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The organisms vary also greatly in their reactions, are all non-pathogenic to guinea-pigs, and do not admit of any classification. In some cases it will be noticed that two cases, from which the same organism was isolated, were admitted to hospital from the same unit about the same time, indicating a common infection, and in one case, Driver S—, the particular organism (No. 9) was noticed first in a film made for malarial examination, and when a blood culture was made was also recovered from it. This seems an important piece of evidence, though of course not conclusive. The same organism was recovered from Bombardier R—'s blood, from the spleen of Corporal R—, who died of symptoms of food poisoning, and from the stools of Mrs. H—, who died with choleraic symptoms, all about the same time. This certainly seems to point to this being the causative organism.

The publication of these results may have the effect of bringing out the experiences of other bacteriologists in this line, and in this way some definite results may be obtained.

Sport.

THE JAMAICA TARPON.

By Colonel B. Wilson.

There are several ways of catching the tarpon of Jamaica, but they more often result in losing him after you have had a taste of his quality.

Perhaps this is one reason why tarpon fishing is such fascinating sport, and why the best and keenest sportsman that I know has never caught a tarpon at all, but kept his enthusiasm alight on the fights and runs and hair-breadth escapes by which he has lost them.

The tarpon is a western fish. *Megalops thryssoides* is, I believe, his name in the language of science, and his place is at the head of the herring tribe. The Gulf of Florida is where he mostly lives. There he is pursued with nickel-railed, plush-cushioned electric launches, Tarpon Club buttons, and automatic one-hundred-dollar reels, which play the fish themselves, and report progress on a gramophone. These devices give an exclusively American flavour to the sport, and ensure that no one can “come in” who is not prepared to put up a pile of dollars.

On the whole, I think, up to the present, we do the thing better in Jamaica. There is, however, in Jamaica, rather a tendency towards American methods. There are hotels run on American principles by American managers, with American manners, tourists’
agencies for exploiting the island and scenery by American methods. It would seem almost certain some live American citizen will evolve the idea of taking hold of the tarpon industry and making things hum, because he will guess there are almighty dollars in it. This, however, is a world of compensations and there are few clouds without their silver lining. In this case the silver lining consists in the sterling untrustworthiness of the information given to the tourist, the fierce rapacity of the hotel-keepers, the complete nonchalance of the negro gentlemen, who take your money but do not provide any bait, and the manners of the hotel staffs. These and other matters are enough to discourage anyone but an American millionaire from approaching the island with the idea of getting any sport there. The millionaire would probably be discouraged by the fact that he would not be likely to "put up a record" or catch the "biggest tarpon on earth" in the Jamaica waters, as the local tarpon is considerably smaller on the average than the same fish in the Gulf of Florida. Therefore, we hope that the poor wayfaring man may peacefully enjoy his sport here, whether as a soldier or civilian, for a few more years to come, before he is hunted out of it by the further advances of civilization among the variously coloured gentlemen of Kingston and other parts of Jamaica.

Now to return to the tarpon. They say that if you want to make hare soup, the first thing you must do is to catch your hare. I have never heard of anyone who did want to make hare soup, but the proposition would seem in a general way correct that no one (except a manufacturer of tinned food) could make it without catching a hare.

In tarpon fishing, however, the case is quite otherwise. Catching a tarpon is about the last thing accomplished by anyone who sets out in this pursuit. Many bites and runs generally go to a very few captures; still, like the partridges, they occasionally will fly into it, and we are sometimes cheered by a real solid tarpon absolutely landed. Such an incident naturally creates great excitement in fishing circles, and should the captor be a soldier of any kind, the camp and out-stations are in possession of the facts at a very early date. In fact, a movement to record each capture in Brigade Orders would probably meet with some support and would likely save a good deal of trouble.

As to the methods of catching the tarpon, they are scarcely worthy of this splendid fish. No dry fly will tempt him. He eats mullet, and is willing to accept it either dead or alive, or even cut
up into small pieces. He does not despise whitebait, or shrimps thrown overboard in handfuls like chicken food, and this indiscriminate feeding seems unworthy of a mail-clad robber baron of the deep such as he is.

