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OKLAHOMA—By JOHN E. PICKETT

Trolling for Trout at Pelican Bay

Light Bass Tackle and a Savage Rainbow Make a Thrilling Combination—By Zane Grey

NEW places to fish and hunt and explore have always had a perennial fascination for me. I often catch myself dreaming of strange, beautiful waters teeming with fish and verdant woodlands where wild animals roam undisturbed. How many lonely crags where the eagles perch and scream, how many open mountain ridges where the elk bugles his siren whistle to his mate, how many grassy hilltops, high above the sounding sea, how many windy heights of the desert, how many miles of ocean lanes, full of great marine fishes, and how many dark, cool pools where the trout lurk hidden—how many, how infinite the number of new, strange, wonderful places in the world that I can never see! It is a melancholy thought. Yet it is happiness to know there are such places.

Pelican Bay lies at the extreme head of Upper Klamath Lake, Oregon. More like a river than a bay, it winds under the shadow of vast black-timbered slopes that rise to glistening peaks of white snow, pure and noble against the blue sky. Cold streams pour down from the mountain crags, and the courses of these waterways are shaded by Oregon forests and choked by wild lilac. Of all wild flowers, these are the sweetest and most exquisitely beautiful. Both leaf and blossom of this wild plant are more delicate and smaller than those of the cultivated species. I have seen five varieties of color—white, lilac, lavender, a rarest of rare purple and, lastly, a shade of pink that is nameless. The fragrance is faint, but as exquisite as the flower.

The waters of Pelican Bay are amber colored, a rich, deep amber that gleams like gold. And verily, I believe, in the black, cool depths of these waters, the rainbow trout are so abundant that they must lie on the bottom, side by side, like pickets of a fence.

Anyone who visits Rocky Point Camp at the head of this lake cannot but be pleasantly struck with the felicity of its name. Pelican Bay! In spring and summer and fall a great flock of pelicans lives there. For many years I have been acquainted with pelicans, but never had I seen such wonderful birds as these. Twice the size of ordinary pelicans, white as snow, with black-tipped wings, they assuredly are the eagles of their species.

In the spring when the waters of Pelican Bay are high, flushed by the melting snow, and when the great white birds have returned from some unknown winter quarters in the South, they have been observed to collect in a huge flock and swim out over the inundated marshland. Here they form a compact line, like that of warriors about to charge an enemy encampment and, spreading to a circle, they begin a flapping, swimming commotion in the water and proceed to drive the fish inshore. This circling attack resembles the work of fishermen with a dragnet.

When the pelicans get a school of small fish on the run they close in round them, driving, flapping, striking until they coral the frantic victims in the shallow



Some Trout!

waters close to shore, and there follows a veritable massacre. The big, ludicrous bills wag in the air and shake the little fish like terriers with rats; the pouches under these bills seem ever distended. Large pelicans have a large capacity. They swim inshore, flap and bob and splash, all the time narrowing and thickening their line of offense until the luckless school of small fish has been devoured.

A Sackful of Beauties

And then they—but there are other things to tell about concerning Pelican Bay—the ducks and herons and bitterns that were everywhere, the black-and-white and blue-gray terns, more wonderful fishers than the kingfisher, the snipe concealed in the tule rushes, strange birds that made a low, humming, melodious sound—and not to forget the big, swift-leaping, hard-fighting rainbow trout.

We trolled from a rowboat, using a spinner. I had an ordinary bass tackle, rather light, but with good-sized reel and plenty of line. The large rainbows do not rise to a fly, so we left our fly fishing until later. On the way to the dock of the little camp we had encountered a youngster

getting out of a skiff. He had a burlap sack over his shoulder and a dinky little rod in his hand. The sack looked bulky and it made me curious.

"Say, sonny, what have you in that sack?" I asked. "Looks like cabbage."

"Nope. I ketch'd a few. Was only out about two hours. They ain't bitin' good," he replied and, lowering the obviously heavy sack, he opened it and let us look in. R. C. peeped in first. He started, then put his head almost inside the sack.

"Jiminy!" he ejaculated.

Whereupon I pushed him aside and looked in myself. I saw a pile of rainbow trout, some of them alive, curling their fins, and colored like the rainbow from which they derive their name. There must have been about a dozen, running from four to six pounds.

"How many?" I asked faintly.

"Reckon I ain't counted them yet," replied the lad and, shouldering the heavy sack, he trudged away.

