

# OUTDOORS

SEPT.  
1941  
15<sup>c</sup>

HI FELLAS!  
DETAILS  
ON PAGE 46

25 PRIZES

FOR IDENTIFYING  
ITEMS SHOWN BELOW





Otter tracks on the beach bank.  
Broken fish on the glide,  
Floating roots in the marsh—  
All signs that Nature has made.  
—D. J.

### Three or Four on the Summer Trail



**S** FUNNY thing, some folks just can't figure out why other folks like to rough it in the open. Why live like a wild Indian, toting a heavy pack on your back for miles through the wilderness? Why sleep on rummy boughs and live on the plainest of fare, cooking your own food, washing your own dishes, and doing a hundred-and-one other chores, day after day, fair weather and foul? Why go hunting when you can buy meat at the butcher's? Why go fishing when the fish market's just around the corner?

I've heard it said that this hankering for the trail, and for hunting and fishing, and all that, is something we've inherited from our early forefathers, those old-time pioneers who had to grub out their existence from such raw materials as were available in the forests and fields, and—going back still further—from our great-granddads who dragnet beavers around themselves, rolled a rock in front of the cave and went off hunting with a bone-tipped spear. It's the call of the wild, I reckon, which takes hold of us, just as it takes hold of the dog that is part wolf, when he catches down from the breeze the howling note of his wild brothers.

But whatever the reason, a hankering for the trail is about as wholesome a desire as human beings can have, seems to me. And the farther we get away from the simple life, the more we hanker for the open road which leads to the wilderness.

It's about this season of the year, too, that the urge hits hardest—that a fellow might just as well wander away into the purple distances, and be free of the "pull up stakes, for to make the long moccasin track."

But, shucks, here I am jolted away like a flock of crows when we ought to be busy with the duffel list so we won't get caught out on the trail twenty miles from a pinch of salt, or something. So here goes.

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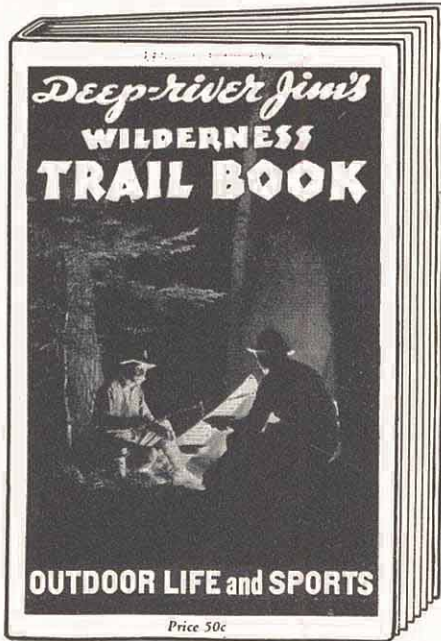


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### Hunting Grouse in the Uplands



**I**T'S early morning, and sort of chilly, so when we step into the car we're wearing our woolen shirts, heavy breeches, long wool socks, and a pair of hunting boots, rubber soled, with ten-inch leather tops. We've got a whistle for Rusty, the dog, and three boxes of lunch—one for you, one for me, and one for the dog.

As we drive through the countryside our minds are filled with thoughts of the sport that is coming. The setter, too, is excited, trembling a little and looking up at us as if to say, "For Pete's sake make it snappy!"

In about an hour the houses become fewer and fewer, and at the left is a long valley, on the opposite side of which is a hill covered with waving bushes (juniper), white pines, a few scrub oaks and birches. Below in the valley there are alder thickets. The undergrowth is of the sort that bears seeds and berries—good food for partridges.

We stop a moment after leaving the car well off the road. We'll start in here, let the dog cast off, quartering his ground ahead of us.

Down the valley on the side by the road, then across and up the hillside we go. You keep walking parallel with me about twenty yards away, and in case you can't see me or I can't see you, you'll speak or "holer" to each other every now and then. When two are hunting together each must keep a constant lookout as to the other's whereabouts.

Rusty is working perfectly, ranging not too far ahead, so that we can both see him. There's his making game—he's got the scent of a partridge. He runs a few steps, points, runs a few steps more. But now he's solid as a rock and the bird right ahead. Perhaps two feet, perhaps ten feet. We can't tell.

The four pages reproduced here, one-quarter actual size, are representative of the 320 interesting and thrilling pages on outdoor subjects which the Trail Book contains.

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### A Winter's Night in the Woods Without Blankets

**W**ELL, there's no use in pushing on any further, we wouldn't be able to reach camp tonight, anyhow. I wouldn't say that spending a night under the winter stars without blankets is something new to me, but I reckon we can make ourselves and the dog comfortable enough so we can get a few hours' sleep anyhow. Trouble was, I didn't figure that bobcat would give us such a long chase. But seeing as you got a right prime hole out of it and I got the fun of watching old Ginger work—as pretty a job of trailing by a hound as I ever saw—well, I'm not grumbling about a night in the open. We have our belt axes, six matches and some leftover grub, so we ought to make out pretty fair.

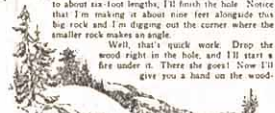
Well, better get busy now, while there's still a mite of daylight. Here's a good-a place as any I've seen in the last half hour—over on the lee side of that big rock. See, she's got a flat face going up almost straight and that smaller rock leaning against her makes about a right angle, something like two sides of a box. Snow's drifted in there some, but it'll be worth the extra shooting. That big beech blow-down will give us fire-wood enough, and that clump of balsam far over by the brook is nice and handy.

Use one of your snowshoes for a shovel and we'll dig a hole clear down to the ground and get all the snow away from the face of the rock, about nine feet by five is the right size. I guess, Ah, that's good, rocky bottom. Holds the heat better.

Now if you'll start on the beech—only fairly thick pieces cut to about an inch long.

Notice that I'm making it about nine feet alongside that big rock and I'm digging out the corner where the smaller rock makes an angle.

Well, that's quick work. Drop the wood right in the hole, and I'll start a fire under it. There she goes! Now I'll give you a hand on the wood-



### Early Season Brook Trout Fishing



**S**OME folks see a sight of difference between fishing and angling. They'll tell you that a true angler never uses bait—nothing but flies and other artificial lures. As some fellow wrote, a couple of hundred years ago:

*Around the steel no twisted worm shall twine,  
No blood of living insect stain me line.  
Let me, less cruel, cast the feathered hook,  
With pliant rod across the pebbled brook.*

Do you know, that's right fine sentiment. But somehow, seems as though we'd be missing a heap of sport if we couldn't worm it once in a while.

What would we do for perch and "pout" or for crappie, rock bass, blue gill and such—baked for from a pan, maybe, in the summer shade of an overhanging willow; just pan-fish—steamy, dreary, raspy. And what of early trout, before they're prime for the fly-rod? No, no, I'm not a mite ashamed to use the good old worm for trout when a fly won't raise 'em, and I've got a heap of respect and affection for my speckled friend, too.

I admire a fish that lives in pure, clear, cold, rapid water. Honestly, I believe I'd be specially fond of trout if they looked like sculpin, but thank be they don't. To my mind the trout is one of the most beautiful creatures on the face of the earth—of colors of the rainbow painted on his fish body, so ugly scales, all muscle and vim. Surely he's the prince of fishes!

