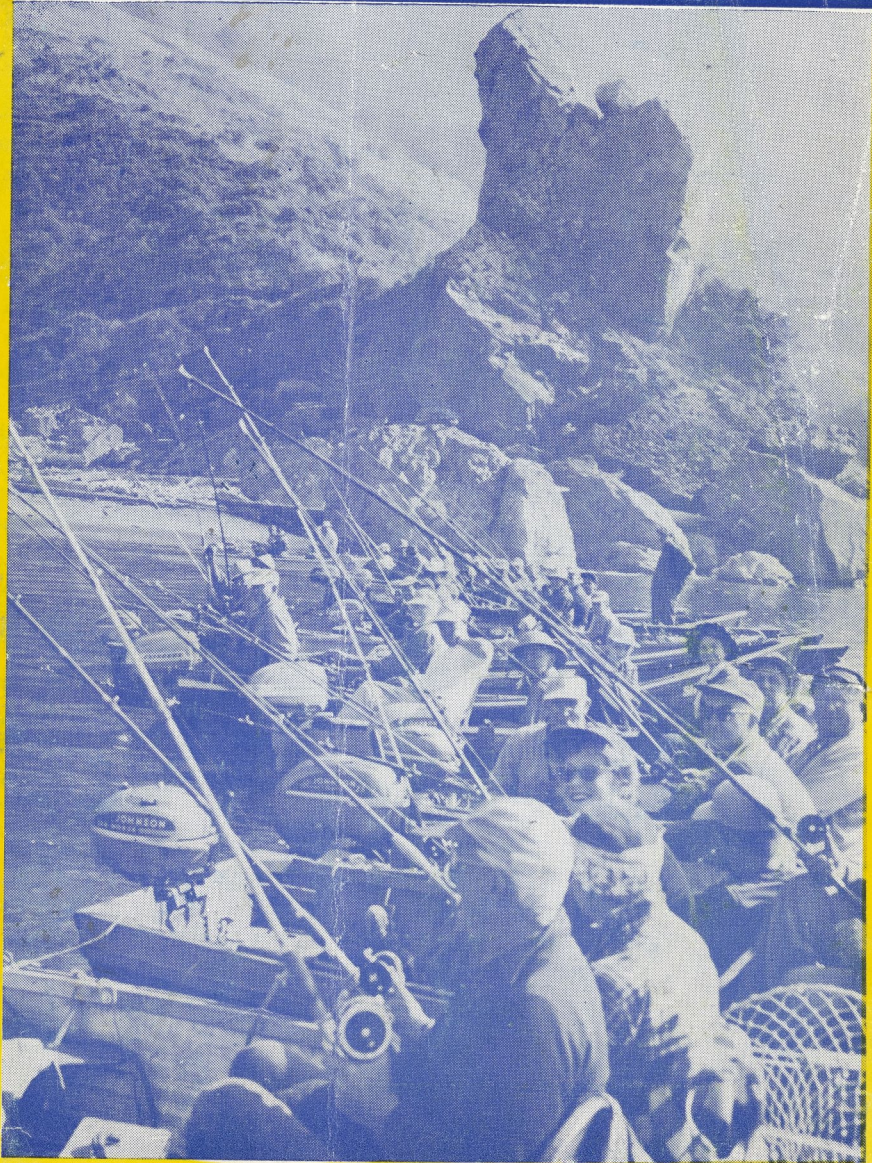


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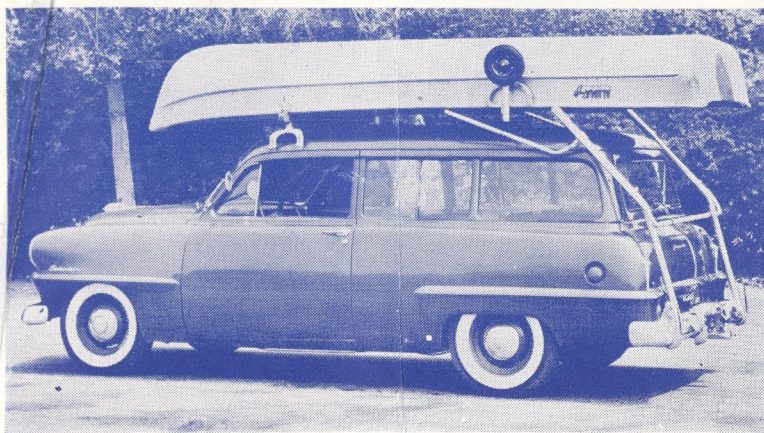
THE ANGLERS' JOURNAL

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF NATIONAL ANGLERS' FRATERNITY



AUGUST
1954

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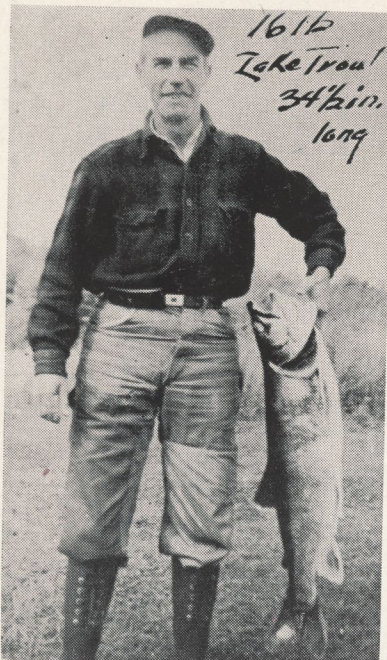
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NAF

THE ANGLERS' JOURNAL



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF NATIONAL ANGLERS' FRATERNITY

Volume 1—Number 1

August, 1954

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Cover Picture: Salmon Fishing on Rogue Rive, Oregon

NAF, The Anglers' Journal, is published by the National Anglers' Fraternity, P. O. Box 513, Azusa, California. N. V. Jensen, President; J. A. McMahon, Vice-President; C. M. Dee, Secretary; S. J. Cochran, Treasurer; Alec Watkins, Editor.

It's on its way . . .

Anyone can dream, but youth does it best. There is strength and vigor in the dreams of young men—a strength and vigor which can sustain those dreams through periods of grim uncertainty until experience can be gained and wisdom won.

The National Anglers Fraternity started as a dream not so long ago. It was a dream born in the minds, and warmed into life in the hearts, of two young men. It was a dream conceived in the solitude of distant rivers, and baptized in their cool quiet waters.

The substance of this dream was a faith in the essential friendliness of fishermen everywhere.

Its form was fashioned by the idea that that friendliness could be used as an instrument for mutual helpfulness among fishermen everywhere.

A fisherman's brotherhood for the entire nation!

This was a dream big enough for anyone. But was it practical? Would other fishermen feel its force and catch its vision?

Well, the first thing to do was to establish it as an organization, to give it tangible reality. And this was done.

Next came the task of getting the message out to others. This was an anxious time for the founders of the National Anglers' Fraternity. Would others feel as they did? Would the spirit of the enterprise seize the imagination of fishermen throughout the country?

Several thousand letters were mailed to all 48 states, and up into Canada.

The quick response was most heartening. The percentage of returns was unusually high.

Obviously, there were in the ranks of the nation's fishermen, a good many minds which were warmly receptive. They could quickly see the potentialities.

They could understand the possibilities for mutual self-help which the Fraternity offered.

They could sense the power which could be developed, through the Fraternity, in fighting the just battles of fishermen in every state in the Union.

They could appreciate the opportunities for service to the cause of conservation of our country's natural resources to which such a Fraternity could be dedicated.

They could visualize the vast fund of information relative to fish-



Alec Watkins
Editor, NAF

ing in all its phases which the Fraternity could gather and systemize for the quick and reliable use of all its members.

And they could feel the appeal of the expanded friendship to which the Fraternity could open so many doors.

So the National Anglers' Fraternity is on its way.

But let us honestly face this fact: It has a long way to go; it has really just started.

The foundation has been carefully laid, and some of the studding stands erect, but much of the great structure remains for the future to build.

Material is needed. There is only one source of that material: MEMBERSHIPS!

