

# INDOOR "FISHING" FOR ANGLERS OF OREGON

## PRACTICAL HINTS, ALSO DREAMS, BY AN EXPERIENCED FISHERMAN, CONCERNING SUNDAY SPORT IN WINTER

BY WALTER F. BACKUS.

THIS is the season of dreary waiting for the angler, for it seems as though Mother Nature, as well as the State Legislature, has decreed that fish shall not be caught during the winter months. With long continued rains she keeps the mountain streams so muddy and swollen that successful fishing is quite out of the question.

Some of the most determined anglers will try to solace themselves by going after salmon trout, though compared with fly fishing, this sport is a very poor excuse. The sandy eddies along the Columbia River usually harbor a few salmon trout and every Sunday will find a bunch of never-give-up fishermen scattered along the shore.

Some sticky salmon eggs, several sets of rods and lines and a large bottle of "liquid heat" usually constitute the fisherman's equipment. The sand is always cold and wet, so that squatting in it for hours while waiting for stray fish cannot be called very exhilarating sport. There are several other grades of fish besides salmon trout and when the riff-raff of the sunny tribe begin to munch the juicy salmon eggs it frequently keeps the angler quite busy. Especially when he has two rods and five hand lines in commission, as sometimes happens.

A man may start out in the morning with the firm resolve to catch nothing but salmon trout, and in a few hours acquire a collection of chubs, suckers and mudcats that would make the heart of a Chinese fish merchant fairly jump with joy.

Those who enjoy this sort of fishing may have all they want of it. For my part, there is another kind of sport which might be termed "indoor angling," that appeals to me more strongly.

The poles for this sort of fishing should be made of good dry fir with the bark on, about 19 or 22 inches thick, and at least 2 feet long. About three such poles blazing merrily in the open fireplace will be found most effective.

If the angler desires, he can wear his regular fishing coat, although I have noticed another style which seems more popular. The coat I mean is usually made of soft plaid material. It smells as strongly of tobacco smoke as the real outdoor coat, and, being cozy and comfortable, finds great favor with the fireside fisherman.

As to shoes, he need not worry about the respective merits of calks or hobnails. A smooth-soled, easy-fitting slipper, tastily embroidered with pink and red roses, will make him forget all the nasty tumbles for which the heavy boots were held responsible.

With these items assembled, and occupying a strategic position in a comfortable arm chair before the crackling fire, the winter angler is ready for the fray.

It is then that the favorite fly rod is brought out for inspection—a battle-scarred veteran of several seasons' use, with one tip in a badly fractured condition. And as he critically examines the broken bamboo joint, it brings back to his mind the thrilling but its unlucky ending. He sees again the deep, foam-flecked pool, with the sun filtering through the branches of the big firs on the bank. He sees, also, the big brown boulder behind which the old trout was hiding and the rocky reef which proved the rod's undoing. He seems to feel again the fierce strike as the fly, drifting over his domain, was promptly seized by the hungry fish. And then the mad struggle, back and forth, up in the air and down in the depths, with the fish always trying to reach the shelter of the broken reef of rock running out from the shore. Then the last wild rush of the trout, the too-sudden strain as he reached the reef, and the heart-rending crack of the breaking rod are all brought back, as though they happened but yesterday. And the angler sadly wonders whether the faithful old tip is beyond repair.

The reel also comes in for its share of attention. Almost every angler has been told that a reel should be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned at least once a year. In some cases this is a most serious operation, as some good anglers are mighty poor mechanics.

