

## STILL FISHING TIME'S HERE



These Tennessee farmer-fishermen are out after suckers.

By DICK WOOD

FOR every angler who fishes flies or casting lures, there are about six who merely still fish with natural live bait. Even many of the "sport fishermen" occasionally resort to the use of live bait.

There is an art to still fishing. Must be. When a boy, I've sat beside a companion who caught fish consistently on the same bait I was using, although my offering seemed to be entirely ignored. When my pal would yank out a fish, I would sneak my baited hook into the same hole. He would re-bait and drop his hook into the spot mine formerly occupied—and catch another whopper before I could get a bite. There must be a trick to it.

Still fishing is cheap sport. Two bits will buy the essentials of line, cork, lead sinkers and hooks. Even pieces of sheet lead, or bullets hammered flat will suffice for sinkers. The pole is cut on the river or creek bank—preferably a long river cane, well seasoned.

The still fisherman may devote all of his attention to one pole, or may tend two or three extra poles—stuck in the bank. Still fishing is usually done in deep holes, where big fish congregate. If the banks are shady and big boulders extend into the water, the situation is

ideal.

The most popular bait is earth worms, or night crawlers. These worms are secured by digging up the ground, by wetting the lawn and catching them at night or by extending an iron rod into the ground, charging it with electricity. Worms may be raised in a flower box, by pouring milk over the soil for food.

Live minnows are preferable for many game fish, particularly pike, bass, muskies. Crawfish are often used for trot-line baits for bass, catfish and drum. The helgramite is one of the best bass baits. For still fishing the peeled tail of a crawfish is unsurpassed, but is difficult to fasten on a hook. Liver and other stale meats are often used to lure catfish. Doughballs are the accepted carp bait. And don't let anybody tell you a carp can't put up a fight.

White ash grubs, crickets and grasshoppers are excellent bait for trout and such pan fish as croppies, rock bass, bream and perch. The green meadow frog is one sure-shot bait for large bass, pike and muskies.

Still fishing is not so sporty as casting or fly fishing, but it's a lot of fun for a million or two men and boys who measure their sport in fish poundage.

## FRANK FARMER

Says --- By A. B. Bryan

A field in a fence is worth two in the open.

The highest price for peas and soybeans comes from selling them to the soil.

A dime's worth of garden seed is worth a dollar's worth of medicine.

The cow that jumped over the moon was probably looking for better pastures.

Better a few acres of rich land than a plantation of poor soil.

Well arranged and well equipped farm buildings saves labor and that saves money.

The farmer who fails to join in community betterment activities misses knowing his neighbors better.

Garden, poultry, and dairy products have the same intrinsic value regardless of the money value of gold.

Legumes for soil building are justified

by 300 years of successful use. That much testimony can't be disregarded.

There are unfortunately still too many farmers who work too hard physically to think and plan their work to advantage.

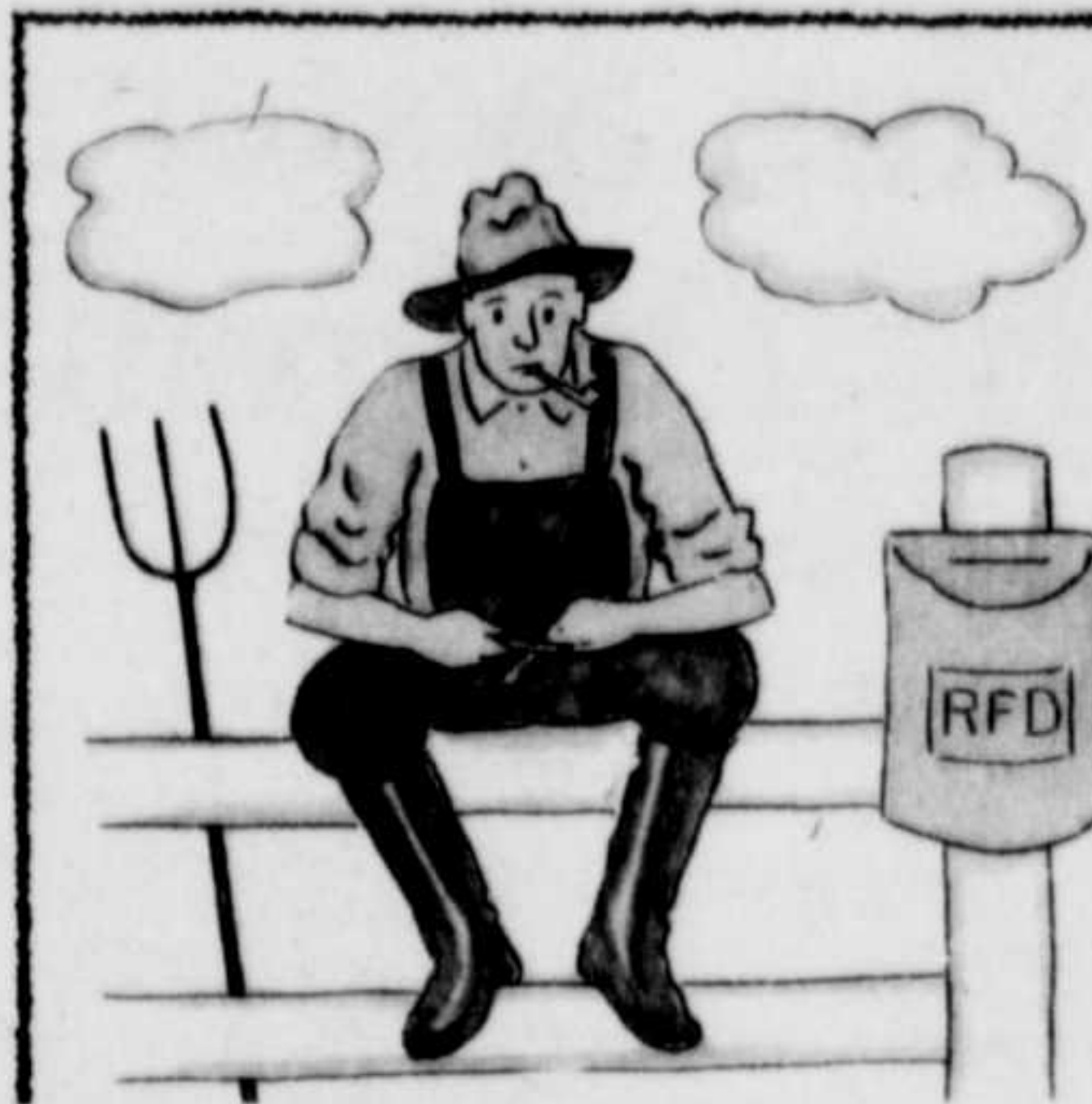
The more cows, hogs, and hens a farmer has the less he is disturbed about the prices for cotton and other cash crops.