Next, I like the place where he lives. Have you ever wandered along a mountain stream in springtime when the white and blue violets are coming out, when the trees have put

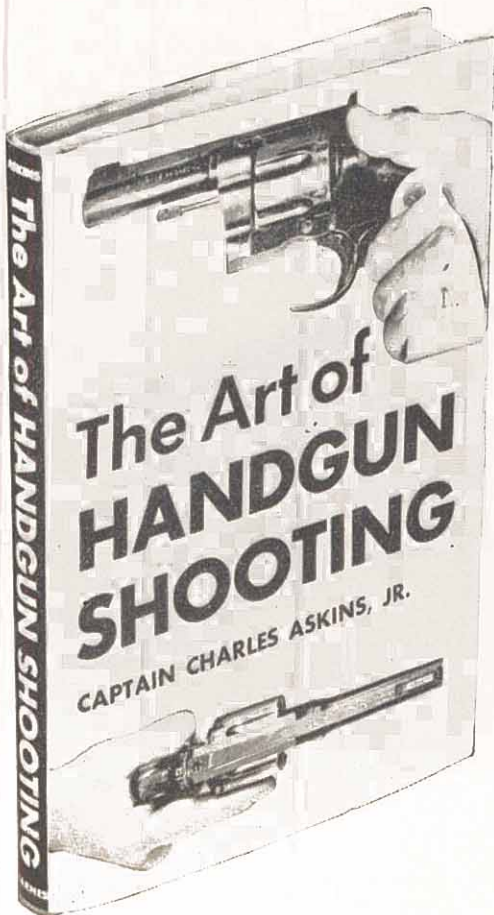
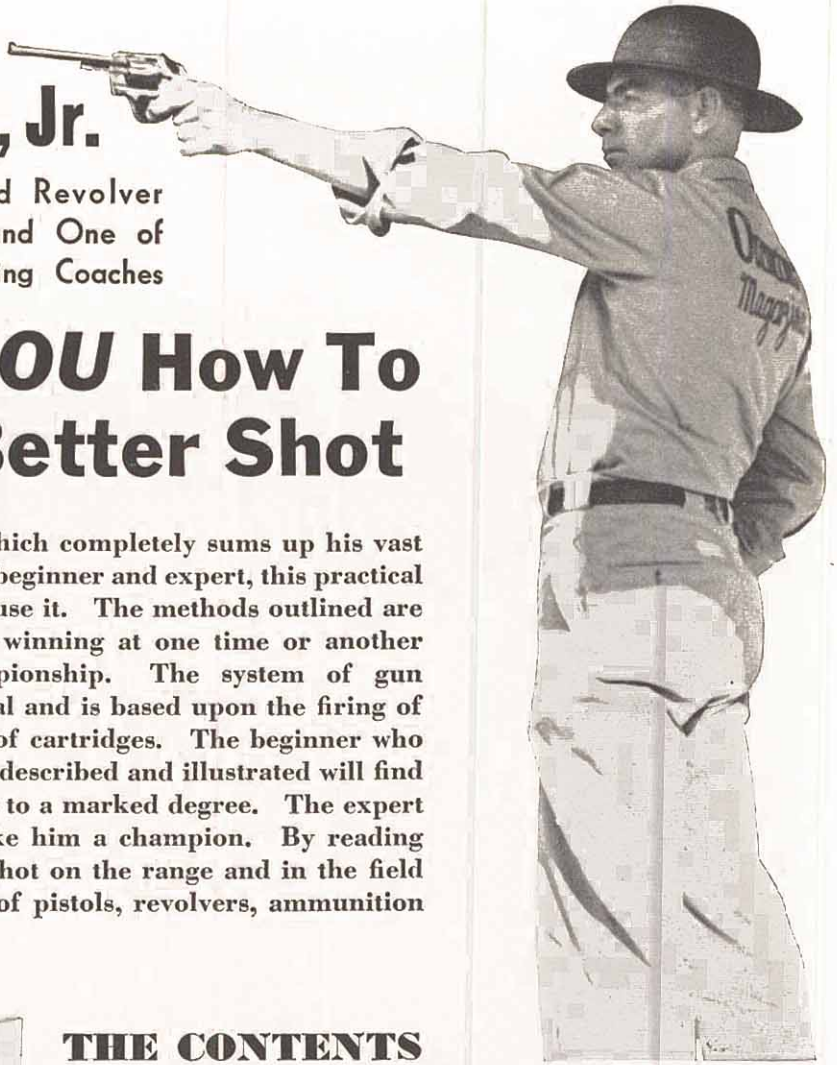


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Vol. IX                      SEPTEMBER, 1941                      No. 7

KENNEBAGO KIBITZER.....	By Joe Bates, Jr.	4
TRIAL WITHOUT ERROR.....	By Jonathan Eldridge	6
THE GIFT HORSE HAD NO TEETH.....	By Clyde Ormond	8
YUCATAN BOB WHITES.....	By R. W. Ovington	10
BICYCLING BACK TO PARADISE.....	By Frank Woolner	12
600 MILES, BUT—.....	By William D. Trausch	14
LOST.....	By Charles B. Roth	16
MY FIRST SHOTGUN.....	By Ezra J. Poulsen	18
THE WALL-EYE.....	By O. Warren Smith	20
AXE TALK.....	By Elon Jessup	26
SEPTEMBER DAY.....	By Gilean Douglas	30
1941 GAME LAWS.....		34

### Outdoors' Special Features

PORGY, A DAY CRUISER.....	By Cliff Braaiey	22
CAMPFIRE SMOKE.....	By E. C. Janes	24
HANDGUNS AND HANDGUN SHOOTING.....	By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.	27
MUSINGS.....	By O. Warren Smith	28
HANK, THE METER READER.....	By Hank, himself	29
THE COUNTRY YEAR.....	By August Derleth	30
GUNS AND AMMUNITION.....	By Capt. Chas. Askins, Jr.	32
GAME RESTORATION HIGHLIGHTS.....	By The Old Sportsman	53
BOOKS FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN.....	By August Derleth	58
WHERE TO GO.....	By Edward Dreier	61
AN ANSWER TO THE DOG FOOD QUESTION.....	By Carl E. Smith	62

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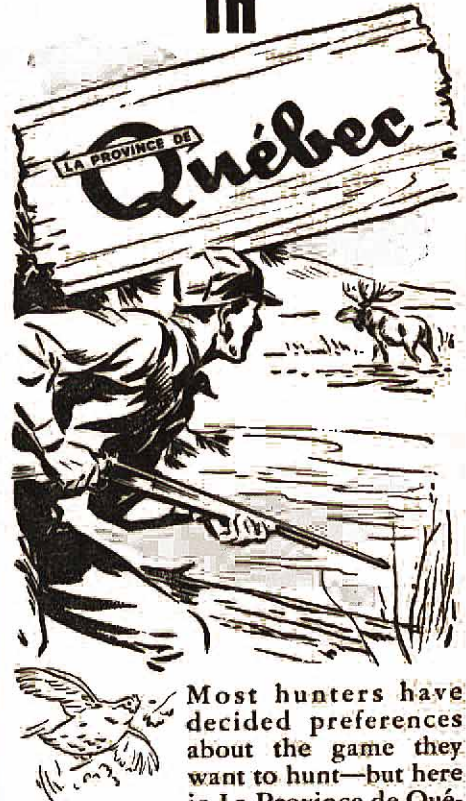
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# KENNEBAGO ★ KIBITZER

BY  
JOE BATES Jr.

**H**ORACE was sitting by the dock as usual, emitting well-aimed expectorations of tobacco juice at the grasshoppers along the path. Horace, it should be noted, was as much of a fixture around the Kennebago country as the dozens of blue lakes that nestled in the Maine hills. Sixty years of guiding had aged him but little, except for an increasing stoop of his shoulders, caused by many seasons of acting as a pack horse for his sports' voluminous luggage.

He is one of that placid breed of men who are not bothered by haircuts or taxes. He tells time by the sun, and the seasons by the disappearance of the ice from the lake or the arrival of winter snows. Never given to verbosity, it was weeks before he would volunteer any remark except to venture, "Should a tried a Cahill," when a trout struck short.

Once he made so bold as to ask why I liked to fish Kennebago Lake in September—when perhaps other wilderness lakes held trout easier to catch. He and I became better friends when I told him that to me trout which are accustomed to flies are more fun to catch than are the uneducated fish that will rise to almost anything.

This year Horace had a secret—and

the glint in his eye and his feverish yank of the motor cord gave him away even before he told me. "Biggest damn trout I ever seen," was about all he'd say, but by careful persuasion it gradually came out that an extra large squaretail had taken residence under a rock outcropping not far from one of the picnic grounds.

Horace had seen the fish three times, but his sports had been unable to hook him and Horace seemed rather incensed that he had not been asked to try his luck with the rod. "Could a caught him with a Cahill," he said. As to how big he was, Horace would only extend his arms far beyond the bounds of truth. "You'll believe me when you see him," he said. "Biggest damn trout in the lake—go over eight pounds—and you know there's big trout in here. You remember the one Bill Edson caught off the

dock—over six pounds—and this one's twice as big."