Members, members, and more members!

—The Editor

* * * *

APPRECIATION TO OUR MEMBERS

We, the officers, directors and co-workers of N.A.F., cannot conclude the preparation of this first issue of our official publication without an earnest word of appreciation for our members throughout the land for the splendid and enthusiastic cooperation rendered by them to our Fraternity in its initial stages.

We are grateful to all of the members whom we have been privileged to recommend to other members as on-the-spot contacts.

Our thanks go also to those patient members to whom we were unable to offer on-the-spot information due to lack of members in the areas involved. This is a lack which will certainly be remedied in the future as our membership grows, and our present members have been most helpful in assisting us to develop contacts in those areas.

And to those members who have so graciously taken the time to send us fishing information from so many sections of the country, our sincere gratitude. Permit us to urge these members to keep it coming; fishermen know best what other fishermen would like to read in their own journal.

Special thanks are due to those who so generously contributed the special articles appearing in this publication.

Above all, we are deeply appreciative of the spontaneous faith with which our members have greeted this new venture, and the idea of friendly helpfulness upon which it is founded. Their willingness to supply us with the names of their fishing friends, and to support the Fraternity through its infancy into a period of rapid growth, has been most heartening to all of us.

Alec Watkins, Editor

N. V. Jensen, President

J. A. McMahon, Vice-President

C. M. Dee, Secretary

S. J. Cochran, Treasurer

Highway to Adventure

By Raymond Cannon

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ray Cannon, author of the salt-water manual, "How to Fish the Pacific Coast" and columnist for *Western Outdoor News*, is recognized as the outstanding authority on Pacific Coast angling. His book and column will be of great service to us on where, when, and how to fish this area.

An anticipated trip along the little known west coast of Baja California has provided daydream material for millions of adventure loving anglers who have not yet found an opportunity to go there. The great mysterious barrier to making those dreams into realities has been the lack of knowledge about the place and the answers to such questions as: "What are the roads like?" "What is the cost?" Are the natives hostile?" "How's the fishing?"

Fishing is like this: wherever there is a solid, mussel-bearing, rock formation extending out into the water, you may expect to find from 6 to 20 different species of fish, lobster, abalone and other shellfish. The sand stretches produce an abundance of barred perch, with an occasional rich bed of clams. The boulder-covered beaches are mostly barren except for cockles and a few other shellfish. Kelp beds and offshore reefs are loaded with shallow-water rockfish, bass, mackerel jack, sheephead and a dozen other species including the giant black sea bass. The other big game fishes are to be found on the banks beyond, four or five miles off shore.

The natives are exceptionally friendly, gentle and courteous, and they expect visitors to show them equal consideration. As to expense—you can make the trip cheaper than you can stay home.

South of Estero Beach there are no beach lodging places except at San Quintin Bay. There are a number of gas stations and a few small grocery stores, so prepare well and don't forget to take plenty of drinking water.

On a recent trip I had an opportunity to observe the main highway that leads down to Bahia San Quintin; the very



Cannon

rough road beyond it, and the fairly good to rough turn-offs from the main highway that lead down 6 to 12 miles to the sea.

We started from Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, the greatest place on earth to get an appetite for ocean fishing

whetted. There too, resides the foremost ichthyologist of our time, Dr. Carl Hubbs. How the mind of one man can encompass so much knowledge of aquatic life seems super-human.

Now just imagine, starting on a trip that's to take you a third of the way down the coast line of Baja California, with Dr. Hubbs, his assistant, Arthur Flechsig, and Mrs. Hubbs, the best of all good sports. Mode of transportation—a Chevrolet pickup truck. Equipment—complete with camping outfit and scientific gear.

We took off heading straight for Punta Baja, the northern extremity of the Bay of Sebastian Vizcaino, some 250-odd miles below the border. From this point we were to work our way back along the coast line.

73 miles below Ensenada the black-top road ran out and we found ourselves on a graded but somewhat wash-board camino. About 50 miles of this and just past the switch-off that leads to Bahia San Quintin, we saw the last glimpse of a graded road. From there on it was strictly for the jeep and trucks armed with army rubber. Here also, we lost touch with civilization, as people term it. Except for a couple of spots, there are few humans to be encountered.

An average city dweller would call this region a desolate wasteland, that is, if Dr. Hubbs weren't along. With him, and his enthusiasm for all things that nature has produced, these desert



ALBACORE! The unpredictable pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for the Pacific deep sea angler. This beautiful Queen of the Tunas generally makes her appearance around the first two weeks of July and may stay around anywhere from two weeks to three months. She may be found anywhere in the blue Pacific between the scenic harbor of Santa Barbara to the north and the warm waters off Guadalupi to the south.

(Courtesy of Pacific Fish and Game News)

reaches become a Garden of Eden. Every scrub shrub, hawk and horny toad becomes a vital link in the great chain of evolution. He points out the middens (seashells left where the Indians had discarded them dozens of centuries ago) and the rich, fossil deposits of sea animals solidified in the rock formations millions of years ago.

Dr. Hubbs kept my awed brain cells buzzing in wonderment. I'd be afraid to take another such trip with him or I'd probably drop everything and go back to school.

A few miles short of Punta Baja we bounced down a rutty trail and suddenly arrived in a verdant, well-watered valley that mothered the early Spanish settlement of El Rosario

From a distance, the massive, grot-

esque cliffs of Pt. Baja appeared foreboding, but all apprehension disappeared when a close survey disclosed an accessible bay and teeming sea life.

Lying to the south of Pt. Baja is a rich stretch of water that produces and nurtures the great fish populations that migrate up and down the coast of Baja California. Everything from the great gray whale, which travels all the way from Alaska to produce its young here, down to the hard-pressed California sardine, which spawns and spreads up and down the coast, the Pacific mackerel, yellowtail, and a hundred other species find these waters the most suitable for reproduction.

This is just about the southern end of the belt of very cold water which extends up to Punta Banda near Ensen-

ada. Some warm-water fishes turn back south at this cold barrier, while some cold-water dwellers refuse to venture south. These waters would supply enough material for a couple of dozen volumes. So back to our trip.

The shore line all the way back to San Quintin is composed of a series of massive, awe-inspiring points of solid stone formations separated by small bays that time and tide have carved into some of the most beautiful of nature's sculptury. Each point chiseled into a different design as if its creator abhorred symmetry.

We noted the water fowls and the sea life, took water temperatures and checked tide pools. There was one constancy—the abundance of marine life.

Now and then we found a small group of hardy lobster fishermen conducting the only commercial enterprise we saw along this stretch. Approaching Bahia San Quintin however, we passed some newly developed farm lands.

From the village of Santa Maria we drove down to a semi-private lodge and rancho which includes a bass and duck-laden fresh-water lake and a sandy stretch of the Bahia which has produced more big Pismo clams than any other beach along the coast. Here the water is loaded with big surfperch. Again the limit of space halts my desire to describe. The vast assortment of aquatic creatures that inhabit or visit San Quintin Bay (pronounced San Keen-teen) number in the hundreds of species. From smelt to the giant black sea bass, with all the usual in-between sizes and kinds, are encountered in the morning calm.

Isla San Martin a few miles off shore provides big game fishing where yellowtail and other heavyweights abound. This island is fished from a live bait boat out of the village of San Quintin.

This newly constructed settlement is located on the sight of a ghost town, a British enterprise that died a half century ago. For lack of rain—according to William Pendleton, the last manager of the grist mill, shipping, and hotel that once flourished there. No attempt has been made by the present enterpriseurs to revive those industries. A modern

fish cannery replaces the old mill and a delightful, well-equipped array of tourist cabanas surrounded by gardens, occupy the old hotel grounds. The angler will find just about all the modern conveniences required. Gas station, grocery store, guides, charter, outboard and live bait boats are available the year round.