A thrifty farmer not only makes hay while the sun shines; he makes repairs while the rain falls.

Much excellent quality farm produce brings disastrous prices because it is packed and sold mixed with low grade stuff.

There's buried treasure in even the poorest backyard garden spot for those who choose to dig.

My dozen dairy cows make me a bale of cotton every week—if you know what I mean.

JEST A-WHITTLIN'  
AN' A-THINKIN'  
BY PETE GETTYS

males have no spots. That'll be a pretty handy thing for the big hatcheries—so they can sell you a lot of chicks and guarantee them 100 per cent pullets.

Looks like with all this breeding and experimenting and developing and improving that's going on there is big things in the future for us country fellers.

What kind of boys are these CCCers? How do they compare with the boys in the World War?

"Better in some respects; worse in others," writes Brig. Gen. H. L. Laubach who was in command of 80,500 boys at Camp Dix in 1933-34. "Physically," he says, "the CCC boys showed marked deterioration in legs and abdominal muscles. One word explains it—automobiles. Negro boys were stronger—they were used to walking."

"Chief defect," he said, "was inflammation of the middle ear—from bathing in sewage-polluted waters."

"Morally the boys were honest but cussed to much."

And here's something that will interest you about these CCC boys: "If they were Catholics they went to church. If Protestant they had no apparent religious tendency. A Protestant service held for 9,000 boys drew a congregation of 34."

## BETWEEN THE ROWS

By ROY H. PARK

About the best definition of a farmer I've seen is the one given out by the University of Tennessee. According to it a farmer is—

A capitalist who labors—

A patriot who is asked to produce at a loss—

A man who has every element of nature to combat every day in the year—

A man who works eight hours twice a day—

A man who is a biologist, an economist, and a lot more "ists";

Who gives more and asks less than any other human being;

Who takes unto himself for his own sustenance and that of his family, those products that other people will not utilize;

Who is caricatured on the stage and in the daily press, but who comes nearer taking hold of any business and making a go of it than any other American alive or in captivity.

Just the same, farmers live a rather long life, especially in South Carolina, if one is to believe the story of Alfred Land, down in Greenwood.

Land wrote me that the other day he saw a gray-haired, long-bearded man sitting on a fence sobbing as though his heart would break. Sympathizing, he stopped, and asked:

"My friend, why do you weep so bitterly?"

"Pap whupped me—that's why," answered the sorrowful one as he wiped the tears out of his whiskers.

"Your pap whupped you?" repeated Land, dumfounded. "You mean your pap whupped you. Do you mean your father?"

"Yep — cause I throwed rocks at grandpap."

Theo Davis, of Zebulon, tells the story of the youngster who said a loud "doggone" and forthwith received a dime from his father on the promise that he wouldn't say it again.

"Say pop," said the boy a few min-



utes later, "I know another word that ought to be worth a half a dollar."

Relative to mention here last month of peculiar town names, Hoyle Broome, of Dobson, comes forward with the information that North Carolina, although once saved from the bottom in literacy only by South Carolina, has a Hamlet, Ivanhoe, Emerson, Ruskin, Cooper, Whittier, Rubyatt, Eldorado, and Milton.

In addition, the following classes are represented: Barber, Brewers, Butler, Carpenter, Farmer, Ranger, Mechanics, Cashiers, and Guide.

L. J. Taber, Master of the National Grange, tells the story of two stuttering blacksmiths in West Virginia. They had finished heating a piece of iron and one of them placed it on the anvil.

"H-h-h-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"W-wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Ah, h-h-h-h-h-heck, we'll have to h-h-h-h-heat it again now."

By getting a group of co-eds to press their lipstick-coated lips on graph paper, a student in a midwestern college recently found—

The average lipstick coverage was .83 of an inch. This he multiplied by 32—the average number of applications per week—and this in turn was multiplied by the number of weeks in the year. The average annual lipstick coverage per co-ed was 9.68 square feet.