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed R. C.

We were both flabbergasted. "This is Oregon, you know," I said, "and it's wild country up here."

We got in the rowboat selected for us and, with me plying the oars, we went round the bend of the narrow bay and soon reached the half-mile stretch of amber water where we had been told to fish. It certainly was a beautiful place. On our right lay the marshland with green tule and flags, and on our left the forest of fir and pine sloped dark green up to the white-capped peaks. We headed down the middle of the bay with R. C. trolling a hundred feet back. He had a five-ounce rod, a fly rod at that. The time was about five in the afternoon.

We passed the mouth of an estuary that marked the end of our fishing ground and I turned the boat, making closer for the marshy shore. The mouth of this estuary was full of floating moss and great pond lilies, with dark deep channels between. I saw a crane standing like a statue on a snag. He was so interesting that I watched him and so did not observe R. C. lean over and rise and jerk. But his motion startled me and I pulled rather sharply on the oars. That gave the boat a lurch just as R. C. got to his feet. Alas! He fell all the way from the stern to my seat and landed on me like a thousand brick. Wonderful to relate, he held his rod up free, and I saw it bend double at the same instant a rainbow shot out of the water. He looked black with gleams of pink. Down he soused and up he flashed, to shake himself so that I plainly heard it.

By this time I had stopped the boat and R. C. was on his feet. Neither of us had said a word. In fact, I was so scared I could not speak. If I had been minding my business R. C. would not have had that tumble. Fishing from a boat in this fashion is being at home for us, in spite of the awkwardness. How different that rainbow acted from the rainbows of Crater Lake! This fellow bounced out of the water as fast as he fell back into it. When he took to plugging he was strong and

stubborn for a three-pound fish. Presently R. C. led him alongside and I slipped a net under him. The rich, dark, many-hued beauty of this rainbow brought forth my unqualified admiration. Like the water, he was amber colored, and his sides had broad bars of faint rose and pink and opal and mother-of-pearl, all faintly spotted with exquisite dots.

Our agreement was that we would each row for the other until he caught a fish. So with my turn at the rod I began full of expectancy and thrills. But nothing happened at the end of my line. Several futile trips up and down the stretch convinced me that I was unlucky. So I persuaded R. C. to change places with me. I told him that he did not know where to row to find the fish.

During the next half hour, with me at the oars, R. C. ruined the five-ounce fly rod on seven trout hooked and three landed. Two of them would weigh about six pounds each. They made that rod wobble like a buggy whip, and the last one bent a ferrule. So R. C. had then to take the oars and let the unlucky fisherman have his innings.

A Change of Luck

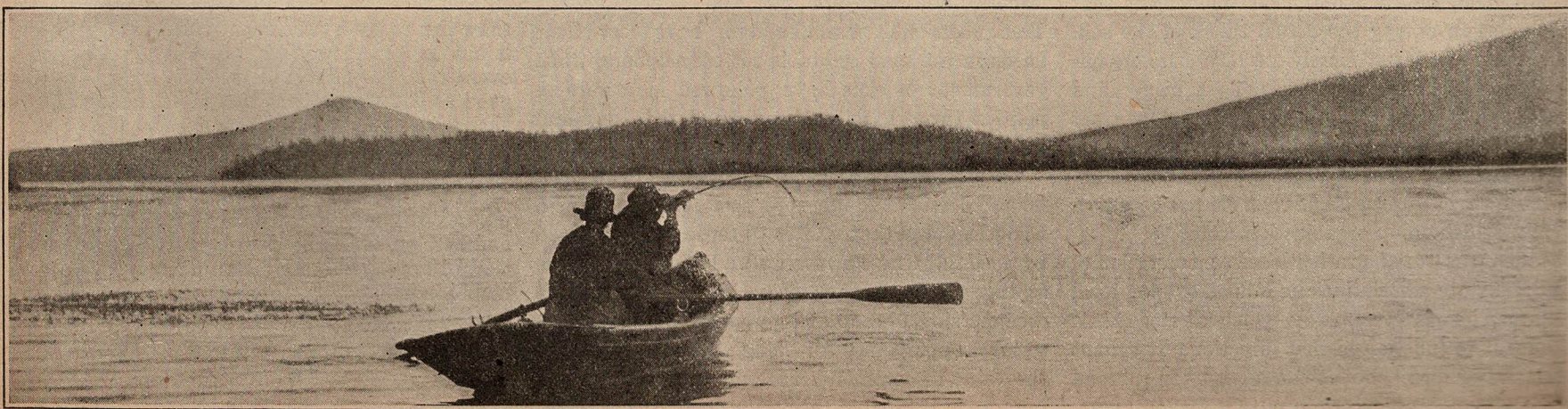
The sun was setting behind the snow-clad peak, burnishing the white into a wonderful rose. Wild fowl were winging rapid flight across the lake, perhaps toward their night quarters. How golden the water seemed!