At my suggestion that we make a bee line for the place, Horace only grunted, and allowed that we should fish along the shore so we'd get to the picnic ground about noon. So we picked up a pair of trout for lunch and finally eased our boat around the curve of the shore to a pretty spot with a fireplace and spring. "No one around here knows about this trout," said Horace, as he dumped potato slices into the skillet. "I'm telling you—but you'd best try a Cahill if you want to catch him."

It was not until lunch was over and Horace had crammed an odorous and ageless pipe with my tobacco that he led me along the shore to where the rock ledge overhung the lake.

"He's down there—and I'd a come here this morning except that the sun wasn't right to see him," was Horace's final remark, whereupon he sat on a nearby stump, lighted his pipe and watched as expectantly as an old bachelor at a burlesque show.

**O**F COURSE, it would have been rude not to "try a Cahill," so a Cahill it was, and I quietly sneaked down near the rock's edge and flipped it into the water, giving it the most lifelike action I could manage. True, I was doing it largely to please Horace,

"Lemme see that Cahill," said Horace, and squinted at it long and critically







The line began to pay out from the reel as the great fish made for the protection of the ledge

because his story of the fish was a bit too fabulous to believe—and fish that size are rarely where you want them to be anyway. Therefore, I could hardly credit my eyes when from out under the rock where I stood slowly moved a great dark shape.

I made a mental note that it was a togue, and a big one at that—but I couldn't understand why a togue (or lake trout) would be so near the surface in September and I looked closer. The great trout's fins were brilliantly marked; his lower sides of sunset orange; and his spots of a brilliance that only a great Maine male squaretail could boast. As I peeked over the ledge, his every line showed brightly in the clear water.

The trout moved majestically toward the fly, looked it over, and returned to his lair, with a dignity which bespoke his contempt for man-made flies and such odd and sundry creations.

Horace watched me wipe the cold perspiration from my brow and his eyes twinkled behind the tobacco smoke.

"Well, I tried a Cahill," was all I could say.

"Lemme see that Cahill," said Horace, and squinted at it long and critically. "He should a liked that—but that damn trout's probably kept up with fashions in flies almost as long as you have. He keeps his mouth shut and kibitzes while the smaller trout keep theirs open and get caught. Smart old kibitzer, danged if he ain't. How about trying a Lady Doctor—or maybe a Black Gnat?"

We looked for naturals on the water and finally selected a dun-colored dry

fly that seemed to be a perfect imitation. I went down near the water's edge again, carefully keeping out of sight, and dropped the little fly on the water, where it bobbed up and down on the tiny swells. Out, as before, came the trout. He steadily watched the fly as he approached it—seemed to open his mouth—but instead of sucking it in, he returned to the shelter of the rock as on the previous journey.

"Them educated trout are fussy as all hell," said Horace, and, fishing in his pocket he produced a black leather purse and dumped the contents into his hat. Finally he selected a fly, looked it over critically, and gave it to me. You're right—it was a Cahill—a Cahill that had been through the wars!

"I've caught big trout on this one," said Horace. "You try it."

When I'd tied the fly carefully onto the light leader I handed the rod to Horace and motioned to the lake. Horace looked the rig over critically.

"Nice rod," he observed. "Once I had a rod as good as that, but someone swiped it offen me. Never could afford another. Maybe someday someone'll gimme one. You better take it. You came a long way to catch that fish. Me, I can catch 'em anytime." But he needed little more urging to try for that fish. "If I get him, I'll put him back and you can try for him later," he said—and artfully tossed the fly into the ripples. I could tell by his expression that the trout had come out again—and by his change of expression, that the trout had gone back.

We tried streamers, dries, wets, and nymphs—but not another sign of

the big trout did we see that day.

"Either he seen us or maybe he just got tired," said Horace.

So we tried some sundown fishing along the shore—picked up and released a dozen or so nice fish, and returned to camp just as the lights were going on.

"Don't tell Mr. York about that fish," said Horace, as he stored the oars in the locker and covered the motor. "We'll try for him again tomorrow. He'll snap at something before you go home."

**T**HE problem of how to catch the trout kept me awake almost all night. The special rules for Kennebeco lake call for flies only—and flies no larger than number eight. Evidently no imitation of the natural foods would suit the fish, for I'd presented them with all the skill I possessed.

Perhaps the answer lay in the sage advice of Herbie Welch.

"Fish don't take flies just because they are hungry," he once said. "They sometimes take them because they are curious; sometimes because they are angry; or again in the spirit of play."

What fly did I have that would excite this big trout's curiosity, his anger, and that he might like to play with? I picked out a fluffy maribou silver doctor streamer, as the logical answer; put it in my hat, and went to sleep.

Morning dawned bleak and cold as only an early morning in the North can be. Before the sun was up, we had finished breakfast and were bobbing down the lake.

"Guess I'll try him from the water,"

(Continued on page 54)



Dear Barney:

Hello, you watery-eyed old flea heaven, and how are all the cat chasers down your way? You're about as good a correspondent as one of those concrete coach dogs the boss has stuck on his front lawn; and just about as useful, too. Any mutt that goes through life with ambition to hunt nothing but raccoons, well!

Life seems to continue to flow through my granite-like arteries, but don't ask me why. My rheumatism is always with me and the kids still get a fiendish delight in riding on my aching back. I still spend most of my time sleeping and I can think of no more enjoyable pastime.

I told you about my two sons, Presto and Whizz, didn't I? Presto left here some time ago and I understand he's down your way with the boss's son. There's a real chip off the old block, Barney. He's got speed, class and color, and I blushing admit that he's nearly as good looking as his old pop. Laugh if you like, but I notice Winnie, the Labrador you used to like so well, left you as lonesome as a WPA worker without his shovel as soon as my classic form crossed her line of vision!

But I must tell you about Whizz. If I can keep calm enough I'll relate all, but I'll admit that youngster nearly got me down!

I didn't see much of him until he was full grown, and I tell you just seeing him was pretty much of a shock. He favors his mother more than my side of the family. Practically all white, he has a little spot of black on his left shoulder, and another under his chest. He's taller than Presto and heavier than I am, and acted like a real champion when I first met him. The boss spent a lot of what he calls "folding money" to have him properly educated, and I'll confess I was really

proud of him when he arrived at the old homestead. He was very polite and sufficiently proud to make all the Chesapeake and Airedales in the kennels treat him with respect.

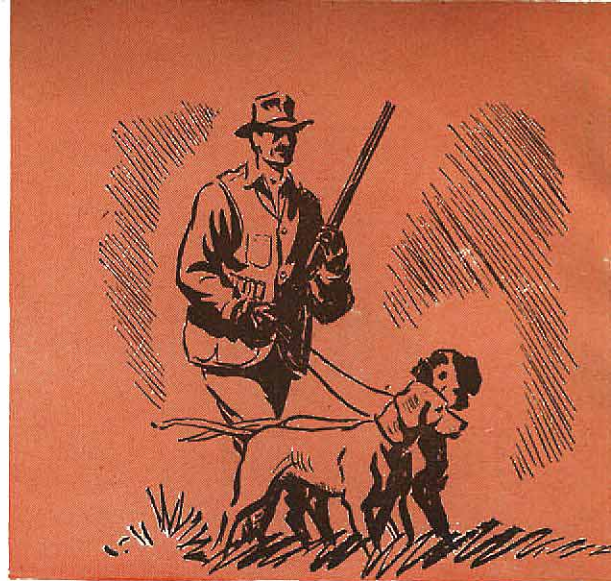
The boss took him into the field after he'd been around long enough to know where he lived and who the boss was. I happened to be doing nothing that day, so I amused myself by curling up on the top of a grassy knoll overlooking the south pasture where they were hunting and I saw the whole thing.

Whizz walked at heel just the way I like to see a champion walk; close enough to the boss's heels to make him think he was following instructions, and with his nose just far enough ahead of the heel to prove that he wasn't eating dust.

When the boss told him to "find birds," he was off like a shot, but paused before he'd gone twenty feet, sniffed a bush and answered the call of nature, then trotted straight as a charge of number eight shot to another clump of brush and pointed, as pretty a point as I've seen in many a day.

The boss walked ahead, flushed the covey of six quail, and fired twice. Down came one bird. Whizz dropped to shot and didn't move until the boss commanded, then he loped over, picked up the bird and brought it back, and sat down like a real son of Bang to offer it.