Back on the graded washboard, Dr. Hubbs (who divides conservation fifty-fifty between science and humor) cracked—"If you hit these road ripples fast enough the seat won't have time to come up to hit you." Which may be okey providing you have learned to post on an English saddle. Anyway, I was almost glad to get off and on to the country road that leads down to the shore from the famed Hamilton Rancho. We had skipped 20 miles of sandy beach to hit the coast line where again the mountainous rock bluffs began.

This type of formation continued, broken only by an occasional sandy spot at the mouth of a canyon. Anywhere along this road for the rugged—a man with fishing tackle or mask and flippers could do very well living off the sea. These waters and submerged rocks are literally crawling with lobsters and shrimp. Shellfish—some that Californians seldom see — come in clumps, patches and droves. As we crossed one rather wide canyon with the usual barrier thrown up across the mouth of it we counted 90 lobster shells to 10 square feet of beach. The newly-shed coverings extended for about a mile. Just back of the high tide line, native Indians had piled pyramids of shells of the edible three-inch conches. A veritable paradise for skin divers.

While we approached Cabo Colnett the hard way, you can make a short trip of it by leaving the paved highway one and a half miles south of Ejido Mexico, then driving 9 miles down a narrow valley over a fairly good road, to the foot of the cape. Mention the name, Adolpho Melling, and the natives will point out his campo. (I have since made a second trip to Colnett and enjoyed the comfort of a "Campster" trailer. This collapsible type of trailer is made to be hauled over rough roads.)

The next turn-off from the main
(Continued on page twenty-four)

FALL

Surf Fishing

By VLAD EVANOFF
Nationally Known Live Bait Expert

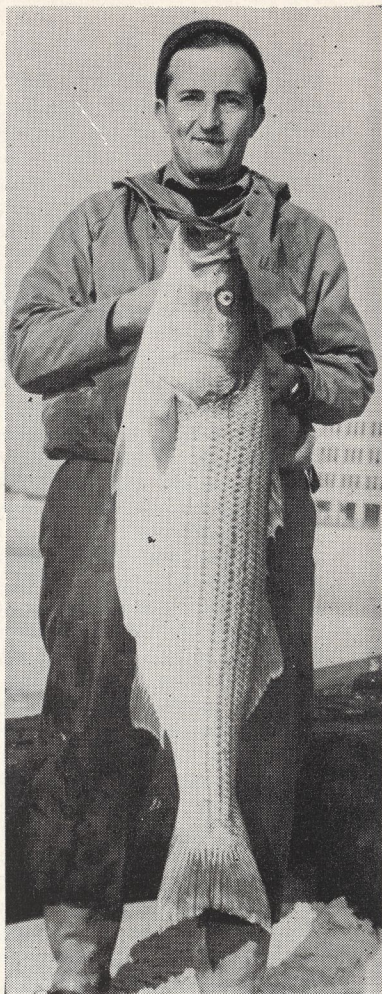
Surf fishing is a fine sport at anytime of the year except when the water and air are too cold. But after knocking myself out at all seasons of the year I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that for best results you can't beat the fall months. I'm speaking mainly of the Atlantic Coast especially from Cape Cod to the Carolinas. In this area give me the three months of September, October and November and you can have the rest of the year.

What's wrong with surf fishing in the spring or during the summer months you ask? Well, the trouble with the spring of the year is that it isn't until about June before the fishing picks up in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. Then you may get a few striped bass, weakfish, kingfish, bluefish or channel bass. Before then the water is either too rough, or too cold, the wind too strong or the fish just aren't around yet or biting in any numbers. It also means mainly bait fishing on the bottom with some kind of natural bait. The baitfish don't get plentiful until sometime in June. Only then do they start hitting artificial lures with an consistency.

During the summer months the baitfish may again become scarce in the surf except in a few choice areas. This also means bait fishing with clams, squid, seaworms or shedder crabs for best results. But in some areas such as Cape Cod where baitfish may be present in the surf you can use artificial lures and have some kind of action. In most other areas the fish such as stripers, weakfish, bluefish are more or less scattered, hard to locate and tough to catch. The best fishing at this time is usually at night. The beaches are also crowded with bathers during the daytime and surf anglers are forced to fish at night whether they like it or not. Then again, the hot, humid nights do not make fishing very comfortable especially if you have to hike many miles or climb over rocks with heavy boots or waders on. Not to mention the traffic, parking difficulties and competition from other anglers encountered during the summer months.

But right after Labor Day the picture changes radically. The weather turns cooler. The water also starts cool-

ing and game fish school up and start feeding ravenously. Many anglers quit fishing for the year and the bathers are gone from the beaches. You don't have to fish only at night but can take some fine fish during the daytime. Storms do not seem to have as much influence on the fishing as during the spring and summer months. In fact, for striped bass some of the best fishing at this time often takes place dur-



VLAD EVANOFF, recognized authority on various phases of the angling sport, displays beautiful 35-pound striped bass caught in surf. Mr. Evanoff is especially well qualified to write on surf fishing on the Atlantic seaboard.

ing or after a storm. Best of all, the game fish seem to lose their wariness and lethargy and hit both natural baits and lures with abandon. And the bait fish hug the shoreline while migrating south causing the game fish to come close to the beach within reach of the angler. It all adds up to better fishing.

A wide variety of baits and lures will take fish during the fall months. For striped bass large underwater and surface plugs are good. Metal squids and jigs also take some fine fish. Rigged eels and eel-skins are tops, especially at dusk, night or daybreak. For bluefish, plugs, metal squids, spoons and rigged eels are favored. Weakfish like metal squids, small underwater plugs and natural baits such as squid, seaworms and mullet. Channel bass or red drum will take metal squids and large plugs but are more consistently caught on cut mullet, menhaden or shedder crab baits. Standard surf rods and reels or salt-water spinning outfits can both be used although if the fish run ver big the standard surf rod is more practical.

At this time of the year fish in the surf are also easier to locate. They gather in huge schools feeding on smaller bait fish which are driven to the surfe. Gulls and terns gather at such spots and so do observant surf anglers. You can also see stripers, bluefish and weakfish breaking water while chasing the smaller fish. Even on moonlit nights you can often hear and see game fish feeding in the surf.

As for the best fishing spots, you have a wide choice from Cape Cod to the Carolinas. Any of the better known surface fishing spots in your area will generally produce sometime during the fall months. It's mainly a job of watching the columns of the local rod and gun writers in your newspaper, visiting local tackle stores, querying fishing friends and cruising around yourself along the beaches for signs of action. It's liable to erupt at any time, but you have to be there at the right moment and not a day or two later. Many surf anglers I know postpone their vacations until the fall months and are almost certain of getting food fishing during their one or two-week periods.

So think twice before you hang up that surf rod for the season. If you

don't go fishing during the fall months you're likely to miss the best surf fishing of the year.

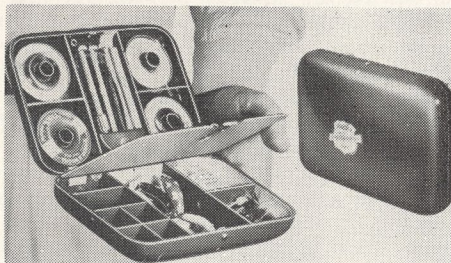
FROM TEXAS

I think it (the National Anglers' Fraternity) is a wonderful opportunity for all fishermen to be more closely associated. I feel it would be an honor to become a member.—Harold L. Yarbrough, Gary Air Force Base.

FROM CALIFORNIA

When I first looked at your letterhead I saw an organization that all fishermen and anglers should belong too.—Richard I. Tjaden, Menlo Park.

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Trout Titillation Tips

By KENNETH M. BAYLESS

Editor and Publisher Pacific Fish and Game News Weekly

An attempt to cover all phases and possibilities of trout fishing in California's world famous High Sierras in one article would be sheer frustration. With more than 5,000 lakes of one acre or more and hundreds of miles of fishing streams lying in the bowls and valleys of one of nature's greatest geographic upheavals, fishing pleasures and challenges present themselves in untold numbers.

