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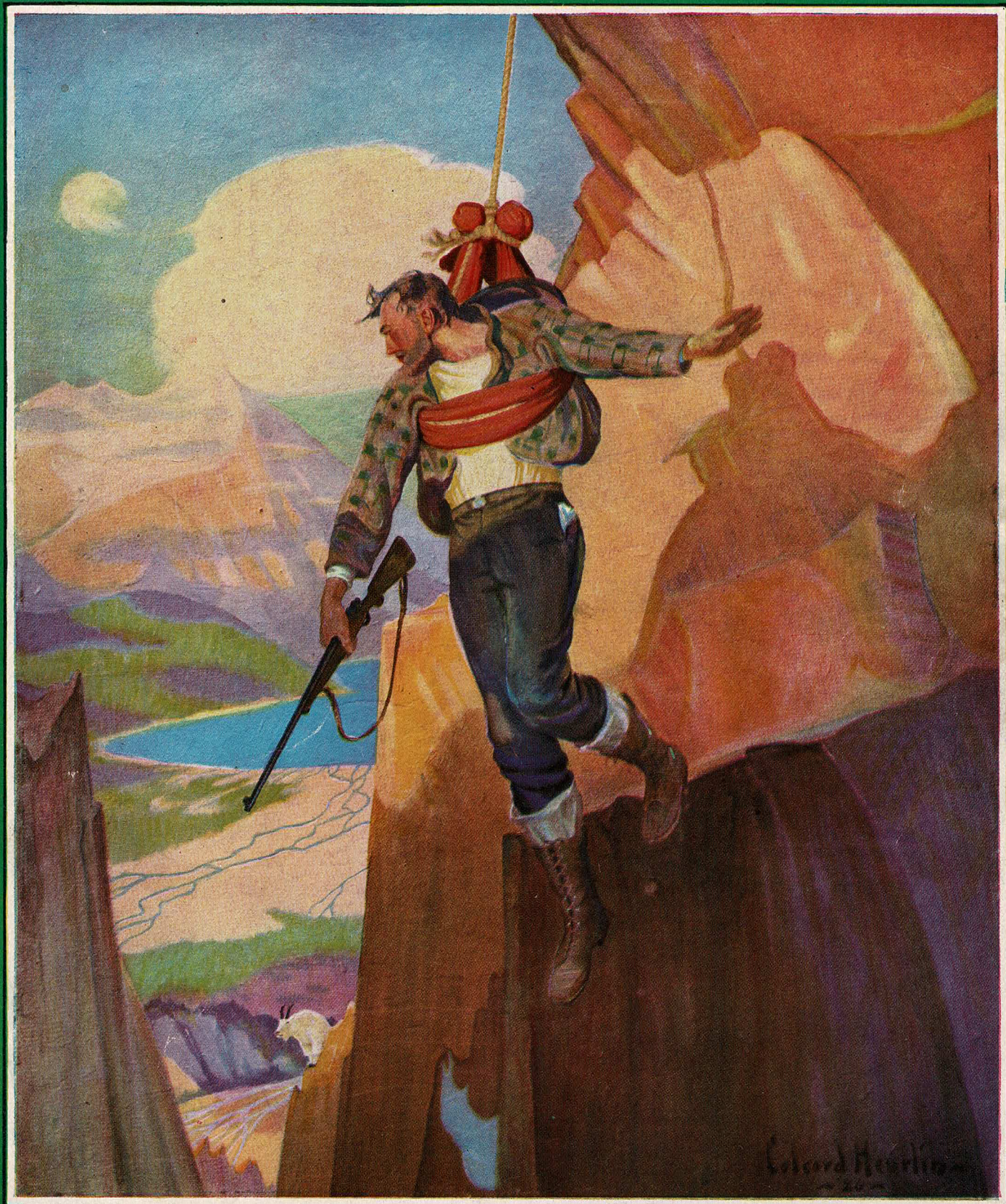
AMERICA'S MAGAZINE FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN

