

tropical fish hobbyist

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cover

The photos on this month's cover are part of a most interesting article, Pearl of Bornee, an editorial feature representing some of Dr. Axelend's finest writing; we know you will enjoy reading his exciting account of Trichegaster leart. Also in this issue in a documentary story selected by Dr. Axelred to highlight this October issue of the Hobbyist. "Hunting For Giant Fish" by Dr. Luling, a Hamous Garman scientist, is strongly recommended to you by Dr. Axelred because he believes this text to contain along with pertinent ichthyslogical information, heroic accounts of thrilling adventure. The spell of the unknewn and unexpiced elements of jungle-life has inspired many writers.

Pages 33 and 34, 67 and 68. These pages are perforated for easy removal and punched to fit into the Looseleaf Edition of EXOTIC TROPICAL FISHES.

40c per copy in the U.S. 40c per copy in Canada or foreign \$4.00 for 12 issue subscription in U.S. Add 60c per year for foreign sub-scriptions. Index available in every 12th issue

rough T.F.H. Books are distri Ltd., 13 Nutley is Postage Paid at Jersey City, R. J. and additional mailing listed monthly by T.F.H. Publications, at 245 Cornelison Are City, N. J. 07302, Printed in U.S.A.

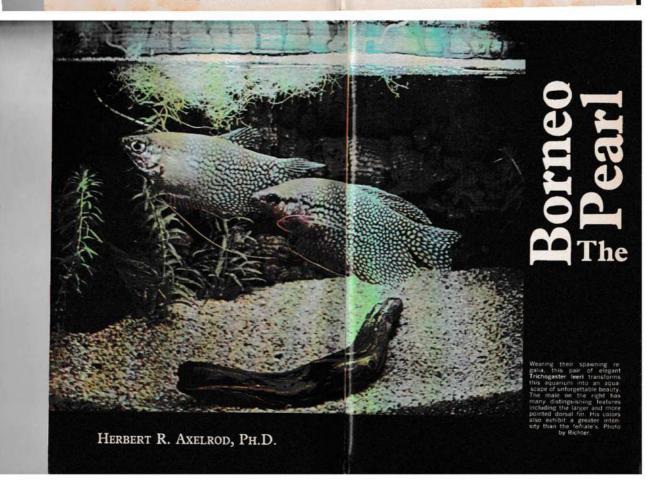
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editorial

Hello, I hope you enjoyed your summer vacation. A little bit of rest does everyone's bones a heap of good. But now that the summer is officially over, you can trade in your beach umbrellas, peanut butter sandwiches and Bach records for some brine shrimp, methylene blue and 20 gallon tanks. It's that invigorating season of the year again when the tropical fish world really comes alive, when we get back into our aquaristic saddles.

The magical arrival of autumn always finds our homes humming with happy aquaristic activity: new tanks being set up; old ones being sterilized; motors being checked and repaired; heaters cautiously being tested; tank supports being reinforced; water being aged; new fishes being acclimated; books being dusted and read. Yes, there's plenty to keep us aquarists busy. Which reminds me..., a recent letter from a reader who while expressing sentiments we all share about that glorious U.S.A. voyage to the moon stated that since there might be life on other planets, there could also then be a chance of the existence of new species of fishes. Well, I wrote back saying that his conjecture was a very exciting possibility but that in the meantime we're still discovering new fishes right here on good old earth and that there is still so much to explore right here in our own hydrosphere, so many mysteries yet to be unfathomed concerning our wonderful finned-friends, that we should all be kept wonderfully busy for many years to come. We can dream a-bout Mars but do you know where the real action is? It's here in the tropical fish world and the action is for everyone to share right now.

Joseph M. Bellanca



It's the rainy season in Borneo and the once uncomfortably hot waters in the small pond are now cooling off. The sun, too, seems to know that it's time for a let-up in the heat and hides behind thick, dark clouds. The grass begins to grow faster, reaching higher into the sky to snatch what precious sounight filters through, for its rate of growth in the first few weeks of the rainy season equals that during the months of fairly dry weather.

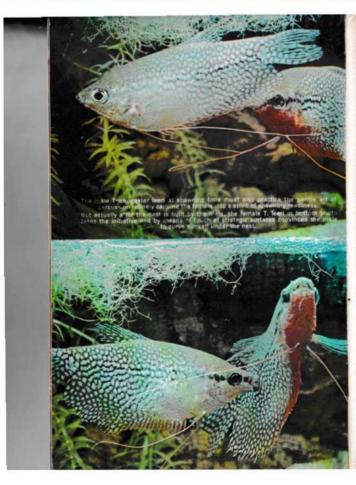
The water, too, begins to come to life. More and more, colorful fish break the surface as they snatch insects flying close to the brimming pool. Floating water plants seem to be less dense as the pool fills up again, but here and there we can see tiny masses of foam holding bits of vegetarion together. Where did this foam come from? That's what this story is all about. The pearl gourami made the foam as a nest for its eggs. Over many thousands of years, certain fishes have become acclimated to

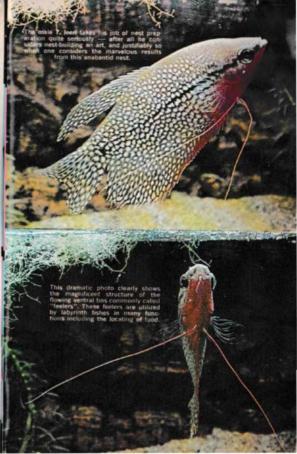
Over many thousands of years, certain fishes have become acclimated to live in waters which almost evaporate during the dry season and which are polluted most of the year. The oxygen available in waters like this is so low that the fishes had to develop accessory breathing organs so they could utilize atmospheric oxygen. By taking gasping breaths of air at the surface of the water every few minutes, the fish fills a labyrinth organ in its head which acts the way our lungs do. The stale gases in the fish's body are slowly exchanged for fresh, pure air. Not only does this benefit the labyrunth fishes, which the natives call "gourami," but it also helps the fisheating birds that swoop low over the pools and have a fast snack of exotic fish now and then.

Just as the fish itself needs air, so do the eggs and fry, and the way Nature solved this problem is miraculous. Scores of labyrinth fishes are found in southeast Asia and Africa, from the Siamese fighting fish, which weighs less than half an ounce to the giant gourami, which reaches 2 feet in length. All have one thing in common: without breathing air directly from the atmosphere they will sufficate. But they all do not breed the same way. The giant gourami lays its eggs in a nest of algae at the bottom of a large pool; the Siamese fighting fish builds a nest of bubbles and spits its newly laid eggs into the nest after they have been snatched from the bottom. But our pearl gourami's eggs never get far from the top of the water. Never. It happens like this. Two extremely bautiful fish whose bodies look

It happens like this. Two extremely beautiful fish whose bodies look like they are covered with pearls and whose fins resemble flowing slik meet in a polluted pool. The male, the more beautiful of the two fish, has a much redder breast, and if you look closely you'll see that he also has longer fins, especially the dorsal and the anal. So muddy and dirty are the waters in which he lives that eyes have little value, so he has developed long thread-like ventral fins which act as feelers. He uses these feelers to locate small worms and other moving things at the bottom of the pool.