I'll confess I went back to the house feeling quite proud of my pup. Perhaps I boasted a little too much about it, because Jerry, the Irish Setter, for no reason at all, removed about half an inch of meat from my left flank, and

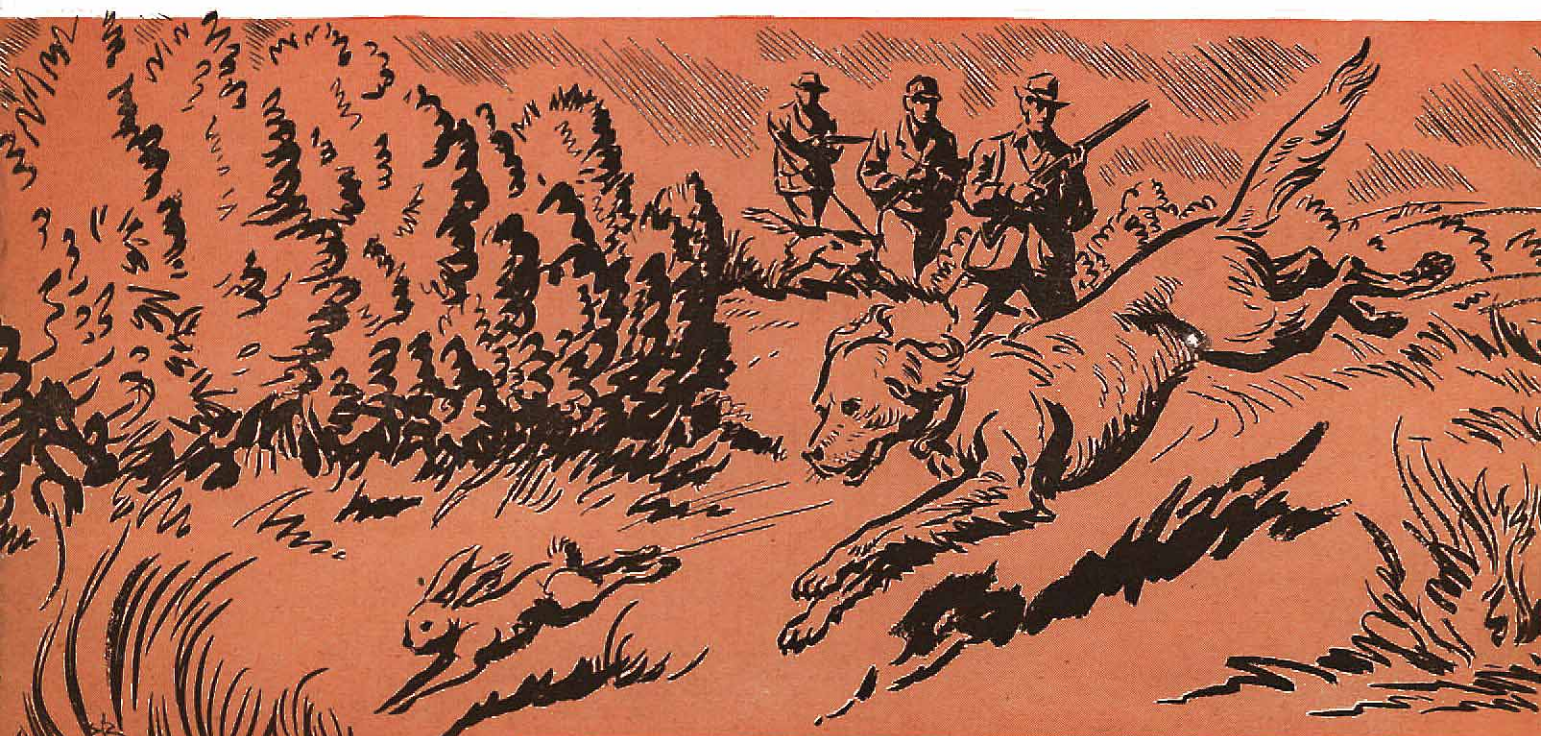


before I had a chance to treat him similarly, was gone.

But I still felt that my two pups were okay, and that even though I'm getting along in years I've accomplished something in fathering such excellent progeny.

**T**HE boss took a real liking to Whizz, that was plain. Daily they'd go to the south or east pasture, returning hours later with the boss loudly praising this or that qualification of my pup. I ate it up. I felt the praise was as much for me as for Whizz, until I suddenly realized that something was entirely screwy! Whizz was usurping my place!

For years I've had the run of the house. The boss has a big place and more dogs than you'll see in the average kennel, but I've always been the only one allowed in the house. When there's a steak dinner I get my chunk and the rest of the mutts get their canned horse meat. When the family takes an automobile ride it's unthinkable to go without me taking my time-honored place beside the boss, and in



And then there came a torrent of yips and howls



# TRIAL WITHOUT ERROR

by  
Jonathan Eldridge

the winter there's a rug in front of the fireplace that's my particular bed.

I didn't get too upset about Whizz's getting a piece of my steak after one of the boss's dinner parties; there was more than I could eat, anyway. It didn't burn me up too much when the boss took Whizz for a ride in the car and he sat in my seat. The boss was going into the city and I don't like the city. It's noisy and dusty and the boss always leaves me alone in the car while he spends hours going in and out of buildings, and then he takes me into a dark, cool place with a very peculiar odor, something like a silo, where he seats himself on a high stool and drinks liquid of some sort out of a tall glass. I have to lie on the floor under his feet and listen to him tell some of the darndest stories about me and my accomplishments. But, when I came home one chilly evening and entered the big room to find that pup lying on my bed, well! Everything just went black!

I may be getting old, Barney, but I left unmistakable evidence that my

teeth are still sound, on the back of my cheeky son's lap!

But it was of no use. The boss came home and flopped in his usual chair. I went over to say hello. He tugged at my ear and said, "Hello, Bang, you old son-of-a-gun, and where's our pup tonight?" and then left me flat and started bawling for Whizz at the top of his lungs. The big ox came tearing through the house like an elephant, and to my utter disgust, jumped into the boss's lap! Our family came from British nobility! I was overcome at such a nauseating scene. Imagine, a son of Bang a lap dog!

But, as I've said before, I'm not a pup any longer. A few years ago I'd have fought for my rights even with my own son, but now, well, I just took the easy way. Perhaps it was inertia, but I called it passive resistance. I just didn't do anything about it, figuring that Time, that most marvelous healer of all wounds, would straighten everything out sooner or later.

And tempus wasn't long in fugiting. Every year the Glen Harbor Country Club holds a field trial for setters and pointers, and ever since I've favored the household of my boss with my royal presence, he has emerged from the field with his pockets full of pretty ribbons, and his stomach full of something which appears to be a very weighty liquid judging from the great difficulty he seems to have in carrying it. Between me and members of my immediate family we've managed to clean up those trials regularly.

