

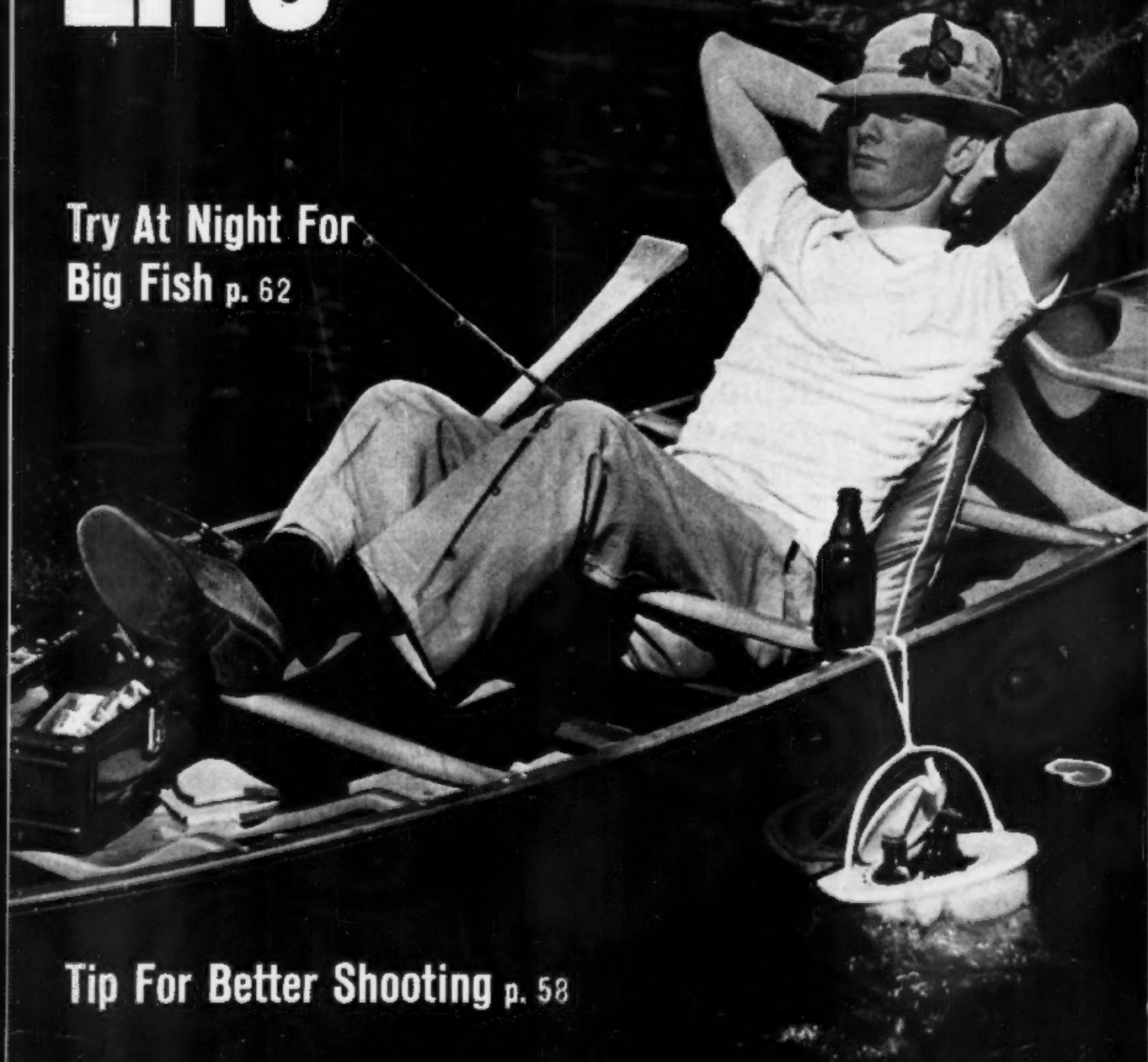
# Outdoor Life

35¢ • AUGUST, 1958

**We Catch The Fabled  
Arctic Char p. 33**

**What A Guide Should  
Do For You p. 48**

**Try At Night For  
Big Fish p. 62**



**Tip For Better Shooting p. 58**

# Dory Fishing

*I'd heard about the fabulous salmon fishing, but  
nobody bothered to warn me that we'd have to earn  
our sport by fighting the battle of the breakers*

**By HUGH N. STRATFORD**



By skillfully manipulating the dory's long oars, guide keeps the bow headed into the waves as he heads toward Haystack Rock

**S**ALMON FISHING was what I chiefly had in mind when I arrived at Pacific City, 25 miles south of Tillamook on Oregon's north coast. No one had tipped me off that I might get as many kicks from riding through the surf in a bucking dory as I would from catching salmon.

