

Battling With the King of "Sweet Water" Fish.

Thrills of Landing a Big Salmon in the Alexis River of Labrador

BY LAWRENCE MOTT.

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"WELL be there some day, light, sur!"

Skipper Alf, of the little schooner that I had chartered, spotted vigorously to leeward—"Breeze'll freshen up a bitty—my think!" he added.

At last the long winter months of waiting and of longing were behind us: my Lady Dainty and I were once more bound down the grim Labrador coast, this year to cast our flies for salmon in as yet untrod streams.

Although it was July the night air was very cold, made the more so by huge icebergs whose massive forms and minaretted peaks seemed to appear mysteriously from the hazy, moonlighted distances over our bows and, as strangely, to vanish astern.

To port the black line of the Labrador swung past as a whole sail sou'westerly wind hurried us on, to the drone and swish of disturbed waters and the complaining creak of an ungroomed main-throat halliard block.

"Pass the word below, Skip, when you make Alexis Bay."

"Aye, sur—'nigh, sur."

But the sun was just coming over the rim of the world as I stepped on deck.

We were slipping easily "down long." Grassy and green, green and grey—always the same monotony of rock and barren tundra. A tracery of white at the foot of the cliffs showed clearly and the ponderous roar of the heaving ground swell as it dashed itself to foam came softly over the laughing, sun-kissed waters.

First "White Water."

"Yon's he," the skipper sung out, as we rounded a bold headland, and an hour later the anchor was let go off the mouth of Alexis River, of whose wealth of salmon I had so often heard from the Montaignais Indians.

My boys took all the camp dunnage in the two big dories, the Lady Dainty and I following by canoe.

"Good luck an' good fishin', sur. I'll hang on unless it comes for t' blow, then I'll stan' out till de wind shifts for'n de lan'."

Our hungry eyes feasted on the magnificent stretches of river as it came rushing from the hinterland in a wide sweep to the sea. The first "white water" above the tidal pool glistened brilliantly, and we blessed the day that we were born.

A most comfortable little bank, that was protected from easterly winds, offered an excellent camping place for the first night, and while the boys were upenting I put the rods together.

"What shall it be?"

"A silver Doctor, No. 6, double," she

said, fastening the cast on her line.

"I'll try my luck with a Jack Scott, then."

We crossed a long, pebbly bar to the head of the lower pool. And such a pool! Beginning at the top in heavy whirling rapids it slowed bit by bit until it was lost in the weight of the ocean.



The Big One



Casting from a Light Dory.

I waded across, and my Lady Dainty reached a flat rock just under the quick water.

"Here goes for the first fish," she called. "Done with you for any amount!" I shouted.

"At my sixth cast, the fly well out in the stream, I saw the old familiar flash of a silver side and the flirt of a black tail."

named Nockay, det Klinoe. Whence he had come nobody knew, but it had not taken him long to gain a complete ascendancy over the minds of the Indians.

Prior to the appearance of discontent among the Apaches the medicine man had succeeded in obtaining for himself much of the Indians' wealth, in return for which he had promised to make his prophecies true. He had been lavish with promises as to what was going to happen in the way of good fortune to the tribe, and as up-to-date nothing unusual had happened, he determined to inflame his followers still more.

Among other of his promises had been one to the effect that he would bring to life all the ancestors of those who faithfully believed in him, but as an excuse for not at once bringing about this remarkable resurrection he said nothing could be done until the whites had either been murdered or driven out.

When this was learned by the American troops it was at once plain that immediate interference was necessary. The medicine man and several of the chiefs were called to an interview with Colonel Carr, who explained to them the folly and futility of rising against the whites. He told them nothing but disaster could come of it and privately warned the chiefs not to believe the predictions of the medicine man.

Nockay det Klinoe pretended to agree with all that Colonel Carr had said, but when a few days later he was summoned to report at San Carlos to the Indian agent of the government, he not only ignored the order but tried to his camp on Clinch Creek, about forty miles from Fort Apache.

As soon as this move was reported to the other Indians to go away. As he raised his arm to motion to them one half-witted young Indian fired and gave the war cry.