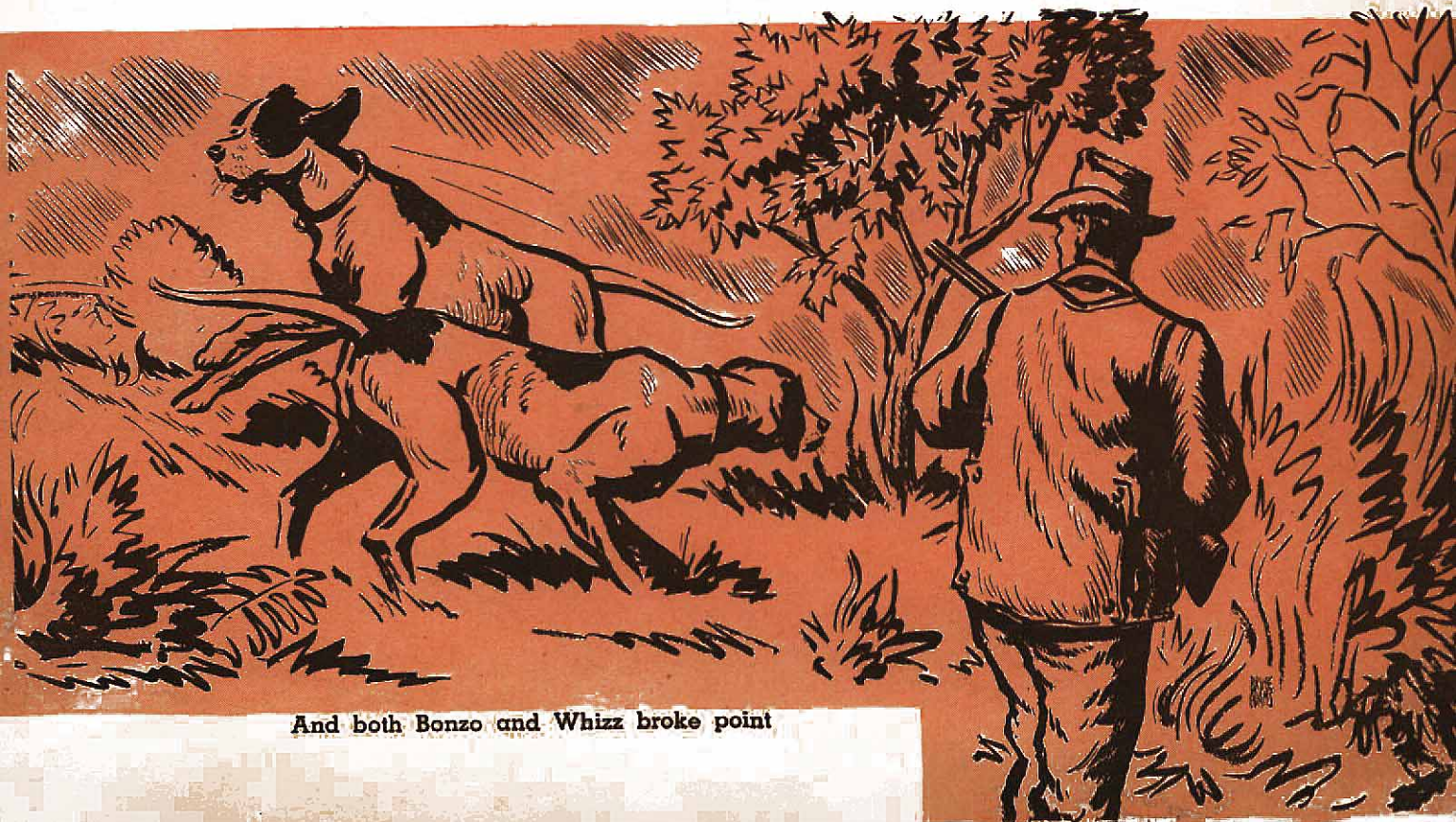
ILLUSTRATED BY  
BRUCE ADAMS

The boss, as becomes the winner of the previous year's trials, was slated to give a huge party previous to the running of the trials. Cars were arriving from early morning until almost sundown. The kennels were full of setters, pointers, and even a few scotties and sealyhams, undoubtedly brought along to bolster the ego of the hunting dogs. Long tables were built up in what used to be the barn, but is now what the boss calls a "whoopée room."

AT THE extreme east end of the barn are several huge troughs from which horses used to drink. The boss had made these things over so that a man could stand behind them and pour all kinds of foul smelling liquids into funny shaped glasses, then add some even more nauseating slices of fruit and some ice-cubes. Then some sort of a game was played. The men would drink these mixtures; the more horrible they appeared to taste, the more smacking of lips and expressions such as "Gawd, but that's good!" would follow. The one who drank the most of these concoctions was judged to be the winner, but rarely was anyone left to judge him, all other contestants being wrapped in the arms of Morpheus in various poses of entire abandon, a favorite resting place being the seat of a dilapidated buggy on which the first person to fall out of the race was usually unceremoniously draped.

But before the festivities got really in high gear the contestants would gorge great quantities of rather nice smelling food, after which they'd sit around smoking long black cigars, and in the vernacular of the boss, would "shoot the breeze."

And as always when the breeze was being shot, the boss would be in the center of the shooting. I hate to say it, (Continued on page 40)



And both Bonzo and Whizz broke point





"—get in here, Matt. I had a bite"

## The Gift Horse Had No Teeth

By Clyde Ormond

**M**ATT LARSEN, although under twenty, has fished the Snake River for years. But strange as it may seem, he'd never been on a bank-fishing trip.

You see, Matt builds boats, floats 'em down the Snake, and skims the cream of the trout fishing, while the bank-anglers cuss because the good holes are always on the other side, or down around the next bend, or through that mile of impenetrable brush. And several times during the past months, Matt has opened his big heart and taken me and Lee Harris along to help lap up the cream.

Lee saw a chance to get even. "Remember," he confided to me the other day, "Matt's always had a boat's-eye view of fishing the river. But you can't do justice to the pot-holes from a boat. Let's take Matt up

to Calamity, and show him fishing as is. For real lunkers."

Now Lee is an angler. He can catch trout behind a sprinkler. And like all trouters, he has his own pet season and method. Lee's favorite technique would chill the soul of a purist. When the South Fork gets the color of stucco, and almost as thick, Lee goes to town—to the pot-holes, that is. White grubs, sinker, short line, and a leader like a 'cello string—he brings home lunkers that make other men's eyes pop out.

"It's simple," he insists. "When the water gets so muddy they come to the bank for air; well, you just stick close along the edge and get 'em."

It isn't nigger-fishing, Lee further affirms. He says it's more sophisticated, and calls it an "Ethiopian Piscatorial."

Last week the river was muddy enough, and sufficient driftwood was seething and boiling down through the highwater mess to make Lee grin. And the big stories were coming in, too. The Clark boy got a seven-pounder. A native brought two into an Irwin store that sagged the scales (and the spectators' jaws), nine pounds.

Hence Lee's gusto, and the swell chance to turn the tables and play host to Matt.

**S**ATURDAY morning found the three of us jointing up rods along the Father of Irrigation, in upper Swan Valley. I noticed Lee glancing nervously down into the swirling river over the cutbank. He was a bit uncertain.

"S matter Lee?" I asked.

"She's dropped a good foot. . . . Not muddy enough, either."

Matt and I looked at the water. It was still thick enough to plaster with. And the black chunks of driftwood still hummed along, bobbing and plunging mid-stream. . . . the chalky, foamy fringe of water hissed and lapped into the willows along the banks.

"Aw, we'll catch trout," Matt assured Lee. "I've never been on the river when I didn't."

That was just it. Matt had never been on the river—always in it. I hoped Lee and I were going to be able to entertain him.

By then Lee had a white grub and a chunk of lead big enough to babbitt a windmill, dangling from his *dry* fly rod. Like a war-horse sniffing powder, he plunged over the cut-bank. "Look out, little fishes," he grinned, "here I come."

Matt and I watched, while jointing up. Lee picked a spot right in the center of a tangle of slowly revolving driftwood. Deftly he dunked the grub between two sticks, and let it sink.

Suddenly his rod tip wiggled. Lee licked his lips, bugged his eyes, hunched his broad shoulders, and reared back. It's a good thing he missed that trout. He'd have torn his head right off.

"Hot dog, boy!" he yipped. "Get in here, Matt. I had a bite."

Matt didn't seem in any hurry. For some reason I couldn't understand, he just grinned and grinned. . . . then picked his way down through the willows to where a jutting lava formed a back-wash close to the tangle of brush near the bank. I pocketed the camera, got my own rod, and followed.

Before we reached the water, Lee yipped out again. "Hot dog, I gottim!" But it was a kind of luke-warm yip, I noticed.

"Git 'im?" I hollered.

"Sure"—definitely flat.

Matt peered through the willows. "Hold him up, so we can see."

Lee held the trout aloft. He'd go all of eight inches.

Matt was appreciative but awfully sober. He didn't say anything for minutes. Then with a dryness, bristling with razberries, he drawled out



to Lee, "What was that you said you caught?"

"Never you mind, young man. That was only a starter."

Just then the tip of my rod twitched out toward the muddy back-wash where I'd cast. I snapped up—missed . . . pendulum-dunked the white grub back into the mud again. "Boy—!" I gasped.

Matt was watching. "You want to push on the line when he first bites," he assured me soberly. "That is, with big trout." Innocently he stripped out line and cast.

I mulled that over. Matt looked guileless as a baby. And he seemed intent upon admiring the scenery. But something, in his attitude struck me as being razzberry flavored.

