested for the Highwood area toward the Little Belt Mountains, it was not considered practical because the animals are wild. Cost of moving elk by truck and train from one preserve to another has proved expensive in some instances. Part of the cost has been borne by sportsmen and part by the Fish and Game Commission of the state. The drive proposed in the Martinsdale area is the first of the kind in the state in many years.

Pet Antelope on Farm



MONTANA farmers residing in the areas favored by antelope as their feeding grounds are the best friends of the gazelle-like prairie animals. During the winning of the west they roamed the plains in thousands but their number is constantly diminishing. Here's a picture that demonstrates their friendliness in returning to the farm home for their regular rations.

The Closed Season

'Twas not a vacation, boys,
Seemed to us a time in jail,
'Cause we were kept from fishin'
(Less in Simple Simon's pail.)

But we polished up our tackle,
Wrapped and varnished o'er our pole,
Mended our rubber waders
We'd snagged in the rough Big Hole.

In mem'ries kind and gen'rous
We lived through the season o'er;
We forgot the pesky skeeters
And times when we failed to score.

Recalled with pride and gladness
The days when we beat the rest;
When we had to use our scales
Or meet the warden's test.

We read MONTANA WILD LIFE
Rejoined the Butte Anglers' Club;
Gave our assistance gladly
To help educate the dub

Who wanted to play the fish-hog,
And ruin for us all the streams
In this great state Montana,
Where trout, by the million, teems.

—Faye S. Perry,
Butte, Mont.

THE JUDGE SAW THE LIGHT

The following note from the Associated Press should be of interest to anglers who have a flare for the technical aspect of the law:

The premise of this item is that the Illinois law forbids the use of a light to lure fish.

Frank Cross was charged with violating that law. He admitted the light, but denied the lure.

"The lantern," he told Judge Gorham, "was to read by."

"Ah, yes," nodded the Court. "And what, may I ask, were you reading?"

"The Fish and Game Laws," replied Cross.

"I suppose," pursued the Judge, "that you recall some of the more interesting sections?"

"Yes, your Honor, I recall one section saying that it is illegal to use a light to lure fish, although there was no rule against using it to read by."

"The pursuit of knowledge," said the Court, "is highly commendable. There is no disposition of this court to interfere with study. The case is dismissed."

—Field and Stream.

Never set your tent up in an old creek bed or in a low place; it may rain during the night and moving in the dark is not interesting.

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MALLARD NEST IN TREE

THAT there are abnormal individuals among our birds as well as among human beings is clearly evidenced by the recent discovery in Minnesota of an old crow's nest being occupied by a brooding mallard.

This nest, first discovered by Victor V. Hawkinson, living south of Worthington, is in a willow tree about 18 feet from the ground. The willow is on an island in Lake Ocheda, a large stretch of typical waterfowl breeding area in Nobles county, and contained eight eggs on July 10.

The identification was made by Warden E. W. Bailey, of Ceylon, and Sidel B. Swenson, who, in company with Mr. Hawkinson, visited the spot and obtained motion pictures of the mallard leaving the nest and also of the eggs and nest in the swaying tree.

The nest was evidently an abandoned crow's nest, nicely lined with feather down. One surmise would be that the first nest on the ground had been destroyed in some manner and the mallard built up high where the second nest would not be molested.

PASS UP THE PISTOL

Don't lug a heavy pistol around on a belt full of cartridges to back up your rifle in case it is jammed when a big bear charges you, as you read of in a book. It hardly ever happens, and, if it does, make up your mind that you will be a dead hunter anyway, for it's 20 to 1 you would not get the pistol busy in time and it would not stop the bear anyway. The pistol and belt will make your hips so sore walking long distances that unless you are used to it it will cripple you, and it means another gun to keep clean in camp—a constant source of worry.

Cap—"Have you heard the new way to stop fish from smelling?"

Cooke—"No, how do you?"

Cap—"Cut off their noses."

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Perhaps

Perhaps he some time slipped a bit—
Well, so have you.

