

# Field Sports at Home and Abroad

## ODD SHOTS

(By Richard L. Pocock)

### Slaughter Stories and Pictures

Unfortunately there is always a certain amount of suffering inseparable from sport. It is the real sportsman's aim to reduce this to a minimum. There is nothing so apt to spoil the sport of a man who is a sportsman and not a butcher as to have wounded game get away from him. Occasionally such accidents must happen, but when they do so happen, they are not quickly forgotten by the man with humanity in his make-up, and they usually tend to make him even more careful in the future, not to take unsportsmanlike shots, which are more apt to result in a wound than a kill. It is therefore particularly a matter of regret to those who regard the sufferings of dumb animals to read in what are called sportsmen's magazines tales of slaughter rather than sport, and the recounting of incidents which are so far from being interesting to a sportsman as to be actually repulsive. Recently I saw in one of the American sporting magazines a photograph of "the wounded moose," a poor animal which had been left half-sitting and half-lying on the ground, while the "sportsman" (save the mark!) who had wounded, but not killed it, posed for the picture a safe distance away from the poor brute in its death agony. Such a picture could give no pleasure to anyone except perhaps to the unfeeling brutes who took it, and to my mind was a disgrace to any publication which professed to publish in the interests of sport.

It was with a similar feeling of disgust that I read in another magazine the description of the doing to death on the shore of Salt Spring Island of a wretched little ninety-pound buck in the water with I forget how many rounds of No. 6 shot. The details are revolting to any man with the instincts of true sport in his make-up.

Occasionally we are offered a photograph of a large bag strung out to make it look as big as possible, and the would-be contributor goes away wondering why it is refused. The reason is somewhat similar. To most gun and rod lovers there comes a revulsion of feeling with the sight of an overlarge killing, and we would as soon see a picture of the side of a poultry-er's shop as some of these photos of long strings of fishy ducks and worm-caught trout. That is the point of view of the present editor of this page, and I believe that it is the point of view of the large majority of his readers also. Sport should be something higher and less degrading than blood-lust, or we want none of it.

### Fish Dealers and the Sale of Game

I understand that the fish dealers of this city have a grievance. In the first place, they do not like the law which allows the shooting of geese and brant at this time and forbids the sale of the same. There was a good reason for this provision, and it will probably work well for the ultimate good of all. Formerly in March and April, when the brant were moving northwards, the market hunters made enormous bags in the best-known resting places of the migrating fowl, so much so that there were good grounds for fearing the brant shooting would soon be a sport of the past. This is a country of remarkable wealth of sea fish, and the small loss which might possibly fall on the fish dealers through being debarred from the sale of game and wildfowl is something quite insignificant compared with the importance of fostering the sporting possibilities of the province.

Another little grievance is that, although they are debarred from the buying and selling of venison, the Vancouver dealers are not; there is something in this, but the remedy is not to let them all sell it, but to prohibit them all equally. There seems good reason to believe that the fast motor launch supplies many a Vancouver Island buck to the Vancouver market, though it is extremely difficult for the wardens with their present powers and facilities to catch the guilty parties red-handed.

The Attorney-General in the budget speech told us that it was intended to entirely revise the Game Act next session. If the most influential of our sportsmen will kindly get busy, there seems to be a very good chance still of getting that gun license. The arguments in favor of it have been urged again and again, and we are still waiting to hear from the other side, if indeed there is another side to hear from, which we are beginning to doubt.

### THE VICTORY OF THE FISHES

(A story of the big fish of Cowichan Lake, told by Andrew Haggard in the London Field.)  
A day with the sun shining brightly in the heavens, with the bluest of blue skies, and the air so clear and fresh that a pin could almost be seen glittering on a mountain top miles and miles away, is certainly not the day that people would choose for an all-day's outing with a fishing rod. My friend W. and I, however, had but little choice to make when we decided, at the end of May, to go off for a day's trolling, for all of the days at that season were alike on Vancouver Island.