Suddenly the rod jerked again. I waited a second—"pushed," as Matt said, then gave him the butt. That trout followed my line right out of the water—all eight inches of him.

Matt regarded him, wriggling in the brush behind me. But Matt is too polite to sniff. "See?" he asked by way of accenting his fishing instructions.

**I**F ANYTHING further was needed to make me and Lee aware that we were on the spot, it came within five minutes. Lee felt another nibble. He felt morally certain it was a lunker mouthing his grub. With an enthusiasm that proved to be unwarranted, he heaved back. The "lunker" sailed right up over his head. It was nearly as big as the others.

Matt must not have seen, because he was staring vertically up into the blue and cloudless. "Looks like a good day," he remarked, apropos of nothing.

And to add insult to injury, Lee and I took a half dozen of those youthful trout within thirty minutes. A trout or a bite to each little pot-hole, then move to the next. As each "little feller" was landed, Lee's lower dentistry gripped harder on his upper.

"By gosh man, we gotta get a big one," he swore. "Matt'll think we're a heck of a pair."

I felt the same way. But I was beginning to wonder about the big one.

Matt, as yet, hadn't scored. I thought that odd, knowing what he can do. But at each addition to the bag, his grin reached farther back. And he found the most irrelevant

things to remark about. The weather. The trees. The government. And his remarks *always* immediately followed the announcement of a nibble.

Then I caught him. Glancing a rod below me, to where Matt was soaking his line, I saw his rod jerking. "Matt," I choked, "you got a bite! Lookit!"

With splendid indifference, he went right on with his conversation—never missed a stroke. "—and so I says to Herk, 'Herk', I says—"

"Matt, you got a bite!"

Almost regretfully, I thought, he looked down at his line . . . watched it bob, jerk, settle, tug-tug. . . .



Camera, rod—everything worked according to Hoyle, except the fish

"Oh that. Yes, it does look like one. Then again, it doesn't. It's likely the current." He gazed in rapt meditation back toward the sky. "—and as I was saying to Herk—"

It wasn't because Matt disliked his fishing. He's just caught the cream of the fishing so long, that the skim milk is flat. And he knows darned well that big trout have off days. And he knew Lee and I didn't have the river drop just that day, on purpose. Maybe we shouldn't have said quite so much, though, about not being able to take the real big pot-hole lunkers from a boat.

I swore I'd get a big one or bust.

**M**ATT, certain now that the "little feller" had spit out the hook, reeled in and headed toward a jutting bank lava farther downstream. It was sunnier there, for him to loaf. Lee and I, now the worthy opponents with the burden of proof galling us, headed upstream.

At the head of the long stretch of lava jumble, there was a swirling, foamy hole leading in toward a bank cottonwood. "We might get a big one there," Lee hoped out loud and anxiously. "Get in there, boy. We just gotta get a lunker somewheres."

While Lee baited up, I cast out into the foam . . . let the line settle and twist around with the current.

Suddenly the line straightened. The rod tip went tug-tug. Thinking it was just another little feller, I twitched up. The hook set solid, and there wasn't any "give".

"Oh boy!" I yelped. "A big one, Lee!"

"Hang on, boy—"  
"Wow!"

Lee's voice choked with the relief of an angler's salvation from a piscatorial purgatory. "Hang onto him, boy. Just wait till Matt sees that baby— Here, I'll reel in and give you a hand." Lee heaved his outfit bankward, and got down to the water edge . . . parted the willows. "Watch that brush, boy! Don't let him tangle—"

The lunker's fight was deep, kinda slow, but powerful. And he was hooked solid. I felt I could handle him with luck. Then the awful thought of losing him, and Matt's disbelief, gave me an idea. "Hey, Lee!" I gulped out through a mouthful of stripped-in line, "git the camera. If we lose him, why— And try and snap him just as he breaks water."

Lee is quick on the draw. He caught him just as he broke water all right. He snapped the shutter expertly. I played the lunker magnificently. And then Lee looked at me, and I looked at him. And we each saw a pricked ballon.

The lunker was a sucker.

Matt, never one to miss an opportunity, had seen the fight, and wandered up. He'd watched the proceedings from the top of the cut-bank. His voice was casual and very sweet. "—and unless we get some frost, there's going to be a swell crop of chokecherries this year. That is, unless—"

(Continued on page 55)



# Yucatan Bob Whites

By R. W. Ovington

**T**HE study of Mayan citadels brought Allen Williams and me to Yucatan. And while the temples we visited gave us glimpses of musty magnificence, it was a grandeur of the dead past. Hence there was a particularly vital quality in our experiences as we explored nearby fields where fast-flying birds set our hearts thumping.

We thought of these birds often as we photographed and sketched the ruins of an ancient civilization. Thoughts led to plans with the result that a hunt was arranged for the last day of our stay in Yucatan.

The evening preceding our shooting excursion was spent at the home of a friend in the picturesque town of Merida. And our friend Roger was an excellent host. He served a delicious meal of wild duck, loaned me a beautiful French double-barrel shotgun, announced that he had obtained a guide for us and promised a supper of quail a la Yucatan for the next night if our hunt should be successful.

"Your guide will be Senor Itsa," Roger explained. "He's the official hunter for the governor's table. He doesn't speak English, so you'll have a chance to try out your high school French. Itsa's an old-timer of parts, and a darned good meat hunter. You should have plenty of good shooting over his excellent dog, old Bob. The

last time I went with Itsa I bagged thirty quail in a couple of hours. But I warn you"—Roger's eyes twinkled—"watch out for the henequen. The points of those plants are spearlike and they can give you some nasty wounds."

The next morning I was awakened before the alarm clock rang by cocks crowing in crescendo over the city. I lay in bed and listened. Then it began to get light. I heard the tapping of military drums and reveille, then the raucous alarm clock reminded me that I was soon to go quailing. Allen awoke, we dressed quickly and had just finished breakfast when a decrepit automobile stopped outside Roger's home.

Two men got out of the car. One, who obviously was Senor Itsa, bade us "Bonjour, comment allez vous, mon-sieurs?" The other man, a much younger Mexican, greeted us with "Buenos Dias, senors." The young man—we learned later that his name was Jack—ushered us into the tonneau of the car where we shared the seat with two beautiful pointers.

Shortly after leaving the town we transferred from the automobile to a flat car that was pulled along narrow gauge rails by a dusty and mangy mule. Thus we passed many fields of henequen and several unearthed Mayan ruins. No one knows what lies beneath the cultivated surfaces of those fields and at the time we did not care. Our interests were centered on hunting and the sporting delights of the present.

"Isn't that good hunting ground?" Allen asked once as we passed a birdy-looking field.

"Non, Monsieur—pas du tout!" Itsa answered, and I gathered the henequen plants were too high for the dogs to range. It was impossible to walk anywhere except in the row you started in.

Finally we arrived at a field of henequen in its fifth year of growth so the plants were about two feet high. Just a suggestion of morning warmth was

felt as we unleashed the dogs and headed north across the sun. And henequen all around.

**HENEQUEN?** The henequen plant is similar in appearance to the magay plant—another variety of cactus. It is slate green in color with each stiff tip black and hard as steel. It makes hard going for men and dogs; that I realized as soon as we left the flat car at the point selected by Itsa for the beginning of our hunt.

The positions were interesting! Itsa was off to my left—and Jack was nearby with an eye on his youngster pointer. He surveyed that dog with the same interest with which an impresario observes a protege.