Perhaps some things he ought to quit—
Well, so have you.

Perhaps he may have faltered—why
Why, all men do, and so have I.

You must admit, unless you lie,
That so have you.

Perhaps if he would stop and think
Both I and you,

When painting someone black as ink,
As some folks do,

Perhaps, if we would recollect,
Perfection we would not expect.

But just a man half-way correct,
Like me and you.

I'm just a man who's fairly good,
I'm just like you.

I've done some things I never should,
Perhaps like you.

But, thank the Lord, I've sense to see
The rest of men with charity;

They're good enough if good as me—
Or, men like you.—Doug Malloch.

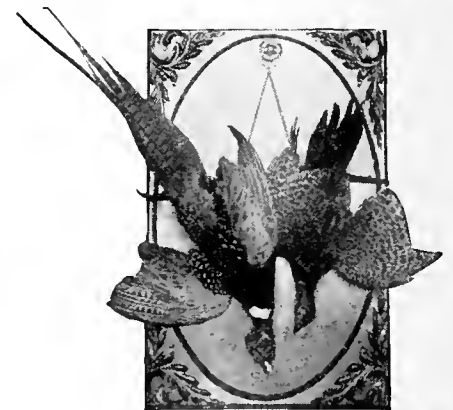
Telephone Operator—"I have your party. Deposit five cents, please."

Souse at Pay Station—"Whazzat?"

Operator—"Please deposit your money."

Souse—"Listen, girlie, wat I won's a conversashum from a fren', not financial advice from a stranger."

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The Lowly Sardine

IT MAY not be realized that the sardine fishery of California produces more than 20 times the tonnage of the next variety in the list of fishes taken in California waters. The catch of 1927 yielded more than 342 million pounds of fish. The take of sardines that year was more than twice as much in weight as all the other commercial fish combined.

California has a law requiring that a certain percentage of all sardines taken in the commercial fisheries shall be used as food and under this law the Game and Fish Commission has required at least 75 per cent of the take to be packed. The balance is used for various purposes, such as fertilizer, chicken food, stock food, and the preparation of oils used in the manufacture of lard substitutes.

More than 80 per cent of the pack of sardines of California are exported beyond the borders of the United States.

In common with most other commercial fishes of the sea, the life history and movements of the sardine are much of a mystery. California has been carrying on extensive research to learn the cause of the sudden appearance and as sudden disappearance of the sardines from their usual feeding grounds and to learn where and when they spawn. In connection with this inquiry, E. C. Scofield, scientific assistant in the bureau of commercial fisheries of the Division of Fish and Game of California, has finally located a large number of sardine eggs and larvae off the coast of southern California, after a protracted search. This is the first instance on record of the discovery of the eggs of this species. These investigations will bear directly on the necessity for further protection of the sardine regarding which there is much controversy. On one hand it is claimed that the sardine fishery is being depleted by over-fishing and on the other hand it is asserted that the reduction in the number of whales and other animals of the sea which feed upon them has resulted in the sardines actually increasing.

California has the largest fishery production of any state in the Union. The catch includes, besides sardines, several species of tuna, salmon, barracuda, mackerel, shad, striped bass, yellowtail, flounder and halibut.

CAN'T BE!

He—"Do you believe that kissing is unhealthy?"

She—"I couldn't say—I've never—"

He—"Never been kissed?"

She—"I've never been sick."

A NEAT WAY OF USING SHELLAC

LOTS of folks who tie flies or repair rods complain bitterly about getting their fingers all messed up when they apply shellac with a brush. Here is a little trick told in Field and Stream that does away with this objection.

Buy an oil-can with a long, curved spout. Take a small quill about one-half an inch in length and open it up at both ends. Tie a little bunch of camel's hair around one end of the quill and fit the other end of the quill over the top of the spout. By pressing in the bottom of the can, you can feed shellac into the brush in any desired amount.

When you finish your work, you can remove the brush and soak it in gasoline. To keep air out of the spout, fit another little piece of quill, with one end left closed, over the tip.

