

## OZARK MOUNTAIN TROUT.

THE opinion is pretty widespread among ichthyologists that there is no native trout in the Ozark Mountain region of Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory. It must be remembered, however, that a species of *Salmo* has been described from Kansas River, a tributary of the Missouri, emptying into the latter stream not far from the mouth of the Gasconade. It may be that this species, *Salmo stonias*, did not really come from Kansas River, but from some locality further west. The fact that no additional specimens have been obtained since the types were collected would seem to warrant this belief. There is another side to this question, and we desire to bring it forward, in order that the truth may be discovered. Some of the anglers' guide books refer to several localities in Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory, at which trout may be caught. In many cases it is certain that they do not mean black bass, which is generally called trout in the Southern States, but a fish of the salmon family. In the Smithsonian report for 1864 will be found a "Journal of an Exploration of Western Missouri in 1854," under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, by P. R. Hoy, M.D. This is dated April 4 to June 4, 1854. Under date of May 14 Dr. Hoy says: "Rained all night, which puts an end to our fishing here; this I greatly regret, for there are several species of fish I am exceedingly anxious to obtain, especially one species of *Salmo* (?) called here salmon trout. \* \* \* Mr. L. M. Turner, who gave me this extract from Dr. Hoy's journal, also wrote out for me his own experience with trout in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri in 1872. Mr. Turner has caught thousands of trout in Alaska, Labrador and elsewhere, and his statement should receive due consideration:

"During the latter part of July, 1872, I had occasion to travel nearly the entire extent of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. \* \* \* In one of the small streams tributary to the Gasconade River, near Waynesville, we stopped to allow the horses to drink. We observed a number of trout in the deeper portions of the gravelly-bedded stream. Following the course we came to a place where the water ran rippling over a bed of small stones. We frightened some of the trout on to the shallow place and killed several by throwing stones at them. Two of the fish were fully a foot in length, the remainder smaller. We fried them for our supper. They \* \* \* had the coloration as follows: Back and upper sides dark lead with faint greenish shade. The middle sides lighter and the lower sides much lighter. The middle sides were flecked with rounded black spots, most numerous about and immediately below the median line. I do not now recollect that the larger individuals had any spots on the back, but do remember that the smaller spots were on the posterior portions of the fish."

I have been informed recently by Mr. Slosson, of Washington, D. C., that he caught black-spotted trout in mountain streamlets in Crawford county, northwestern Arkansas, about ten years ago. He says they were not black bass, but real trout, and that they are caught also in the Ozark Mountain region of Indian Territory. I hope that some of the numerous correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM, who are familiar with the region in question, will be able to throw some light on this subject. Rainbow trout were planted in 1880 by the U. S. Fish Commission in the headwaters of the Gasconade and Osage rivers, and 3,000 were deposited in Spring River, a tributary of the Arkansas. In 1885 the Missouri Commissioner found at least three generations of trout in Spring River. The Commissioner stated that no native species of trout is found in any of the streams that rise in the Ozark range. T. H. BEAN.

## HOW TO CATCH TROUT.

IN Mr. Mershon's account of his trip on the Flying Peggy I observe that, like hundreds of other anglers, he falls into the common error of believing that the man who goes first is the one who catches the most trout. I think I am justified in saying this is an error. When I am fishing for trout, and observe "two or three natives sneaking in ahead of us," I just let them sneak; and, instead of taking a short cut to head them off, I will fill my pipe, sit down on a stone beside the cool stream, watch the tumbling torrent as it bounds from rock to rock, listen to the birds chattering around me, and anon stretch myself on my back, and between watching the curling wreaths of smoke, observing the grand old oaks and pines nodding and bowing so graciously to each other, and contemplating nature in general, a very pleasant and profitable half hour goes speedily by. Taking up my rod and examining the flies, I slip quietly along to yonder pool, cast the bait behind that rock or log, when splash! a fine fellow jumps out of the water, seizes the hook, executes a somersault, and down he goes! The rod bends and twists as the trout rushes hither and thither, I play him for a moment or two, then gently elevate him and he is in my hands. Wiggle, wigglety-wig—ah, what a sensation—and I drop him in the basket. So it continues. In the meantime what are the natives doing? In their greed they rush pell mell over the crackling brush, bounding over rocks, falling into pools and frightening the trout out of a year's growth. Occasionally they hook a fingerling, but more frequently they don't, and I tell you, gentle reader, a fish of any decent size is rarely seen on their stringers.