While the purist and expert fisherman needs little or no help or suggestion, the newcomer to the golden west and Mitser Average Fisherman may find a few valuable tips and hints a means to the end in gaining better catches and more pleasure. It is with this thought in mind that I might submit a few humble tips gained from valuable years of fishing this high country closest to heaven.

No matter where you fish, remember a trout is pretty smart, has eyes like a duck hawk, but is usually hungry as a barrens wolf. Approach that stream or lake with caution and stay back from the edge while casting bait or lure. A suspicious shadow flitting momentarily across the water, a foot stumbling on the ground or a bait fished improperly will send trout running for the nearest hole or boulder and they may not feed again for hours. The most surprising catches I have made on a mountain stream have been when I sneaked upon the waters like a Sioux Indian and cast over a huge rock or fallen log into a hidden pool on the other side.

Remember a trout lies in the stream with head pointing upcurrent, finning slowly at the bottom end of a riffle, downside of a boulder or right under a waterfall generally. Otherwise, they are lying deep on the bottom of the

bigger holes in the stream bed. These are the places which bring the maximum amount of natural feed to the trout. Your bait or lure worked naturally into these spots without commotion will bring the desired results.

Early in the season baits and deep-working lures will get best results in high country streams and rivers. From mid summer into fall, wet and dry flies will produce the most fish. Of course, the ultimate in trout fishing is the dry fly for peak thrills. I might add a warning here on dry fly fishing.

First, remember when the leader begins to drag the fly in the water moving with the current, you might as well retrieve and cast again. That fly has to float down with the current as natural and free from drag as possible. It's got to look lifelike.

Second, remember a rainbow normally comes up and smashes a fly viciously and you have no doubts as to when to set the hook. The german brown, however, comes up just under the surface, opens his mouth and literally sucks in the fly as he rolls back toward the bottom. Most times he barely disturbs the surface. On these babies, you have to set that hook when you see that white flash of body rolling under the surface.

Moving on to your lure fishing, I might say that the largest fish and possibly more of them are taken on artificial lures. This might get an argument. But records will bear me out, particularly on big lakes such as famous Lake Crowley. The lunkers in any lake feed upon chubs, small trout and other small fish pretty consistently and a wobbling lure or plug trolled at varying speeds resembles these food fish in the water. By varying the distance, depth and speed of the trolled lure, the angler will soon cover lots of territory and find where the fish are hitting. The color pattern must be varied many times until the productive combination is found.

In casting and retrieving the lure



Bayless

from shore or boat, one of the secrets of getting more strikes is to give the rod tip a sharp twitch about every five turns of the reel while retrieving. This gives that little extra exciting dart to the lure that entices action on the part of Mr. Rainbow. And remember that sometimes the trout likes a fast moving, exciting lure and at other times will hit only a deep running, bottom scraping lure with slow, lazy action. Variety is without question the spice of trout fishing!

For waters that are extremely clear, the angler will find that in order to get fish while bait fishing he will have to use extremely light tippets or monofilament. In lakes such as San Bernardino mountains' Lake Arrowhead, the fishermen who get fish in this very clear lake are found to be using $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ pound leaders or tippets to make possible their success.

In summing up, no one can teach you how to catch trout like old man experience. Trout are where you find them and your success depends upon how patient and determined you may

be and how willing you are to learn the various personal methods and tricks that will add greatly to your fishing pleasure and catch ability.

FROM NORTH DAKOTA

It (the National Anglers' Fraternity) sounds good to me. Please send me three or four application blanks as I have some friends who are interested, too.—Theodore M. Kraker, Grand Forks.

FROM NEW YORK

I believe you have an excellent idea and I hope you attain a substantial membership and become an important organization. There is need in this country for a big anglers' outfit for mutual assistance as stated in your letter and also to lend their support to various matters vital to the nation's anglers. I wish you the greatest success—Vlad Evanoff, Brooklyn.

FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Your organization is an excellent idea and I am happy to become a part of it.—Dr. G. Drake, Lowell.

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What NAF Means

You are a fisherman. We know that. It is why we are writing to tell you about a new idea for fishermen—an idea which, we sincerely believe, offers more genuine value for the money than anything of the kind yet devised.

It doesn't matter what kind of a fisherman you are, nor what kind of fishing you prefer, nor where in this great country you happen to live. This idea is for you.

What is the idea? Simply a national fraternity for anglers across the nation—a fraternity based upon the friendship and normal helpfulness of anglers wherever they may be.

The sponsors are themselves fishermen. They have talked with other fishermen. They have faced the problems of fishermen everywhere. In working out the details of this potentially great organization, they have been guided by legal and other professional men who are also fishermen.

The National Anglers Fraternity (NAF) is now in the making and we want you with us!

What can NAF offer you, as a member?

A great deal, especially in the way of fishermen-friendship.

Take one important practical matter. As an angler, you know how much misinformation you can acquire about fishing prospects or fishing conditions in some section of the country you have a hankering to visit. Or maybe you find it difficult to get any information at all.

Through NAF you can overcome that obstacle, solve that problem.

Suppose you live in Ohio, and would like to take a fishing trip to California. Or you live in New York, and have heard about fishing in Oregon. Or you live in Pennsylvania, and would like to try your angler's luck in Colorado—or vice versa.

Before you make your trip, you want to know what to expect, what equipment you should take with you, what sort of gear is needed, what the condi-

tions are.

Well, through NAF you can find out just what you need to know. You can get accurate and detailed information. All you do is write to NAF headquarters, and you will be put in touch with a fellow fraternity member in the fishing area you want to visit.

Even at this early stage, we have already developed access to fishing information, both fresh and salt water, in all 48 states, and some in Canada and Mexico. This phase of our work is growing rapidly. Our aim which we can achieve with your help and that of our fishing brothers throughout the nation, is a detailed and dependable source of information in every fishing area in this great country.

As of this moment, if you as a member of NAF—wish fishing information about a certain area, please try to notify our secretary three weeks in advance. An effort will then be made to put you in touch with an NAF brother in that area.

So here is your opportunity to make genuine fishermen-friends all over the nation.

Your membership card in NAF will be your fishing passport to anywhere in this vast country you would like to go. It will be your accepted note of introduction to fellow-anglers everywhere.

Interested? Then just fill out the enclosed form and send it to NAF headquarters with just \$3.00 (that's right, only \$3.00).

By return mail you will receive your membership card. And before long shoulder patches will be available at a slight additional cost.

One thing more: a magazine, exclusively for anglers will go to you as a member. That magazine will contain interesting and valuable fishing stories of all kinds, articles about fishing gear, special NAF fishing tips, and exclusive information for members of NAF.

And the magazine is included in the \$3.00 annual membership fee.

That's all there is to it. It is a
(Continued on page twenty-four)

WHY NOT JOIN NOW?

The National Anglers' Fraternity

ALL IT TAKES is an interest in the noble sport of angling, a desire to make use of the facilities which our Fraternity offers, a willingness to render friendly service to other fishermen . . . and a small check for \$3.00.

YOU ALREADY KNOW, from a perusal of this publication, what the National Anglers' Fraternity is and aims to do.

THREE APPLICATION BLANKS are printed on the opposite page for your convenience and that of your friends.

YOU DON'T NEED to write a letter when you mail in your application blanks—but we would certainly like it if you did. We would like to know about you personally; about where you fish, and what you fish for, and what luck you have had—all about your experiences as a fisherman.

AND WOMEN ARE WANTED as members of our Fraternity. More and more women are taking an interest in fishing, and many of them are experts. As time goes on, we would like to establish special departments, both in the Fraternity office and in the publication, in the interests of women anglers.

TEEN-AGE BOYS, TOO, SHOULD FIND A PLACE IN OUR MEMBERSHIP. We want to do all we can to encourage young fellows in their fishing ambitions. Maybe you have a son in whom you would like to stimulate an interest in angling. Or maybe you know some boy in whose welfare you have a special interest. What better thing can you do than give him a membership in this Fraternity?