But I soon got a hint of what might be in store along those lines when I dropped in at Dutch Shermer's sporting-goods store, a gathering place for local fishermen. Dutch is a big, hearty guy, and easy to talk with—especially about fishing.

"Nobody's been through that surf for three days," he said. "That big blow we've just had left the Pacific growling. But maybe it'll be down enough tomorrow so the dories can get through. We'll see in the morning."

Pacific City centers around a bridge over the Big Nestucca River where it makes a wide swing toward the sea. A mile north of the bridge rocky Cape Kiwanda (sometimes spelled Kiawanda) shoulders its way out into the surf, and about three quarters of a mile offshore sits Haystack Rock, 326 feet high, a miniature Gibraltar inhabited by seals and sea lions and a roost for thousands of sea birds.

A sheltered cove formed by the Cape is the favorite spot with salt-water fishermen, for it is here that guides launch their double-ended flat-bottomed surfboats when they go fishing for salmon and a wide variety of bottom fish.

There, early next morning, I joined the guides and fishermen for the regular ritual of studying the



Buggy backs dory to surf's wash, then manpower takes over



"Here we go!" yells guide as first wave lifts dory's bow

surf. They watch a split in Haystack known as "Jug Handle." If the waves are breaking through it, it's bad. This morning they weren't, and the guides announced that they'd take the boats out.

I was in luck, for Dutch had arranged for me to go along with Jim Imlah, a retired Navy and coastguardman and thoroughly experienced doryman. I'd be a picture-taking passenger and most of the fishing would be done by two other first-trippers—housewives Theresa Andersen and Rosa Hill—who were from Portland, about 100 miles northeast.

With the surf proclaimed safe for the day, we drove back to town for a leisurely breakfast. No one was in a rush to go out; after all, I was told, once you're through the surf you're on the fishing grounds.

We rejoined at 9 a.m., hopped into Jim's battered

beach buggy, and got going. The buggy, with its cut-away body and partially inflated tires is ideal for driving on the beach with passengers, motors, fishing gear, and fish. It's also just the ticket for backing a dory into the surf on a trailer.

The sun was burning off the last of the morning mist when Jim announced he was ready to shove off. I noticed that although the dory carried an outboard motor, it wasn't set up in the motor-well. It was lying inside the boat. Jim explained that oars are used instead of motors to get the boat through the surf since they won't sputter, balk, or stop. To try getting through the breakers with a cold motor that might falter or hit bottom at just the wrong time could be dangerous.

Jim yelled, "Here we go," and pushed the dory off the sand to where it was gradually drawn seaward by the wash. Then he jumped aboard, stood just behind center, and grabbed the handles of his long oars. The oars were in front of him so that he could stand, row, and watch the surf at the same time. He studied the breakers carefully, looking for a suitable series.

The first wave to reach us was spent, and the dory surged a little and then floated on. The next one crested 100 feet out but still had plenty of power when it hit us. The dory shuddered, its bow lifted. We topped the wave, plunged steeply, and settled smoothly in the trough. Jim worked the oars lightly, just keeping the boat moving and pointing directly into the waves. We met the next wave just as it broke. The dory jolted back and the bow leaped high in a flurry of spray. We dropped over it with a crash. Jim was pushing hard on the oars now, and we skimmed up and over the next wave before it broke. From then on we eased along steadily, gently rising and falling with the swells.

"That's all the work," Jim announced. "Let's go fishing." He shipped the oars, set the outboard in the well, started it, and headed the dory in the direction of Haystack.

I complimented Jim on getting us through the surf in such fine shape. He grinned, and said that while there's some danger involved in running the breakers, it's only for the careless or inexperienced. No commercial fisherman or guide has had a boat upset in the past five years.

"We'd like to catch some eating fish first," Theresa



Rugged coves like this indent coast north of Cape Kiwanda



Each cresting wave smacks harder than the last as oarsmen battle to get life-jacketed anglers through to the fishing grounds





*Salmon share honors  
with bottom fish, as  
a lady first-tripper  
discovers when she  
hooks toothy scrapper*



said as we moved out of the cove. "The salmon can wait."

Jim cut the motor some distance away from the rock and let the boat drift. "O.K.," he said, "that's easy. We can catch enough fish in two hours to sink the dory." He smiled as he said it, but as things turned out I'm not so sure he was kidding. This area is famous for its bottom fish which, in addition to being good eating, are relatively easy to catch.