I asked R. C. to row me along close to the tule. This species of swamp vegetation resembles an extremely large cat-tail plant without the tail. They grow in deep water, and here the shore was evidently quite a goodly distance in through the tule. Aquatic birds were plentiful in that dark covert. I could hear them splashing. By peering keenly I saw a bittern on a reed watching me with uncanny eyes. He was gray and dull blue.

I trolled so close to the tule that I had to use a short line. Here I had seen some big waves made by fish. We glided along noiselessly, without a ripple or splash, and we covered the whole length of that particular stretch without any luck. A stake about thirty feet from the tule marked the end of this course or a shallow place. At any rate R. C. turned here, just inside the stake, and on that turn, as I reeled my spinner closer, I saw a flash of red-silver, a swirl on the water and then a sousing splash. Almost instantly, after the hard, heavy strike, a huge trout leaped out high, shaking his head like a dog. I heard the spinner jingle! He was the largest trout I ever saw and he made a leap that almost robbed me of sense enough to hold my rod. At that he nearly jerked it overboard.

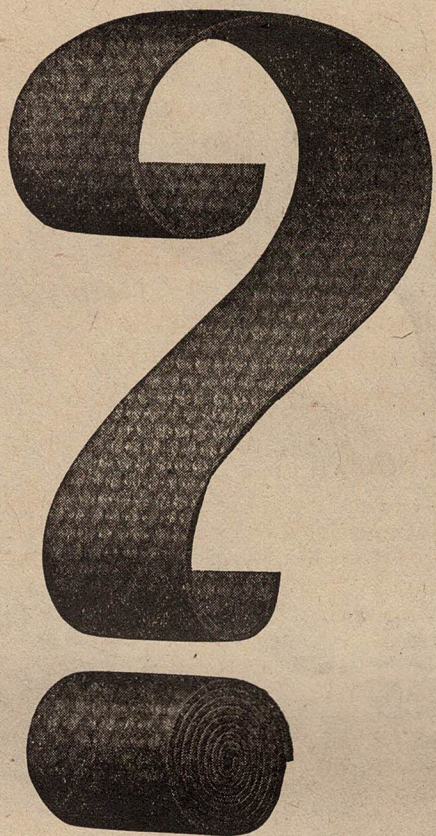
Down he soused and R. C. made a Herculean lunge on the oars. My back was turned. I could not understand. "Hold him! Hold him hard! Don't give him an inch!" bawled R. C. And the force of his command set me to thumbing the reel. I lifted on the rod. The trout pulled it down. Up he leaped! He was black and red. His broad side, his stiff

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Suddenly My Wife Screamed at Us: "Never You Mind! You Just Go Away! It's My Fish! We'll Catch Him—All by Ourselves—or Die!"

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his duty and that seemed to dull the pain a trifle. He swung stiffly to the ground as the man gave a low signal calling up a guard to escort him to the camp. The bushes at the roadside parted in quick response and four men stepped out. The lad noted in a tired way how cleverly they had been concealed. Then sudden blackness, as a cloak swung over his face and the sentry's arms gripped him from behind, unkind of his wound.

The boy's scream of pain and terror did no good. It was lost in the smothering folds of the cape. To tie his hands and carry him bodily from the road was but the work of an instant. Amos struggled—in vain, he well knew—yet none the less he fought as he had never done before against the hopeless odds of four grown men.

The struggle ended quite suddenly. A futile kick on the part of the captive, a vicious wrench in reply from the man who held the wounded arm, then a stabbing wave of pain that drove out all other sensation of mind and body. The boy had fainted, unconsciousness coming as a blessed relief.

Not half an hour later General Grey at the head of his ghostly column stole silently up the Long Ford lane. The Warren Inn and shops were surrounded by a close cordon of armed troops. The terror-stricken host and as many men as they found there were made prisoners in the taproom. The main body, leaving a guard, crept onward up the ridge.