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE, or what your sex, or your nationality, or your religion, so long as you can qualify as a "friendly fisherman," we cordially invite you to join with us. It's such a simple thing to do . . . and so inexpensive. Here is the address:

NATIONAL ANGLERS' FRATERNITY

P. O. Box 513 (South Elliott Avenue)

Azusa, California

Surface Plugging The Squall

By JIM McMAHON



McMahon

It was just breaking dawn on the morning of May 14 as we towed our boat trailer into the little checking station at Earp, California.

The brisk, warm air of an alfalfa field from the surrounding farms which greeted our nostrils merged with that unforgettable smell that tells you the beautiful and treacherous Colorado River is just around the next bend.

We filled our auto with gas, oil and water and were then ready to make the 15 mile jaunt up the California bank to the small camp site we had selected for our stay.

As Vic made a last minute check of the boat strappings and gear, I settled myself in the telephone booth and called our old friend, Pappy Lynn, who has fished the Colorado waters below the Parker Dam for 11 years and has the reputation of one of the finest bass pluggers on the whole Colorado River.

"Hello, Pappy" I said. "How's fishing?"

In his own unmistakable dry humor he said, "Those you missed are still out there."

"Fine. Are they hitting on the surface or deep?"

He replied that the bass had not completely made their surface appearance and that they were still taking many down deep, but he did believe that they would appear at the surface at any moment and that he himself had taken many good limits in the past few weeks. The conversation then dwindled off into reminiscence of days gone by.

As we drove up the winding road to our destination I could see small fish occasionally breaking water for their morning feed. I was champing to begin tossing that lure. I also marveled, as I do every time, at the beautiful scenery from the low rolling Cali-

fornia bank to the sheer three and four hundred foot cliffs that rise above the beautiful blue water on the Arizona side of the great river which has its beginning hundreds of miles north into Utah and finally channels its way into the northern point of the vast gulf of California.

At last we were there, the same spot we had left just a year ago at that time. Change? No, just as quiet and serene as it was the day we had left it. I glanced at Vic. The same thought passed through both our minds; pitch camp first, then go fishing. Without a word between us we stepped out of the car, stretched, breathed deep and began to untie the boat trailer. We then removed the small amount of gear we carry in the boat. Vic secured the 10 horse to the transom, as I anxiously awaited holding rods and tackle boxes.

As we glided away from the bank that same thought entered my mind—pitch camp, then go fishing. I looked at Vic and we laughed, as this happens every trip and the conversation immediately went to large mouthed bass. Vic then handed me his 5 foot glass casting rod and ever loving Johnson spinning reel. As we began to plane our way toward the cable that spans the river about 250 feet below the spillway of the mammoth Parker Dam, I assembled rod and reel, threaded the eyes and placed a small black snap swivel to the end and placed it aside. I then assembled my 5½ foot glass caster and my favorite bait caster. We have found this contrast in gear quite valuable as we both go equipped with both spinning and conventional bait casters.

While I generally use ⅝ oz. plugs on an 8 pound test line with a 6 pound leader, Vic will use a 6 pound mono-

filament and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ oz. plugs.

Vic now interrupted my thoughts as he began slowing the boat and making that wide circle toward the Arizona bank and leveled her out parallel to the shore about 35 feet from the bank. The sun was just now cresting the rolling hills to our left and we had a span of some 18 miles of river bank to plug going down stream to a small check dam, by name, Squaw Dam. Vic then broke in by saying, "I'll go deep, Jim, you try it on top." I nodded my acknowledgement and reached into my tackle box for my favorite surface lure, the Injured Minnow.

As I snapped on this lure my mind invariably leaped back to the previous year when in a three-day span I took 60 pounds on the minnow and a lucky 13, a wonderful surface popper for bass. I glanced over at Vic and saw him snapping a weedless blake and white skirted deep runner to his line and said, "This is it, Skeeter," my favorite handle for my closest fishing buddy.

I then let fly with my first cast about 10 o'clock from the bow of the V bottomed 14 footer that one of my best friends, Chuck Johnson, an accomplished bass fisherman, had designed especially for fishing swift rivers such as the Colorado, and fell about three feet short of a small inlet about 5 feet in width and protectively covered with overhanging foliage from the bank. Oh, how I remembered the battles with those thorny monsters from trips gone by with an overshot lure!

At seeing my miss Vic then placed a beautiful shot about 8 o'clock to his left and laid it right on the button. As it sank to the bottom he cast a wink in my direction as that first cast is a kind of secret challenge between us. I tried to ignore it but he had me cold. For about the next ten minutes we plugged continually with no reward when suddenly we rounded a bend in a small whirlpool and glided into a big, silent cove.

I knew this spot well as I had caught many a bass from this same cove. The water formed into many eddies and the boat, drifting as we were, barely crawled. I picked a favorite spot of mine where a big log lay half submerged in the scummy surface of a

small inlet and let fly directly ahead, smashing my lure on the log and letting it bounce back toward me into the water. Vic knew immediately what I was trying and held up on his cast.

I then took the slack out and placed my rod on my legs and lit a cigarette. We both sat silent for about a minute to a minute and a half. I then picked up my rod and gave it one light twitch, kicking up a small bubble at the rear of the lure. I let it lay motionless again for about ten seconds when I hit it again, a little harder this time.

Wham! A terrific splash broke about 3 inches from my lure and down on my plug came the large mouth. Vic leaped for the net and the battle was on. As I brought him over the side I smiled and said "We're even." We then placed him on the small scales we carry in our tackle and he weighed out $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. "A fine start," I said. Then we both began plugging surface and at the end of the day we came in with 14 of the most beautiful bass we have ever caught.

Our luck held good for the next three days, although we had to work steady and hard. The heat was now beginning to intensify daily. On the fourth day we began at dawn and noticed dark low clouds closing in fast from the west. This made little difference to us, however, as our primary interest was in the river. We plugged rather unrewardingly for about an hour and a half when Vic called my attention to how dark it was getting. I then gave some thought to the oddity of rain clouds at this time of year when the temperature averages anywhere from 80 degrees F. to 110 degrees F.

However, the air was still humid and we went on with our plugging. Suddenly I felt a drop of rain on my left cheek, another and still another. "Vic," I said, "it looks like we are going to have a squall." "Yes," he replied, "Well, let's sweat it out as long as we can and then we will go in."

Half answering in the middle of a cast I placed my lucky 13 right on target. It no sooner hit when the water exploded and for the next 90 minutes I experienced the greatest surface bass plugging I have ever known. In that hour and a half, we both caught our

(Continued on page eighteen)

Shop Talk on Tackle

By WILLIAM PRYOR

Being a custom tackle builder, I get a great many repair jobs on all types of fresh and salt water equipment.

In the past few years, since the growing popularity of nylon surf and squidding lines, I have had many reel repair jobs where the spool has failed. With only a few exceptions, failures have been the same: one or both of the spool side plates have sprung loose from spool hub. This is caused by the wrong use of a nylon line.

There are four reasons why nylon, if improperly used, will break down a reel spool.

First, unlike linen, nylon has a tendency to pack and spread as each suc-

cessive layer is wound onto the spool.

Second, nylon does not have the resiliency within itself, as does linen.

Third, contrary to popular belief, nylon will absorb a very small percentage of water. Nylon lines are surface treated to fill the openings between the braid.