As the two fish become acquainted, the male may take notice of the





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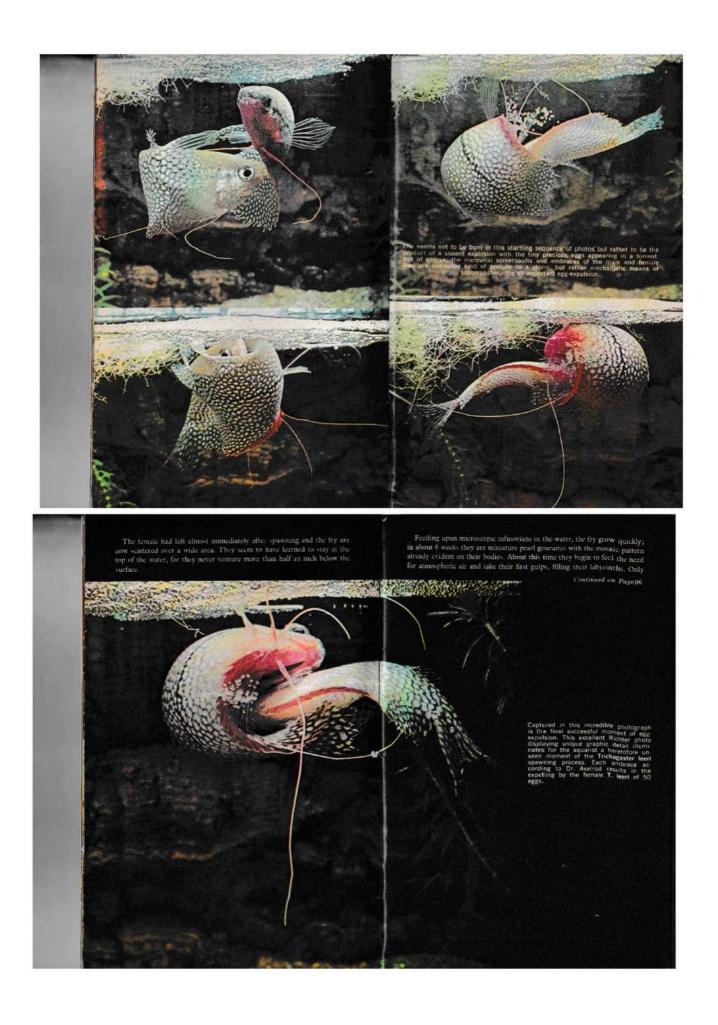
apparent bulge in the female's sides and he very modestly parades in front of her with his body slightly bent. If the female likes what she sees, she will nudge the male as though picking some black markings from his lateral line. It only takes one peck to start the male into action.

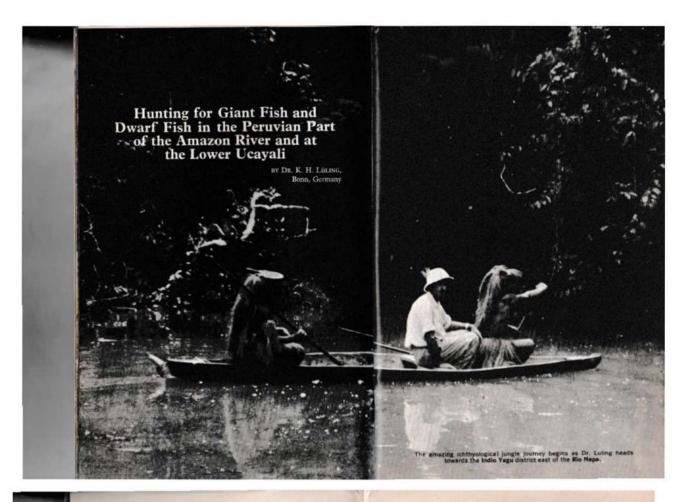
He becomes immediately alert for the smallest bit of floating matter. While a leaf or floating twig will do, he prefers masses of tangled hair grass. Poking about the loose masses of plant life, he gradually fuses them together with streams of sticky mucus bubbles he releases from his mouth. Not satisfied with just holding the plants together, he keeps blowing these bubbles until a huge nest 8 or 10 inches in diameter and perhaps half an inch thick projects from the water. Now he is ready.

The female has been watching these antics for almost two hours, and the fact that she hasn't left the scene indicates her approval of what has been going on. Almost as soon as the male has finished, or, perhaps, upon signal from her, he begins to tense himself under the nest. The female pearl gourami reads the message loud and clear and quickly joins the male under the nest, again poking him in the center of his body until-he almost folds in half. As his body forms the tight U, the female snuggles into the curve in such

As his body forms the tight U, the female snuggles into the curve in such a way as their genital pores almost line up. In a quivering, tightening spasm, the male squeezes the female so tightly that his head is actually covered by his tail. For almost a minute this nuptial embrace continues under the next until a huge cloud of eggs appears lazily floating from the now-paralyzed bodies of the breeders. The eggs are lighter than water and slowly float directly up into the mass of bubbles already provided by the male. As the eggs slowly float, the male becomes active once again and mouths the eggs to be sure they are all separated and securely attached to his bubblenest. Only after a few minutes of primping the nest and repairing any damage which may have occurred while he was wooing the female, will be return to the female for another embrace. Normally about 50 eggs are released at each embrace, and the spawning continues for several hours with eggs flowing into the nest every 5 minutes or so.

After spawning is completed, it is usually the male who tends the nest and insures that the bubbles protect the eggs from drying out or falling to the bottom. His nest becomes tattered after a day or so, but luckily the eggs begin to hatch in the high heat. The young begin to appear by the hundreds as tiny black slivers, and the male continuously tries to catch them in his mouth and blow them back into the nest. Now is the critical stage, for the male senses that his offspring have not yet developed their labyrinth and must stay very close to the surface where the dissolved oxygen is more readily available, or they will surely sufficate. He becomes a bechive of activity, snapping the young back into the nest day after day until finally he tires of the activity and leaves the nest once and for all.





Towards the end of the year 1958 I received an invitation from the Bureau for Fishing and Hunting, of the Peruvian Department of Agriculture, requesting me to carry out studies in the faraway Amazon River, at the socalled "Oriente" ("East") of Peru, namely, in particular to study the habits and life of the large Paiche fish Arapaima gigar. This giant fish, throughout the entire Amazon region, is a very important fish in the economic life of the district on account of the fact that its meat, rich in fat, is very much in demand as a foodstuff in the form of dried fillets by the people living in the region of the Rivers of the virgin forests.

