

ed and said, (kind of uncertain like) we will get her out. All strewn around were boards, which told another sad story of some poor Northerner, who like us did not understand another of nature's jokes.

Grand-dad always did like problems, so with the jacks he raised and built under each wheel. Then we made our first test, which spun the wheels deeper into the muck. The same procedure was followed thru and we gained some higher ground, but to our dismay a tire gave up and after a few gasps collapsed.

It was nearly dark by now, but with jacks again at work and Grand-dad's final effort the new tire was in place. Everything depended on this last try.

I stood on the back bumper, while Grand-dad gave her all the car had and out she came with me leaning against bushes, all but falling off. We were lucky because we were far from a garage.

We finally arrived at our trailer park and after a fish dinner, retired. As I dozed off I thought, boy, you do really learn something new every day.—Gram, S. E. B.

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## Gram Says

After enjoying Bradenton, Fla., a month, we decided to move our trailer on down the coast to Naples, which is fringed by fish-filled waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

It is a frontier country at the bend of the Tamiami Trail, where it swings east on its way across the Everglades to Miami. Naples offers fishing of variety, trolling or casting from rented boats, plug and fly casting the surf, passes, river and canals, bait fishing from Naples famous 1,000-foot free fishing pier. There are more than 30 species including Tarpon, Snook, Redfish, Pompano, Sheep-head, Mackerel, Shark and Grouper.

Here Grand-dad was to try his luck at fishing so for two days his time was spent with rods, reels, lines and hooks. Also he inquired from fishermen, who knew, where to fish and what bait to use.

Monday we collected together poles and a box filled with I don't know what, but I was told there was everything it took to catch a fish and we started for a fishing spot. On our way we bought our bait, (live shrimp), but the man insisted on us taking some mullet for the larger fish. Now we were equipped for anything that came our way.

Grand-dad had his own idea about a place to fish, so after driving some distance, we came to a side road. Here we turned into a jungle country. Yes, someone had traveled on this road, but it was to my notion, a very secluded section, with jungle trees and shrubs and an odor of dead vegetation about us.

After driving about a mile and a half, the road had been filled with shell, but now without shell, we had our doubts. Grand-dad stopped and he walked on down to the pass. On his return he said we must walk. With all of our fishing equipment we followed the road which led into a very narrow jungle path. I was sure a snake or alligator would creep out from beneath these bushes or swamps, which hedged this forsaken path, but nothing happened but wet muddy feet. After zig-zagging thru this uncertain labyrinth we came to the fishing spot.

It must have been, because some energetic angler had nailed together a few boards, which extended out over the pass. This is the back water from the Gulf. There was only enough space for one person on this "make shift" pier, so I stood behind Grand-dad while he baited the hook. I hung my jacket on the projecting limb of a tree and put the magazine on a shrub and awaited results. Fish were jumping all about the pass. Now all was ready and I backed into the bushes to give him room to cast and with one simple twist of his wrist, hook, bait, line and sinker soared straight, not into this beautiful ruffled water, but across on the other side into a clump of small trees.

But Grand-dad was in a good humor, so he reeled in everything but the poor shrimp. We had plenty of bait. The next cast landed perfectly and floated along, a nibble, a bite and believe it or not, an eight inch snapper. Now came a short cast and a catch, yes it hit some bushes just above us and this time Grand-dad seemed somewhat disturbed and gave quite a discourse in an unfamiliar language and baited a new hook and pulled in another snapper.

I tried to convince him two fish were enough, but now with new bait and another limb things changed from peace and quiet to a blue haze and so we wended our way back to our car, only to find this cruel swamp had tried to swallow it and had gotten it down to the axles.

Poor Grand-dad, but he laugh-

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