In an instant the redskins were frenzied, and leveling their rifles at Captain Hentig, his orderly and Lieutenant Carter, who stood together, began firing into the group. The first volley brought down Captain Hentig and his orderly, and bullets whistled by Lieutenant Carter from every direction.

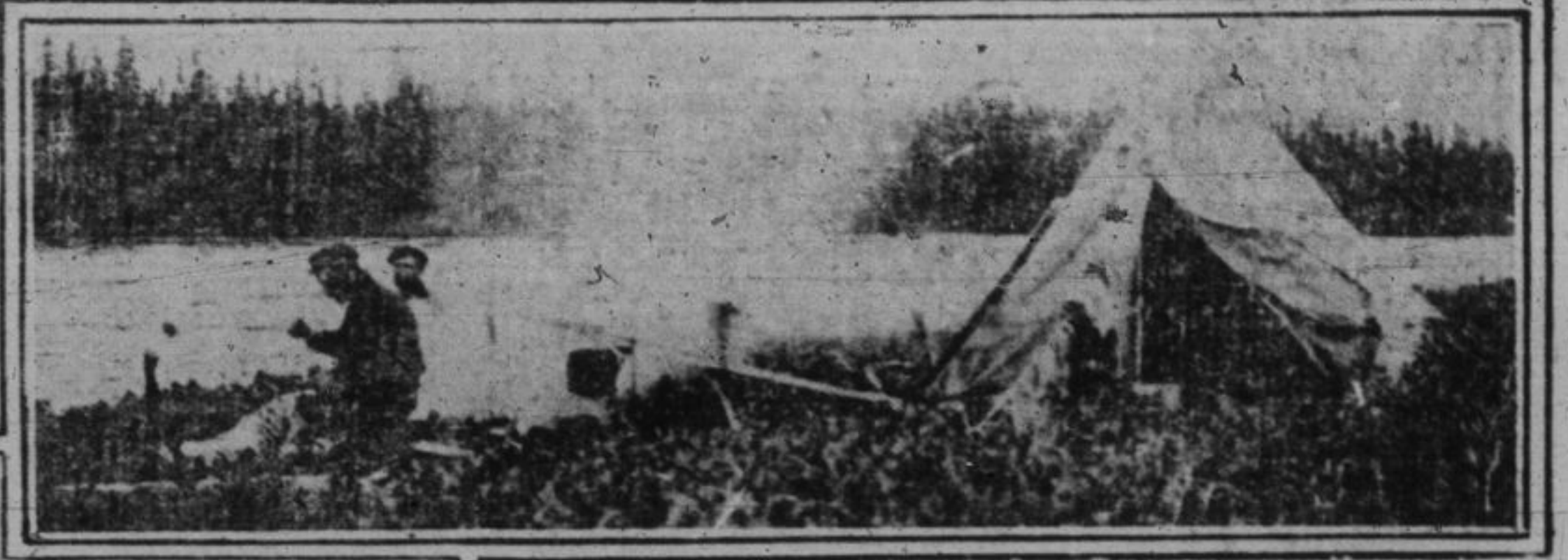
The situation required delicate handling, called the scouts and directed that they be put in camp. The scouts left the other Indians, but it was noticed that they were reluctant about going. Captain Hentig, standing near Lieutenant Carter, called

to the other Indians to go away. As he raised his arm to motion to them one half-witted young Indian fired and gave the war cry.

With every man under his command on the firing line, Colonel Carr began an engagement that was to tax to the utmost the mettle of his men. As darkness came the dead, including Captain Hentig and his orderly, were buried in a single grave dug inside Colonel Carr's tent. The burial was done by the few men that could be temporarily spared from the firing line.

and began making signs to him. In spite of the fact that he had been literally riddled with bullets he was still alive. It was immediately apparent that the followers of the medicine man should learn that he was alive in spite of his many wounds it would stir them on to renewed frenzy and action.

The superstition that the Indian bore a charmed life and could not die to a certain degree taken hold of the men in the camp, and Burns, fearing that a knife might not stay him, took an axe and crashed in the skull of the fanatic.