In this issue

"African Lions and the Longbow"

By ARTHUR YOUNG

The annals of sport contain no records
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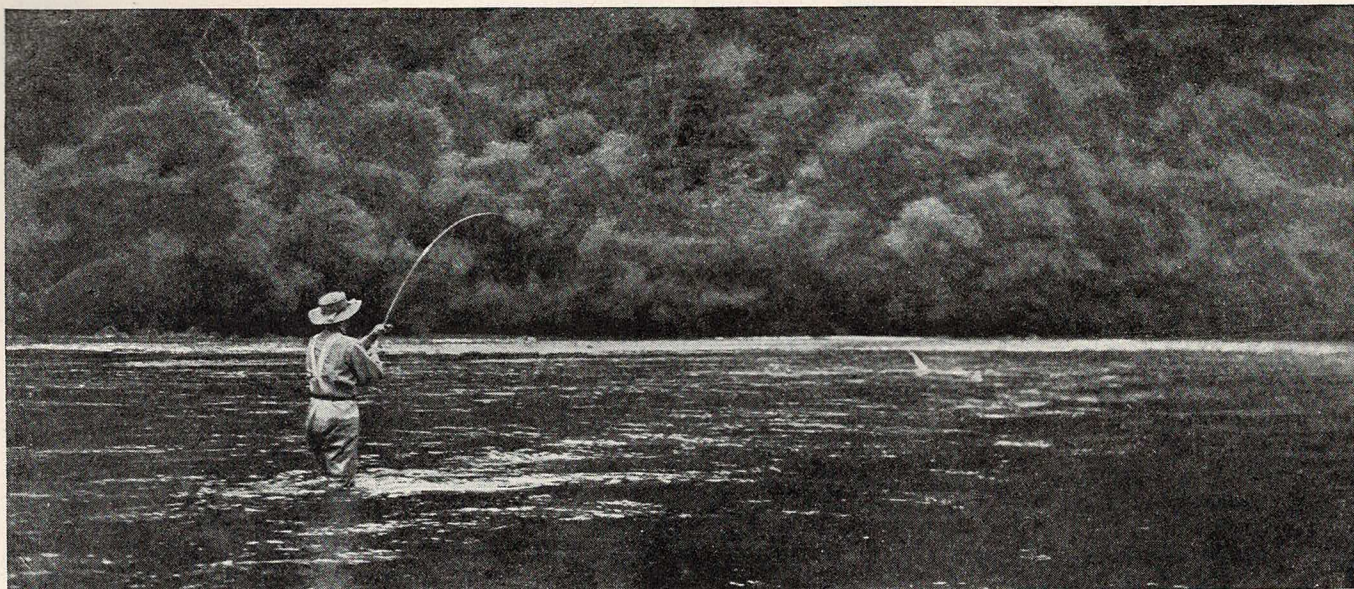
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After I saw him high in the air, mouth gaping wide, I was too paralyzed to whoop

ROCKY RIFFLE *on the* ROGUE RIVER

By

ZANE GREY

*Fast water and faster steelhead. And now the author makes up
for days of disappointment*

SYNOPSIS

Zane Grey; his brother, R. C.; Ed and Ken, fishing chauffeurs, and George, the Japanese cook, an enthusiastic fisherman, are camped on the Rogue River for steelhead. Glowing reports of the wonderful fishing preceded them, but they failed miserably in their first efforts to take big trout with a fly. Friends, experts at the fly rod and steelhead game, take beautiful fish before their eyes. And then one morning a crowd of native anglers with long bamboo poles invades Rocky Riffle and yanks fish after fish from its waters. R. C. finally breaks the jinx. Other members of the party catch fish. George Takahashi hooks them, but they promptly go away with his tackle. And still Zane Grey has been unable to take a steelhead with the fly. Failure only tends to make stronger his determination to succeed.