This is a handy little contraption that is always ready to use and always works.

TYING A NET ON ITS FRAME

SOME landing nets have such smooth and slippery frames, that unless the net itself is properly secured, it will all gather together in a bunch at the bottom of the rim. This feature, besides not looking nice, is rather inconvenient. Here is a way to get around it as provided by Field and Stream:

Take some heavy linen thread that has been well worked with shoemaker's wax. With this, make three short wrappings on the frame of your net so that it will be divided into four equal parts. Then count the number of loops or meshes in your net so you can separate them into four equal parts to correspond with the divisions on the frame. Now take some winding thread that has been previously shellacked. Work this through the loops of your net and on to the frame in the regular manner and, as you come around to the various linen thread wrappings, knot your winding thread around them and your net will stay put.

INSULTED

She came to her husband in tears. "I've been insulted," she spluttered. "Your mother has insulted me."

"My mother!" he exclaimed. "But, Alice, she's miles away."

"I know. But a letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting—and I opened it."

He looked stern. "I see. But where did the insult come in?"

Alice wept all the more.

"In the—the postscript," she answered, "it said: 'Dear Alice, don't forget to give this letter to George.'"

God's Country

There's a spot I call God's Garden
For I know it's heav'n blessed,
Where the rippling crystal waters
Soothe my jaded soul to rest.
Where the age old pines to heav'n
Rear their arms in silent prayer,
Where my soul communes with nature,
And God's peace is everywhere.
Where nature's golden voices,
Like a great cathedral choir,
Rise in anthem rich and holy
Up to heaven's highest spire.
Where my soul can dream forever,
And my mind is always free,
In that land beyond the beaten path
The good Lord gave to me.

—Raymond Russell in Outdoor America.

A boy of twelve, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunt observed:

"Johnny, you appear to eat well."

"Yes, aunty," replied the boy, "I've been practicing all my life."



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Save the Wee Trout

PRACTICALLY no undersized fish die when they are returned to the water after having been caught if the fisherman uses even ordinary care, according to results obtained by experiments recently conducted at trout hatcheries.

At each of these places 25 fish, all less than six inches in length, were caught on a hook and line and then returned to the water.

Fisheries men observed that the trout when returned to the water did not become active for several moments. This is only natural, as fish, like human beings, must recover from any shock as great as that caused by removing a fish entirely from its native element.

Here are a few points for fishermen to remember in returning fish to the water.

1. Do not jerk the fish clear out of the water as though you were going to throw him somewhere. Fish should be lifted out of the water rather than being jerked.

2. Wet both hands before removing the hook from the fish's mouth. A dry hand put on any kind of a fish will remove enough slime so that in practically every case a fungus growth will set in which may prove fatal to the fish later.

3. If possible remove the hook while holding the fish under water. This will lessen the shock.

4. Don't throw the fish back into the water, but hold him down and let him swim away.

If a fish floats down stream belly up, it does not mean that he will die, as it takes some time for him to recover from the shock.

THE HONEST FISHERMAN

How is it that a man will start,
With pole and bait, and honest heart,
And hie to some secluded nook,
Put wiggling worms upon his hook,
And fish, and fish, and fish away
From early morn till close of day;
Then to his wife at home will bring
Three little minnows on a string,
And say to her: BEHOLD, MY DEAR,
THE FISHING CHAMPION IS HERE!
And next day—telling of his skill,
The little fish have grown until
The three have multiplied to TEN—
AND WE JUST KNOW
HE'S

LIED
AGAIN.

THE WISE OLD TROUT

The old trout lurks in the deepest pool,
Where the blown down maples lay
And watches the fisherman homeward go
At the close of an angling day.
Many a worm has drifted by
As he lay in his shady nook,
But he knows full well that each worm
is strung
On a sharp and deadly hook.
So he takes the food that Nature sends
Down from the mossy glen,
And he lives in peace when he might
have been
On a board in some angler's den.
—Field and Stream.