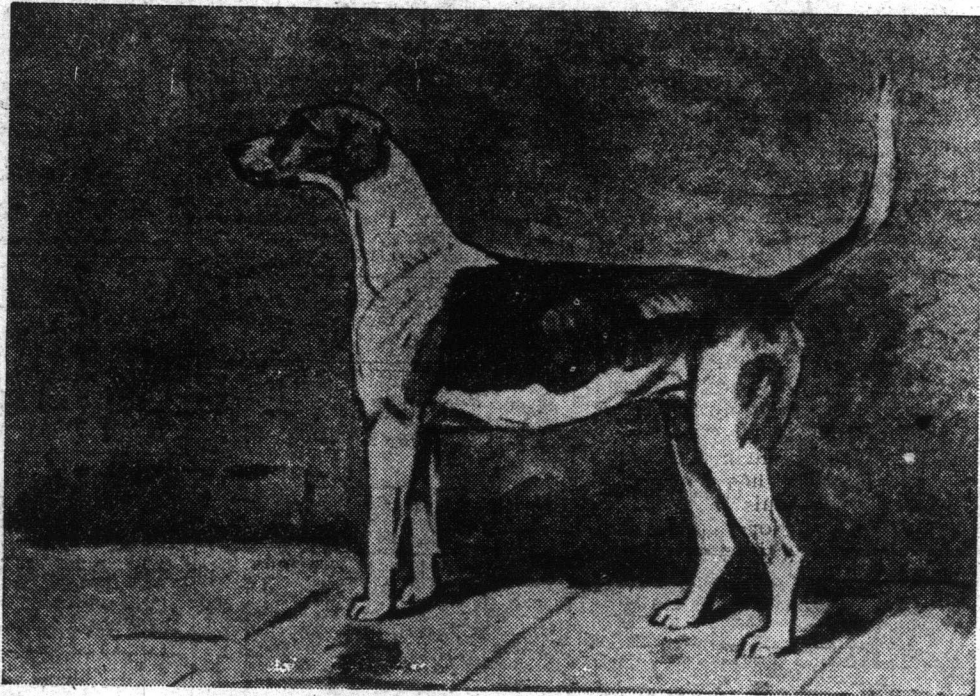
Neither of us had any particular penchant for trolling for trout, but both of us did particularly aspire to take a good long jaunt up "the big lake"—that is to say, up the larger and uninhabited portion of Cowichan Lake lying beyond the Narrows. The lower part, that out of which the famous Cowichan River flows, is some seven miles in length. It is mostly long and narrow, has three or four houses in cleared

land and a comfortable summer hotel built at various points in the forest along its shores. The lower lake affords exceedingly pretty scenery—charming is the word that best applies. There is both good fly fishing and trolling in this lower lake, but for the real good trolling, when you expect to strike a three or four pounder every time, those who know say you must go to the big lake. W. and I did not know from any personal experience, but time and time again, while contenting ourselves with our fly fishing for one-pounders, two-pounders, or three-pounders in the river, tidings would come to our ears of some party returning from the big lake with an enormous haul. We determined to go and explore the fishing grounds accordingly, and to travel for a good long distance up the fifteen miles of water which lie beyond the gloomy rock-bound Narrows.

When the steam launch which we had chartered emerged at length into the big lake, the beauty of the scene before our eyes was such as to make us both declare that, fish or no fish, we were delighted that we had come. Such a view of green-topped mountains near at hand, of snow-clad peaks lying beyond, of gloomy ravines or valleys where some distant rivulet tumbled down to feed the lake, and of little islets, reflected with every bush that grew upon them in the water, can never be done justice to by pen or words alone. The lake was

W., afraid of the big fish on his light fly rod, mounted a heavier double spoon on a much stouter cast. Each spoon bait was ornamented with a row of red coral beads, which were strung on the wire attaching the upper spoon to the lower one, and we used not the usual triangles, but one hook only, which dangled just below the lower spoon. All the Indians fishing for salmon on the coasts of British Columbia use the single hook in this manner, and nearly all sportsmen who fish at the famed Campbell River or other trolling resorts follow the example of the Redskins. We rowed once or twice round a little island near our larger one without getting a touch, and then, just as we had begun to talk about landing for lunch, we saw a big fish throw himself out with a heavy splash.