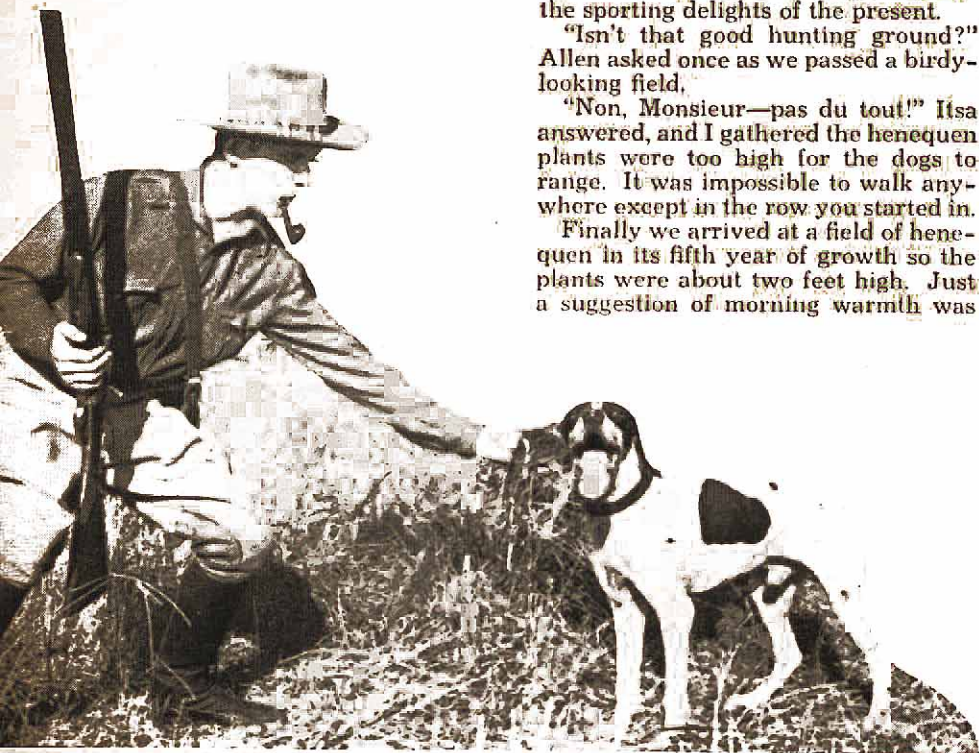
Both dogs approached a low cover and froze at the same instant, pointing at each other. Itsa moved up and I did likewise—and Jack issued a word of warning, when I accidentally stumbled too near a henequen plant. From under my feet three birds exploded and it was some time before I had my gun up and at 'em. I missed clean with both barrels! These Yucatan quail just seem to rise out of nowhere. The birds veered crazily in Itsa's direction, rocketed skyward and the old pot hunter downed all three.

"We got them!" Jack shouted. But both dogs were still on point! There were more birds in that cover. But I was ready this time. I even held the gun up as I wanted one of these birds so I could study it for species and general description.

Zoom!—Two birds aimed right at me—and they darn near took my Arizona Stetson right off my head. Allen, who was so flustered that he entirely missed the picture of my trying to get untangled from the little French double—was following behind. I held the gun higher—and believe me, that gun had grown to the size of an unwieldy howitzer in those split seconds.

Itsa marked the location of the birds and whistled the dogs to them after retrieving. Darned if they didn't range right over the marked spot, which both of us had covered. The birds knew when and where to get up. Jack had no gun—and that's the place they picked. In quick succession they fluttered not over six inches from the ground, being careful to keep a row of henequen between themselves and the flying lead.

Our next encounter was quarterwise into the sun. Itsa worked to the west, and Jack, who had collared the pup,



Jack's pointer pup retrieved my bird





Our flat car conveyance. Note the henequen and palms in the background

walked close to me. Allen was quite a distance away, trying to get a picture of us with the palms in the background. Old Bob covered an unbelievably large area and suddenly came to a stop, straddling a dangerously sharp henequen plant, but managed to hold his point directly in front of Itsa. The dogs gave Itsa the field so I relaxed and got all set to watch the fun.

Itsa moved in—too close—and a flushed bird caught him off guard. Instead of the thing flying the way any quail should, it doubled back over the astonished dog's head and sailed across my field, whistling loudly. Somehow, I got my gun up and blew the bird to smithereens, as it was so close I hadn't thought to wait. Old Bob retrieved in grand style after jumping three henequen rows and laid the mangled bird in my hand. The "sixes" left enough to recognize, thank goodness.

At this point, Itsa whistled Old Bob in for water—as the warmth of this southern sun, even at this hour, had the dogs panting. Bob drank heavily of the refreshing "aqua" administered from a World War vintage canteen.

FOR the moment I forgot what I was doing and tried to cross a row of henequen without giving the plants enough room. I ended up on the ground with a terrible jab on the knee. Wow! My profanity could be heard for quite a distance! The steel-like points

went right through the heavy pants and cut deep. Itsa snickered something in French—something that my limited knowledge of the language did not include! "From now on," I resolved aloud, "these local ice-picks are to be given a wide berth as far as I'm concerned."

"Well—you have the right idea there,—" Jack remarked.

"But how in tarnation can you train your dogs to avoid this kind of stuff? It's positively deadly, and one

jab would lay them up for weeks!"

Jack's English wasn't perfect, but it was adequate. "Oh, they learn much the same as you did—sometimes with painful effects!"

Honestly, to see the dogs run through these plants and even jump over them was a never-ending source of amazement. It was fascinating to follow their graceful movements in this true obstacle-style of hunting. Even the pup knew the tricks. Just then it was his luck to find game. He came to a right angle point, head north and tail west. What could that mean? Judging from what had transpired so far I should be ready for anything! Itsa was watching and had been warned that I was a good shot from the States, but up to now the proof was sadly lacking.

I moved up to do or die. The henequen in this spot was lower than in most places and there was low bush about thirty feet away. I caught myself almost going with the safety on, but snapped it up in time to swing on three birds that took off in three different directions! The air seemed full of whirring wings, but the little French double lived up to all my expectations: I made a clean double kill. I guess I showed Itsa! He banged two shells and picked the last one out of the sky with a clever bit of gunning.

Itsa suggested that we go to the ruins of an old hacienda where he hoped  
(Continued on page 31)



Yucatan quail



AT FIVE a.m., before the alarm clock hands had reached that zero hour of clamorous ringing, I awoke and gently set the indicator at silent. Then, contentedly, I lay still—realizing that this was a Sunday morning in the month of May. There was no hurry about rising. I might even go back to sleep if I so desired. But it was a privilege to just curl up and philosophize like old Confucius, body still and relaxed as though floating on a wave of black velvet, mind clear and so sharp in the last dreaming vestiges of the subconscious, that all the pictures before it were infinitely beautiful and finely etched in the stillness.

Just outside my window the birds were tuning up—readying a tribute to the rising sun. There was a song sparrow; I could hear one singing so sweetly and piquantly—the first six notes rising sharply and the kettle trill a level of pure ecstasy. I visioned the bird swaying on the topmost twig of a new-leaved birch sapling, glad face to the sky; the sky a wash of gold-flecked pink, and the light just bright enough so that it would be possible to make out that dark, distinguishing blotch in the center of the bird's breast.

There would be a little huddle of robins too, perched in the apple tree, all fluffed up to keep warm and caroling dreamily as those first red sun shafts splintered through the branches. All sorts of birds would be out there, from the tiny warblers already hopping about in search of small insect prey, to the crows flying into the sunrise. It was to be an ideal day.

I thought of John and immediately saw him in my mind's eye. He was

wading far out into the turbulence of a great trout stream. It was a famous stream, a river far-famed for its fighting trout. I could see the current pile up in a little rim of white water around his waders—and yet the water wasn't white, for at that moment the sunlight touched it and the incredible alchemy of nature brought a flush of pink and gold all blended with the darker greens and blues of the awakening river.

John had flown three hundred miles for a few hours' fishing. He'd probably take a fish of long and thick proportions, too; a silvery fighter designed to smash the water into whirlpools with his lightning lunges. John had asked me to go along and share the sport, but I'd refused. There was something more important—

I HAD it all planned. Not that I wanted to kill a mess of trout, or even one of record size. It was just that I wanted one morning to fish a little stream—alone. The idea went back quite a way.

When I was a small boy I used to play hookey from school on various mornings in sun-swept May. In those days I felt a strange, almost holy elation in the experience of wading down through the richest, greenest meadow grass this side of heaven, in listening to the red-winged blackbird, whose domain I invaded, and in occasionally snaking out a lusty brook trout from the black-water pools and the shallow golden runs of my brook. For it was my brook. It was the only one I ever fished, during my early youth, and I like to think that I have taken more of the dusky little *fontinalis* out of its clear waters than any other single fisherman.