To the east, on the Lancaster highroad and near-by lanes, another body of infantry under Musgrove was advancing in like manner and with equal caution. Farther south, between Wayne and Smallwood

at White Horse, still a third contingent was closing in. This party had lain hidden all afternoon in the shelter of a little wood by Old Saint David's churchyard in Radnor.

At five minutes of twelve all was in readiness, the coppice virtually surrounded. Standing in the gloom of the sunken lane, No-Flint Grey scanned the face of his watch, holding it out to where a moon-beam glinted downward through the leaves above. The hour had come. He nodded curtly to the officer at his side. The soldiers began to move forward slowly—an advance of two men preceding the main body by a hundred yards.

The low challenge of a sentry whispered through the stillness of the Valley night. The men in the lead replied in low voices. The word was the right one; the Valley traitor had seen to that. A murmured conference, the faint sound of "Yes, from Smallwood at White Horse!" then the thud of a falling body among the bushes.

Grey's cold steel had found its first victim, but his death was not in vain. The upper sentry had heard the fall and seen a gleam of scarlet uniform in the way below. He fired his flintlock on the instant and rushed back toward the sleeping camp, a wild cry of alarm upon his lips. The attacking troops, freed from longer need of concealment, charged upward with a shout. Rifles began to crack and flare through the darkness.

At the same moment, two miles away, Garvey burst through the shattered door of his prison. The sound of firing told him everything even as he rushed from the cabin. He was too late. The Paoli Massacre had begun!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Trolling for Trout at Pelican Bay

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fins, his curved tail, all his quivering body caught the gleam of the setting sun. I saw him, but not clearly. I was too wildly excited to see anything clearly. On his next leap he actually hit the stake I had noticed before. He fell back, and on the right side. Then I realized why R. C. had been rowing so hard and yelling so loud. If he had not done both the trout would have gone inside that stake, and that, of course, would have meant loss.

"He's a lunker!" yelled my brother. "Let him run. I'll follow him."

New and strange, indeed, was it for me to have a trout run out line. He did not go straight. He tumbled out about every ten yards and I think he must have leaped half a dozen times before R. C., rowing powerfully, got well out into deep water. Then he stopped the boat and I stood up to fight him. I really had done nothing but hang on to the rod somehow. But now I began to show that rainbow something. Indeed, I showed him a good deal. Part of it was how to crack a rod! He made a thrashing, zigzaggy fight close to the surface. Fortunately the rod held, and after some minutes of grim trepidation on my part and sundry short dashes on his I finally got him within reach of the landing net. Whoop I certainly did when I spread him out and whoop I did again when I lifted him. He weighed eight pounds. He was a dark, speckled trout, with only faint rainbow tracings of color.

On another day R. C. had his battle with a big rainbow trout. Most certainly, assuredly and inevitably it had to be larger than mine. Really if he did not beat me of his own accord a larger fish than mine would be sure to jump into the boat!

This day we reverted to the old style of using live minnows for bait. We did not

land any rainbows, however, while using minnows. I hooked a heavy creature of some kind that moved out sluggishly toward the middle of the lake. I could not stop him. The situation was just awakening to some excitement when the hook tore out. If that fish was a rainbow he was one of the old granddaddies said to inhabit the lake. Eighteen-pound rainbow trout have been caught there, and many seen larger than that.

Another afternoon the trout would not rise at all. We grew tired rowing the boat. I ran the bow into the moss and lily pads at the mouth of the estuary and R. C. prepared his cushions in the stern for a nap, while I settled myself comfortably to pass an hour or so until a little breeze would come or the trout begin to rise.

A couple of terns were fishing at the mouth of the estuary. One was dark gray and the other almost white. They were slender, shapely birds, almost as large as a pigeon, only with sharp, pointed wings and tails.

Suddenly one shot down like a plummet. Splash! He went clear out of sight. Then he emerged, rising buoyantly, with a wiggling minnow in his bill.