Is this usually the case? By no means, I am sorry to say. It is usually reversed. The average sportsman, after spending a year at his desk, rigs up his tackle about the first of April, gazes lovingly upon his split-bamboo rod all mounted with German silver, pats it on the back, and exclaims, "Ah, there! What a royal time we will have next week!" He lies him away, and two days are consumed in reaching the grounds. He stops at a village or a house three miles from the best fishing, and when he casts his line it is about 9 A. M., just the time he should stop and take a snooze for a few hours. Suddenly he observes some one ahead of him. "Ah! this won't do. I must get ahead of that yawp," he says. And he does, after skirmishing over rocks, through green briers, under laurel, over logs, etc., and when in half an hour he reaches the stream breathless, exhausted, clothes torn, shins peeled, tip broken, flies gone, he looks back and observes the other fellow a hundred yards below, calmly smiling upon him, yanking out the fish, with a string of fine big fellows dangling at his side. It is enough to make a fellow cuss. In fact I have cussed under such circumstances, and so have you.

The moral is plain: Don't go trout fishing if you have but two or three days to spare. Take two or three weeks and take a small tent and outfit. Camp near the stream, fish early in the morning and late in the evening. Don't be in a hurry. If there are half a dozen ahead of you no matter. Let them go, only don't follow them too closely, and my word for it, you will have more fish than they.

PACIFIC.

## WINTER FISHING AT POINT BARROW.

THE natives of Point Barrow, Alaska, fish very little with hooks, their fish being taken with gill nets both summer and winter; they are very expert in the use of nets for taking both fish and seals; they will set a net under 5 or 6 feet of ice on the rivers where they go to hunt in winter for reindeer. Their manner of doing it is by drilling holes through the ice as indicated in Fig. 1.

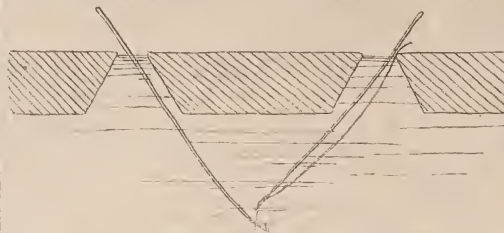


FIG. 1.

They drill usually three holes; then, by putting a line on the end of one long pole and a hook on another pole, they get the hook on the line and pull it through the second hole, and so to the third hole. Communication being thus established, it is easy to set the nets under the ice as shown in Fig. 2. The holes are small at the top and enlarged at the bottom; the middle one through which they draw the nets and fish the largest.

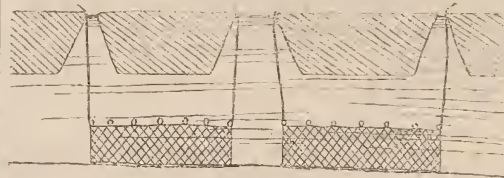


FIG. 2.

In making these holes they first drill a hole about 6 or 7 in. in diameter through the ice to the water, then they enlarge the hole at the bottom. The hole now being filled with water, the ice broken off by the ice pick floats to the surface, and is removed by a scoop made open on the bottom, as represented in Fig. 3. With this scoop they also remove the ice from the hole while sinking to the water.



FIG. 3.

The fish taken are mostly whitefish. In these nets I have seen taken from 40 to 60 lbs. of fish at one setting of twenty-four hours. The size of the nets is 15 ft. long by 4 ft. deep.

