

Farr was astonished.

"How I wish I could have been there!" he bewailed.

We fried four for dinner, rolling them in meal to give them a good brown crust. They were delicious.



"IT CAME OUT QUIVERING AND STRUGGLING" [p. 307].

"What fools we were not to have fished there before?" Scott kept reminding us as we ate.

Toward four o'clock we went down again, and caught eleven more.

"I'm going to feed these holes," Fred said, "so as to draw a whole school of fish about them."