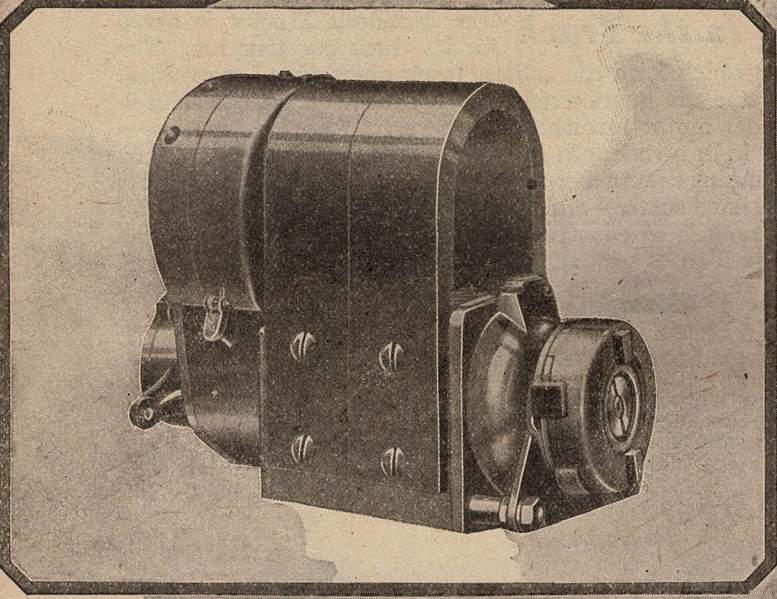
When the terns went on their way out of my sight I gazed out into the lake and was pleased to see that a number of the great white pelicans had come into view. One was asleep, with his head twisted round upon his back, and he drifted with the lazy current. While in this position no particle of the black markings on his wings showed. Several others were swimming along rather aimlessly. Those that interested me most were the ones in the air. First I counted five sailing along, wide wings outstretched, with their breasts

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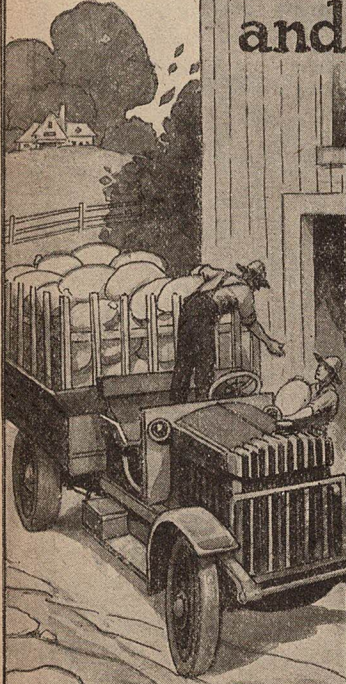
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scarcely a few inches above the water. They sailed as one bird. How swift, how wonderful, how beautiful that flight! Without movement of a feather, as far as I could see, they sailed a hundred, two hundred yards and more before bending their wings. Then, with powerful sweep, up and up they flew, forty or fifty feet above the lake, suddenly to straighten those wide wings again and swoop down like thunderbolts to repeat the marvelous performance of sailing close to the water.

Fly-fishing in Pelican Bay was just as remarkable as trolling, though the trout, of course, did not run so large.

Above the camp a dark, limpid stream poured its cold waters into the bay. At twilight, below the mouth of this stream, rainbows of two and three pounds would rise to a little fly of brown or gray. We rowed a boat up here and let it drift along about thirty yards from the shore. For that matter the current was so sluggish that the boat scarcely drifted at all. Casting inshore, whenever we accomplished a skillful presentation of the flies we would get a strike. Not always did we achieve this, so that it took a good many casts to drop the lure deftly and softly.

On light tackle these rainbows leaped and fought gallantly, deserving the freedom most of them received at our hands. It did not seem to make any difference how much disturbance a fighting trout made in the water, for immediately afterward, in the same spot, a clever cast would raise a fish.

The best of a fishing experience does not always happen last, but in a story it should always be given the climax of the end. The end of everything should be the best—even the end of life. So I will close this sketch of Pelican Bay with the exceedingly remarkable, not to say funny, experience that befell my wife and her companion, Dorothy Dalrymple.

R. C. and I had dutifully taken them out upon several occasions, and rowed the boats for them, and saw that they hooked trout. But for some unaccountable feminine reason Mrs. Grey and Dorothy D. were not satisfied. They said they wanted some fun. They decided to go out alone, row their own boat, troll and handle fish for themselves. As the day was calm and the boats perfectly safe, I consented, with a word of caution, to let them go.

Hooked to a Lunker!

A couple of hours later, while I was rowing along close to the tulle and behind a green point of marshland, we heard screams. We were alarmed. I began to row with all my might.

Then we rounded the point of tulle. "They're all right!" yelled R. C. "Don't kill yourself! But, gee! There's something doing! What do you know about that?"

