

AN APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN

How well do we remember
Those good old days of yore,
With guide and fishing tackle,
We pushed off from the shore
And pulled against the current,
On through, to Trempealeau Bay—
No out-board motors, sputtered,
On the river in that day.

We fished the Trempealeau river,
From its mouth there at the Bay,
For a mile, up through the bottoms,
'Twas thrilling all the way.
There, bass were in great numbers,
At every cast, a strike—
Before the drainage project
And the coming of the dyke.

No "Keep Out" signs, to hinder,
No Dyke, to bar our way,
Where Trempealeau river emptied
Into old Trempealeau Bay.
'Twas free for all to traverse,
This sportsmen's paradise—
And to this end we'll battle,
That it be not otherwise.

So rally, all true sportsmen,
Your shoulder to the wheel,
Restore the Bay and bottoms,
To you we now appeal.
Give of your time and money,
Our cause is just and right—
Stay by the ship, though sinking,
We yet may win the fight.



THE DYKE (in the Background) THAT CLOSED THE MOUTH OF TREMPEALEAU RIVER WHERE IT EMPTIED INTO THE BAY