

FISHING AND HUNTING IN IDAHO

Something like two weeks ago a number of the hottest sports that ever baited a hook or loaded a gun, left Salt Lake City for an outing in the mountains. They chose as their special rendezvous a spot in Idaho famed for fish, bear, elk and wild game of every description, and took along all necessary paraphernalia for a successful catch, either with or without deference to legislative statutes.

The party consisting partly of railroad men—than whom there are none others so sportily inclined—their route was via the Oregon Short Line to Market Lake, the terminal point by rail to a section of country such as these men had in view. The station mentioned was reached on Saturday morning and at it were J. T. Smellie and M. R. Cahoon, both enterprising merchants of Rexburg, who escorted the gentlemen to that town where a band was waiting to bid them welcome, which it did with all the musical eloquence the instruments and players were capable of dispensing. Be it here said that the railroad section of the party was a branch of the Oregon Short Line directory, and as that road is just now seriously contemplating traversing the section above referred to, it was but meet and proper that all respect and honor be paid the distinguished visitors—this statement, however, to detract in no wise from the generosity, hospitality and cordial treatment for which the people of Rexburg are noted.

An hour or so in Rexburg, and the party was soon spinning away to its destination, its numbers being swelled by the addition of several prominent citizens and pioneers of this growing commonwealth. A "hurl" of 35 miles brought them to Marysville where two others were added, the crowd now assuming a size and quality capable of penetrating the innermost recesses of the forest and catching everything catchable in sight, from a grasshopper to a good-sized grizzly, fish included.

Fall River meadows, the objective point, the party proceeded up hills, down hollows, through gulches and in and out in directions hardly known to the compass, until the journey, to one not initiated, became almost wearisome. Still they traveled, little caring for the blazing heat of the sun's rays, or the miserable jerks incidental to and always accompanying a trip of the kind, until darkness spread its shadowy mantle round, and a halt was called with destination yet unreachd.

A "shake-down" on the ground, by the side of a small, sparkling oasis in the desert served to while away the dreary hours of the night, but at early morn the party was off, horses fresh and men only too eager to "get thar" in regular Oregon Short Line fashion. A long, dreary stretch of country covered, a spot here and there telling of the great productiveness of the soil, brought the travelers to Porcupine creek, with more creek than porcupine, then down to Robinson creek and finally into a broad expanse of forest, which told the sportsmen that the meadows were being reached, and that, as quickly as possible in such a country and without a locomotive and a train of cars. Meandering through the pines and quakenasps, the monotony of the occasion was broken by frequent stops for pine hens, which the experts from Salt Lake downed "at the drop of the hat" and threw into the mess wagon for future reference, when camp life would be finally entered upon. The roads being a little dusty the "sports" were encouraged on at the sight of bear tracks, and occasionally that of an elk, deer or antelope which had shortly before seen fit to survey the lay of the land in

quest of the things necessary to sustain life and prove of interest to their physical well-being. Magazine rifles and plenty of ammunition made the boys doubly sure of a good harvest and as they were out for a "time" and felt across such favorable indications, their joy was complete, their happiness without bounds.

It was nearing midday of Sunday when the party pulled into the meadows "slightly disfigured but still in the ring." Not knowing what day it was, and having special regard for recreation and sport, the boys exchanged courtesies and were off into the woods in quest of game while the more docile members of the crowd got down to the creek and fished for trout, which virtually riled the waters in their great numerical strength. Needless to say their luck was good and it was only an hour or two until the clerk inscribed in his daily journal, "trout 300 pounds, elk three."

With such a catch the boys naturally felt encouraged, and that evening partook of fried trout and roast elk with a decided relish. The good nature of such a gathering made the meal even more palatable than it would otherwise have been, and a cigar or two along with other Salt Lake delicacies put the crowd in a humor to sleep, which nearly all did with a willingness almost characteristic of a policeman.

Daybreak Monday found the men up with the lark, the creek being literally spotted with them to say nothing of the fish they caught. There were fish of all kinds, big, little and indifferent. They came out of the stream with a promptness outdoing that of the mosquito in its daily walk and conversation. They sported and they wiggled, in stream and out, until the bank was a moving mass of action, but in all, the fishermen retained their composure, being too busy in fact to lose any time in undue excitement or enthusiasm.