PART VI

IF there had been anyone to observe me closely during those trying and thrilling days, he would have had something to tell. Perhaps his point of view as to what was funny would have differed materially from mine. Tragedy and comedy in fishing are practically synonymous. It depends upon who is looking and who is doing. To the former most incidents are funny, though to the latter they may be supremely tragic.

Terrible things happen to even the most skilled and experienced anglers. That is one of the fascinating mysteries of the game. For instance, Wiborn, like most Californians, catches cold easily; and any-

thing like wind or the touch of icy water he exercises the most exceeding caution to avoid. Yet despite this, on the only raw day we had on the Rogue, he slipped and fell, and rolled over and over in that ice-water. That was funny, of course, but nothing to the sight of his face when it emerged. No words of mine could describe it.

I saw something funny happen to Burnham, and it tickled me so that I narrowly escaped an accident. Late one afternoon I climbed down to my perch in the fallen tree, and expected to have a few moments of quiet contemplation during the most beautiful time of the day.

But no sooner had I settled myself comfortably in the leafy covert above the murmuring water than I espied Burnham wading down the river. He was approaching the head of the rapid, a place where deep, narrow ruts indented the ledge of rock, and channels of dark green water swept glancingly on into the riffles below. This was R. C.'s favorite place, which I had heroically and religiously avoided. No one else but he and Burnham fished it.

Burnham waded leisurely along, casting beautifully far ahead and across. He was a picture of vigorous content. How he could whistle and smoke at the same time was beyond my ken, but he was accomplishing both very successfully. He was alone on the river, indulging in his beloved pastime.

Golden bars from the setting sun gleamed from the forest and divided the green shade on the murmuring river. Wild ducks winged swift, arrow-like flights

down the wide gorge. And there the Rogue rolled on, murmuring, roaring in an utter solitude.

I saw Burnham's fly alight like a feather at the edge of one of the dark channels. The sun shone for me right on that spot. The fly floated. Then up flashed a yard-long fish-shape, instinct with life, white and rosy in hue. There followed the most wonderful rise I had seen. But perhaps my position, high up, and scarcely fifty feet distant, accounted for this.

THE rise of the steelhead, the smash on the surface, the strike by the angler, the terrific rush—these seemed almost simultaneous. Burnham's rod swept up in a graceful curve. His reel screeched above the sound of water. Then the rod jerked violently down—wagged a second rigidly—went lax. Burnham let out a mighty roar. His voice rolled like a clarion.

His action then corresponded to his speech. Up swept the rod, trailing the limp line. At the same instant he threw up his free hand. Gesture of amaze, protest, grief! It was the act of a boy. All true anglers are boys. It expressed a supreme pathos. Then he swore. Like a cowboy, a stevedore, a buccaneer, Burnham swore.

He passed from sublime to ridiculous so swiftly that I was convulsed with mirth, and forgot where I sat. I nearly fell out of the tree.

Then Burnham stood there fumbling with his line tangled on the reel. That told the story of the tragedy. The steelhead had rushed down with the suddenness and speed of a bullet. It had over-

Rocky Riffle on the Rogue River

run the reel, snarled the line, parted the leader. Here was proof of what a big, fast steelhead could do to the most expert of anglers.

Strangely, I was not at all sorry for Burnham. That accident somehow placed me in the same piscatorial world he occupied. I had imagined he dwelt on an insurmountable height. Somehow he became more human. And his magnificent outburst of profanity—how typical of any real red-blooded angler—what a pity I cannot print his actual words!

For days I had used a five-ounce rod and a lighter reel, a cheap one that had given me trouble. It was necessary to have a reel which would hold a hundred yards of line besides the forty yards of casting line. I had given my favorite reel to R. C. The eight-ounce rod and heavy reel and line I had started out with had been abandoned through Burnham's advice. "You'll wear your arm out," he protested. And indeed I did.

From my collection of rods he selected a five-ounce beauty. This I equipped with the only reel I had left and a medium-weight line. To me that tackle appeared far too light; yet I certainly appreciated the less amount of effort required in casting. And after two weeks of constant endeavor—practice—practice—I had learned to cast very well up to sixty feet. But what had not happened to me, in the way of tantalizing opportunity and miserable misfortune, never happened to any angler on this earth.

