



Jr. Pee Wees are the hottest team in the league they are 3-0.

Red Hot Pee Wees Potential Champions

By Shadrack Adams

Emerging as the team to beat in the Pop Warner Jr. Pee Wee football league is the Red Shield Boys Club Indians. The Pee Wees are one of three teams sponsored by the Salvation Army Red Shields Boys Club.

The Indians are 3-0. They have defeated their opponents by scores of 14-0, 16-0, and 16-0.

With four games remaining, the Tiny Indians face challenges from the Tiny Demons, Tiny Falcons, Tiny Packers and the Greensboro

Boys Club.

If Head Coach Joe Pete Adams of Atkins High School fame can hold his Braves together, they will face division championship and the Sertoma Bowl at Groves Stadium Nov. 15, 1975.

There are two divisions of 7 teams each. The Jr. Pee Wee's are 9 and 10-year-old boys who are coached by community volunteers. They boast a booster club following of 400. The next game is Sept. 27 at 10:00 a.m. on the Boys Club Field on Stadium Drive.

by George Boole

We are led to believe that in ~~the life of a fisherman~~ ~~there is no such~~ thing as thinking, that all actions are the effects of instinct. I do not intend to expound on the why of the following experiences, but to just relate what happened and with witnesses yet. These happenings are probably no stranger than some experiences of other fishermen; unlike the ones that got away. The incidents that I am relating happened at two different lakes and they are miles apart with no connections.

The first experience with a bass that seemed to possess some intelligence was on the old Winston Lake. I rigged a minnow at a depth of twenty-four inches and lowered it to the surface of the water and allowed it to struggle and disturb the water before dunking it to the rigged length. I lowered the minnow out of sight, the float followed going down and out; I had a bass on. My line went out slowly, so slow that I thought maybe I had hung a turtle.

the bass could swallow it. ~~When the bass moved out~~ again I set my hook, attempted to that is. The bass had let go of the minnow and it was crushed to death. I figured that I was a bit hasty in setting the hook. I put on another minnow and tried the spot again. The water boiled and down and out went the float this time much faster. I was more patient, this time the bass was allowed to make that last run a little longer. When I could wait no longer I reared back to set the hook. Again the bass let go. How this bass could mangle a minnow, hold it in its mouth and still manage to escape being hooked was really a wonder. I actually went through this procedure with a half dozen minnows.

Coy Traynham came on the lake for our fishing engagement. I did not tell him of the experience that I had just encountered so I advised him that he could possibly get some action at the spot that I had been fishing. I move away and he dropped a minnow practically on top of that bass for it took the minnow right away. Coy let that bass run, stop, then take off again, before setting his hook. He missed the bass and his minnow too came back crushed. Coy lost several

minnows to that bass then gave up.

We discussed the situation, fishermen; we thought. The question was, how could the bass mouth a minnow to the point of crushing it to death and letting go without being hooked. The most peculiar thing about the whole deal was that the bass would return to the same spot and continue to pick up minnows one after the other and perform the same stunt.

On the Salem Lake another fisherman; Hutchins, a watchmaker and I, was skunked out on a smart bass. I had previous experience with this bass so to give a friend quick action I would first take him to try his patience with a known bass that was hard to hang. Without informing him of the smartness of this fish I cast a plastic worm to it. It as always picked up the worm immediately, traveled up the shoreline and stopped. I would tug on the line and the bass would seem to answer by tugging back. This tugging back and forth would keep up until I thought that the worm was mouthed enough, then I would set the hook. Each time the plastic worm would come flying back. I finally turned the bass over to Hutchins and he cast an artificial crawfish to it.

The line stopped, indicating that the bass was turning the minnow around; head first, so

The bass picked up the lure and went through the same routine of traveling and stopping. Hutchins gave a tug to find out whether it was still on the other end, it was there and it gave a tug in response. Hutchins smoked a cigarette down to the filter, trying to give the fish plenty of time to get the plug well inside its mouth. Another tug and another response. That bass had been fooling around at least four minutes as though this was some kind of game. Well Hutchins could wait no longer so wham-o, he set the hook, the bass released the plug and it came back without any hesitation. The bass could not be outwitted.

I tried to get E.H. Petree, a great bass fisherman on Salem Lake to make a try at that fish, but he said, "Oh no I have had my fill of that bass, it's just a waste of time." He was probably right, but I enjoyed the challenge. Each year I hunt the area hoping that bass will make a mistake. Well you do not have to catch fish to enjoy fishing, I keep telling myself.

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