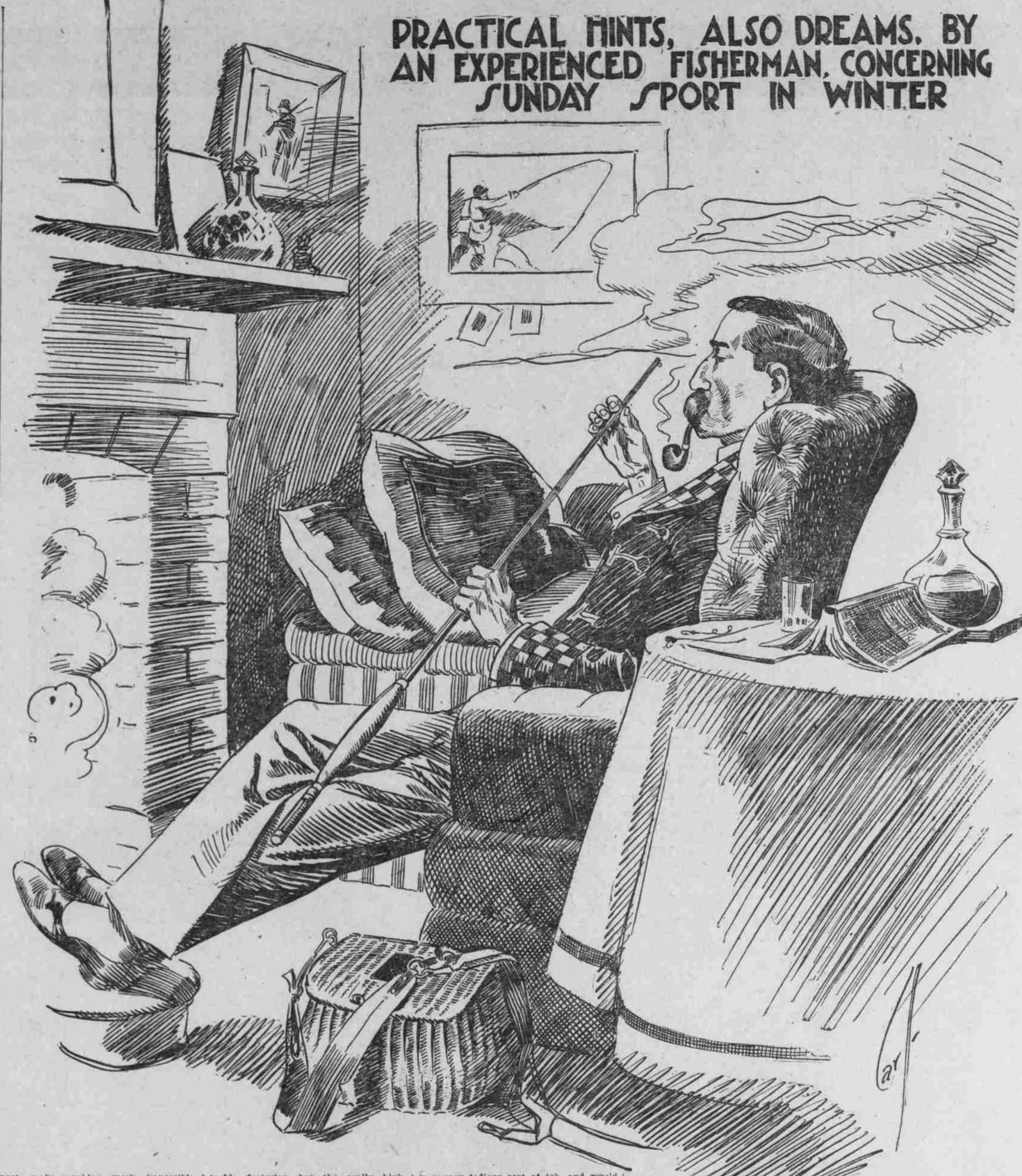
It is with some misgiving, therefore, that the reel is very laboriously taken apart and every tiny cog and bearing brightly polished. And when it comes to putting things back, his troubles begin. He wonders where the deuce this pinion belongs, or how in heck the handle fastens on the inside. And quite often ends up by taking the hopeless mess to some friend who has a knack of putting things where they belong.

In the fly book, however, is where the dreaming angler finds his greatest pleasure. The lines and spoons all look alike, even after hard use, but there is a certain individuality connected with the battered old trout flies that can't be denied. Each torn and ragged veteran is lovingly cared for, with a history of its captures during its brief career. Here, for instance, is a badly mused up patch of gray and brown, with the following inscription: "No. 4, Gray Drake. Killed 33 Rainbow trout on Clackamas, near North Fork, July 18, 1908."

As the angler fingers this little fly he sees again the long, broken riffle, swirling in and out among the moss-covered boulders, and remembers how eagerly the hungry rainbows dashed for it at almost every cast.

Then here is another and larger fly of which nothing remains but a few stripes of its white wing and peacock body. "No. 4 Coachman, hooked 14 large trout in Rogue River ranging from four to seven pounds each, September 6, 1908." A record to be proud of, indeed. What a story this fly could tell, of the heavy plunging strikes, of the wild trips under water, and of the dying struggles as the gamy fish slowly gave up the fight.