Every angler has had days, except those few called lucky-stab anglers, for whom the fish seem to crawl out on the bank or wrap up in the murderous aeroplane leaders and choke themselves to death. Some anglers have a bad season now and then. But I never have met an angler who had the same brand of misfortune that haunts me.

In a way these spells resemble the batting slumps I used to get in college and professional baseball days. I would be hitting at a high clip around .400 average. Then one day I would hit the ball just as hard but right at some fielder. The same would happen next day. That would focus my mind on the accident of bad luck. It would irritate and then worry me.

I WOULD fall off in batting until I ended in a regular slump and could not hit a ball tied on a string. Baseball slumps are common to every ball player. They are real, and one of the peculiar weaknesses or misfortunes of the game.

My angling bad luck always seemed so singularly exasperating. At the outset of a new trip I would utterly have forgotten it. Suddenly it would rise up like a

hydra-headed monster. And there I was with my old giant beside me, like a shadow. The familiar old mood would return, and following it, the ridiculous certainty that I must labor ten times as hard and ten times as long as any other fisherman to catch the elusive fish which so willingly attached itself to his line.

Maybe this tormenting mental aberration visits all anglers. What a relieving thought! But I never can believe that.

THESE Rogue River steelhead must have had a council before my arrival to decide upon the infinitely various and endless tricks they would play upon me. To be sure, they played a few upon my comrades, but the great majority, and the hopeless ones and the terrible ones, fell to my lot.

During those unforgettable ten days I kept secret and accurate account of what happened to R. C. and the boys. Some of this I saw myself; part of it I learned at the general camp-fire narratives of the day's experience, and the rest I acquired by a casual and apparently innocent curiosity.

To some wag of a writer are credited the lines anent the universal fisherman: "he returneth in the evening smelling of vile drink, and the truth is not in him." I regard this as an injustice to many

anglers. The best and finest anglers I have known did not return in the evening redolent of drink. And outside of a little exaggeration, natural to the exciting hour and the desire to excel, the tales of these fishermen could be accepted as truth.

As to R. C. and the boys, the weakness in my argument may be that they did not tell everything, or that they did not observe keenly or remember correctly. At any rate, the monstrous fact seemed to be that, during these ten days, I had as many strikes from steelhead as all of them put together.

But how vastly different the conditions of my strikes! Here was where the fiendish tricks of the steelhead began. For me the river was empty of fish at first; then suddenly they began to rise. They bewildered me. They flustered me. They baffled me.

If I made a poor cast, with a bag in my line, then a steelhead would rush the fly. Another would suck the fly in when it floated deep, and spit it out before I was aware I had a strike. Another would come after the fly as I drew it out to recast. Whenever I cast from an awkward or precarious position I was sure to feel a nip at my fly.

And once—crowning piece of incredible bad luck of that whole trip—when I was wading far out in the river, I had a strike on my back cast. My fly hit the water behind me and a rascally steelhead took it. I thought I was fast to the familiar willow or rock. When I turned to free myself, a big, broad steelhead leaped and savagely shook out my hook. I was stunned, then insulted, then furious. Could anything worse happen?