No Religion

He doesn't worship in my church;
He doesn't seem to pray.
On Sunday he goes out to fish—
That's how he spends his day.
But James and John were fishermen,
Simon and Andrew, too.
And Jesus came and called to them—
Had work for them to do.
So, though he doesn't go to church,
Nor lift his voice to pray,
Perhaps the Lord will call to him
By some cool stream today.
Perhaps when he tramps up a stream,
Whipping the waters cold,
The Lord is just as near to him
As to those men of old.

POSSESSION A FAMILY RITE

"You must say 'our,' stormed Mrs. Nagg. "I'm tried and sick of hearing you say 'my ear,' 'my house,' 'my daughter.' That word 'my' gets my goat!"

The next morning Mr. Nagg was rummaging around the room, swearing as usual. "What's the matter now?" said Mrs. Nagg.

"I'm looking for our pants," said Mr. Nagg.

November

Now comes the month of frosty nights,
and crisp but sunny days,
Of brightly colored leaves and shrubs,
that glow through autumn's haze.
Vast streamers of aurora spread their
gleaming lights on high—
Each elder thinks of winter's chill, but
kids dream pumpkin pie.
Much action in the kitchen shows, 'mid
energetic puffing,
But all the youngsters know those signs
mean turkey and its stuffing.
Each popcorn ear, or cider jug, makes
all of us remember,
Regardless of the weather's state, the
month is now November.

CAREFUL HANDLING

Little Willie was sent to bring in the new kittens. His mother heard a shrill meowing and called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Willie."

"Oh, no," said Willie, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

A motorist was held up by a traffic policeman. "What's your name?" demanded the cop.

"Abraham O'Brien Goldberg," replied the man.

"What's the O'Brien for?" asked the officer.

"For protection," returned Abraham.

June: Do you ever get down on your knees?

May: Yes, but I always shave it right off with dad's razor.

Fishin' Business

By H. S. TOOL, Reed Point, Mont.

This fishin' business beats the world
How all the fish vacate
When I hunt my pole and line
And dig around for bait.
I fish with men who know just how,
I do just as they do;
But, should I catch an honest mess
It would be something new.
It makes no difference what I use
When I fish down the river;
Fishworms or "minnies," grubs or mice,
Nice shining flies or liver.
When I throw in they all depart
Or else they all beware;
I never catch them when it rains
Nor when the skies are fair.
O, I can sit right down and throw
Where some men catch a score;
For all I land I might as well
Fish from my kitchen door.
I've watched old timers bait and throw,
I've used the same sized hooks,
I've bought the finest reels they make,
Read magazines and books.
I've fished with boots and fished with-
out,
In riffles and in holes;
Used rods of all descriptions
Or common bamboo poles.
But sure as fate when I come 'round
The fish all seem to hide;
I always think I ought to be
Along the other side.
The other fellow's place is best
If I were there—but then
When he moves on and I throw in
It's where the fish have been.
Perhaps some day—for me—no hope,
What use for me to wish
That I should ever learn the knack
Of knowing how to fish?
I have lost confidence in me;
I catch none, large or small,
I catch no redhorse, carp or trout;
In fact no fish at all.
I've solved some problems in my time,
But I begin to doubt
That I shall ever learn to land
A whitefish or a trout.
And yet to close this narrative,
In justice I must say,
That in some way by hook or crook,
I caught a fish one day.
I never could quite understand
What freak of chance or luck or
Just what it was I must have done
That I should land that sucker.

HE DID HIS BEST

A Scotchman was found dead in front of a one-cent punching machine. The coroner found that death had been caused by over-exertion.

Investigation disclosed a sign reading: "Your money returned if you hit hard enough."

BELONGS IN WALL STREET

A street car inspector was watching the work of the green Irish conductor. "Here, Foley, how is this?" he said. "You have ten passengers and only nine fares are rung up."

"Is that so?" said Foley. Then turning to the passengers he shouted: "There's wan too many av yez on this car. Git out o' here, wan av yez!"