

By the Way

With THOMAS MORROW



How Lanterns and Screams Catch Fish

FORT Myers, Fla., Feb. 20 —Capt. E. E. Damkohler, now 77, didn't hardly know what to do when Dr. Cyrus Teed, head of the Koveshans, told him to go out and catch some fish as the colony was short of food.

This was back in 1894, and Capt. Damkohler, while he was not a Koresshan, was working for Dr. Teed. He did not have any fishing equipment.

"You want me to catch these fish in my bare hands?" he asked Dr. Teed. "A man usually has a hook or a net when he goes fishing."

Dr. Teed said he didn't care how the captain obtained these fish. So Capt. Damkohler shook his head and went out and got his boat.

Now he knew, Capt. Damkohler said, that it was the dark of the moon, and spawning time for the mullet around the oyster beds. So he took a couple of men, some unlighted lanterns, and went out quietly to the oyster beds.

"The mullet came in with the tide," said Capt. Damkohler. "We lay quietly in the boat until they were all around us."

THEN, said Capt. Damkohler, he gave the word. The men lighted their lanterns, leaped up, and began to scream. Now when a mullet comes to an oyster bed for a little quiet spawning, he does not like to be disturbed.

"The mullet got confused," recalled Capt. Damkohler, "and began to leap and mill around. One big mullet almost broke my arm coming into the boat."

It was but a trice, said Capt. Damkohler, when the boat was filled with mullet.

"I had to yell to the men, 'Put out the lanterns before they sink us,'" Capt. Damkohler remembered.

So that is why the Kore-

shans, 200 strong at that time, sat around for days replete with mullet, which had been disturbed in the dark of the moon while spawning around an oyster bed. The Koreshans are a cult which believes we live inside instead of outside the earth's globe, and fish taste just as good in there.

Now, Capt. Damkohler is a man who has planted, he said, 500,000 coconut trees in his time, and is yet busied at this work. He remembered that Florida, around the century turn, was a place a man could do anything he was big enough to do.

"Take the time the cowboys were teasing a hired hand of Dr. Winkler's. The doctor told them, 'I'm going to sit here with a rifle, and shoot the next one that does it.'"

WELL, a cowhand named Lumpy, was the next one to do it, and Dr. Winkler shot him in the stomach, and immediately remembered his Hippocratic oath. Went right out, did Dr. Winkler, and examined Lumpy, and said, "Humph, that wasn't a very

good shot, but I can fix you up so you will live."

"But," said Capt. Damkohler, "Lumpy was mad at the doctor because the doctor had shot him, and wouldn't let the doctor touch him. He died within an hour."

So, Dr. Winkler took his rifle, herded everyone into town, and gave himself up. The town marshal wouldn't hear of it, tho. He examined Lumpy's body, looked around at everyone, and said:

"No, sir, Dr. Winkler, that was a good night's work. You just go on home and go to bed."