When I think of poor DeLong sitting down and starving on the banks of the Lena River, which, like all large rivers emptying into the Arctic Ocean, teems with fish, just for the want of the knowledge possessed by the inhabitants of these northern regions, it makes me feel sad. I have always felt that if he had with his party a couple of Esquimaux, most of their lives might have been saved.

I was told by the natives that trout are to be found in the large rivers, and I have seen what we call the salmon trout. E. P. HERENDEEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA FISH LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to call your attention to the provisions of the California fish law headed, "Permanent Contrivances in Fishing; Punishment for Violation of Provisions of Penal Code."

Every person who shall set, use, or continue, or who shall assist in setting, using, or continuing any pound, weir, set net, trap, or any other fixed or permanent contrivance for catching fish in the waters of this State, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall cast, extend, or set any seine, or net of any kind, for the catching of, in any river, stream, or slough of this State, which shall extend more than one-third across the width of the said river, stream or slough, at the time and place of such fishing, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall cast, extend, set, use, or continue, or who shall assist in casting, extending, using or continuing "Chinese sturgeon lines," or "Chinese shrimp or bag nets," or lines or nets of similar character, for the catching of fish in the waters of this State, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, by seine or any other means, shall catch the young fish of any species, and who shall not return the same to the water immediately and alive, or who shall sell, or offer for sale, any such fish, fresh or dried, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person convicted of a violation of any of the provisions of this chapter shall be punished by fine of not less than fifty dollars, and not more than three hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail, of the county where the offense was committed, for not less than thirty days nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment. One-third of all moneys collected for fines for violation of the provisions of this chapter to be paid to informer, one-third to District Attorney of the county in which the action is prosecuted, and one-third to the Fish Commissioners of the State of California. \* \* \* It shall not be lawful for any person to buy or sell, or offer or expose for sale, within this State, any kind of trout (except brook trout) less than 8 in. in length, any person violating any of the provisions of this section is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Of course this does not apply to the Fish Commissioners. This is only a small part of the law, but it covers what I shall allude to.

Now, as will have been seen, the law strictly prohibits any permanent contrivance for catching fish. That being the case, why were not the parties that built a trap across the San Joaquin River last fall to shut the salmon off from coming up the Tuolumne River arrested? A dam was also built across the mouth of the Tuolumne River, and persons speared as many as forty salmon in one night, and kept their traps there for over a week. Some of those same parties have since made their brags to me that it was election times and the officers would not notice

them, for they were afraid they would lose a few votes. I mention no names, but will call attention to the fish laws of this State, and perhaps through FOREST AND STREAM the attention of the Fish Commissioners of this State may be drawn to this matter.

The warden that was last here in this district was no good. He would arrest Chinamen, Frenchmen and Italians for violating the above laws, but citizens of the State he never arrested, and you can form an opinion why.

I have no especial love for Chinamen, but when it comes to a question of law and order, arrest one man for violating the laws as well as another. R.

MODESTO, Cal.

## FISHING NEAR CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, April 29.—A little of the fishing news got away last week. It seems that the season has already opened at Fox Lake, and in right good earnest, too. A week ago yesterday a large number of good fish were taken in Fox, Petite and Nippersink lakes, including bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike. One pickerel of 7 lbs. was killed, and two bass of over 4 lbs. each. Mr. Wm. White, better known as Billy White, had twenty-seven bass, pike and walleyes. That was a pretty good showing for one day, surely. It will not be long now till we begin to hear of fun all along the fishing line.