The purpose of my investigations in connection with the Paiche fish (called in Brazil "Pirarucù" or Red Fish) was to submit, on the basis of the totality of my studies and observations, to the Bureau for Fishing and Hunting in Lima (Special Division for Fishing and Hunting) suggestions for the protective steps to be taken in connection with this fish. The purpose and intention is to maintain this fish in those territories of semi-civilization, where it is caught, under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture, with heavy hand harpoons, in such a manner that its productive supply is also assured in the future.

At the beginning of the year 1959 I was ready; I arrived from the cold, dark weather of Europe, amply provided with nets, fish traps and sport fishing equipment, arriving at Callao, port of Lima. In a country which is so rich in fish, and is so manifold in its features, like the Amazon region, even an expert fisherman is not able to tell in advance, fully and completely, what kind of nets and above all, what kind of sport fishing equipment he should take along; it was necessary therefore to take along rather too much equipment than too little.

From Lima I then took a four-engine plane, in the middle of April, of the domestic Peruvian Aviation Company, namely, the "Faucett" to Iquitos at the Pervuian Amazon region. This flight took in the rapid plane hardly three hours. However, it was surely one of the most interesting flights which can be offered throughout the world, for it took me, in rapid sequence, over the most extreme landscape and vegetation zones of Peru, which are abundantly rich in contrasts.

At first I noted, when looking out of the window, on the left side, the white surf edges of the Pacific Ocean and looking out of the right window I saw the far-stretching absolutely barren grayish, yellow sand waves and hills of the middle Peruvian coastal desert. Wherever the westward-extending Andes river discharges into the Pacific, the river oases lying crosswise with respect to the coastline, greeted me with dark green corn and cotton fields. After less than a half hour of flight, the plane turned towards the east into the Andean Region and ascended quickly. Far below there in dark relief extended the barren slopes of medium-high mountain massives, which are

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entirely located in the shadow caused by the natural light. Here and there, we note exceptionally deep ravines and valleys completely covered by mists and clouds which, against the naked rocks appear from high-up like soft and compact white cotton swabs. The passengers of the plane have a wonderful view of the mountains which extend higher and higher into the sky, over which the morning sun spreads its sparkling light.

It became very cool in the plane, at which time appeared between the very steep rocks of the tremendous mountains, a lake covered by a thin layer of ice. The still higher mountain cones and slopes in a northern direction were powder white with eternal snow. A few minutes later we then flew over an entire field of snow, which was illuminated by the tropical sun, one might even say, painfully so.

After a half hour of flight over the Sierra of central Peru the picture on the outside completely changed. The summits of the mountain region rounded off and were completely covered by the deep green of a tremendous virgin forest, we reached the eastern slope of the Andes.

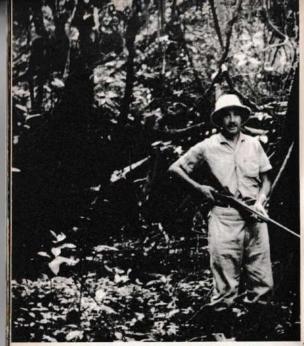
torest, we reached the eastern stope of the Andes. From my view way up in the sky the thought of this forest, down below, with its rich animal life and its Indians, its secrets, and its winding rivers, containing hundreds of the most different kinds of fish, gave me a heightened sense of wonder and mystery. And the thought that I, a naive European, loaded only with theoretical knowledge, having to make observations, during the next few months, somewhere in this forest, and go fishing, increased my practically feverish unrest.

The country below was becoming continuously more level thid flat and the weather had turned clear. The flight was no longer hindered by airholesand wind squalks; also our plane quickly passed over the unflathomable and immense virgin forests which, interrupted by silver-bright rivers, appeared to be like a green colored endless cauliflower field over which, below us, the clouds were passing.

At this point we heard the voice of the Flight Captain. He announced through the loud speaker that below us, at the right side, could be seen the remarkable place where the Marañon River and the Rio Ucayali unite, the place where the Amazon River is born—the Brazilians call this stream only beginning with Manaos, as the Amazon River.

A quarter of an hour later we crossed the Amazon, our plane went down and the muddy yellow waters were seen brightly below us. We were flying a loop. The Quisto Cocha Lake, along the Rio Itaya we spied out of the virgin forest; then we flew with loud motors over the rusty brown corrugated metal roofs of Iquitos and a few minutes later we are landing at the airport.

As soon as the plane was opened, we were met with the moist, hot air of the Amazon forest which pressed down on our lungs as if it were coming from a gigantic laundry. A short time afterwards I was standing at the River Continued on Page 22



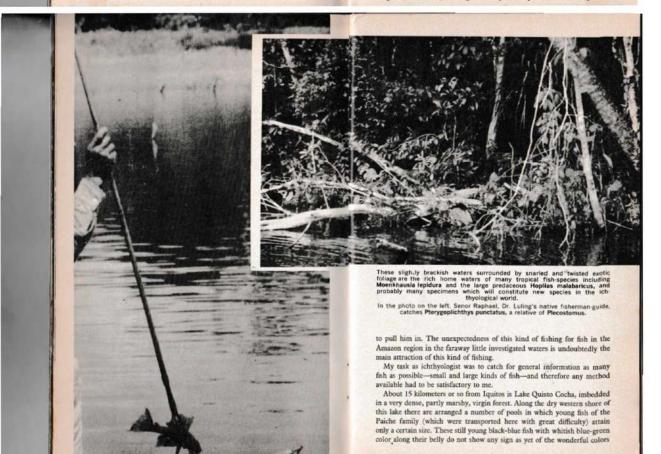
Preparedness for any emergency is the rule of the jungle. Dr. Luling entrusted with heavy government responsibilities must safeguard the expedi-Continued from Page 19

road (dike) of Iquitos and looking over the arm of the River to the other shore. The muddy water gurgled as it rushed by (it was the fading high tide). We saw the broad banana leaves floating to the left along a green papaya tree, with thick, yellowish fleshy fruits; primitive motorboats are moored behind same, and towards the entire right there could be noted the native part of the city of Belen with palm straw covered frame houses located on the River, and partly built on heavy balsa floats.



tion success and the lives of its participants in a foreign unpredictable geographical area, so he must carry many different hunt and defense gear and equipment.

In the Belen part of the municipality and in its environs, the poor population, consisting of civilized Indians and Mestizos, were living in floating huts which rose and lowered depending on the different water levels. The most important food consists of cooked bananas and rice, and above all, river fish. These fish, both large and small, namely, fish of the surface water and fish of the bottom of the river, are caught with simple nets such as dragnets, the tarrafa, with light three pointed spears and the heavy hand



of the grown fish. It was intended to place them in virgin forest rivers, which up to the present time have not yet displayed this valuable type of fish. From the beginning of May until the beginning of August 1959 I was practically every day in the cance on this lake so as to place basket nets to catch different kinds of fishes which I required for my collection and for the feeding of the young *Arapaina gigas*.