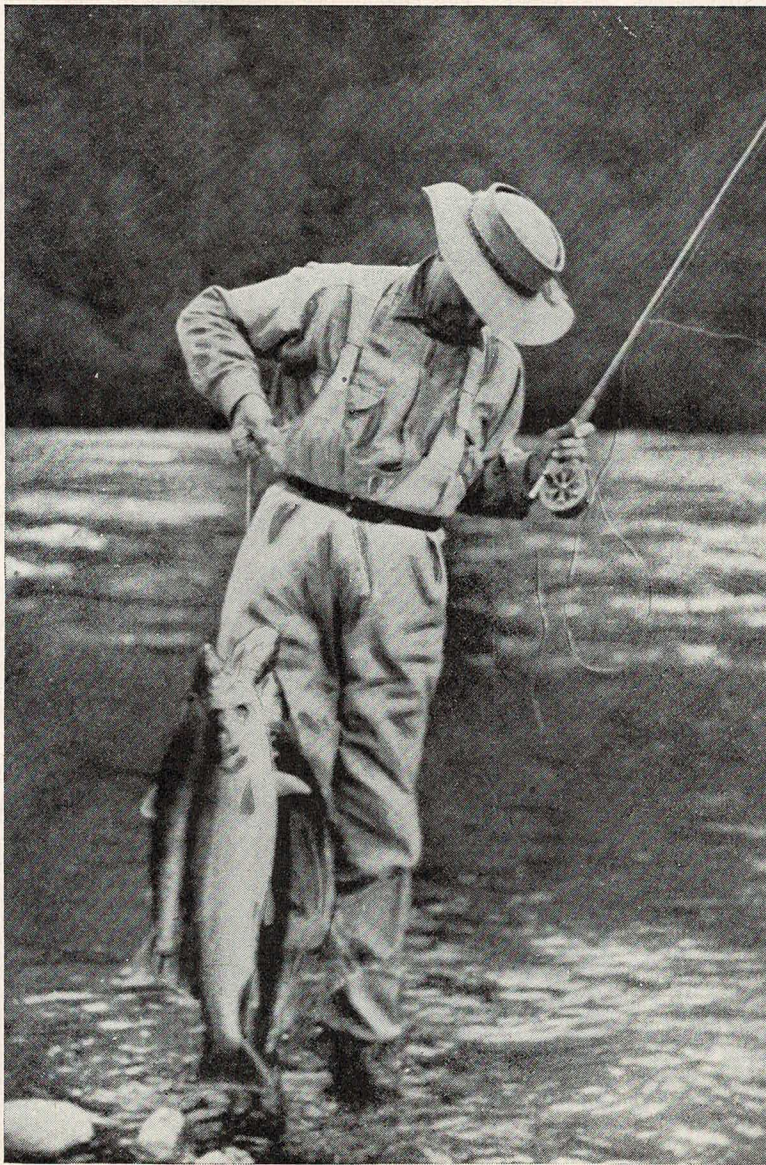
Many a rosy, silvery steelhead loomed up out of the dark depths and put his game snub-nose against my fly, as if he meant to gulp it. But he did not. Many a steelhead, always choosing the inevitable and unaccountable instant when I was not ready, would strike my fly hard and jerk the slack line out of my hand. Faithfully I would cast for a whole hour, on the qui vive every instant; then just as I relaxed, or looked away from my leader, or lifted my foot to step—smash!

ALONG with all these dreadful happenings, occasionally I would hook a steelhead or he would obligingly do it for me. Then he would proceed to show me how quickly he could get off. The time came, however, when I held one for a long hour. I did not see this one rise. But I felt him hook himself. He was heavy. He swam upstream and stayed in the current. R. C. yelled encouragement. I replied with Takahashi's classic expression: "He stick right there!"

Indeed he did. He never.

(Continued on page 83)

Zane Grey and his first good catch of Rogue River steelhead



plateau at all. But at last it was accomplished and we were on our way to the other end of the mountain. The cabin and cache were reached in due time, and the following morning we returned to the mine.

Peculiar to say, that was not my last goat hunt on Regal Mountain. My initiation had indeed been a severe one. Yet the fascination of it grew upon me, and Jim and I have made three subsequent trips across the glacier in quest of those mountain climbing billies. But that's the way with Alaska, anyhow—you curse everything you do up there, and then turn right around and go back for more at the first opportunity you get.

TROUTING A YELLOWTAIL

(Continued from page 38)

shade of the boat. So did I. Then, the last rushing spiral dive. The line hummed and zipped through the water, vibrating so that it loosened a fine spray which drifted back in my face, salty and cool.