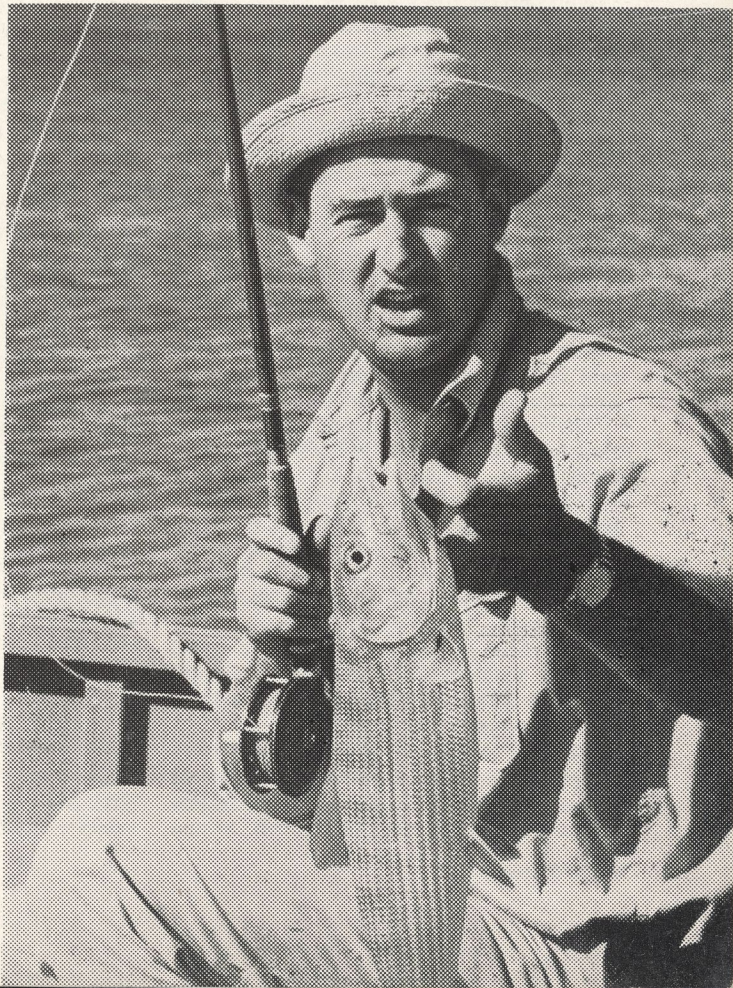
Fourth, nylon lines are from 25 to 50 per cent smaller in diameter than linen of the same test, so a good deal more nylon may be coiled on a spool.

Now let us add all this up and see what happens.

Mr. Average Angler needs a new fishin' line, so he goes to his local sport shop and there he sees a beautiful dis-

GREAT HITTER makes great catch. Ted Williams, one of baseball's all-time greats, set what is probably an all time angling record recently when he landed 40 bonefish on flies in a single day. Using Ashaway GAF line, a Phillips Western shrimp and a new nine-foot glass fly rod, Williams catch, taken off the Isles of Pines in Cuba, exceeded by 25 the largest number ever taken on a fly rod in one day.

(Courtesy of Western Outdoor News)



play of lines. The salesman, in all good faith, tells Mr. Angler that if he takes nylon he can get at least 25 per cent more line on his reel. Well, this sounds good, so he buys nylon and goes happily on his way. (I only hope he knows how to tape those small spools together or he'll be up all night making like an ornithologist over some new and strange bird's nest!)

Now let's say Mr. Angler goes fishing on a nice beach for surf fish. After a day of pulling an eight-ounce sinker through the heavy surf along with a few pounds of seaweed, and maybe a fish or two, his new nylon line is packed plenty tight on the poor little spool.

The sportshop salesman has told Mr. Angler that his line is waterproof, so when the fishing is over Mr. Angler, like a good fisherman, washes his reel, wipes it off carefully, and oils all the moving parts. After this the reel is put in the bottom of his tackle box to soak!

Well, when the reel has taken about three or more such treatments, depending on the make, the poor little spool just gives up, and spoling! out goes the side plates.

All this puts me in mind of a very stout lady in a very tight corset giving out with a long healthy sneeze. Something just has to give (especially if all this should take place in a sitting position).

This does not mean that I am against nylon lines. They are good, and I use them, but they must be used properly.

For salt water casting or trolling, the reel spool must be backed with a good linen line of the same test as the nylon.

Through practical experience, I find the following ratios to be just about right:

250 yard reel—25 yards linen backing.

350 yard reel—40 yards linen backing.

550 yard reel—60 yards linen backing.

For reels of larger capacity, a good rule is to use an amount of backing equal to 20 per cent of the reel's total spool capacity.

No reel should be filled to more than 90 per cent of its total capacity. This allows for line expansion; and also should line start to pile up on a fast

retrieve, you will still have clearance under the struts.

For fresh water casting reels, the same backing system should be used. Without an arbor, the backing should be 10 per cent of the reel's total capacity and it should be of the same test. With fresh water reels I recommend using silk casting line for backing.

In the event an arbor is used, no backing is needed. Also never fill a fresh water reel to more than 95 per cent of its total capacity whether an arbor is used or not.

Speaking of arbors I would like to say cork is far superior to balsa wood. I have an old J. A. Cox with which, after a day's casting, my right thumb is polished. This is caused by extra pressure from the weight of the balsa. Balsa also will water log if it is not dried after each using.

I have never had a spool failure, nor have I heard of a failure, in any of the following: all of the Pflueger line and the Pen Senator models.

By this I don't mean to imply that there are not a great many good reels of other makes. It is just that the ones mentioned are those most commonly seen in use in this area, both fresh and salt water.

There are two thoughts I would like to add: **Always dry your line after use.** This applies to nylon as well as linen. It is not necessary to wash a linen line in fresh water after salt water fishing. Salt will not harm linen. It is the combination of salt and water that does the dirty work. Just be sure the line is dry before storing the reel for any length of time.

Don't lose that big one because the reel or line failed!

THANKS

Appreciated is the editorial note about our National Anglers' Fraternity in the highly-regarded magazine, "The Fisherman," published at Oxford, Ohio. The item appeared in the July, 1954, issue.

FROM ILLINOIS

Best of luck with your venture and may your membership increase enormously!—John Kolak, Sr., Chicago.

FISHING

Across the Nation

BY D. E. HIATT, BUD LILLY AND BERNICE HORNAL

Ontario Fishing—

There are not too many fishermen in this area. Most of my guests are from Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. I am rather back in the "bush," and the natives don't fish too much.

Fishing conditions in this section are very good for bass and lake trout, and that's the reason I am here myself.

September and October is the time I like best. Live bait or artificial are both good, and the weather is a little nippy—just right for fishing.

I've had a few odd experiences now and then.

I was trolling for trout and I noticed the back fin of a fish ahead of me 20 or 30 feet. I eased the boat alongside to see what it was, and to my surprise it was a large bass (6½ pounds). I grabbed the landing net and scooped him in. That was the easiest bass I ever bagged.

Another time I was casting with live frogs. I overshot my mark and buried my hook and drag to a log that was a good eight inches out of the water. The frog managed to squirm and settled on top of the log. I started toward the log to retrieve my bait. Before I was halfway Mr. Bass decided a good meal was on top of this log and he came up over the top of the log and picked that frog off. He was a shade under four pounds—and I had my mother as a witness.

Another instance: a guest and I were fishing, he at one end of the boat and I at the other. He yelled "I've got a good one" and I said "So have I." We noticed, however, as the fish came closer our lines also came closer together. When we got the bass in, he had both our frogs in his mouth. He was five pounds even.

I find that a person who fishes the shady side of a stump or log catches more bass.

D. E. Hiatt, Limerick Lodge
Steenburg, Ontario

British Columbia—

Here is a report on the lakes in the South Okanagan area obtained through the Sports Shop (Brett's) here:

Skaha and Okanagan Lakes: Good spring and fall fishing. Expected to be very good this year. Kamloops trout up to 6 or 7 lbs. Plug and bait trolling best.

Chute Lake: 12 to 15 inches. Trolling was fair in spring. Fly fishing in evenings good later in summer. Rough road.

Clearwater Lake (also known as Apex Lake): Situated near Hedley Nickel Mine. Catches up to 5 lbs. Not good before July. Fly and troll.

Glen Lake: 15 miles west of Peachland. Can drive car in. Rough road. Trolling good, fly excellent.

Richter Lake: Excellent this spring and should be the same this fall. Catches up to 8 lbs. Located 7½ miles west of Osoyoos. Richter Pass Road is to left about 2½ miles north of Osoyoos.

Osoyoos Lake: Good catches of bass in spring, 8 to 10 lbs. Spring and fall trolling fair. Kamloops trout, 6 to 7 lbs.

Bernice Hornal
Penticton, B. C.