I was especially interested in the sport fish of this lake, including a number of large predatory fish, such as the *Acettrorhychus falcirottris* with a pile mouth, the colored Tucunare *Cichia ocellaris* belonging to the Cichids, and the very predatory *Hoplias malabaricus* also the silver white piranha called in the Peruvian Amazon region the "Paña". *Serrasalmus rhombeus* has razor sharp tech.

sharp teeth. I had to catch a few small characids as bait for these predatory fishes. At the Quisto Cocha Lake, the best bait was the 5–7 cm. attractively colored *Mombhausia lepidna*, which has a light yellow spot at the upper part of the tail fin. Below the Aquaje palms, along the shore, one can always find prematurely dropped palm fruit. The firm core of this fruit is attacked by heavy insect larvae (Suri larvae). My Indian helper, Raphael, before going out on the lake with the canoe, cut few palm kernels with the machete, and skillfully pulled the whitish "Suri larvae. He tells me grinning widely "this is the best bait for the Mojarra" (Pervuian collective name for a number of small colored characids), "and the Suri which we do not need, you will find that they are very tasty at noon when roasted". Then he said making a sour face, "I only hope that you will not invite me".

After we had collected quite a number of Suri larvae, the catching of the Mojarra started. I am greatly surprised at the primitive catching equipment Raphael used in this connection. He owns nothing but a simple flexible rod, which he cut from a long strong branch of a tree. A rather coarse silk cord, without floater and without any fine equipment. He also used a hook which looked to me much too large for the small Mojarra. He divided a Suri larva into several pieces and then attached one of these pieces directly to the tip of the hook. The cord and the hook were lowered into the water by means of the rod and thereupon immediately pulled out again with a moderately strong pull. As a matter of fact, Raphael has succeeded with this primitive

• Suri means "worm" and this especially is used for all soft animals which are long and live in a somewhat firm and sealed-off living space. The "Suri" living in the palm fruits are grubs which are eaten by the Indian people, and also are used generally as angling bait. A cautionary note, wherever piranhas are found in South America one should always use in angling for predatory fish, a wire leader, for these fish, which are encountered so often, and which take any natural predatory fish bait irrespective of the size and kind, immediately bite through any other material, without any special effort.

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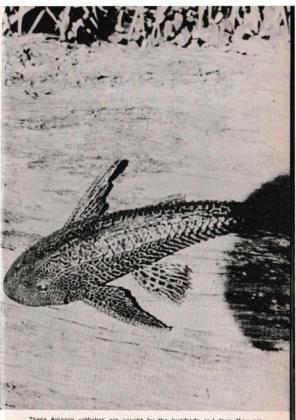
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manner in catching in a short time about a dozen of Mojarra fish. The fish, in most cases, were loosely hooked and many of them fell down into the water where they floated for a fraction of a second a few centimeters above the water, then back into the tea-colored and slightly greenish water of the lake. Nevertheless, due to the skill of this Indian fisherman, who swings a self-cut rod every time elegantly in a half are over the canoe, most of the fish landed on the very bottom of the canoe.

"Just a moment, my friend, I shall show you how one really catches these colored small fish"; I thought to myself. I arranged my very finest angling equipment, which consisted especially for this purpose of my light bamboo rod, a very light floater, and a very fine "platil" cord, a still finer leader and a minute brass hook. But when I lowered the cord with the Suri-baited hook into the water, the light float immediately showed for a fraction of a second and then again and again. However, every time I pulled, I found that my hook was empty. While Raphael had already caught more than a dozen of silver-white Mojarra, I myself had only caught two of them, and I was shamed of my poor showing. Raphael pitied me it appeared, for he looked as if he wanted to say with his dark eyes "the strange gringos—they are not willing to eat the attractive Suris and they are not even able to catch these easy catchable Mojarras".

Even my moderate success was only due to the fact that this exceptionally agile kind of fish touches the bait simply with the tip of its mouth and within a fraction of a second removes it from the hook, so that it only really hooks if it is immediately pulled up. However, I wasn't going to reveal the real reason for the little luck I did have. Instead of this, I prepared my heavy angling apparatus and used a strong cord on the reel, a large thick float and a wire leader making use of a strong triple hook. To this hook I attached one of the freshly caught Mojarra. Thereupon, I threw the line from our canoe, which had been anchored at the shore far into the sea water of the lake, for it is known that the great white piranhas are frequent in these free waters somewhat away from the shores which are matted with brush.

Raphael, also stopped catching the Mojarras since he wanted to catch first of all in the brush on shore a few large specimens of the predatory *Characid Hoplias malabaricus*; in any event, there can be found here in the quiet zones of the water, between the shrubbery, those large powerfully toothed robbers who share their catch with the colored tucunare. The white piranhas, on the other hand, as already stated, are staying, in most cases, somewhat distant from the open water. Whether it swims in schools like the red piranhas (*Serrasalma natteeri*), I am, however, not able to say. Raphael did not need any new equipment; all he did was to apply to the same hook, but instead of the Suri larvae, he now used a piece of a Mojarra. And again, in the same manner, he let down the baited hook into the water and pulled it



These Amazon catfishes are caught by the hundreds and then they are worked into a popular local delicacy known as "Garachma soup". These Amazon fishes are an important foodstill for the jungle inhabitants but they might serve, because of their unusual appearance, as aquarium inhabitants for us here in the states and the rest of the aquarium world.

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up again immediately using a moderately strong pull. In between he struck with the point of a rod, on the smooth surface of the water, in this way producing a noise as if a *Hophias malabaricus* were successfully steering a small characid, for he believes that this will attract the predatory characid.

Then suddenly from my reel the heavy float was being strongly pulled under the water. As if electrified I jumped from my seat and nearly fell into the water. I immediately felt a heavy fish on the line and in a few minutes. I was able finally, with the help of the fishing net, to pull in a wonderful Paña blanca into the boat.

The fish, as is generally done by the piranha, has a bite which is so strong and sudden that one of the barbs stuck outside at the head, directly over the large upper lip. Raphael helped me to loosen the hook from the fish. He proceeded very carefully in view of the razor-sharp teeth of the fish. For although the piranhas in this situation cannot aim well, they only need to close their powerful jaws, to bite off a piece of the ball of the finger or hand, producing hemorrhage, if it should just then be in its way. I still have a scar at the present time on the index finger of the left hand which came from a bite when I was trying, at the far away Rio Pacaya, to loosen a red Paña carelessly from the hook.

The white piranha concerned here is a large fish of about the width of two hands, with silvery sides and fiery red irises, in all probability a fish in its wedding dress.

While I was devoting all my attention to this piranha—(a fish about which, outside of the Amazon regions, one hears so many exaggerated stories) Raphael pulled a 60 cm long dark greenish-grey *Hopian malabaricus* inside the boat. He was also very careful to remove this fish from the hook for this robber, called Pultundero or Fasacuy, does not have razor-sharp but needle fine teeth.

