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Rod And Gun

By Tom Walker

Surprises

You never can tell. It's things like this that make fishing what it is. Coy Wright of Greensboro armed himself with a pole, a little hair hook, and worms and went to Cone Lake for bream. He came home with a 5-pound bass. When that baby hit, Wright said, "I thought I had a log. My cane pole broke twice. The first time I was able to grab the short end. The second time, I grabbed the line and pulled the fish in."

Vernon Price, 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Price of Lowesville, learned early about things that make fishing hard to resist. He and his father went fishing in the Catawba River. In short order Vernon's father heard the boy yell: "Daddy, daddy, come quick. A big fish has me." With dad's help Vernon hauled in a bass which tipped the scales at 4 3-4 pounds.

A different sort of surprise greeted fishermen in Catawba County recently, according to James Fairchild, fish and game protector. With bass lingering in deep water, several persons fishing on bottom for "cats," with mullet as bait, came up with bass.

In Nash County, H. G. Wharton of Nashville has a fine souvenir of a visit to Boddie's Pond—a picture of himself with an 8-pound 24-inch largemouth bass he brought in. It is one of Nash County's largest catches of largemouth this year.

Protector St. Clair Lewark of Currituck County sends word that although visits of sport fishermen have fallen off, those who have come down lately have had good luck fishing around blinds in the open sound. Bass perch dominate the catches.

There are good reports from the west also. Protector George Barr of Stokes County says that fishing in Hanging Rock Lake, after a slow start, has been the best ever. Bass are getting a bit lazy, he adds, but bream continue to bite. Lake Lure and Lake Adger are providing good fishing for bass, bream, and crappie, reports Protector Charles Ormand. Protector Clyde McLean of Caldwell County says Dan Cook caught "the largest crappie I have ever seen in Rhodhiss Lake." McLean gives its dimensions as 21 inches in length, 10 inches in width. The fish weighed 4 pounds, 10 ounces.

Double Catch

Walter Bray and Jack Rivers stood their ground. They insisted there hadn't been any let-up in the good fishing in Richmond County. Skeptical comments came from other representatives of the Division of Game and Inland Fisheries who were at the 4-H Wildlife Conference at Camp Millstone to lend a hand with the program. After all, most fishermen lately had been spending more time singing the blues than they had stringing catches.

With great patience Bray and Rivers, who are fish and game protectors in District 10, repeated their contention. The expressions of skepticism grew a bit louder and stronger. One of those who joined in on the scoffers' side was L. R. Harrill, State 4-H leader. The two anglers retreated briefly.

After lunch, Bray and Rivers brought up the subject again. More hoots. They reiterated their claims. More and more hoots. The fishermen exchanged pitying glances and shakes of the head. "Okay," they said. "Ask Mr. Harrill. We gotta go." Which they did.

Mr. Harrill had the answer, all right—a score of paunchy bream tucked away in the camp's ice room. They were the harvest of that brief retreat the fishermen had made at the height of the first talkfest.

Moral: Fish aren't the only people who go for bait.

P. S. And don't think any of those skeptics have been able to find out what hole those bream

Flying Squads

Something on the efficiency of new raiding methods used by enforcement agents of the Division of Game and Inland Fisheries is offered by Arthur Pack of Tryon, district fish and game protector, who turned writer to do a newspaper article (for the Spartanburg, S. C. Herald).

Pack's subject was the work of one of the specially trained "flying squads" (or "wrecking crews," as Division Supervisor Tom Rollins of Asheville terms them) of enforcement agents who supplement the routine work of district and deputy protectors with occasional unannounced sweeps. The simple truth is that the protectors are friends to sportsmen, enemies to those who want to play dirty. Some of these last can be found—and handled—as excerpts from Pack's article show:

"The second day of their arrival in my district, the special agents went to Lake Lure, where they split into two groups and, taking separate boats, they moved down opposite shores of the lake. During the patrol, one group stopped to check two occupants of a fishing skiff, one of which was fishing as the officers' boat approached.

"The man who was fishing as they came alongside had his license and no short nor too many fish. The other occupant of the boat declared he wasn't fishing. He was 'just taking a sunbath,' he asserted. The officers doubted his story but moved on and resumed their patrol down the lake.

"Across the lake, their fellow officers were watching. They saw the 'sun bather' wait until the patrol boat had rounded a point, then pick up a rod from the bottom of the skiff and commence fishing. From across the lake the watching officers could hear faint but unmistakably derisive chuckles as the two fishermen went about their fishing.

"The patrols exchanged notes as they met at the dam. Then they continued their patrol back up the lake but on different sides from where they were when they first came down. As the group which had first questioned the 'sun bather' came within binocular range of him, they watched him through the glasses. As the new patrol bore down, he hastily hid his rod and (as later brought out) repeated his story of 'sun bathing' to the second group of agents as they drew alongside.