The following item, taken from a daily paper here, may be an old "rounder" for all I know, but it is of some interest:

"The largest pair of black bass ever caught in Missouri waters or in any other waters of the United States, in fact, were caught by J. W. Peeters and son, of St. Louis, in Peter's Lake, Pemisicot county, Missouri, on March 3 last. They weighed 11 lbs. and 13 oz., and 11 lbs. and 10 oz., respectively, seven days after they were taken from the water. The larger fish was 28 in. in length from the lower lip to the extreme end of the tail, and 18 in. in circumference at the largest portion of the body. It was at least 3 lbs. heavier than any one specimen of black bass ever caught in the United States before. The heads of these monsters of the black bass school have been beautifully mounted in elegant frames and were given to Capt. H. C. West, the Fish Commissioner of Missouri, who in turn will present one to President Harrison, and the other to ex President Cleveland. They will be exhibited in a Broadway show window for three weeks."

The above is a fair sample of what the average daily paper does not know about sporting matters. Personally, I never saw a bass that weighed over 7 lbs., but I do not believe that the bass above mentioned weighed 3 lbs. more than any bass ever taken in the United States, nor do I believe that these bass are the largest ever taken, because I am very credibly informed that they have been taken on the St. Clair flats weighing over 12 lbs., and I have heard on pretty fair authority that 12 lbs. bass have been taken in Florida. At any rate, I should like to hear from the bass record as understood by FOREST AND STREAM readers, or better still, by fish dealers who handle netted fish.

May 2.—The maskallonge season has opened, and I wish some one would tell us how to spell it. At least one good fish has come down from Eagle Waters. Its weight is 42 lbs., and it is very thick and stocky. It is on exhibition at one of the fish markets, and I do not know who caught it. The ice should by this time all be out of the Wisconsin and Michigan lakes, and the much-spelled fish will soon be in his glory. Doubtless it is generally known that May and early June is the best time to catch this fish unless one waits until after frost. In midsummer the "bloom" of the lakes kills the fishing. Eastern fishers who monkey with trout at \$4 an inch will do well to come out here this spring and just go fishing for once. One or two 40-pound fingerling maskallonge, or maskinnonge, or muscallonge, will convince them that Gilead lies just north of Chicago.

May 4.—Additional reports show the fishing season now well begun, and the end of the week will see northbound trains crowded with anglers en route for Silver Lake, Lake Maria, Twin Lakes, Wauconda and other accessible waters near by. Messrs. David Oliphant and Geo. Hazlitt start to-day for Wauconda Lake, pursuant to the advice of Geo. Pratt, a resident of the lake, who writes that the fishing is good. Mr. Pratt has sent down a very fine pickerel. Wauconda is worthy the attention of our anglers this season. The lake has been high and the outlet full, and fish have been running up from Fox River in great numbers. It is said of this lake that one can always take a string of fish there, no matter what the weather. The fishing is better there early in the season, as its waters are quite full of vegetation in the summer. Everybody looks very happy here now. E. HOUGH.

## FISHING NEAR ST. LOUIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 4.—Croppie fishing is most excellent in this part of the country. Reports to hand from all the lakes, sloughs and small rivers are to the effect that the sport was never better. Bass have as yet not begun operations, for very few have been caught. Croppie, though, are taking the minnow in a most ravenous way, and large strings have been brought in by parties who were out. Creve Cœur Lake, which is situated twenty miles west of here, is furnishing splendid sport to the disciples of Izaak Walton. Two gentlemen from this city spent a day out there the past week and returned with nearly 200, averaging about three-quarters of a pound each, and yesterday another gentleman showed up seventy-two croppie as the result of a day's angling on his part. Judge P. S. Langham and a friend came back from Murdock Lake, which is located twenty-two miles south of here in Illinois, and they had over 250 fish on their string, all caught in a day and a half. Among the number were a few bass, one of which weighed a little less than 4 lbs. Murdock Lake is one of the oldest fishing places in this vicinity, and, usually, more bass are caught there than croppie. This season, though, just the opposite is the rule.

A telegram was received from the superintendent of the Kings Lake Club stating that the fishing was exceedingly fine up there, and several of the members have started up there to take advantage of the sport. UNSUB FRITZ.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT will be held in Central Park, this city, May 23-24. The secretary is Mr. G. Poey P. O. Box 3049, New York.