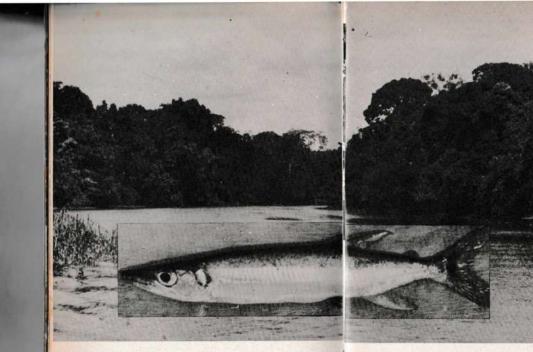
Raphael caught a total of four more Puñundero or Fasacuy during this forenoon; then we paddled back to our place on the lake. When paddling back so comfortably, I got the idea of putting a teaspoon-

When padding back so comfortably, I got the idea of putting a teaspoonsized blinker into the water and pulling it in from behind with the rod and a heavy leader (line). The blinker whirled through the water but there was no bite. Then I began to pull back the line on the reel and at the same time I felt that I had a bite. I landed a large, slender and predatory Cachorro, *Acestrorhynchus falcirostris* into the boat. On the side, at the long stretched mouth filled with plenty of teeth, the blinker was struck. The entire situation reminded one very much of the bite of a pike.

Now, after this success, we again rowed slowly for several yards over the sea and fet the blinker rotate behind us in a depth of water of about half a meter. Another bite was not felt immediately but it was repeated again exactly at the moment when I was starting to pull in the line. In this way I

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This muddy contrib-utory becomes isolated and cut off during the dry seaso The haunting stillne it projects is conprojects is con-asted by the teeming sh-life of its under-V SDE is Acestrorhynchus falcirostris, a chara with a pike-like mouth and a most predatory nature.

Continued from Page 31

found out that this slender characid, looking like a pike or a barracuda, followed the uniformly rotating blinker (especially in the shade and along Aquaic palm trees which have fallen into the water), for quite some stretch and then bit if the blinker jumped forward somewhat more quickly this time was because this predatory fish considers this flight movement of his prey. About the evening of this day we were ready to eat a few attractive, bright Puñundero with rice. One of these fishes we decided to keep alive for

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iodine coat the wounds of the badly treated hand of the boy, where bites were caused by the needle-sharp teeth of the fish, while the badly frightened child was shaking over his entire body, and a few tears rolled over his suntanned chubby checks. Never again would I make available living Puñundero fish for anyone to grip them at the edge of a primeval forest.

At the "El Bambu" restaurant in Iquitos we had practically "fish soup" Garachama fish in the market. Therefore two fishermen are sent to obtain more fish. I joined the fishermen. This time in our traveling we were provided with an old outboard motor, and we went on our merry way for several hours on the Amazon River downstream. Then we bent into a narrow side arm where the silent forest approaches us so near that we can touch it. Short-tailed tropical kingfishers sit on the side on the branches, turn their heads with their beaks which are sharp as daggers, to all sides, while their colored feathers shine in the sun. Two dark cormorans *Phalacocorax brasilianus* fly off from the keel of our boat, and on the side, in the heavy thicket of wild sugar cane we now heard a clear sound. We judged from the extent of the movement of the shrubs that there was in all probability, some Ronsoco Hydrochoerus hydrochoeus, the largest rodents of the Amazon Region or it might even have been a tapir Tapirus terrestris, which was disturbed on account of our sudden appearance at the edge of the water.

After we had gone upstream for three-quarters of an hour, we tied up o boat at the shore. One of the fishermen took a machete while the other fisherman threw out the dragnet—the tarrafa—and threw a cotton bag over his shoulder. I took up my gun and walked behind the fisherman who cleared a narrow path with the machete. We entered slowly, step by step, into the felted undergrowth. I suddenly noted a rapidly passing rust-red and bluish iridescent scale-covered body of a rainbow boa, namely, Epicrates cenchris, the boa which is so characteristic of the inner Peruvian lowland rivers. After 20 minutes of walking through the underbrush the forest seemed as though it had been suddenly cut off. A large flat area spread before us, practically without vegetation, criss-crossed with dry crevices. Only in the middle of the depression could there still be noted loamy water. Four or five Jabiru storks (Jabiru mycteria) were flying with crops crammed full, while we were approaching the dried-out portions. A putrid smell was spreading over the water. The fishermen went knee-deep into the shallow water which was clearly still warmer than the air. I could hardly believe that it would still be worthwhile to go on fishing here, for many dead fish, and even some small electric eels *Electrophorus electricus*, floated over the water. The warm water was practically free of oxygen and all fish which only depend on gill breathing must suffocate here. However, I was very much mistaken about fishing here. The net was full of large Garachama

orrow's meal in a large tub (we had no icebox while we were so far away in the virgin forest). While we were sitting down to eat we heard a terrific noise behind our camp. The youngest, three year old son of my Indian cook Antonia ran crying to us and fell over a tree stump. His right hand was bleeding terribly. What had the boy done? He gripped with his right hand, as he was curious, into this tub with the large fish, and the fish immediately took a bite out of him. On account of the danger of infection, I had to with

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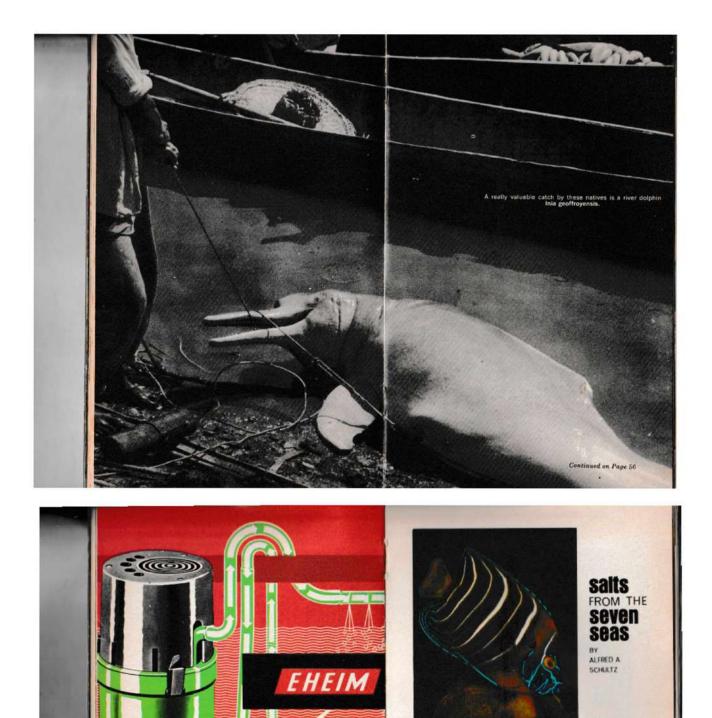
Pterygoplichthys punctatus and small catfish Hoplosternum thoracatum. The fish possessed in addition, a well-functioning intestinal breathing system. In a jiffy, we filled the great bag full; the fishermen were now compelled to carry the bag with difficulty, bumping into each other, until we returned

to our boat. After a further 31 hours we delivered the full bag with the Garachama which are rustling around inside, to "El Bambu".