Montana—

From mid-July until late September the famous Madison River will yield many fine rainbow and brown trout.

Bushy and buggy dry flies, the Yellowstone woolly worm and bucktails will be effective for the fly fisherman. The spin fisherman will find that wobblers will take some excellent trout.

The Yellowstone River and lakes in Yellowstone National Park will give everyone some good angling for native trout. The natives average 12 to 13 inches.

For new items of tackle that are

good:

"Al's Grasshopper" to be fished either wet or dry, which knows no season, is taking many big fish. This fly has the finest hackle Al can find. Al Nelson, the tie-er and a superb angler (also NAF member), will fish here all summer, as usual.

A wading staff made to float with a soft iron tip and buckskin thong is a real help in this big water. The staff was developed by Irving Strong, a fine angler here. The staff can be found at the Trout Shop for \$2.95.

"Al Smith's" leader pouch with 6 vinyl plastic pockets and leatherette cover is a dandy. Al also makes a "bib" with several small pockets and a big pocket with two-way zipper.

Henry's lake in Iddaho in August with a nymph fished deep will be a good bet for big brooks and natives. Cliff and Wade Lake, Montana, for some good fish with flies and trolling various wobblers, flatfish, etc.

Bud Lilly,
West Yellowstone, Montana

Fish Story From B. C.

A few years ago a couple of old trappers took off in the autumn for the hinterlands with the idea of locating a new trap line. Their outfit consisted of their packs of blankets, grub and a dog team.

After a full days travel they came to the shore of a nice little lake and decided to make camp for the night. Bill volunteered to set up camp and cook supper while Pete took the fishing tackle and headed along the lake shore to try his luck. Casting in from the shore the bait was immediately seized and in a trice the line had snapped.

Disgruntled, Pete stomped back to help Bill set up camp. A tremendous churning and splashing in the lake soon took all ideas of camp and eating from them as they caught glimpses of a huge fish stirring up the placid water. In less time than it takes to tell the big fish made a surface run and grounded on the shore. Seizing a rope Bill and Pete quickly secured it around the monster's head. Hauling it up on the beach took the combined efforts of

men and dogs. When the job was done they found that Pete's hook had lodged in the eye of the fish and driven it mad, and in its wild thrashing around the lake bottom the gills were full of shiny gold nuggets.

The two partners decided then and there to give up the idea of a trap line. They hastily erected a log cabin and started in on the big fish. They found it big enough to provide salt and smoked fish for themselves and the dogs for the winter. Then all that was left to do was sit back and wait for the lake to freeze solid so they could sink a shaft to the bottom and mine the free gold all winter. Oh yes, forgot to mention the canny old boys jacked up the fish scales, sawed them off and used them for shingles on the shack!

Bernice Hornal
Penticton, B. C.

"Surface Plugging the Squall"

(Continued from page fourteen)

limits and had about seven fish between 5 to 8 pounds. These Colorado large mouth were typical of the cannibalistic ancestry they have inherited and hit nearly every other cast.

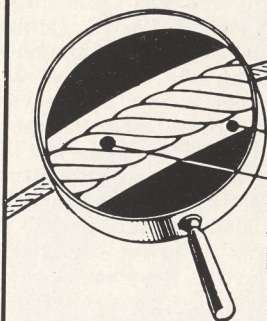
We had a terrible time trying to keep control of the boat and land our fish as we were fighting lunkers simultaneously. These fish would slap a surface lure with their tails and send it flying three to four feet in the air and be on it again the minute it hit the water with a viciousness with which a lion would attack a zebra. I seriously doubt that I will ever experience another day bass fishing as equal.

This will tend to perhaps explain why you will always find Vic and myself on that little camp site at dawn on the morning of May 14th. Perhaps it's that tinge of anticipation that starts your heart pounding, or that beautiful sun cresting those Arizona cliffs. Maybe it is those rolling green hills facing toward the blue Pacific and merging with a gold and blue dawn. But I think it's the ever recurring thought that someday we will catch that freak squall again and engulf ourselves in the supremacy of large mouth bass fishing on the Colorado River.

HOOK MORE, LAND MORE with

SEVALON

LEADERS

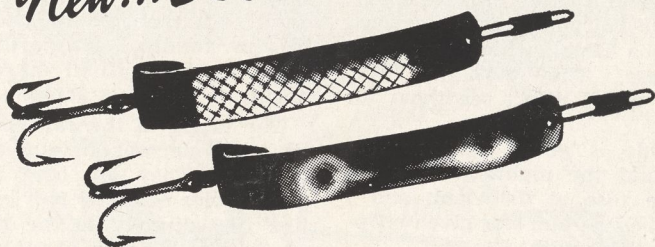


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Japanese Fishing Trip

By E. A. THOMAS

Dear Alec:

It has been a long time since I had the opportunity of having a chat with you, and the last time we were together you were asking me about my fishing experiences while in Japan.

As you know, I arrived in Tokyo in September of '52. When I had made the necessary polite call upon the manufacturer with whom I was to be associated, the interpreter asked me if I would like to go trout fishing, which in itself was an unnecessary question to put to me!

I had taken a car over with me, and on the morning of the day we were to leave, I was picked up at my hotel, in my own car, (I had yet to get my driver's permit) and we took off to Nikko, a small town in the Japan Alps about 90 miles from Tokyo.

The trip took 8½ hours, so that will give you some idea of the condition of the roads, and after climbing thru a series of 30 hairpin turns we arrived at the Namma Hotel, which was typically Japanese. They took my shoes at the door, and I didn't see them for three days!

The altitude is about 4500 feet at this point, and the nights were a bit snappy. We rose at 6:00 a.m. and I had ham and eggs—and was given chopsticks to eat them with!

As the men who were with me spoke very little English, I had a rough time talking to them, but they got it over to me that we were ready to go fishing. I was escorted to the waiting boat and the guide, who was to row the craft for us. Believe me—it was still cold!

Much ado had been made when I broke out my tackle, and I realized that I was pretty much on parade, so I set up a still 9 foot rod, and put on a torpedo head taper, with mono-filament backing.

The guide stood at the stern of the boat and sculled it with a long sweep oar—and I can tell you that that is the acme of propulsion when it comes to a fishin' craft—no noise, and the boat just glides along. I wish that I

knew how to do it half as well as he did!

I saw some fish rising on a point and wound 'er up, and let 'er fly—and was lucky enough to get out a good 75-80 foot cast. The Red Gods smiled on me, and I hooked a small rainbow about a foot long! You can imagine my surprise when the sound of loud hand clapping came from the near shore and all of the other guides stepped out of the trees that grew along the lake shore! But—my poker teacher always told me to quit when I was ahead—and brother I did! I had it made, and there was no reason to lower my stock with a failure on the next cast!

I went over to the spinning rod then, and put on a weighted spinner that I knew would cast like a bullet and I got my back to the wind and let 'er go! You should have heard the jabbering when the lure landed! No, I didn't take a fish on that cast; in fact, I had a devil of a time getting another one to hit, but finally I got started and managed to fill my limit of rainbows—all about 13-14 inches long.

The tackle of the Japanese who fished with me was unique as compared to ours. They use long bamboo sectional poles about 20 feet long, with the line tied directly to the tip. The tip of their poles was about the size of a knitting needle, and was very flexible. They used a small float or bobber that stood up in the water when they had a strike. The bait was contained in pieces of wood cut from bushes, and each piece of the wood had a hole in it. Breaking the wood brought to light the worm that had bored into the branch! Not bad, eh?

This same method is used to take the small "aiyu" from the rivers—a fish that average all of 2-2½ inches in length!

In looking back at this experience, I remember that I thought, "These people surely have strange ways of fishing!" Since I have had time to think it over—I have often wondered

(Continued on page twenty-four)

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“Did You Know That

By **VIC JENSEN**

When trolling with a surface plug you can get more action: by the use of a 2 foot leader to which is tied a salt water type jig (dressed nylon or feathers) behind the surface plug.