Rowing over to the spot, we found the water so clear that we saw a large spoon bait lying on the bottom, which had evidently been lost by some previous angler; and then, "mirabile dictu!" I had a strike. My rod bent double, a few yards of line ran off the reel, then all was still. The fish was gone, but no more was said about lunch, and a few minutes we trailed our lines a second time over the same spot. Again, just as we saw the lost spoon lying on the bottom, the fish came at me. This time I hooked him well and firmly, but, although the trout was a large one, never did fish fight in a more languid manner. In a few minutes we had him in the boat, a long, lanky



English Fox Hound, The Blankney Vandal, 1909.

some four miles wide, and as we travelled somewhat slowly up its unruffled course, it seemed to us as if the whole landscape were doubled. The reflection of every mighty tree along the shores, of every dazzling peak at a distance, was so perfect that a photographic picture doubled in half lengthways and cut in two would have exactly given two presentations of the same scene. It was still early in the morning, and as we passed we saw half a dozen deer drinking, a black bear shuffling leisurely along a bare spot on a precipitous hill, and various magnificent eagles soaring overhead or seated unconcernedly upon the tops of the pine trees on the margin of the pellucid lake. But of fish breaking the surface of the water there was nowhere any sign, and as the sun rose higher and became ever hotter and hotter it seemed to us as though we were traveling along the surface of a mirror.

"It won't make any difference, I think," remarked C., the young fellow who owned the launch; "if only you strike the right places you'll catch some fish all the same. And would you like any worms, by the way, to tack on to the end of your spoons? I have some here. It's what all those Victoria fellows do who come up here and make such huge bags." "Worms! Poacher!" we exclaimed. "Do you take us for Yankee fishermen from the lakes of Maine—fellows who troll for trout and landlocked salmon with a bunch of 'night walkers' as big as your fist dangling a yard below a hugh spoon that serves but to attract with its meretricious glare? Worms! Perish the thought!" "Oh, well, do as you like," replied C., "but those brewery fellows and bank clerks whom I took up the lake to camp out last week caught all of those monsters they had that way, and they left a heap of their prepared worms behind them. As they cost them 25c a box, it seems a pity to waste them. Besides, you came to catch fish, didn't you?" "Fish!" was our reply; and shortly, leaving C. to go on still further up the lake with two other men, W. and I cast ourselves adrift in a boat near a lovely island, surrounded by some of the shoals which the big fish were supposed to frequent.

The sun had now become so blazing hot, sighed for a suit of pyjamas. Having landed on the island and "cached" our spare clothes, luncheon, and extra tackle in the shade of a magnificent maple tree, we got our fly rods together and started to troll from opposite sides of the boat, and we proposed to make the trolling as like fly fishing as possible. Ever a believer in fine tackle, I put up a very small double spoon, of the kind known as a "Tacoma" on the Pacific Coast, on a fine gut spinning trace.

cut-throat 3/4 lb. in weight, but in poor condition. No more fish coming, we went ashore and lunched, and lolled for an hour or so on the soft moss and watched the various kinds of birds that fluttered in the branches only a few yards from our heads. So tame were the birds on that island that even a pair of woodpeckers ran up and down the bole of the tree against which we reclined while lazily smoking the pipe of peace. At length a breeze sprang up, and with the breeze first a swell and then white horses on the lake.