At the wharf side (shore road) of Iquitos we observed in the same way as in the Muncipal part of Belen, a few palm-covered frame houses at the shore, placed on large floats of light wood. I began angling, at the beginning from such a balsawood house (located in the loamy shore water) with dried Paiche meat with a medium-sized hook. I held the bait, after I had ascertained the depth, slightly above the bottom, as the float drove very slowly along the balsa house. In about an hour and a half they promised to call for wly me with the motorboat "Orellana"; then we intended to catch, above the city, on the loamy muddy shore, with a few hand nets, small colored Amazon fish, which were to be transported in cans to later be shown in the aquariums of the Bureau of Pisciculture in Iquitos to the people there. The great mass of these small fishes represents ornamental fishes for which there is a demand throughout the world. These fishes which are being exported from Iquitos to an ever-increasing extent, for they bring in considerable amounts of foreign exchange. It is therefore worthwhile to show these fish with luminous colors alive in Iquitos, and thus bring them to the attention of the population.

I still had a little time. I saw how nervously the float bobbed up and down on the loamy water, instead of really going down. Something must be wrong, I decided. I pulled moderately and when the hook arrived with the fish flesh that was attached to it, I was really surprised; four small dark-striped fish had baited. They immediately dropped and fell back into the water. Thereupon, I dropped the bait immediately again into the water and again the float begins to dance. And again, I am pulling up and this time I pulled out three small fish which immediately dropped back into the water. Again this dance continued, and again and again small fish are heaved up. Then I tried to get these fish into my collection. I requested a large plate from the Mestizo family in the wooden house and placed it, filled with water, at the edge of the balsa frame house. Again the float "danced" in the water and again I pull up high. This time I had four small fish and with a little agility I threw the rod quickly over the tub. Three of the fish, as a matter of fact, landed in the tub where, a little shaken, they swam around in a circle. I succeeded in catching more small fish. After careful examination I realized that these fish were a type of *Pseudostegophilus nemarus*. Now I let the float dance in the water without disturbing it. Should a

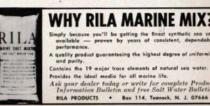
larger fish living on the bottom have an appetite for the Paiche meat, he Continued on Page 46



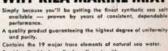
Q. Can you suggest any marine fishes which are not too large for my 50 gallon tank but are colorful and will get along with other mar-ine species? Abe Horowitz

ine species? Abe Horowitz Brooklyn, New York A. Wow . . . that's quite an order? But there are such marine fahes. The pygmg angelfahes are ideal answers to your questions. They

grow to about 4 inches maximum and really do get along nicely with larger and amalter individuals of their own procies and of other spe-cies. Centropyge potteri (Potter's angel) is a colorful fak having a completely dark blue casala fin and blue vertical bars on the body with a lovely reaset coloring in the dor-sal fin. Centropyge flaviasimus (the lemon peel angel) has a bright blue



WHY RILA MARINE MIX?



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Miracle



Continued from Page 47

would surely not let himself be held back by the small trouble-makers. And, as a matter of fact, suddenly the float did disappear. I used my rod; the line tensed almost to the point of tearing, and the handle of the rod bent greatly. I only hoped that this was not just some straggling branches in the current along the bank.

The Mestizo mother and the inquisitive lot of her children ran from the frame house to me and there was a great deal of commotion about a fine white "Señor" catching a really big fish in their humble territory.

I was trying desperately to tire the fish by working with the reel and I struggled meter by meter, finally success was mine. While feverishly working at this catch, I called to a woman who was near me to get the large landing net which had stupidly been folded together behind me. Just when I practically had the large fish caught, the woman had finally gotten the landing net ready; a tremendous horizontally but somewhat flattened dirty-brown yellow head with small ball cycs and half long threadlike barbels at the mouth, came to the surface. This mouth, which was not very large was open and fortunately the very strong hook had stuck deeply into it. I only hoped that at the last moment the line would not tear and everything would have been lost.

A few minutes later I directed the catfish—in spite of its energetically swinging its tail—I was able to just get it onto the balsa. It was a *Phracto*cephalus hemilopterus of a length of 1.10 meters.

When, I later came home on the "Orellana", there was a big greeting for me. They wanted to have the cafish immediately placed in the pan but I gave instructions that it should be prepared at the laboratory of Pisciculture as a regular trophy. On account of its tough skin, covered with bony plates this was not so difficult. But first we made a trip with the "Orellana" to the upper half of Iquitos onto a flat loamy shore, where the water is very shallow and practically motionless. From the deck of the "Orellana" two brown fishermen sprang overboard

From the deck of the "Orellana" two brown fishermen sprang overboard and received three conveying cans and a fine mesh net. With a strong pull they passed it through the shore water to the shallow edge and carefully placed with their hands the bobbing fish into the cans. The fact that one was able to catch small fish in this manner showed how rich in fish the loam-laden white water of the Amazon was.

I was quite surprised that the two fishermen, in spite of the prevailing heat, went into the water with very heavy and closely adhering bathing trunks, and I therefore inquired of my companion regarding this. They tried to explain this to me. However, I could hardly understand them, with broad almost, singing, talk, and I only heard the word "canero" several times.I understood somewhat the connection, for I knew that here in the loamy mud there lives very interesting, extremely small fish which are called

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"caneros". They are loachlike catfish of the *Plectrochilus* and *Vandellia* species. They are only a few centimeters long, band-shaped, small, entirely white except for a few stripes, practically colorless. On the gill lisk, these fish have a small field of pointed thorns. These small catfish (called "candiru" in Brazil) are stated to be attracted by urine and pass in this way, sometimes into the urinary organs of anybybian-like mammals, and they even enter the urinary and sexual organs of bathing human beings. The results are secondary, hideous inflammations. One of these fishes is called *Urinophilus diabolicus*, which translated means something like the "devilish urine friend". It is stated that in the wide Amazon regions there live Indian tribes who at certain adolescent rites, the glans penis or the vagina is ided off, as a test of courage, and closed. This ritual was attributed originally to the faer of these small catfish. This also explains the hestitation of the fishermen to enter the water without clothing, or only with light, not sufficiently covering swimming trunks.