On the Upper Waters



Camp on the Alexis



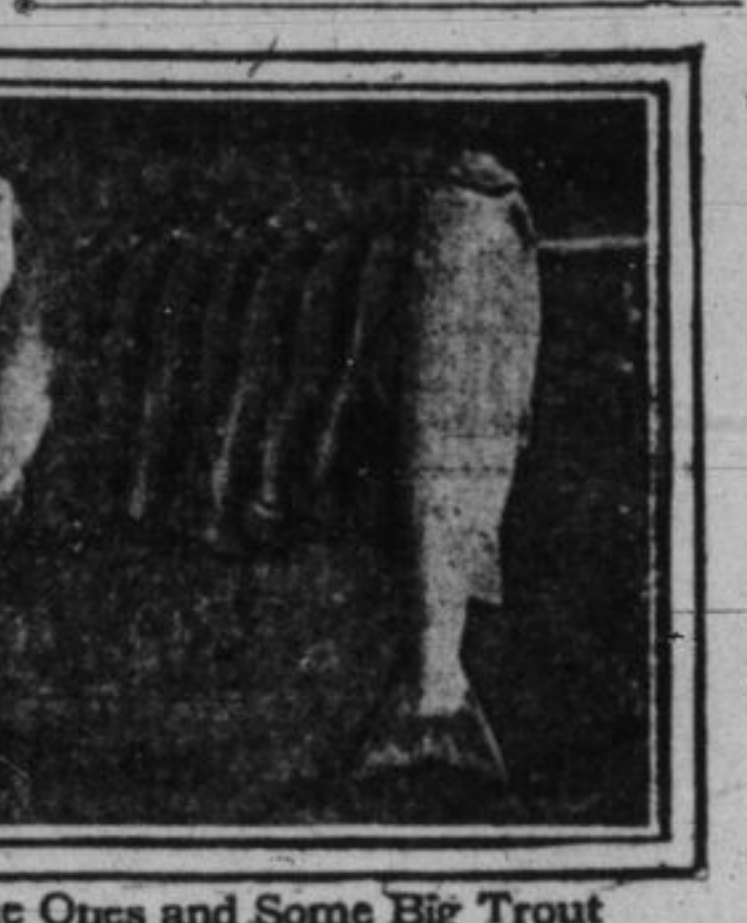
An ideal spot for salmon. Here and there boulders created great eddies, where the silver fish like to rest and acoustom themselves to the taste of fresh water.



Five Good Ones

"First rise!" I whooped gleefully. "First fish!" she called in return, as her reel's music came shrilly over the rush of the river.

Out of water he hopped. "Nice one! About twelve pounds!" What life and go that fish had! He started at once for the open sea, my Lady keeping pace as best she could over the rough shore until she could go no further.



Two Fine Ones and Some Big Trout

Very slowly my fly swept across the salmon that I had risen, and he took it with a vicious rush, tearing off twenty-five yards of line without the least idea of stopping.

How General Carter Won the Medal of Honor Fighting the Apache Indians.

THREE officers of the United States stood, the target for more than a hundred rifles aimed at them as close range by Apache Indians. Two of the officers fell, their bodies riddled with bullets. One escaped and fought the battle to its tragic close, and at the end of it the Congressional Medal of Honor for "distinguished bravery" was awarded to him. The hero of that fight was Major General William H. Carter, until recently in charge of the American forces on the Mexican frontier, at present acting chief of staff in Washington.

So little does he look like an Indian fighter that it is told how a young attaché of the State Department went to General Carter's office soon after he was appointed to Washington, and after watching the sternly looking man working at the desk for some time he went to him and asked:—"Can you tell me what time General Carter is expected in?"

He explained afterward that he thought he had been talking to a civilian friend of the General.

In 1881 General Carter was first lieutenant of the Sixth United States cavalry, commanded by Colonel E. A. Carr and stationed at Fort Apache, Ariz. For a long time the White Mountain Apaches had been on friendly terms with the whites, but in August, 1881, there was evident sign of dissatisfaction among them, and day by day they grew more sullen and morose, though the American officers could find no cause for grievance.

An investigation was begun, as the attitude of the Indians grew steadily worse and soon it appeared that there had arrived among the Apaches a new Indian in the person of a medicine man

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