We started again in our boat hugging the nearer shore, which was partly protected by two large islands, and a promontory from the swell of the waves, and then things began to happen. I got hold of a large fish, and lost him after a long fight; directly after was I into another, and lost him, too, at the side of the boat. Then I had hold of a third, of over 4 lb. in weight, and for ten minutes or so was in an agony of fear that I should lose him likewise; but W. succeeded in netting him, after a lengthy and determined struggle. My comrade was, meanwhile, not getting a touch, but upon putting on a fine minnow trace which I gave him, he too began at once to hook—and to lose—big fish after big fish. Six monsters did the unhappy W. get to the side of the boat one after another, and each of the six threw itself off the hook with a wild bound just as I was stretching out to get it into the net. Then he landed one, a splendid cut-throat, a 5-pounder, but it was the last fish either of us killed on that disastrous day. I will not detail at length all the ghastly disappointments of that afternoon, but state briefly that, although we were evidently trolling through waters simply bristling with splendid cut-throats and a few rainbows, out of sixteen fish, all large, that we hooked during two hours, we only succeeded in getting two into the boat. At length human nature could stand it no longer.

We owned ourselves beaten, and wanted to go home to recover from the disgrace. So we flew signals of distress to the three fellows whom we had left in the launch. We could see them in the distance trolling from her stern up and down a shoal. As they steamed towards us I took in my bait. I hated the very sight of the thing, and the rod too; but W., from sheer carelessness, not intention, left his spoon as before dangling out behind as I rowed dejectedly along. Suddenly his rod was nearly snatched from his hand and nearly all the reel line ran out. The fish threw himself—oh! what a monster! Again he jumped; he looked like a salmon. The men in the launch began to cheer, and put on full steam to get nearer so as to see the fun. This fish—perhaps the biggest trout in all Cowichan Lake—

was at all events well enough hooked, and never was one better handled. But could I ever get him into the net—a large net, certainly—but, such a fish? I vowed to W. that rather than lose that beauty, I would go into the water after him and seize him by the tail with my teeth, Cree Indian fashion, and I meant to. But I need not have troubled myself, for the "doyen" of the trout of Cowichan Lake did not intend to trouble me. He saw that steam launch coming, and made one final dash straight at it for protection. For a moment something silvery was seen splashing behind the launch, and then—and then the spoon and W.'s minnow trace remained beautifully tied up in the screw! W. and I are never going trolling any more; flies are good enough for us!

### TARPON ON LIGHT TACKLE

I am about to tell you the story of the heretofore deemed impossible—made possible.

For years it has been the dream of ardent marine anglers to take the matchlessly game tarpon upon light tackle. While it is true that the majority of anglers have always considered it no common achievement to take these with the regulation equipment, still there have always been those who were haunted by the idea that heavy tackle did not give these gallant sea warriors a fair chance, and who seriously doubted if, after all, it was so much of an angling achievement to take them with the standard tarpon rod, reel and line. Usually he who dreamed of light tackle quickly changed his mind when in actual combat with these mighty silver knights of salt water and thanked the gods that he was equipped with a good stiff rod and stout line. Even then it was a frequent occurrence to lose his fish because of a broken tip, or perhaps a hook-broken just below the barb.

Tarpon fishermen of fifteen years ago remember the time when it was considered a good average to kill one out of every ten fish struck, and a fight of from one to three hours was the usual thing. When a tarpon was taken in less time it was considered decidedly unusual and most remarkable. As time went on, and anglers became more skillful and their tackle correspondingly improved, one tarpon secured out of every five hooked was considered a good average. Now, the heavy-tackle average is one out of every three strikes, and an expert is expected and expects to keep up this average. Always, as proved by history, the dreamer of dreams somehow or some way has his day and comes into his own.

On June 16, 1907, L. P. Streeter, of Pasadena, Cal., registered at Tarpon Inn, Tarpon, Texas. It was his daring audacity and initiative that gave official birth to light tackle for tarpon. At first Mr. Streeter received little or no encouragement, and if it had not been for A. W. Hooper, of Boston, and J. E. Cotter, the proprietor of the Inn, to take tarpon on light tackle would have been the exclusive privilege of Streeter. These two, however, were willing to be shown, and when Mr. Streeter brought in a tarpon measuring five feet nine inches they became inculcated and started out to do likewise. In landing this fish both angler and boatmen were carried into the breakers, and were forced to quit the boat, take to the water and wade ashore. After a long and bitter fight they beached the fish, two miles from the point of hooking.