The schemes for catching him, at least as pursued in Jamaica, are therefore fairly simple.

First there is bottom fishing or "still fishing" with dead mullet. This consists in using a dead mullet about herring size attached to a large hook, which is mounted on a yard or so of strong twisted steel wire trace, with a swivel connecting it to the real line. The mullet is mounted by threading the swivel which fastens the reel line into the eye of a baiting needle. The needle is passed through the mullet from before backwards, entering by his mouth, or his gill, and coming out at his tail. The trace and hook are then pulled through the bait, till the hook is comfortably concealed under the gill. The trace is then connected up to the reel line and the bait hurled into the ocean, some fifteen or twenty yards from the boat, in six or seven fathoms of water. It is allowed to sink to the bottom and a certain amount of slack is pulled off the reel, and coiled, so that the fish which picks up the mullet may have plenty of time to cruise off with it and swallow it before the "strike" and before torpedo tactics begin.

Another method is fishing with whitebait, introduced, I believe, by Major Thorpe, R.G.A., and the officers stationed at Port Royal. Here you have a small silvered hook, hand made of special steel, attached to a very fine single wire steel trace. In this case tarpon have been induced to show themselves in the deep water under the boat, and handfuls of whitebait are dropped in from time to time. A dusky gleam of a broad side, or the wave of a huge tail like a propeller among these silvery morsels, shows that the tarpon are on the move. All whitebait are thankfully received except those attached to the wire. Sometimes, however, a competition occurs. Two or more tarpon are dining at the same table, a regrettable incident occurs, in fact someone snatches at the wrong whitebait. Then of course the fat really is in the fire.

The third and most sporting method is by what is called "live baiting." This is the scheme which is described in books on pike fishing. You get a strong mullet, and remembering the late Izaak Walton's advice about handling him as though you loved him, you pass a large hook through his back above the backbone and let him swim off, having first attached the hook to a strong but pliable twisted wire trace with two or three swivels. The wire
trace is attached to the reel line, which at the junction is buoyed by a float made, say, of two or three wine corks on a piece of wire.

You pay out some thirty or forty yards of line, and let the bait float down stream. (This style of fishing is usually done at the mouths of rivers.) Should you be lucky, and the large tarpon are on the feed, you may expect sooner or later a marine explosion, like the touching off of a contact mine, somewhere near your float, and almost at the same time a huge tarpon like a bar of silver hurls himself in the air, and bolts for the open sea, while you are hoping that your reel will not fuse with the brake friction. If your luck holds and your connection with the fish endures, you may "stay for the large show," and you can rely on not having a dull moment for the next hour or two—whether you defeat him, or he defeats you.

Live bait is, however, very difficult to procure. Native fishermen will trudge five miles, two or three days a week, to supply you with information of the number and appalling magnitude of the tarpon in their neighbourhood. Mullet are to be found in shoals close round these shores, and the fishermen are all experts with the casting net, which is the universal implement of mullet capture. Yet when you get up at 4 a.m. and arrive on the scene of action, you are more than likely to hear that "Gaint get no beat, Sah"—the method of informing you that the dusky gentleman either could not, or would not, but in any case did not, take the slight trouble necessary to get a supply of live bait.

This difficulty is avoided in Kingston Harbour by rowing up to the market wharf and going to the fish stalls at 6 a.m., when the fishermen are swiftly paddling in, in their canoes, over the dark, mirror-like waters of the harbour just before sunrise with their all-night catch. Here you buy your mullet. Doubtless they think you are going to eat it or some such thing, as otherwise it probably would not be supplied; however, as a rule you do get it, and pull out over the placid waters to anchor some 100 yards off the wharf, in the track of the moving tarpon.