* * *

When spincasting, be sure to bring your rod tip back to take the belly out of your line just as your lure strikes the water. You're immediately ready for a strike or the working of your lure. Keep in mind always while working the lure: the rest-twitch-rest retrieve!



Jensen

* * *

The greased line method of nymph, streamer or wet fly fishing is effective, but keen sight is essential. Draw your leader through the mud on the bottom of your boot. This makes the line sink properly. Make your casts upstream and observe your line closely as it floats down toward you. If your line quavers, every so slightly — **STRIKE!**

* * *

It is possible to smoke those catches of fish, you NAF members are bringing home, at a minimum of cost right in your backyard or garage!

Ingredients: Old refrigerator or ice-box, electric hotplate, some hardwood, and, of course, some fish. We may as well prepare the fish first: Clean the fish well, slice down the middle, cut in sections, if large fish. Leave head on if you so desire. Salt sections thoroughly, place in pan and allow to set overnight.

Now for the “smokehouse”: Drill 3 holes, two in top and one in bottom of cabinet. Place hotplate on bottom shelf, run cord through hole previously drilled and plug in electric outlet. Placed on the hotplate are some pieces of hardwood. Turn regulator to high heat. Wash fish thoroughly and line on shelves. After one-half hour check

hotplate, as medium heat may be more desirable. A good smudge is necessary for at least eight hours.

* * *

Remember, this is your fraternal journal. If you have any tips on fishing, outdoor life, etc. that you think may be of interest to your NAF brothers, send them to me for use in future publications.

KEEP A TIGHT LINE!

Books About Fishing

HOW TO FISH THE PACIFIC COAST

by Raymond Cannon. Courage, sharp observation, conscientious study and a vast amount of experience went into the making of this book. When it comes to fishing anywhere along the Pacific Coast, from Vancouver, B. C., to San Quintin Bay in Baja California, probably no one on earth knows more than Ray Cannon. Not only does the book describe in accurate detail 207 marine game fish in these Pacific waters; it also tells just where they are, what to do about them and what techniques to use in catching them and it does this in clear and simple detail. There are 240 illustrations. A notable book by a noted angler. Published by Lane Publishing Co., Menlo Park, California. Price \$4.00.

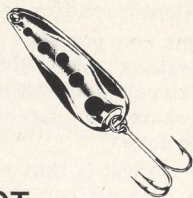
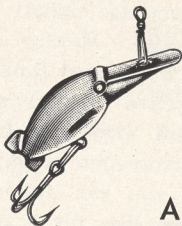
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THE FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK.

This 1954 edition lives up to the reputation of previous editions for accurate information. It should be a part of every angler's library. Some of the subjects treated: where to fish, fishing methods, tackle, boats and motors, natural baits. Many authorities have contributed to the work. Holds the answer to a great many angling questions. Emphasis is, of course, on practical data. Published by Fisherman Press, Inc., Oxford, Ohio. Price \$1.00.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA

I'm going to join your club. I think it is a very nice idea. I have a small shop in my home where I tie flies and repair rods. A lot of the boys stop in and I showed them your letter. They are for it 100% and want to join.—Cyril M. Germak, McKees Port.



PLUGS
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COLORS — WOBBLERS
ARE MADE IN THREE SIZES
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WHAT NAF MEANS

(Continued from center section)

thought and purpose born in the hearts and minds of anglers like yourself, and developed by professional men who share our devotion to the sport we all love.

All we ask is that you respond quickly, so that we can reach our maximum of service soon. And thank you.

A fighting force for the fishermen of America: While your National Anglers' Fraternity is primarily dedicated to practical help for fishermen everywhere, it is also our earnest belief that we can do much to protect the reasonable rights of anglers—always with public good in mind—throughout the nation. By building our membership we can deal effectively with local, state and national governmental agencies. By simply becoming a member, you may help to resolve many fishing problems which are affected by our laws and the operation of our official bureaus.

Editor's Note: The above is a reprint of the first letter mailed to prospective members of NAF, outlining the aims and purposes of the organization—It is reproduced here for the benefit of those who did not see the original letter.

JAPANESE FISHING TRIP

(Continued from page twenty)

how strange I must have appeared to them!

Well, Alec, it was nice talking to you, and some of these days I will tell you some of my other experiences while in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

Congratulations on your new publication, and our very best to you and Vic and the "National Angler's Fraternity."

Keep your line tight.
Ed

Editor's Note: Mr. Thomas returned recently from a 14-month's stay in Japan, where he was engaged in setting up a rod factory. When not fishing he spends his spare time in tournament casting. He is a past president of the Long Beach, California, Casting Club and of the Western Association of Angling and Casting Clubs.

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HIGHWAY OF ADVENTURE

(Continued from page eight)

highway north of Ejido Mexico is a rough 10 miles to the Johnson Ranch—not a very productive fishing spot. Further north at San Vicente, a turn-off leads to the picturesque colony of San Ysidro where you can follow a road along the shore line for 5 miles in either direction. Boats and guides are available here and fishing is fair to good.

On 15 miles north of San Vicente is Santa Tomas. One and a half miles north is a fairly good road that leads down through a beautiful narrow valley to the most interesting and productive rocky stretch of the whole trip. Boats and guides are available here.

From the town of Santa Tomas, heading toward Ensenada, you cross a mountain which extends out to form the colorful Punta Banda. There are good camping and fishing spots on both sides of the Punta. It is reached by a road 8 miles south of Ensenada.

Now all this has been a rugged, adventurous trip. A good, sturdy car can make it but some of the rougher roads can best be traveled on a jeep or pickup truck. Good rubber and extras are definitely advisable.

For a trip of comfort and luxurious conveniences the traveler should select a spot between Rosarita Beach, the first beach town south of the border; and Estero Beach 6 miles south of the fabulous fishing city of Ensenada. There are numerous modern auto courts and plenty of trailer room all along between these two beaches.

South of the border a fishing rod is a passport and no license is required for ocean fishing along the coast. The country is wide open—foreign—and south of charming Ensenada, primitive.

Yes—here is the highway to adventure!

FROM KENTUCKY

I have often felt the need of an organization such as ours and I am very much pleased that now we have one.—
J. A. Hardison, Louisville.

Leader-Free Products

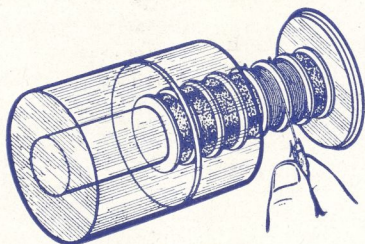
The Pocket Size Leader Carrier and Conditioner
205 SOUTH FLOWER STREET
BURBANK 1, CALIFORNIA

MR. FISHERMAN:—

Tangled leaders often taken all the fun out of fishing. In my case they almost turned a good fisherman into a poor golfer. If I wanted to fish I had to do something about it. I did. I dreamed up the "Leader-Free." Tangles and snarls are now things of the past for me.

I now carry eight leaders ready for use when I go out. Since they are pre-moistened there is no coil to put the fish down. I carry my loaded "Leader-Free" in pants or coat pocket.

Twist cap and pull out.
Secure loop end between sponge and separator.
Wind without tension.



Secure lure end between sponge and separator.
Keep sponges moist by dipping in stream or lake.

TO REMOVE—Grasp lure end and pull gently.

"Leader-Free" will not land your fish for you. It will not lead you to the big lunker. But it will take away the grief of tangles and snarls. You have fun fishing.

Why not ask your dealer for one or I will send you one post paid upon receipt of your check for \$1.95.

Yours For More Fishing Fun

Jimmie Adams

Jobber and Dealer Inquiries Invited

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"W-40" reels off like greased lightning. You always get more distance with less effort. It will never balloon or cling and it will never swell or become brittle. Its outstanding ability to resist twisting and kinking is long remembered after the price is completely forgotten.

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The translucent mist and camouflage colors of "W-40" are completely invisible in any kind of water. When fish are spooky or smart, you can depend on "W-40" to fool them easily. Many thousands of fishermen can readily testify that "W-40" gets many more strikes and lands many more fish.



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