In 1907, of the many anglers who came to Tarpon, only five qualified for membership in the new brotherhood, and none equalled Mr. Streeter's fish of five feet nine inches. Among these five was Rex Beach, author of "The Barrier," the best novel of the Great North yet written. In 1908 the membership increased to ten and included Mr. Gifford Pinchot, chief of Uncle Sam's forestry department, and Charles F. Holder, author of several books on fresh and salt water game fish. The largest fish of that year was taken by A. W. Hooper, and measured six feet and one-fourth inches. Hooper also won the Streeter cup, a Vom Hoff and a Pflueger reel, a Murphy rod and an Ash-away line.

In 1908 an interesting incident occurred involving two millionaire heavy-tackle exponents, one from St. Louis and the other from Texas. These two got up a lengthy argument on light tackle, which ended in the Texan betting the St. Louis angler \$500 to \$50 that he couldn't hook and land on light tackle a fish large enough to qualify him for membership. The bet was accepted and the St. Louisan promptly and gamely started forth—to die, or die, and brought in before night a five-foot-one-inch fish. The bet was, of course, as promptly and gamely paid. The winner gave his boatman, John Fromlich, \$100 as a tip. The Texan is now one of the most enthusiastic of light-tackle anglers, eschewing heavy tackle altogether, and his yacht is almost constantly in Tarpon Bay.

This year, up to June 1, twelve new anglers have qualified, making the membership total twenty-two, two of whom are women and both gold-button winners. Mrs. O'Mara, of Salt Lake City, won the Wilcox ladies' medal, presented by Henry Wilcox, of Denver, Colo., to the first lady taking a gold-button fish. Already eighty fish have been taken on light tackle this year, and before the season closes, November 1, this number will undoubtedly be doubled.

The largest tarpon of this year on light tackle was taken by my old friend L. A. Dockery, of Chihuahua, Mexico, and measured six feet four and three-eighths inches. Mr. Dockery hooked his fish at the point of the jetties and it carried him to Lydia Ann, seven miles from the point where he struck it, prob-



### Sportsman's Calendar

#### MARCH

**Sports for the Month**—For the angler: Trout-fishing after March 25, grilse and spring salmon fishing. For the shooter: Geese and brant, which may be shot but not sold.

**March 26**—Opening day of trout-fishing season.

**N.B.**—March is one of the best months of the year for spring salmon trolling, and for brant shooting.

ably doubling that distance in criss-crossing and saving back and forth. Dockery was "all in," and great muscular fellow that he is, his hands were trembling like a leaf and he was ready to "take the count" when his boatman finally gaffed the fish. And this is little to be wondered at, when one considers that he fought his fish four solid hours. Tarpon fishermen will realize what a tremendous task it was, and the skill required, if they will stop and think how much of a fight a fish this size would give them on regular heavy rods and lines, ranging from a dead lift capacity of forty-two to seventy-two pounds.

One is apt to occasionally lose a fish to sharks, on account of the fact that it is necessary to thoroughly lick your fish before there is the slightest chance of bringing him to gaff. Give a tarpon a fair chance, and he will make a monkey of the wildest old shark in the Gulf of Mexico. It is only when your tarpon is whipped almost into a helpless state that a shark has a chance to beat you out of him. But this fear of a shark taking, perhaps, a "gold-button" fish, only adds zest to the game. Such an incident happens so rarely that it is a real event. Light-tackle fishermen who boast of the big one lost to a shark usually get the laugh. Do not for one moment get it into your head that heavy-tackle fishermen are in the minority at Tarpon Inn. They are far in the majority, and the "old boys' fight shy of light tackle. Only one out of ten go in for it.

The last week of May, this year, the heavy-tackle fishermen had their inning and "put it all over us." Chauncey M. Powers, amateur shotgun champion of America, caught eight tarpon in six hours, the largest measuring six feet five inches, and Mr. E. H. Brown, of Chicago, broke the world's record on heavy tarpon. In some respects his fish was a freak—it only measured seventy-eight and one-half inches in length, but had a fifty-one-inch girth. This fish weighed exactly 255 pounds. Edward Vom Hoff, of New York, will have to come down here and go home, as Mr. Brown's fish has his heretofore 212-pound world's record tarpon beaten fairly by forty-three pounds.