How many anglers, even the ones who profess to use nothing but the fly, have ever seen one tied, or know how they are put together. The general impression seems to be that all ordinary flies are made by some kind of machine, while only the better grades are made by hand. This is a mistake. All flies, even the very cheapest grades, are tied by hand. The very nature of a fly's composition



parts make machine work impossible. The dainty hackles and wing feathers would never submit to the automatic handling of a machine—human fingers alone can make them take their proper places.

The greater part of the flies used every season are tied by girls in the large

tackle factories, but the really high-grade flies, the kind known to anglers all over the country, are made by men who have devoted a lifetime to the trade, and in every instance these men are, or have been, most ardent fishermen themselves.

Viewed in an offhand manner, fly tying

is a very tedious sort of job, and would seem to require an unlimited stock of patience. It must be made a labor of love, a task entered into heart and soul, in order to turn out really artistic work. Any one familiar with the recognized high-class flies of today can tell at a glance who they were made by. Each man has some little trick of tying which makes his finished fly recognized at once, while the better grades of factory flies all seem to look alike.

So with fly-tying and rod-splicing and possibly reel-oiling, the indoor angler can while away many long winter evenings. Then, too, there is all the planning for next season's campaign. He has learned many things in the seasons gone by. A certain stream is absolutely no good until the middle of June—several fruitless trips early in the season have convinced him of that. And how well he remembers a trip after trout in April. A stream well up in the mountains was selected and the following Sunday was the day appointed. About the middle of the week the rain began to pour, and a conference was held with a view to postponing the trip. But a very optimistic member of the party settled it with the following remark: "Now, see here, fellows, we know it's raining pretty hard, but up in the mountains where we are going there's so much big timber that the rain is soaked up and the river rises very slowly. So I move we go." Consequently they went. And after what seemed an endless drive they reached the stream and found it very high, and oh so muddy. Whereupon the same man cheerfully reminded the party "that it always rained more up in the mountains than at home, only somehow he hadn't thought of it before."

While this is the close season for catching fish it is also the open season for telling fish stories, and as you dose in front of the glowing hearth, you think of the fearful tales you have been asked to believe. There's the fellow who remarked that he had been down at Columbia Slough the day before and caught a snubnose trout, two shovel-mouth pike and a catfish that gave a little bark like a dog

when he removed the hook from its mouth. Yes, sir, actually barked.

And then the fellow who had such a good tip on Eagle Creek. He had been out the Sunday before, fishing with bait, and if he had only had a small copper spoon, could have filled a washtub with trout. And he went on explaining that the creek was full of small brown leaves and that the trout were eating them—yes, indeed, actually striking at leaves with open mouth and swallowing them. Why, he had picked up two dead ones that had choked to death from eating too many. Fact, and if some one would only go

there with a small copper spoon there would be nothing to it. Well, or, no, he himself couldn't go next Sunday—had to go to church—but some one (accent on some one) ought to go out and make a killing.

And then there's the man who never gets left—who always gets a good catch. He doesn't believe in taking long, expensive trips. He just dubs around the creeks close to town and (to hear him tell it) always gets more than the fellows who go on the three-day trips. Why, on the first day he got 33 in Johnson Creek; yes, sir, 33 fine trout and was back in town in time for lunch.

Oh, why will they do it? Why do they persist in telling the most impossible stories to their brother anglers? A person who had never seen a trout might believe some of the milder yarns. But to tell them to another fisherman, who probably has one of his own just a little stronger, does seem very foolish indeed.

Verily, the man who wrote the following lines must have been a fisherman himself—or a very near relation of one:

"Behold the fisherman; he riseth up early in the morning and disturbeth the whole household. Mightily are his preparations. He goes forth full of hope. When the day is far spent he returneth, smelling of strong drink and the truth is not in him."

### Seven Days (Ages) in the Creation of the World

The Development of Human Consciousness (out of Our Mortal and Immortal States).

BY J. L. JONES.

THE account of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is not a description of the formation of the physical earth, which has always existed, but is a record in the language of symbolism of the development of the immortal gods (the Elohim) out of the earth or soil of the mortal humanity. There are seven stages in this creative work. The last is the Sabbath or state of rest, which is completeness or perfection. Till this time comes there is no Sabbath and therefore no man can keep the sabbath. All the days are evil.

God said "Let there be light" and there was light. This light was Jesus, the Christ. The manifestation of deity in human form projected into the darkness of the natural world. He is the beginning or head of the process of creation and is called the first day.