We both quit about the same time. I gathered a little strength in my wrist and started bringing him in. He came up like a wet sack, turning over and over. My last effort bent the rod shamefully, but it held and I had my yellowtail on top of the water, belly up.

I nodded to the skipper. He laid away the file he was using, leaned over the rail and lifted him clean—a beautiful fish, not even a wiggle left in his yellow tip, whipped in twenty minutes of fair fight. We then faced the camera: the skipper, old in experience at this game; twenty-eight pounds of the fightingest fish that swims, and myself, somewhat used, but still in fair condition.

Contentedly sitting in the sun on top of the cabin, headed for Santa Monica, I thought of many things. My mind drifted back to a certain room where, resting in a corner, was a piece of hollow cane with a nickel screw cover, and inside of this tube were three tiny strips of bamboo, the largest piece about the size of a lead pencil and the others almost as small as a darning needle. These three strips of bamboo, when jointed together and squinted along, make a beautiful, perfectly balanced fly rod, 9½ feet long, weighing exactly 5 ounces. I would have to use a lighter line to get a hundred yards on that fly reel, say a Japanese silk of about 10 pounds' test. Also I would have to wear a glove on my left hand. I wonder—

As I sit in the sun and think, I have decided about two things. Whether the next yellowtail proudly tows home to his family a 5-ounce fly rod or whether he is himself towed to a tired fisherman, I am going to take the skipper's file away from him and I am not going to drop my pipe.

ROCKY RIFFLE ON THE ROGUE RIVER

(Continued from page 35)

leaped, never made a fast run, never frightened me by a sudden move. He plugged deep. He got behind this stone and that one, and under the ledge across the river, and he stayed by each place a long time, tugging at my line. My rod nodded with his jerks. At last, after a half hour or more, he came toward me, and got behind another stone, in a deep eddy. Here he plugged slower and slower.

Several attempts to lead him forth proved futile. But at last he gave up



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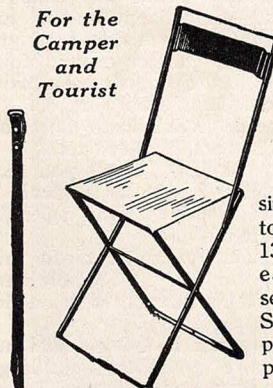
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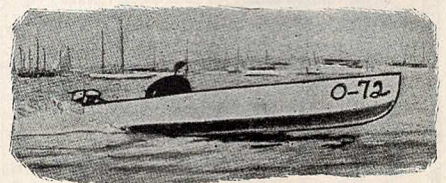
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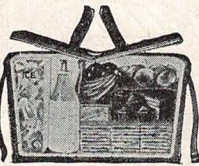


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plugging and allowed himself to be led out of deep water. R. C. had decided it was a salmon. So had I. But when I led him into shoal water, I saw the beautiful opalescent glow of a steelhead. When he came clearly into view and I had actual sight of his great length and depth, my heart swelled in my throat.

Still no angler could have handled him more gently. He rolled and twisted—rolled and twisted, and finally he twisted the slight hold loose. I saw him drift on his side, gleaming rosily, then right himself, and swim off the bar into deep water. When I turned to R. C., mute and exhausted, he gave a most capital imitation of Burnham's vociferous execration.

On October 15th we were due in southeastern Oregon, to take a hunt in a new country. I had still several days to fish before we started, and I could prolong the stay a couple of days longer if desirable. R. C. had now eighteen steelhead to his credit, taken on a fly. The boys had added several to their string. And I still cherished unquenchable hopes. Next day I actually caught a steelhead on a fly, so quickly and surprisingly that I scarcely realized it.

I went down the river later than usual, and found Ken and Ed casting from the dry rocks at the head of Rocky Riffle. R. C. was above in midstream. When I rigged up my tackle, I put on an English salmon fly. It was unlike any fly the steelhead had been rising to, and I meant to try it just for contrariness. Wading in fifty feet above Ken, I made a preliminary cast, and let the fly float down.