I have fished for tarpon on the east coast of Florida and at Tampico, Mexico, but Aransas Pass has those waters beaten to a frazzle, for fighting fish. Here you don't have to charter a yacht, cruise up and down the coast and hunt for the fish, as in Florida; and you don't have to seek them for twenty-five miles up or down the river, as in the Panuco, at Tampico. However, the fishing on the Panuco is great, and it has the advantage of giving one winter fishing. At Aransas Pass the season starts March 15 and ends November 1, but October is the best month of all. The fish are all within a mile or two of the hotel. The boom of the waves breaking in white foam upon the jetties, the shriek of the wild sea mew, the graceful flight of fish-hunting pelicans and the music of the sea birds, would awaken in the dullest of souls something of the spirit of one's Norseman ancestry. If you want to experience the highest enjoyment an angler can dream of knowing, if you would meet fish as game as the gamest drop of blood that flows in your body, if you would do something in the fishing line that you will never forget so long as you live, if you would test your skill and science against a fish that detests the word "quit," if you want to wipe the salty sweat of a noble sport from your eyes and experience the godlike pleasures of victory—then come to Tarpon or Aransas Pass and show that you have the stuff in you to land a silver or gold-button tarpon on light tackle.—Will H. Dig, in Field and Stream.

"How did you get that black eye, Willie?" "I got dat," replied Willie, disgustfully, "by waitin' to count ten when I was angry, like you told me to."

Tall, broad-shouldered and erect strong, well-marked face of a great Sitting Bull, the greatest of Sioux outgeneralled Custer of the U.S. Army, and killed him and his force battle on the Little Big Horn, whom anyone would point out as first sight. Such is the recollection remains in the mind of William carpenter at the provincial building, but formerly, like H. H. Nas the same institution, a member of a organized body of Northwest Mounted into the Canadian wilderness, law and order among savages and.

Perched among the shavings on the other day, his eyes closed and toward over the intervening years, the stirring days when the blood Sioux fled across the border with scalps of Custer's men. Davis was attached to a troop of fifty police s Cypress Hills, near the American der command of Col. Walsh. The was situated in a deep valley circle hills, and it consisted of a collection log buildings surrounded by a ten-acre constructed of up-ended timber chinked. As Davis recalls it now, was more of a death-trap than a prison, cause an attacking party needed on up under cover of the stockade and their rifles through the chinks and while the force inside, like rats in a not retreat if it wanted to.

With their base at this post, W. patrolled day by day the immense, tributary to Cypress Hills. The Canadian Indians, struck terror heart of outlaws and whiskey rounded up horse and cattle rust driving them across the boundary of bullets, or capturing and incarcer in the prison at Stony Mountain.

One day away back in the sevent less Blackfoot scouts came to the at Cypress Hills with startling new whole American army had been w the south and that the terrible Sioux the trail northward for the bou

This news could not fail to uneasiness among the troops who, although they had thought than to stand their ground, a bold front, come what might, fel bious as to the outcome when a t more Sioux with the blood-lust stron flooded the boundary country. Se thrown out to give word of the at Sitting Bull's warriors, and the da of the post was carried on quite as gley constables riding for and wide, d despite all the red-skins on a Then, over night and as silently as the Sioux invaded the Cypress Hills, morning broke the smoke from their rose in the clear air from the ridge of pletely surrounding the little police of tepees appeared above the trees sight was ominous to the little troo in the valley below. Col. Walsh dec bold stroke without delay was imper mounting every available man, he r head of his small force into the Si The Sioux chief was reticent and sur but the Canadian officer told him t interpreter that while he sojourned, he must respect the laws and behav or disaster would come to him and riors, they would be hunted as the hunted, driven from bluff to bluff, r to slough, until not one of them re Sitting Bull heard this ultimatum Then drawing himself up and stre