"Then, as they passed on out of sight, he once more resumed his fishing. The first patrol moved quickly across the lake and this time caught him with the rod in his hands and his line overboard. His alleged 'sun bathing' cost him the price of a non-resident license, (he gave an address in another state), plus the price of a lake fishing 'permit', plus a fine, plus court costs!

"During the night of that same day, the 'wrecking crew' was working the shores. They came upon a party fishing from the bank. All produced valid licenses except a woman who was sitting by a fishing pole stuck in the ground close beside her. Like the 'sun bather,' she declared that she wasn't fishing. So the patrol moved on into the darkness.

"That is, all except Deputy Grady Ross of Tryon. He remained quietly behind the woman as his fellow-agents moved away. In a few minutes, the woman picked up the pole and drew her baited hook from the water. Deputy Ross politely did his duty."

NATURE STUDY

By Mrs Thomas Sharp

Jewel Weed and Turtle Head

The Jewel Weed family (Balsaminaceae) is composed of herbs with juicy stems, simple-toothed leaves, and curious, irregular flowers having petals and sepals that are not easily distinguished. One of the three sepals it the spurred sack of the flower. The five, (or three) petals have two of them two-cleft into dissimilar lobes. The Touch-Me-Not are members of this family.

You will find the plants along water course where they grow in rank profusion. They prefer shade.

In spring and early summer these tender succulent stems may be used like asparagus.

These juicy stems, two to five feet high, are smooth hollow, ribbed, angular and translucent, and are tinged with red. The alternating leaves are large, broad, oval, coarse-toothed, and have a thin texture and smooth surface. Dew and rain remain in glistening drops upon them. The curiously arranged flower has the orange-yellow cornu copia sepals tapering to a hook or spur, one is a hood, and the twice-cleft ones twist, flaring outward and downward. Those of the Spotted Jewel Weed (Impatiens biflora) are speckled with reddish-brown dots. These flowers as well as those of the pale or yellow touch-me-not (Impatiens palida) which are spotless or highly spotted, have twinkling cups that dangle on slender, thread-like stems (two on each, but only one blooming at a time). They are very perishable as they wilt soon after they have been picked. The self-fertilizing buds never open. The sensitive seed pods snap inside-out easily and explosively, giving this plant the names Snap Weed and Touch-Me-Not.

Turtle Head—Snake Head

The Figwort family (Scrophulariaceae) claims the Tnullein, Toadflax, Purple Gerardia, smooth false foxglove, and the pert little Monkey Flower. (See the window display in the Black Mountain Drug Co., window.)

The Turtle Head (Snake Head), chelone glabra, is a moisture-loving, shade-seeking plant, with a stout smooth, erect stem and sharp-toothed, lance-shaped leaves in alternating, opposite pairs on short stems. These leaves have their surface creased with recurved veins. They are bitter and inodorous, imparting their "virtues" to water or alcohol as a tonic for liver complaints. At the summit of the stem are clustered the large, white or purple-pink turtle-head-like flowers. The upper lip of the tube-shaped corolla is broad, arched, ridged and notched in the middle. The under lip has three lobes. Peeping from beneath the upper arch of the partly opened lips are dark, wooly stamens.

Our Red Cross

Flowers needed for patients at Moore General Hospital. Please leave at Red Cross office in the city hall building Black Mountain, on Thursdays before 10 A.M. with your name attached. These will be delivered to the bedside of patients by the Gray Laty Corps.

Mrs. Bessie S. Caer, executive secretary of the Black Mountain—Swannanoa chapter has just returned from Winston-Salem where she attended a conference of the Veterans Administration, and a study was made of the laws and rulings affecting veterans. You are welcome to the Red Cross office at any time.

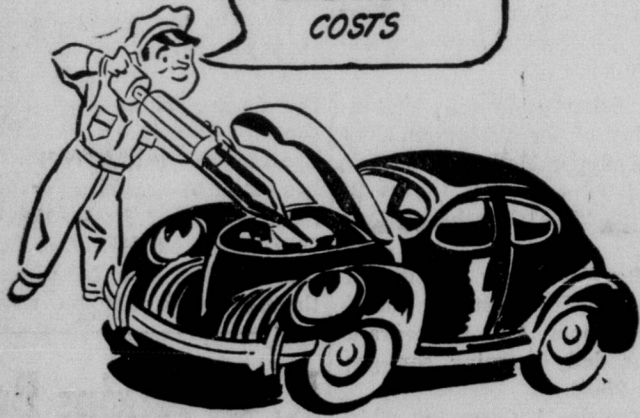
Each day one or more patients at Moore General Hospital have birthdays. The people of this community have been supplying cakes that are presented on these occasions. If you are interested call Mrs. Edith Wright, telephone 3922.

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