Jim rigged the hooks and baited them with six-inch frozen herring. "Put your reel on free spool," he told the ladies. Then he heaved the bait over the side.

A few moments later Theresa asked, "What do I do now—the bait's at the bottom."

"Just pull it up a few feet so it won't snag," Jim directed, "and brace yourself."

He'd scarcely spoken when line started to pull off Theresa's reel. She engaged the star drag and lifted the rod tip to set the hooks.

Up to this point Theresa was the picture of the confident angler who knows exactly what to do next. But when her fish felt the hook, it took off in high gear. The rod tip dipped sharply, and 30 feet of line zipped off the reel. Surprised, Theresa tightened the drag and cranked furiously. The rod bent deeper, the tip jolted, and more line ripped out. The lady was working hard now—pumping and then cranking to gain line. The fish came up slowly for perhaps 50 feet, but Theresa's cheerful look changed to one of dismay as the fish tore off all the line she'd gained.

"Hold his head up," said Jim.

When she finally reeled the fish up near the boat, it

started running in circles. Another minute and a big, toothy head broke the surface.

"What's that?" Theresa shrieked.

"That's your dinner fish," said Jim as he expertly gaffed a 20-pound ling cod.

For an hour we drifted leisurely with the tide as the ladies caught a variety of fish, and missed others. One that Rosa missed struck hard, and when she reeled in to check the bait she found it in shreds.

"Put it back," said Jim. "It's still good."

The mangled bait had barely reached bottom when a fish took off with it. This specimen turned out to be a red snapper, a prize table fish, and the only one I saw caught on the whole trip.

The most abundant fish in the area is the black rock-fish, a dark-purplish character shaped like a fresh-water bass and called a bass by local fishermen. They're scrapers and fine eating, but since they ran only two to six pounds, the ladies released them.

We drifted over a rocky bottom and caught "sea trout"—local name for kelp greenling. They averaged only a pound apiece, but struck and fought like fish twice their size.

By 1 o'clock the ladies had had enough drift fishing, and told Jim they'd like to troll for salmon. He started the motor.

The general trolling area for salmon starts between Haystack Rock and Cape Kiwanda and runs south to where Nestucca Bay joins the Pacific—a distance of about four miles. In just half an hour the two anglers had three strikes from salmon. They lost a nice chinook



After bout with breakers, Theresa hefts good silver salmon, Rosa's red snapper



Dutch flips lid of fish box to drop in a small ling we caught while drift fishing



Jim and Dutch pose with their limits of salmon. These silvers are seven-pounders



of about 15 pounds, lost a small silver salmon, but boated a silver that hit seven pounds. The ladies were satisfied with that, and we headed for the beach.

The tide was slack and the breakers small as we headed back through the surf. Jim simply held the bow straight into the waves and let them do all the work. We were soon safely on the beach.

Next day Jim was taking a "day off," so he, Dutch, and I arranged to go salmon fishing. I was already on the beach when they drove up a little after 8 a.m. The sea was quiet, the waves a friendly knee-deep, and

launching the dory was no problem. We were at the fishing grounds in 10 minutes. Jim set the outboard motor into the well, we tossed over our frozen herring, and started trolling for salmon.

Pretty much the same tackle is used thereabouts for both salmon and bottom fish, and the outfits I used are more or less typical. When I anticipated that we might hit big chinook or bottom fish, I used a medium-heavy 8½-foot glass rod, and on it a salt-water star-drag reel holding 300 yards of 30-pound-test braided nylon line. Otherwise I relied on my 8½- (continued on page 117)

Gull's-eye view from top of Cape Kiwanda looking south shows dory easing past rocks and riding swells on its way to Haystack



## CHUKAR PARTRIDGES BOB WHITE QUAIL

STARTED HIRDS: 2 weeks old—Quail, \$50 per 100—Partridges \$70 per 100. 6 week birds—Quail \$21 for 20—Partridges \$25 for 20. Live delivery guaranteed. Prices FOB Lamar. Terms—5% cash with order, balance COD. Send for FREE BOOKLET.

**SHO-ME QUAILS INC.,** Box 209-L, Lamar, Missouri



### ATTRACT and HOLD DUCKS

by planting our GIANT WILD RICE and other natural game foods. Our guaranteed to grow natural foods not only attract ducks and game but also add them to give you better sport. Write today, describe place and we will send suggestions and booklet.