This early morning on the water is the most delightful part of the Jamaican day. The sun has not yet risen over the dark mass of the Blue Mountains encircling the town and the waters of the bay. The gorges and ravines look black, and the dark blue masses of the range are clear cut and clean in the still and early light. A filmy veil of smoke-like cloud still clings to some peak or ravine. Behind, the sky is luminous, glowing primrose with the promise of the sunrise. The placid water of the bay mirrors the filmy
The Jamaica Tarpon

Pearl-coloured sky of dawn. The far-off Palisadoes are outlined already by a fringe of living green, showing where the mangrove meets the water. Some little island schooner which has been beating up during the night, with the sails lit to an intensity of white by the first rays of sunrise, sits motionless in a mirage of pearl, outlined above the far horizon of the water. Closer in you see the fishing boats with piled wet nets, sharp cut like black gondolas in the clear and early light, pushing into market through the stillness of the dawn, though at hand, as you scan the water, you see an oily roll of some great fish like a porpoise. No, not a porpoise, the long black fin showing above the water marks it our friend—the tarpon. So here we drop the "killik" and bait up our hooks, and sling them overboard, while the fisherman cuts up others to throw round for ground bait.

Of course, after a time this kind of thing gets monotonous; besides, the sun is up and getting hot; things are not looking so dewy fresh as in the early dawn. Well, the one infallible thing to do is to let the tarpon take you at a disadvantage. Lay down the rod, get out your pouch and light a pipe. "Exactly! I knew it would." No sooner have we produced pipe and pouch and begun to light a match, than the coil line begins to disappear, fold on fold over the edge—10, 15, 20. Now for it, and we jam the brake on the reel to strike, or as our dusky brother, the boatman, says, "Hit him good, Sah!"

Then the exasies begin. The reel screams, the line swings up towards the surface about seventy yards off, a submarine mine explodes and a great fish glittering like a bar of silver in the morning sunlight, springs in the air. He shakes himself like a terrier in his fury. Another and another spring. You see the bait hurled far from his wide-open jaws, like the black inside of a camera. You can almost see his bristling fins quiver in the extravagance of his fury. Then the vision is "lost and gone for ever"—

"The water wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting."

But, supposing Kismet is propitious and you have "Hit him good, Sah." Then comes the struggle. Your tarpon bolts for the deep and the real fight commences. Well, it would need an abler pen than mine to picture it. Salmon I have caught and mahseer, sea trout and Loch Levens; but in my humble judgment none of these can touch the tarpon. No, there is only one creature that I know of, East or West, which is fit to stand beside him, in
stubborn courage, in dynamite energy, and in the joyous and volcanic fury of his rushes; his only peer is the "good old pig," the "mighty boar." They at least have their tribute in this, that whether you are sliding off your foam-flecked and blood-stained Arab, among the hot yellow jungle grass of the Ganges Kadir, to look on the grey and bristled one, "tremendous still in death," or watching the Jamaican negro heave the great silver fish on to the landing-stage—you are sorry you killed them both.

**Reviews.**


This small monograph is intended to meet the demand of a short introduction to the subject of gun-shot wounds.

The first part deals with the mechanics of projectiles, then comes a chapter on the general characters and effects of gun-shot wounds, while following this are chapters on wounds of vessels, nerves, bones, joints, head, spine, neck, chest and abdomen. There are seventeen plates and twenty figures.

The whole is a most excellent introduction to this most important subject.

W. A. S.

**THE ACUTE ABDOMEN.** By Wm. Henry Battle, Senior Surgeon, St. Thomas's Hospital. Second and Enlarged Edition. London: Published by Constable and Co. Price 10s. 6d. net.

This well-known book has been increased in size, and many case reports and illustrations have been added.

The special section on the after-effects of abdominal injuries is most instructive.

It forms a very complete monograph on the subject of acute abdominal conditions.

W. A. S.

**PRACTICAL TROPICAL SANITATION.** W. Alex. Muirhead, Sergjeant-Major, R.A.M.C., Assistant Instructor at the School of Army Sanitation, Aldershot. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 10s. 6d.

This book has been compiled, as the author states, to meet the needs of a fast growing body of men who require a text-book above the standard of elementary tropical hygiene, yet below the standard manuals on tropical medicine for medical officers.

The writer was formerly on the staff of the Sanitary Officer, West African Command, Sierra Leone, and is therefore well qualified to judge of the knowledge which is requisite for men taking up service as sanitary inspectors in tropical or sub-tropical climates. The certificate of competency now demanded by the Colonial Office from candidates for such posts could well be gained by anyone conversant with this book. The subject matter has been kept as free as possible from technical language,