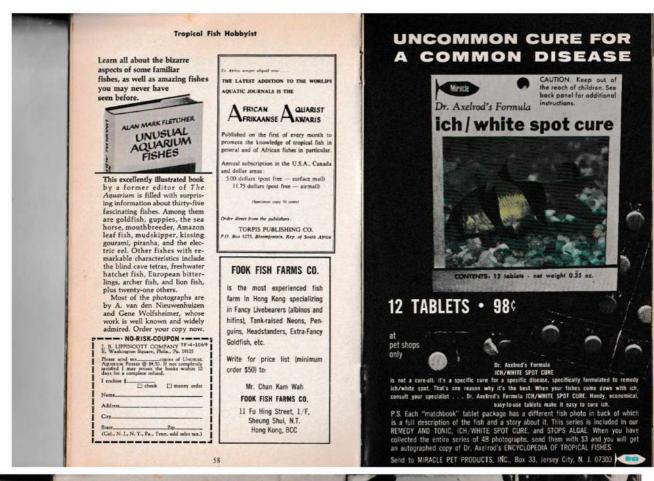
With a small pincer I separated one of the tiny fish from the mud residues and carefully observed them pasted to my finger. Then I preserve a few of them in alcohol and others were placed in a living condition in a separate small can. In this way? I was able to maintain for 3 to 4 days the tender delicate fish in small glass containers with a small mud bottom, into the surface of which they immediately dig. When on the one side I placed a little urine into the aquarium, two of them actually came out and swam around excitedly.

In August, after the peak of the low water period I was to make a trip, with the motorboat "Orellana", of 4 to 5 days along the Amazon River, and upstream the lower Ucayali and the Pacaya tributary, in order to meet the large Paiche fish.

I had seen to it that the "Orellana" boat is ashore at evening before full darkness sets in on the river. We were at the Ucayali river before the fireflies lit up and before the flight of the large fish-hunting bats started over the waters. This hour of the passing of daylight is the best time to angle for catfish at the river bottom near the shore, medium-sized catfish of the *Rhamdia, Pimelodella* and *Clarias* species, are caught rapidly at this time. Many of them growl in a peculiar manner as they were loosened from the hook. Here in the currents of the Ucayali river you don't have to worry about the bait being stolen away from the Piranha (otherwise angling with meat would be absolutely impossible).

At the lower Rio Pacaya, in the very middle of the virgin jungle, the District Administration for Pisciculture and Hunting has erected a solid building which was my quarters for wecks to come. Right along the house, there is nothing but softly rippling water, and the dark ever-green forest; everything seems primeval. The land is full of hidden animals. Here we

Continued on Page 60









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Small Talk

Small Talk Q. My question may seem ridicu-lous but with all the publicity re-cently given to a supposedly wulk-ing catfish, I would like to know if there is such a creature as a talk-ing catfish? Sally La Della

ing entfish? Sally Lo Dello Philadelphia, Pa. A. Well . . . there is a spiny catfish capable of emitting a lasht eroid. A canthedoras spinosissimus be-longing to the Doradica glowup of catfishes has been given the popu-



Acanthodoros spinosissimus



lar name of "talking catfish" but really only makes tiny little voises and infrequently. But you're liable to make a bigger noise in the form of a very audible yell if you ever handle one of these fish, for the first spine of their dorual and pec-toral fins is capable of inflicting very painful wounds because of the



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aquarists I've read about really enjoy them. But just lately I did see a catfish that really impressed nee at cattain that really impressed me. The label on the petahop tank simply said "Glass Cata". I'm thinking of purchasing them. Would they be easy to maintain. Could you give me any hints that

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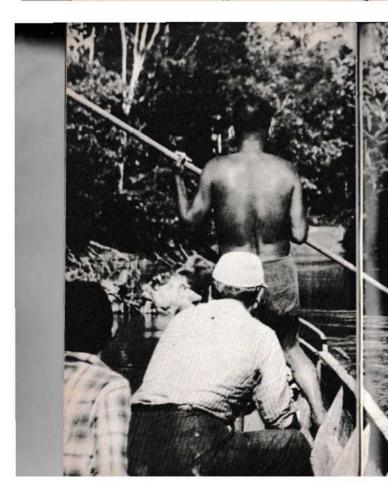
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Giant Fresh Water Fishes of South America" in "The Scientific Monthly", Vol. LVII, 1943; and I would like to call special attention to this literature.

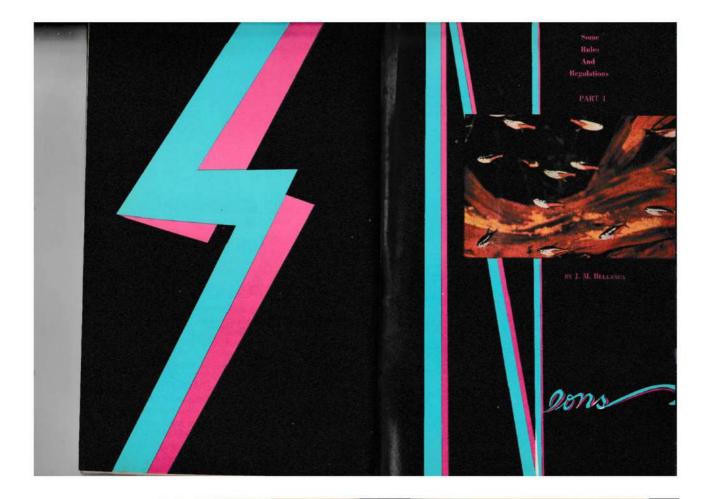
а.

Also a German colleague of mine from Brazil wrote me as follows: "Widely used also are stationary single rods with a hook and living fish as bait, attached to a thin, elastic branch of a tree at the shore overnight. One fisherman sets 40 to 50 of such rods per night."

I have been able to note at the Pacaya River the large Paiche fish in greater detail and in this way have been able to ottay it, and the words of the famous U.S. Ichthyologists Eigenmann and Allen no longer apply today; they wrote: "The most important Amizonian fish is one of the least known. Its life history, habits, food, migrations are not only unknown, but misinformation about them prevails, and a fertile subject for future study, awaits someone."

At the beginning of November 1959 I made a trip for the last time with Angel to the nearby Yanayacu Cocha (verbatim Black Water Sea), in order to again catch a few large fish. On the way there we met a few young Paiche fishermen who had harpooned a river dolphin *Inia geoffroyensis*, for the civilized Cocama Indians adhere to the fantastic fables and fairy tales of their wild forefathers and believe that the eating of the dolphin heart confers upon them special power of love, as a kind of aphrodisiae.

fers upon them special power of love, as a kind of aphrodisiac. In a quiet bay of the Yanayacu Cocha I was fishing with a fixed angle, using a piece of tough jungle fruit, a nearly 15 pound heavy black-finned characid Colossoma nigripimis, the somewhat smaller cogsin of the important Gamitana (or Pacci), namely, the Colostoma bident, which throughout the entire Amazonian regions is a very coveted object in fishing. A few weeks previously I had been able to catch, near Iquitos several smaller specimens of this attractive black-finned fish in a narrow meshed net. Now 12 the quiet bay of the lake the thick bellied floater with its hook baited with fruit, floated slowly and continuously along a driving field of bright blue water hyacinths Eichhornia azurea. For the catching of these fish, which surely can be much more easily harpooned, we needed a good deal of luck and a tremendous amount of patience. But perhaps another fish which likes fruit bait will bite and will give us a new surprise! Very far away from the oppressive heat of the dark jungle, we now heard the noise of the red coto, the howling monkey Alouatta seniculus; these are the voices of the superfluity of life and delimited districts.



