

April 25, 1914.

not have chosen a better tactical position. Glued to the bottom, I studied the situation. Every minute it was growing darker and I could not resort to Fabian methods. A quick process of elimination cleared away all doubt as to procedure and left but one vulnerable point of attack. From directly down stream I should have fouled my cast at once, and all angles below the log were nearly as hopeless, for I could not cover the spot without placing the fly altogether too near the tree for success. Of course up stream was out of the question, even had I tried to reverse the method of dry fly fishing, for the water was perfectly open, and I should have frightened the quarry at the start. So a position straight out from the log, at right angles to the current, was my only point of view. I crept to that place inch by inch, fearing those lynx eyes would detect me and down he would go. The tension was becoming severe, the world held but that trout and me. Lowering my rod until nearly parallel with the water I paid out about thirty-five feet of line and dropped the dun a yard above the swirl at the end of the tree and well this side of it. That momentous journey

see the flash of his silver sides. The shadow of that log hung close, the bourne of his hopes and freedom, and to frustrate its inimicable presence the fragile rod bent and strained with the line held firmly in my hand. That frenzied fish fairly turned somersaults upon the water, ringing out the sweetest music an angler's ears ever heard. It was a moment of agony and joy, when every nerve tingled in unison with the trembling rod. Then the valiant fighter plunged uncontrollably into the depths, the reel gave one vain screech and all was still.

Do you think that little episode was not harrowing? Can you imagine how often it has lifted the tedium and quickened my pulse in gladsome dreams? Ah! Foolish layman, cavil if you will, but I know no sweeter pleasure than that day upon the stream.

That utterly irresistible rush snapped the chain and set the captive free. The fine tapered leader had parted a few inches from the dun, doubtless through its impact with the log. I had lost the fish, and lost my fly, but stamped upon the film

The total kill for the day was 2,680 lbs. of gophers, or nearly 3,000 head.

This is an annual event and is looked forward to by the citizens of Early with no small degree of interest. It is said to be the only organization of the kind in the state of Iowa. During the eight years since the organization of the club not a single accident has occurred.

DEFENDS GOVERNOR GLYNN.

Schuylerville, N. Y., April 13, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On page 405 Mr. Henry Chase criticizes Governor Glynn for his remarks on game protection. It is evident that Mr. Chase does not live in New York State or, if he does, he must live in a large city. Somebody should criticise the commission, as it is no longer a conservation commission, but a devastation commission. There are three orchards that have been ruined in the last few years by the fool game laws; one by deer, and two by rabbits, and their owners cannot get a cent of damages. Do you think that is fair? If the owners had lived in Massachusetts or Vermont they would have been paid for the damage. There one is allowed to protect property by killing the deer or rabbits. Do you know of any reason why the farmers are not entitled to as good treatment as the farmers in any other state? Can you tell me why the state at great expense should send speakers through the state telling us how to protect trees from damage by insects and then pass laws that create a flood of rabbits, and laws that forbid us killing them in our own orchards? And hire officials at a cost of an average of \$5,000 a county to prosecute us if we kill any rabbits in our own orchards. Would you think anybody would go to see the Governor or that he would get tired of kicks from people who have been abused?

Let me give you my experience. I own the largest orchard, I think, in the state, 1,100 acres. 800 acres set, 100 acres in bearing. I have been damaged by rabbits thousands of dollars and about \$500 by deer. Was damaged about \$1,500 last year and about \$1,000 this year. In spite of the fact that I had three men making a desperate fight, the rabbits chewed more than two thousand trees and killed about 500. We probably killed one thousand rabbits, and there are rabbits in the orchard yet, but very few. They keep coming like the locusts of Egypt. It seemed that we would never get to the end of them. Then came the game protector. I had to pay \$26.50 a piece for the three of them, about \$80. I tried to beg off from the commission, but it was no use, their hearts were stone. And Nero fiddled while Rome burned. What would they care if they ruined any industry, their salaries would go on. Now every time I see those poor chewed trees I think of that \$80 and am mad clear through. Then I think of \$5,000-\$10,000 crop that I will probably have this fall. They will bring from \$1 to \$1.50 more a barrel, on account of the rabbit pest that has put the other fellow out, so the consumer will pay me, if the state will not, and he will not know it. Now do not criticise Governor Glynn; he is about all the people have to show for their money. He is the only island in sight on the sea of graft.

C. E. BRISBIN.



2,680 Pounds of Gophers.

of the tiny fly brought no response from the dark water beneath, though it sailed erect and true past the end of the log. I lengthened the line and made another attempt, and this time it floated sedately past his lair not six inches from the tree, but his shy and cunning majesty would not be inveigled beyond his stronghold.

A desperate sense of being defeated, outmanoeuvred, threw a cold douche over my enthusiasm, but I determined upon one last venture. If the fly caught on the log or were drawn under it, I should be obliged to spoil the game, of course, but the same damage would be done if it were jerked violently from the water just before collision. However, I accepted the inevitable and built my bridges.

Down came the gentle wanderer, his yellow wings just visible in the twilight, straight for the log. Just before the obstruction was reached a gentle rise humped the surface and sent my blood racing madly. I struck, and hooked. Then for a few seconds a baby geyser threw a shower of spray into the fast approaching night, and I could

of memory a picture that was engraven for all time.

And so it was in that short twilight hour three years ago, that I too, like the little dun, shed my grub-state attire, to emerge, beatified, in the glorious vestments of a true-human. I had learned the trick, I had fished the rise, and I was happy.

THOUSANDS OF GOPHERS.

The accompanying photograph is from Mr. J. F. De Garmo of Early, Iowa, and shows the result of a one-day gopher hunt by the Early Gopher Club, May 7, 1913. One hundred members participated in the hunt. They were divided into two bodies of fifty each. D. D. Carlton and John Engler were the respective captains.

The two divisions were to strive to bring in the greatest number of gophers. The winning side was given a banquet at the Early Hotel by the losers. It was required that every member should report at the hotel by five o'clock in the afternoon and the hunt closed.