The end of the day added two hundred pound more to their catch of fish, but the elk remained the same—three. Mealtime came round in regular order and each time the menu was fully up to the standard, breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper bringing out an epicurean spread, which in every respect outdid, rather than equalled, that served at the best restaurants and cafes in the most elite parts of the country.

Fully satisfied with their short but extremely satisfactory sojourn, the boys concluded to retrace their steps, and prior to their start Tuesday morning registered as follows on the stamped side of a box from the Oxford:

Camp Dewey, Aug. 9, 1898.

W. H. Bancroft, S. W. Eccles, James Anderson, John Hickey, C. H. Moon, D. E. Brockbank, President Ricks and three sons, Bishop Wilson, two cooks.

One, however, neglected to record his name—Thomas Gooch of Marysville. He either had made up his mind to "jump his board-bill" or was too modest to make it known that he constituted a tributary of such a distinguished party. Of the first named six, hardly anything need be said to bear out the initial sentence of this epistle. The two former are Oregon Short Line officials. The other four are prominent citizens of Salt Lake, the last named being the crack shot of the country. It is said of Brockbank that three pinehens flew up at once and that he got all; but whether he succeeded in bagging the three elk is not stated, and therefore can be only conjectured. "Old Man Bancroft" did admirably well as a fisherman. He sat on a log with his Oregon short line in the water and "catshed" them by the dozen.

Traffic Manager Eccles as also much in evidence. He got into the water after them, and once stepped into a hole, which came nearly drowning him owing to his devotion to his fishline and a good Havana. The crowd took the creek and the woods by storm, so much so in fact, that those following after them, it is said, had "mighty poor luck" inasmuch as they didn't get 500 pounds of fish and three whole elk in a single day and a half. They promise another such a trip next year.

Fall River Meadows is a beautiful piece of country, made so by its picturesque scenery. The stream, placid in places and inclined otherwise in others, virtually holds the mirror up to nature, and reflects the beauty of the surrounding country in a landscape of forest and prairie combined. Some people say it lies in the National park but those who claim to know deny this assertion, therefore shoot at will anything that comes in their way. This much is certain, however, the Meadows lie dangerously close to the park and shooters thereabouts had better "look a leedle out" lest they be found treading on forbidden ground in the merry sport of killing bear, deer and the larger species of game.

It is only recently that the excellence of this place as a summer resort has become very much known. In fact the "railroad party" as it is called, is said to have been the first to strike it this year, the "strike" being due to the chaperonage of President Ricks and sons, who know the country like a book. This, in a measure, is due to the splendid fishing and hunting encountered, and for lack of a more thorough knowledge of the section traversed, accounts for the poorer luck of those following them.

The writer fell in with another party, some of them from Salt Lake. They were led into and through the wilderness by Mr. C. I. Durrans of the Rexburg Mercantile company. The crowd was made up of Mr Durrans and Percival Winter of Rexburg and Alex. Cowan and W. B. Martin of Salt Lake. This party did fairly well in the Meadows, Messrs. Durrans and Cowan demonstrating manifest ability in the art of fishing. The "outfit" got a number of pinehens and all in all had a right royal time during the week they remained on the creek. Returning they had a good, square meal at Bishop Wilson's place in Marysville, and there feasted on fried elk, part of the railroad men's lucky catch. This was enjoyed by all but Percy, who was suffering from "big feet," having had the misfortune of burning his shoes while drying them, this forcing the young man to pull on a pair of his uncle's No. 8's, with which he declared he would not enter a white man's residence be he ever so hungry, and especially where there was such a large family of handsome girls as at Bishop Wilson's.

Speaking of Marysville, perhaps it would not be amiss to call attention to this prosperous settlement and its future outlook. Lying not a hundred miles from Fall River, it is now well watered by the Brady ditch, an irrigation canal taken out by a New York syndicate. The ditch, while much appreciated by the settlers, is not giving the satisfaction it should, and as the price of water therefrom is exceptionally high, there are those who are dissatisfied and a "Farmers' Ditch" is now well under way, and will be taken out if Mr. Brady and associates do not come to terms. Marysville is coming right to the front and here as elsewhere in Fremont county, Idaho, good land can be had for the mere asking, one having only to file on 160 acres and get title to it by complying with the requirements of the homestead or other land acts.

Idaho, to a stranger, is one vast for-