My relief and thankfulness were so great that the reaction gave me sort of a momentary collapse. I sagged in my seat. But I heard shrill cries of excited women. Then I looked.

Mrs. Z. G. and Dorothy D. were not fifty yards from us. Their boat appeared all right, only it acted strangely. Dorothy D. was puddling with the oars. And Mrs. Grey was pulling frantically on a fishing rod, the tip of which was under water.

"Say, doc, she's hooked to a lunker!" exclaimed R. C. "Wow! Look at that splash! By George, he's gone under the boat!"

Then, quite naturally, R. C. and I in unison began to yell advice, warning and command at the ladies. Moreover, I rowed our boat closer. I happened to remember my camera.

Suddenly my wife screamed at us: "Never you mind! You just go away! It's my fish! We'll catch him—all by ourselves—or die!"

"All right. We'll stay away," I called as I stopped rowing. "But, my dear, I'm afraid you'll die."

R. C. was red in the face and looked as if he might burst any instant.

"Say, he's under your boat," he shouted, waving his

arms. "Pull him round—to the right—to the right! Dorothy, row hard—left oar—left oar! . . . No! No! Don't pull on both oars. For heaven's sake, can't you turn the boat?"

"I can't row—darned old boat!" cried Dorothy, half in rage and half in tears. "Never—in boat—before!"

My wife had a light rod and it bent double. It should have broken half a dozen times. But she hauled away on it with all her might without doing any damage and also without any appreciable effect upon the fish. For an ordinary angler that fish would have gotten away long ago. Once I thought he was gone. But I made a mistake. When Dorothy sprawled back upon the seat and grasped at the oars, she dipped one deep and lifted it under the tip of Mrs. Grey's rod. Then the tip did come up out of water. My wife yelled. I could not distinguish what she said, but I could vouch for her lung power. The line fouled on the end of the oar. "Good night!" cheerfully called R. C. But, lo and behold, nothing broke; the line slipped free; the fish made a heavy splash.

Pandemonium Broke Out

Then Dorothy D. executed a wonderful maneuver with the oars and the boat began to go round as on a pivot. Mrs. Grey had to pass her rod over her head to clear the end of the boat. Next Dorothy managed to stop the boat in its mad revolutions, but at the wrong time, for it left Mrs. Grey with the rod bent back over her head. The fish pulled hard. I leaped up to snap some pictures of this situation and perhaps I lost sight of some of the best of it. R. C. began again to yell directions. My wife yelled back at him: "You keep still! You'll make us lose him!"

At that R. C. fell back in the stern and roared. Never before did he laugh like that! And I, unable to contain myself longer, also gave up to mirth. When a few moments later I raised myself and cleared my blurred eyes, I was amazed and delighted to see that Dorothy D. made a lunge with the landing net, and then, by dint of much effort, lifted and lifted until the fish came on board. I heard it flop on the floor of the boat.

"Say, doc, that fish was yellow," declared R. C. "It wasn't a trout."

As I took up the oars pandemonium broke out in the other boat. Dorothy D. screamed wildly: "It's no fish! Eel—snake—reptile! Oooo! Don't let it near me!" She scrambled back on the stern seat until I was sure she would fall overboard.

"Hey there!" I yelled. "Look out! Don't fall over!"

Mrs. Grey screamed also, but presently I desisted that it was with laughter. Then the fish began to flop all over the boat. I realized that if I did not hurry both my wife and Dorothy D. would fall overboard. When I had brought my boat alongside theirs, what did I see but a big yellow sucker, nearly three feet long, hooked in the tail. My wife had snagged him with the spinner.

"Hit him with your gaff handle," I said, trying to talk while I choked.

"Dorothy, you do it," begged my wife.

"Never! Oooo! There, he's beginning again!" wailed that young lady.

"Soak him, Dolly," croaked R. C., who was not quite purple in the face.

Thus directed, my wife, with slow, fearful hesitation, picked up the gaff and, poising it over the luckless fish, she wavered, then gave him an exceedingly gentle tap that would not have hurt a mosquito.

"There! He's dead!" she cried, in awe and horror at her brutality.

By this time I was beyond speech. The sucker evidently selected this moment for one last mighty effort, and he made a great flop, landing on the gunwale. Then he dropped over into the water. The line caught on the oarlock and pulled the spinner loose. With a dash of freedom the fish jumped out, splashed down and was gone.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the last of three articles on fishing by Zane Grey.