TUG! Splash! A steelhead hooked himself and leaped, and ran right into the water Ken was fishing. I waded out, ran below, and fought the fish in an eddy, and soon landed it—a fine plump steelhead weighing about four pounds.

"Bingo! Out goes a fly—in comes a fish!" exclaimed Ed. "Say, you're a fast worker!"

Ken cupped his hand and yelled up to R. C. "Hey, Rome, he's busted his streak of bad luck!"

R. C. waved and called back: "Good-night! Lock the gate!"

I took R. C.'s good-natured slang—an intimation that they would now have to look out for me—as a happy augury for the remaining days. Next day I caught three: a small one, another around four pounds, and the third over five and a half.

"Too late, old boy," quoth R. C. "I have you trimmed. Nineteen to date, and the biggest seven and three-quarters."

"Heavens!" I replied. "Can't you recognize a grateful and innocent angler? I don't dream of equaling your splendid record. Too late, indeed!"

"Well, I reckon I'd better cinch this fishing trip," he said, dryly. "There's no telling how you'll finish. I'll stick on the job."

The day before our last day found me with a total of twelve steelhead, the largest weighing six pounds. I was seven behind R. C. Yet still no ambition or even dream of catching up with him crossed my mind. I was fishing desperately hard to prove something to myself, as well as for the thrill and joy of it.

That day happened to be Sunday, a still, cloudy day, threatening rain. I reached Rocky Riffle ahead of everybody, even the native fishermen that usually flocked there on this day. It was a fishy day if there ever was one. I had before me the pleasure of fishing that quarter-mile of best water all by myself. I seemed to be a different angler from the one who had first waded in there nearly three weeks



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The water was dark, mirroring the shade of the green mountain slope opposite. It had amber shadows and gleams. Autumn leaves floated on the swift current. From upstream came the shallow music of the riffle; from below the melodious roar of the channel sliding over the rocks into the deep pool.

Wading in to my hips, I began the day with a cast far from perfect and short of record distance, but I placed it where I wanted to and softly, at the end of a straight leader. Thus I worked downstream.

SUDDENLY, as the current swept my line down even with me, I saw a wave, then a dim pale shape, seemingly enormous in length. Lazily this steelhead took my fly. When I struck, I felt the fly rip through his hard mouth. He made an angry swirl as he disappeared. "Oh! why can't I hook one of these big fellows!" I muttered, groaning inwardly. And I went on with a grim certainty that soon I would do so.

After making a few casts, I waded down several yards. From the instant my fly touched the water until I withdrew it to cast again, I was strung keen as a whipcord. I had paid dearly for my lesson.

My line straightened out with fly sunk. Then came a vicious tug. Quick as a flash I struck and hooked what felt like a log. Downriver he raced and my reel sang. He did not leap. With wagging rod held high—no easy task—I began to wade out and down. But I could not make fast enough time. I wallowed, plunged. Then I forgot to hold the loose click on my reel. It slipped off, releasing the drag, and the spool whizzed. I felt a hard jerk—then a slack line.

"That was a ten-pounder," I muttered, and then I gave vent to one of the emotion-releasing cuss words. As I pulled out the loops of the tangled line my fingers trembled. At last I got my line in, to find the leader minus a fly. Wading out, I sat down to put on another of the Golden Grouse flies. A glance up and downstream failed to add any other fisherman to the scene.

BELOW the place where I had hooked that big one there was a flat, submerged rock in midstream. The water swirled round it, with little eddies below. On the second cast my fly floated beyond and round it. I caught a gleam of light as if from a mirror under the surface. I sharply elevated my rod even as the steelhead struck the fly. Solidly came the weight. I knew he was hooked well.

He ran upstream fifty feet, leaped prodigiously, showing himself to be a long, slim male fish. He had bagged the line against the current, and when he leaped again he got some slack. But the hook held. Downstream he turned, and I was hard put to it to hold the click on my reel. Twice it slipped, but I got it pushed back before the spool overran.