Neons: Some Rules And Regulations

Sometimes the only way to learn is the hard way. And with neons *Paracheirodon innesi* that is quite often the case for most of us aquarists. Neons are dazzling; they hypnotize the eye. They are rightly considered the aristocratic minature jewel of the aquarium world. But they are not a species that is undemanding in its physical needs and require-ments, let alone a species that even the most experienced aquarists are able to spawn satisfactorily. In certain respects these difficulties only enhance their magical image, making them even more desirable.

But these truths concerning the difficulties in maintaining them, and the unanswered specifics regarding their reproduction in aquariums should be told to the general audience and novice aquarist. For if these truths are not made public, the beginner in the hobby may lose confi-dence in his own ability, thinking possibly, that such a much offered, beautiful, innocent looking fish, could not be all that complicated, and that it must be his own inspiness that is the cause for his frequent losses of this species. The novice might well give up the hobby, only for the fact, that he cannot afford to invest any more money in fish purchases. It's very discouraging to purchase 15 neons and have them pass away within a week's time without any kind of warning. It's even worse to bring home 10 neons from the local petshop . . . put them in your tank and find them the very next day all deceased. These are not uncommon experiences according to the many letters I have received. The recorded data on neon physiology, neon behavior, neon repro-But these truths concerning the difficulties in maintaining them, and

The recorded data on neon physiology, neon behavior, neon repro-duction, etc., is scant, and the little available, is highly conflicting. But even though this conclusive kind of information is not presently available, I believe that I can assist the average aquarist on a practical level in reducing his losses of neons, especially during the 10 day critical period from the time of purchase, by relating my experiences and some of the resulting maintenance-guidelines that I have developed from the trial and error method. And in this Part I of my article, let me first give a general description of some of the existing conditions within my neon tanks:

· Some aquarists maintain neons in individual, exclusive, species set-Some aquarists maintain neons in individual, exclusive, species set-ups. I find this a very inhibiting environment for our little neon, especially considering the factor of the neon's "psychological" disposi-tion which I shall describe and analyze in detail in Parts II and III of this article. I keep neons in tanks containing several species of small charactins and various other small fishes which are not aggressive or advantage here little and the set of overly active, but a little more self-assertive. This method of grouping acts as a "psychological" factor reducing the neon "fragility syn-drome", thusly, generally improving their eating patterns and total

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aquarium activity.

 acquarium activity.
With time and acquaristic experimentation, I have learned that our friend the neon doesn't really like things too hot! He is not at all comfortable in a water which is even considered moderately warm for other tropical species; 72°F, has been the temperature at which the device the set of the s I have found the neon to be at its best. So thermostatically controlled heat is essential in maintaining this constant. For on the one hand,



Although the distinguishing of the sexes of Pa difficult at spawning time the female becomes

ous species isn't able to live long in an environment which is this gorgeous species isn't able to live long in an environment which is even moderately warm, but on the other hand, a drop in temperature of even a few degrees from their existing conditions immediately weakens their systems causing them to become victims of various ills including the lethal "neon disease."

In attempting the determine the water chemistry most suitable for the neon, I have so far obtained most satisfactory results when the water has a DH factor which goes no higher than 7, but is regulated to keep

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cessive light: the tanks are for the most part illuminated by reflected light. I do not use the overhead tank lights (although the tanks are covered with the typical tank hoods and covers which do contain housing for light bulbs) in order to diminish the chances of a temperature increase. It has been my experience that this form of shaded environment provided by the utilization of reflected rather than direct light intensity also is a contributory element to the general well being of the neon while simultaneously enhancing its coloring and neon electrical appearance.



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this photo, a pair of pert aturally colored gravel. W the brillian

being of P.innesi.

hat kind ce of the

at an average of 5 DH. Since the pH factor naturally fluctuates some-what, I attempt to limit even this natural fluctuation, keeping the

water to the acid side, with a mean pH of 6.2. For non-breeding pur-poses, this water composition has been most conducive to the well

The pros and cons of light and its effect upon neon health and behavior have been openly debated, and there has been contradictory reports as to the use of light in neon-breeding. My tanks with neons

are stationed in an area of the room which does not receive direct

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YOUR FISHES' HEALTH Roger By

Trichodina infestations are probably less common than Costia infestations and certainly are less common than Ichthyophthirius, but they are still a serious problem on occasion. Trichodina organisms are interesting little ciliated protozoans with teeth; from the top or bottom, they look like round bodies with spok es. These spokes are rather oddly shaped structures called teeth or denticles. Scientists who study these parasites use the size, shape and number of teeth to determine which species they have. At least 17 species are known to parasitize fish. They are found in both freshwater and marine fishes. While most are external parasites, a few species are commonly found in the

species are commonly found in the intestine and the urinary bladder. *Trichodina* infestations, as with *Costia* infestations, may cause a cloudiness to appear on the skin of the fish. This blue-white haze, caused by excessive mucus secretion and increased thickness of the skin, may be spotty or may cover large areas. With severe cases, a red tinge may appear in these areas; these red tinges are caused by small hemorrhages caused by the irrita-tion of the bugs. The parasites apparently hold to the fish by suction and by means of their teeth. They appear to rotate con-tinually while attached, thus irritating the skin and causing the inased mucus secretion as well as other inflammatory responses. The Trichodina parasites can actually destroy the top layer of skin in

severe cases. The mucus and dead cell re-

Lee Herr

mains seem to serve as food for the ciliates. In areas of hemorrhages, they have been known to ingest red blood cells also. It is very likely that they eat bacteria and other micro organisms as well as organic debris on the tank or pond bottom, since they are able to survive for extended periods in the free-living state. It is possible, because of this ability to survive off the fish, to introduce the parasites into an aquarium by using live food (such as Daphnia) collected from an outdoor pond. Infestations with Trichodina of-

ten indicate that something else is wrong. Trichodina are frequently with Costia. I have seen Trichodina associated with leech infestations and with bacterial in-fections. When Trichadina is diagnosed one should be sure no other diseases are present before the

examination is stopped. Treatment of Trichodina infestations is easy. Formalin (37%, solution of formaldehyde gas) seems to be the best chemical to use, but quinine bisulfate or hydrochloride, acriflavine, or salt are effective. Salt, of course, cannot be used with catfish. The recommended dosages are:

Formalin-4 drops of the com mercial form per gallon for 1-2 days

Quinine-20 ppm (14 grains per gallon) for 1-2 days. Acriflavine-10 ppm (1 teaspoon