John Lemberger

**WILD LIFE NURSERIES**

P.O. Box 399-L Oshkosh, Wis.

## RAISE RABBITS

Raise Angora or New Zealand White Rabbits on \$500 month plan. Sure-fire method. Insures success. Plenty markets for wool, pelts and meat. Small capital and space in back yard, garage or barn can make you independent. Write today for free information.

**ON \$500 MONTH PLAN**



**WHITE'S RABBITRY**

DELAWARE, OHIO

## IF YOU REALLY WANT BETTER FISHING . .

STOCK your waters with our Bass, Pickerel, Crappies, Blue Gills, Catfish, Giant Frogs, Cultures and Plants. Send a dollar bill for valuable booklet on Pond Management, Stocking, Fish Culture, Price Lists and Tips On How To Make Money With Your Pond.

DO IT NOW.

**LAKE MARGUS FISHERIES**

PENN RUN PENNSYLVANIA

## MAKE BIG MONEY



Raising either Chickens, Rabbits, Mink or Pigeons for us. This is your big opportunity to get started on the road to prosperity with us. And to have an income for life. Send \$25 for full information that explains everything about the big money.

KEENEY BROTHERS FARMS, Box 2108, New Freedom, Pa. R. 52.

## Flying Squirrels

Catching little fellows with their "hounds" of traps. Admired and loved throughout the world. Hundreds in stock. Write today for prices, literature, and samples. Please enclose 10 cents to cover postage.

**GREESON'S FLYING SQUIRREL RANCH**  
305 N. Main St., Kingston 1, Va.  
"The Largest Flying Squirrel Ranch in the World"

## GAME BIRD BREEDERS

### PHEASANT FANCIERS GAZETTE

OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF GAME BIRD SOCIETIES

Explains Breeding, Hatching, Rearing & Selling of Game Birds, Ornamental Poultry & Waterfowl. Practical, Instructive, Educational & Entertaining. A Generously Illustrated Pictorial Monthly—\$3.00 a year.

GAZETTE, 1328 Allen Park Drive, Olathe, Kan. City 5, Mo.

## LARGE NORTHERN BOBWHITE QUAIL:

Day old chicks	\$45.00 per hundred
4 week old chicks	at our farm
6-8 week old chicks	65.00 per hundred
9-14 week old chicks	85.00 per hundred
Fully matured Quail	100.00 per hundred
Eggs	125.00 per hundred
	17.50 per hundred

All above, ready for immediate shipment.

**ELLER'S QUAIL FARM**

111 South Shaver Street Salisbury, North Car.

Phone: Day ME1800 3-2681—Night ME1800 6-4612

## RAISE RABBITS

A FULL TIME BUSINESS OR WELL PAID HOBBY

The Tremendous Demand for MEAT—FUR—LABORATORY—BREEDING STOCK.

Know the Facts. Illustrated Book describing 25

Breeds, Breeding and Care, Markets, Etc. Free Bulletin, 25 Cents. We Are Association of Breeders who want to see you alert right!

AMERICAN RABBIT ASS'N, 72 ARBA Bldg., Pittsburgh, Penna.

**LIVE—FISH—**

FINGERLINGS and ADULTS: BASS—BREAM—CRAPPIES—TROUT—CHANNEL CAT—PERCH—PIKE—MINNOWS—JUMBO BULL FROGS—CART

ROCK BASS—SHiners—RED GILL BULL HEADS. LIVE DELIVERY STOCK YOUR PONDS—LAKES

**ZETTS FISH HATCHERY**

DRIFTING, PA. Covered County Box #1000 54117

DRIFTING, PA.

had to resort to fly casting for some tiny bass in shallow water.

But while we were eating lunch, the sun burst out, so we headed back to the lodge for Vera. With the sun came the wind, so with Vera in the boat we drifted down the shoreline from the lodge, trolling and casting in deep water. We hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when Vera tied into a good one. While Dex maneuvered the wind-blown boat, Vera fought to keep the bass away from the rocky shoreline. He was almost more than she could handle, as full of fire as a race horse. I glimpsed him first, near the surface, and he looked big as a barrel stave. He kept whipping around the prow of the boat behind me, and I seemed to be continually dodging Vera's line before Dex could swing the boat.

That fountain of fish energy finally wore himself out down deep, and when he came in he weighed 3½ pounds, our largest of the trip so far.

Vera went on to catch her limit of six that afternoon while Dex and I added a couple. If this wasn't proof that Twin Lakes smallmouths like sunshine, Dex and I had a similar experience next day. The dark, misty morning proved dead. We tried every trick and fishing apparatus we knew, but only caught two.

