

Add To Angling

PRIZE STORY, 1936

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Pisces are fish. Mr. Tedder Size was very fond of catching Pisces, meaning fish. In most instances the Pisces were very fond of young Mr. Tedder Size. Seldom was it that this astute gentleman returned from such an expedition without a scaly trophy. Not that Mr. Size ever sought to commercialize this exceptional ability. He would have been horrified at the mere suggestion, for he was first in life an Isaac Walton. When there was time left, Mr. Size attended strictly to business.

It was Tuesday. The sun came out as usual on schedule with the morning paper. It was quite as bright as it had been on Monday and on Sunday. There was a difference however. The difference lay in the fact that Tedder Size had gone fishing. Now Mr. Tedder Size should not have gone fishing, for he had a position in a downtown firm. At least that was an opinion voiced by Mr. Richard Envey in red faced anger. Being the boss, Mr. Envey was entitled to his opinion, in respectful deference to his material gains.

While Mr. Envey spluttered, Mr. Tedder Size fished. Where the current ran in blue pertinent ripples, he fished the hardest. In the corner of his mouth a fire-pitted pipe smoked blue-clouded derision for all the Mr. Enveys in the world. As he fished Mr. Size spoke in gentle persuasive tones to a wriggling Crayfish. The Crayfish which was acting in the capacity of bait dangled in officious effrontery at the end of the tapered leader. It gazed with accusing eyes at the fisherman.

Crayfish have been used as bait for centuries. For this reason they have adopted the fatalistic attitude

of the Far East and remain perfectly stoic. His particular Crayfish silently murmured Insh'allah and continued to stare at Mr. Tedder Size. He stared not pleadingly but instead with the round-eyed wonderous look of a thoroughly astonished Crayfish.

Mr. Size's appearance was indeed astonishing. Ladies who passed in their cars were pleasantly shocked, and not a few halted their cars to watch the angler. His black hair stood up in tangled sobriety. Below the unruly hair, a brown face smiled encouragement from without hazel eyes, at the Crayfish. The young man wore no shirt. Clad only in his under-breeches, and a pair of hip-boots, he waded in the stream. With an unsympathetic flip he tossed the Crayfish back into the water. The plop was scarcely perceptible. A breeze blew gently across the water. It left little waves where small ripples were beginning to form.

The breeze blew over the watchful ladies' heads. It blew up and down furrows in a newly plowed field and whipped the plowman's shirt. With an added exuberance it dashed into town and raced for the open windows of a great white office building. Dancing among Mr. Richard Envey's correspondence, the breeze helped to cool that worthy's cheeks. When Mr. Envey's temperature had been sufficiently reduced he noticed Miss Kate Lacey.

Miss Lacey was a stenographer. In spite of that she was an exceptional person, for she was pretty, and pretty girls who work are exceptional. Not only could Miss Lacey type, but she always knew where to find Mr. Size. As Mr. Size was al-

ways ready to admit, she had a pestiferous knack for discovering his retreats

"Well Ummhmp," spluttered the irate Mr. Envey who felt his temperature take a leap upward. Before he had completed the last syllable of his short speech Miss Kate Lacey was gone. She went quickly from the room in a panic of cloudy auburn hair. As the neat fitting brown loose knit suit vanished around the door-jam, the keys to Mr. Envey's auto disappeared too.

In the street outside the office, the sun was shining. Soft white clouds wrapped tall buildings in a wooly mist. Behind the mist the sky was blue. Turquoise blue, thought Miss Lacey, as she jumped in a ladylike fashion into Mr. Envey's car. Before starting the motor the young lady waved her hand. Officer Bammy Roick, policeman on the beat, was the object of the wave. The officer waved back.

"Tis really beautiful," murmured the law officer. He included the whole world with an expansive gesture. With the other hand he wrote out a ticket for an unappreciative motorist. The unlucky driver stared after the long car with the pretty girl at the wheel. He sighed, in harmony with the policeman, but not for the same reason.

The car sped east on the smooth highway. The noon sun grew steadily warmer. Curves flashed into sight and were lost behind the long car. When Miss Lacey noticed the crowd of watchful ladies near a bridge she slowed the vehicle. Making certain, she stopped, and got out. Then she saw Mr. Size. Mr. Size was fishing and paying very little attention to the ladies except out of the corner of his eye. Kate Lacey made her way to the stream edge with a determined stride.

"Hello, Apollo," she said.

"Hello," came the answer. The

answer was followed by a series of plops. The Crayfish figured in the plops.

Under the sun the blue water mellowed in tone. It softened into a warm color on some artist's palette. The crowd of ladies had gone after noting the determined glint in Miss Lacey's eyes. Under the protective halo afforded by a huge willow tree, two figures fished. They stood in mid-stream. One of the figures wore a loose knit suit. The breeze freshened across the water as a brace of Crayfish plopped into the stream.

The breeze blew in gusty waves toward the west. In fact it blew toward town. On a street corner in town a man wiped a florid face with his handkerchief. The breeze fluttered the damp cloth. The man was Mr. Richard Envey; beside him stood Officer Bammy Roick.

"My car's been stolen!" said the excited Richard to the policeman.

The officer mistook Mr. Envey for the mayor. Since the mayor, also was a power in local politics, the policeman became excited.

"This way, sir," avowed the officer of the law, and helped Mr. Richard Envey into the cramped quarters of his motorcycle sidecar. With a roar they headed into the breeze. As they left, another officer in another part of town, tore up a police sticker with Officer Bammy Roick's name signed to it.

The breeze grew quiet as the sun sank behind the willow tree. The stream turned to a deeper shade of marine and grew as quiet as the breeze. That is, with the exception of four little spreading rings of waves where Crayfish had been plopped into the pool beneath the willow tree.

"I'm not the mayor," emphatically denied Mr. Richard Envey.

"Shh, be quiet," whispered Officer Bammy Roick, "I've got a bite." As indeed he had.