The second day or degree is the emplacement of the firmament or division between the waters above which signify the immortals, and the waters below which signify the mortal humanity. Jesus was an immortal, one from above, the only one, the only begotten Son of God. The first step toward immortality is to recognize this, and the second is to understand the nature of the firmament or great divide between the mortal and immortal man.

This might be more easily intelligible if the waters above the firmament were called fire. In the language of symbolism the terms fire, water, rock, mountain, fountain, river, tree, serpent and many others are applied to God because he is all these things which are merely attributes of his universal being. It must also be remembered that there are two firmaments, one of the heavens and another of the earth. But in the Copernican theory of the universe, there is no firmament at all. Everything has got loose and gone wild.

The third day or degree is the separation of the waters below the firmament from the dry land, the wet country from the dry. The waters signify the mortal humanity in the state of sensual propagation and dissolution, continually dying and being born.

The dry land, called continents, signifies the mortal man advanced to a state of celibacy and chastity which is continence. The caste or colbate person is one who retains the seed or substance of life, and thus holds together, resisting the sensual tendency to continual corruptible dissolution. This latter is the state of infirmity, or instability, which is the opposite of firmness or everlasting endurance as found in the word firmament. Continent or continence means containing or holding together.

The fourth degree or day is to comprehend the different qualities and origins of light in the firmament of the heavens. The sun and moon correspond to mens and anima. Mens is the reasoning or intellectual mind; and anima, the animal soul. The mind sees; the soul feels. Mens stands for wisdom; anima for love which is blind and only feels. These two, wisdom and love, which is merely the desire for wisdom) are the primary origins of life and the poles of the universe. Wisdom is masculine, love feminine; hence here is the origin of sex and the desire of the womanate the male.

The fifth and sixth days typify the development of consciousness up through the metallic, mineral, vegetable and animal stages to the complex or absolute consciousness of the immortal man, which is all the same as the immortal gods, both singular and plural, both masculine and feminine—including everything, earth, air, fire and water, and denoted by many apparently contradictory symbols.

The biblical account of the creation is a word picture or hieroglyph, representing the development of consciousness from outer or utter spiritual ignorance, the lowest material state of the mortal man, up to the perfect man in the image and likeness of God, of which we have at present no specimens on exhibition. Their entrance on the stage of actuality will be the climax of the drama of creation.

The dead know not anything of absolute truth. There is neither device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave. This is the state of the mortal man. Mortal means dead. Mortal man is a dead man. He is merely a phantom or shadow clothed in gross flesh. He does not breathe the breath of life. His case is fatal. There is no health in him and the only cure for his unrest (disease) and the only salvation is to go through the six stages of creation described in this story, for he is not really created at all. He is formless; that is, he has lost the form and likeness of God. He is void, which means empty. The true life is not in him.

This is a partial statement of the Korreban doctrine of immortality as I can express it. Of course, it cannot be absolutely correct, because dead men cannot tell tales correctly. We cannot have an absolutely authoritative statement till some one opens the door of the sepulcher and comes out alive.

And we must note the distinction between the words earth and world. The physical earth is eternal. Worlds are always changing, being created and destroyed. A world is a period of time, an age, a day, or a state of consciousness. The next world will be merely a new age or day or dispensation in this same old earth which endures forever, per secula seculorum.

Corvallis, Nov. 17.

### PRINCE KALANIANA'OLE AND HIS WIFE WILL SPEND WINTER IN WASHINGTON.



NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—(Special.)—Prince Jonah Kūhiō Kalaniana'ole, of Waikiki, and his wife accompanied ex-Queen Liliuokalani on her trip to this country recently, and are now on their way to Washington with her. Prince Jonah (or "Prince Cupid," as he is better known) is the delegate from Hawaii to the United States Congress. He is a cousin of Queen Lili. He was created a prince by royal proclamation in 1914. The princess was Elizabeth Kahanu Kāuāi, daughter of a chief of the Island of Maui. The prince has represented Hawaii in three Congresses.

### FATHER AND SON UNDER ARREST FOR THE KILLING OF EX-SENATOR CARMACK



These are the two Coopers—father and son—under arrest at Nashville for the killing of ex-Senator Carmack. Colonel Cooper had been Carmack's employer some years before and he resented the criticism of his political course which Carmack made in the paper of which he was editor. Meeting Carmack on the street, the Coopers killed him. Robin, the son, fired the shots which killed the ex-Senator, but his father is also held for the crime. Robin was wounded by Mr. Carmack in the encounter.