Meanwhile the steelhead was running and I was following as fast as possible. Far down the channel he leaped again, then he went into the rapids. When I got to shore, all my line was out. I ran, splashing, scattering the gravel. But I saved the line, and in the pool below I bested this steelhead. He did not weigh much short of seven pounds.

I tied him on a string. Far upstream I made out Ken whipping his favorite hole, and in the riffle above I saw R. C.'s white hat. Rocky Riffle, wonderful to



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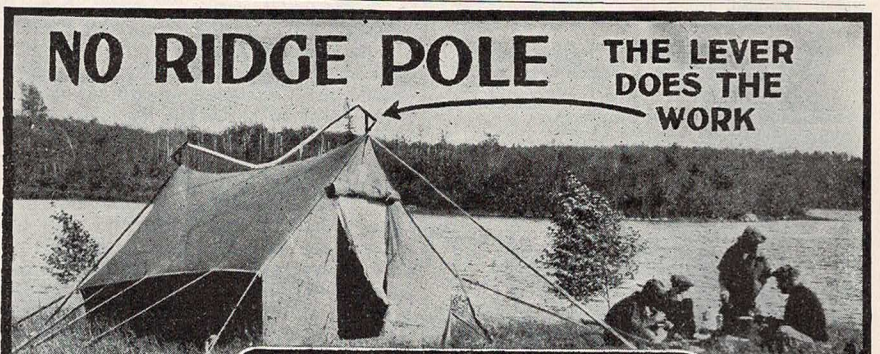
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see, was still untenanted by any fisherman save myself. Too good to be true! Where were the native fishermen, all out on Sundays? It occurred to me that fishing must be too good up the river. The clouds did not break, though in places they were light. Ideal conditions improved. My day seemed to have dawned.

Beyond the flat, submerged stone was a deep channel with a ragged break in the ledge. Here the water swirled smoothly. To reach it meant a long cast for me, fully sixty feet, even to the outer edge of that likely spot. Wading deeper, I performed as strenuously as possible, and missed the spot by a couple of yards. My fly alighted below. But the water exploded, and the straightened rod jerked almost out of my hand.

My whoop antedated the leap of that Rogue River beauty. After I saw him high in the air—long, broad, heavy, pink as a rose, mouth gaping wide—I was too paralyzed to whoop. I had established contact with another big steelhead. Like lightning he left that place. He ran up the river, making four jumps, one of them a greyhound leap—long, high, curved. I had to turn so my back was downstream, something new in even that ever-varying sport.

WHEN he felt the taut line again, he made such a tremendous lunge that I lost control of the click, and could not prevent him from jerking my rod partly under water. I was up to my waist, and that depth and the current augmented my difficulties. The fish changed his course, swerving back between me and the shore, and he leaped abreast of me, so close that the flying drops of water wet my face. As I saw him then I will never forget him.

The slack line did not seem to aid him in any way, for he could not shake the hook. I anticipated his downstream rush, and was wading out, all ready when he made it. Otherwise, *goodnight*, as R. C. was wont to say. He leaped once more, a heavy, limber fish, tiring from the furious speed. I followed him so well that he never got more than half of the line. He took me down the channel, through the rapids, along the gravel bar below, down the narrow green curve into the rough water below, where I could neither follow nor hold him.

That fight gave me more of understanding of these game fish and the marvelous sport they afford. As I wearily plodded back, nearly a half mile, I felt sick, and yet I had to rejoice at that unconquerable fish. My tackle was too light, but I would not have exchanged it for my heavy one, with that magnificent fish again fast to my line.

(To be concluded)

AFRICAN LIONS AND THE LONGBOW

(Continued from page 13)

long ago had made the killing of the lion a sporting proposition when they shot from spike-protected chariots.

Our lion had picked a bee tree to climb, and the nest was but a few feet from the dead animal. With caution, we successfully chopped our arrows from the tree and after no little effort got the lion down.

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