After lunch in a dry cave, we anchored to a rock reef off one of three almost identical circular little islands in Triangle Lake. We hadn't had a strike for 10 minutes—the maximum time Dex will go fishless in one hole—and were ready to move on when Old Sol peeked through the clouds. Almost immediately, I had a strike and landed a small bass. Then Dex got one a bit larger.

Soon we both were catching and releasing bass almost as fast as we cast. These fish seemed so happy to see the sun after so many days of September rain that they began to put on an aerial show—dancing on the water, flinging themselves into the air with abandon, spinning like dervishes. We ran out of crawfish. Dex switched to a fly-rod outfit and a pet bait of his—a weighted, feathery lure that could be fished on bottom. I stuck to my casting rod and plugs. Surprisingly, we continued to catch fish.

"This is like June," Dex said. "They're hitting artificials and jumping like they do in the spring."

From beyond one of the islands, we saw Charlie's boat coming toward us. He came alongside. "Got a surplus of crawfish, Dex?" Charlie asked. "We're completely out. These bass have gone downright crazy."

"Sunstruck bass," I offered as I set the hook in one. "Sunstruck in September. That figures. You fish for these Twin Lakes bass backwards. They bite when it thunders, go to sleep on a dark, still day, and take to the sun four months behind schedule."

Just then, my bass catapulted out of the water, flipped in the air, and shot my plug back at me like a bullet.

Charlie and Dexter whooped. "What," Dex yelled, "was backwards about that?"

THE END

## GAME BIRDS

### COTURNIX

Young Laying

Breeders

Immediate Delivery

10 pair \$30.00

100 eggs \$35.00

### NORTHERN

### BOBWHITE

### QUAIL

8 week old Chicks—20 birds for \$23.00.

Quail eggs producing best quality, full-sized birds; 100 eggs for \$25.00.

## CHUKAR PARTRIDGE

6 week old Chukar Chicks—20 birds for \$25.00. Chicks available only through August.

MINIMUM order: 20 birds

Prices f.a.b. Japlin

FREE booklet of instruction with each order. Write for facts about Successful Rastacking.

## LOWRANCE QUAIL FARM

Telephone 1730 Picher

Mayfair 3-3643 Japlin 3, Mo.

Mayfair 4-4755

## ATTRACT WILD DUCKS, FISH

### PLANT LEGAL NATURAL FOODS

### ALSO PHEASANT AND QUAIL

Natural Foods will bring and hold large numbers at your favorite hunting or fishing ground.

Used successfully 63 years. Northern grown for northern waters, southern grown for the South, brackish water kinds for the coast. Wild Rice, Wild Celery and many others adapted to all climates and waters, described in free illustrated book. Write, describe area, receive expert planting advice and book.

Wm. O. Cson, Naturalist.

## GAME FOOD NURSERIES

P. O. Box 371-B Oshkosh, Wisconsin

## NEW LOW COST QUAIL

### BREEDING PEN DESIGNED AND

### MANUFACTURED FOR QUAIL

### RAISERS—BY A QUAIL RAISER

PERK and WATER TROUGH ON OUTSIDE OF PEN

EGGS BOIL IN INSIDE OF PEN

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE INFORMATION

GEORGIA QUAIL FARM, DEPT. O

P. O. BOX 152 SAVANNAH, GA.

## ZOO ANIMAL PETS

### DESCENDED

### SKUNKS!

Young or Adult

Also Raccoons, Squirrels, Chipmunks, Ferrets, Minks, Otters, Crows, Snakes, Alligators, Small Monkeys of all kinds, and many other interesting animals, birds & reptiles, also larger Zoo Animals, for sale. Send us \$1.50 for new illustrated Catalogue, booklet & literature containing Feeding & Care information. Price Lists, Building cages, etc. Double this amount refunded if you order animals. Send today—30 years in this business!

TRAILS END ZOO • Dept. WQ-3 • St. Stephen, S. C.

## QUAIL—NORTHERN BOBWHITES

### TOP QUALITY

5 weeks old \$16.00 for 20

6-10 weeks old \$1.00 each

14% grown, ideal for restocking

Mature birds \$1.50 each

18 birds, minimum order

P.O. Box 1000, Forest City, Ark.

Full payment with order saves 10% fee. Live Delivery Guaranteed.

Member of North American Game Breeders Assoc.

**HENRY T. HAVEN**

HAVEN QUAIL FARM Forest City, Arkansas