But the years have flowed a flood tide since the days of grammar school and righteous hookey. I wasn't even certain that I'd be able to find that stream, let alone take trout. But nevertheless, I arose and dressed for the adventure ahead. Then I found my

lightest creel and a slim bamboo rod. Hunting around, I gathered up a pair of light boots—then flung them back into the closet and chose a pair of tennis shoes. The bait was all put up, yes—in a tin can. I had dug those worms the evening before, furtively and with one eye cocked for possible intruders. Charley or Bill might have seen me and asked fool questions.

I rolled out the bike. My car stood in the drive and the sun glanced a beckoning brilliance from its hood. But I was adamant and my usual laziness was overwhelmed by the glorious idea of making this one trip as simple as possible. Perhaps I had a superstitious fear that only in this silent, unobtrusive way might I recapture the joys of earlier angling expeditions.

The bike was a professional racing model. It was worth more than one hundred dollars and had carried me to a number of victories on eastern board tracks and road surfaces. If that pedigreed lightweight had been animate, no doubt it would have blown a tire at the mere thought of carrying an angler over rough country roads in the springtime. But the speedy little cycle held together and, after a ride of some eleven miles, I drew up by the roadside and sighed a great sigh.

The brook was there. It was just as I remembered it, although the alders seemed to have grown alarmingly. The water was dark in the shadows, but superbly clear.

Out over the meadow I saw two black ducks sweep down in a knife-like landing. The red-winged blackbirds were tumbling over themselves with joy, calling "O'ka-lee, O'ka-lee." And each call was like a year rolling off my life until once again I was the kid who played hookey, standing in the same warm sunlight, making those last minute fitments before matching wits with the swift little meadow trout.

It was the same, except that I was a man now, and my equipment was better. I'd pruned down a leader to 20 inches and attached a No. 4 forged hook. The last time I stood thus, on this bank, it was a mail order gut hook that I attached to the end of my cotton

I saw two black ducks sweep down . . . once again I was the kid who played hookey





line. I used no-not in those days; a sturdy birch pole and later a telescopic rod, needed no assistance in snaking out my brookies.

I PARKED the bike up against an oak of mammoth proportions and saluted the tree with a mock bow. If anyone had observed me at that moment they would surely have deemed me insane. But I wasn't any more distracted than usual. It was just that things were working out perfectly. I would have been absolutely satisfied if I had fished the entire stream and registered nary a nibble, for certainly creeled fish are no more than a fractional part of the joy in a May morning's meandering down a tiny meadow stream.

But I did catch fish. At first there was a savage little strike and the line ran off in a steady flow to terminate suddenly in a series of twitches where it entered the water and angled away under the rank meadow grass.

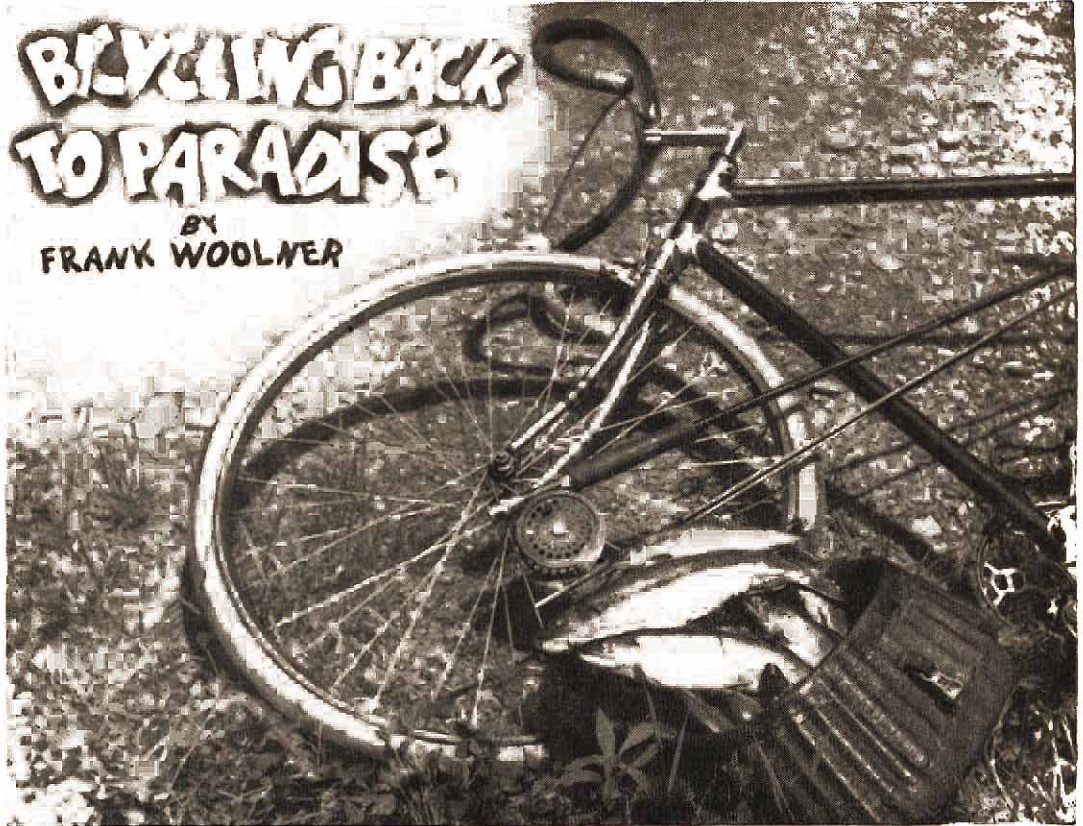
I set the hook and felt that light rod of mine spring alive. But the trout was small, barely 6 inches. I carefully removed him from the big size 4 hook, wetting my hands first so that I might not injure that delicate spotted skin.

There were no boot tracks in the mud, along my route, and I concluded that the brook was left pretty much alone. So much the better, I thought; there may be a few trout large enough to take home. I guided the bait down through a grassy opening and saw the greedy current suck it into a dark section of the bank. There came that satisfying, solid twitch again and I casually set the hook. This time the rod tip writhed down the moment I tried to lift it. The line became a sizzling arc where it cut across the current and, under a canopy of grass which bent all the way over the stream, a dynamic something that was wide and dark and shining, wallowed heavily!

It was a brief battle but my heart was still pounding wildly when I finally netted and held that trout in my hands. It was a beautiful thing of speckled tints against a mottled background; 13 inches long!

I derived a real joy in arranging a pallet of green marsh grass in the bottom of my creel. Then I put that fish in the basket and admired him for another interval before turning once again to the business in hand.

Selecting a medium-sized pink worm, (the kind that murdered 'em when I was a kid), I threaded it on the hook and picked my way carefully down stream for several yards.



Things got better and better. I no sooner lowered that pink, squirming garden hackle to the water than a vicious brookie knifed up and had it! Amazement hooked that trout and my sense of humor responded when I saw him dangling 4 feet above the stream, suspended from the bowed tip of my 4-ounce rod, while his initial swirl still lingered on the water. That fish was more than legal, but I was particularly mellow for several reasons and so I let him go back to his lair under the black grass roots.

From that point on I began to take fish out of almost every bend and pool. Most of these I returned to their native element, but those over 7 inches in length were slipped in beside their larger brother on the wet grass in my creel. They were all dark and vividly colored, evidently natives. In size they ran from 7 to 10 inches, but they were plump and beautiful fish.

I felt no envy whatsoever toward John, fishing that famous river. This trip of mine had become perfection itself. Somehow I even doubted that he'd understand my wading down a thin little meadow stream in a pair of tennis shoes. The water was delightfully cool; not the stunning cold of early spring that one experiences now and then when a treacherous boot gives way during the April campaign.

THE hours had flown swiftly and it was nearly noon. I found a firm spot beside the stream, and sat down to re-arrange my trout. Again I feasted my eyes on their sleekness. There were eleven, when I counted them, and I was surprised that I had so many. The little brook had exceeded

my fondest hopes. I disjointed my rod. It was time to quit.

The two black ducks that I had jumped, upon first entering the swamp, came back, circled warily and plained in. The sun was comfortably warm. Like Browning, I found that all was right with the world.

Later, pedaling briskly toward home, I planned another trip such as this. I had found more pleasure in fishing this clear meadow brook than I had ever experienced in casting dry flies over "good water." I'd discovered something rare and I planned to make the most of it. I wanted another taste of this complete perfection. . . .

Of course, that never came to pass; I'm afraid that it never will.

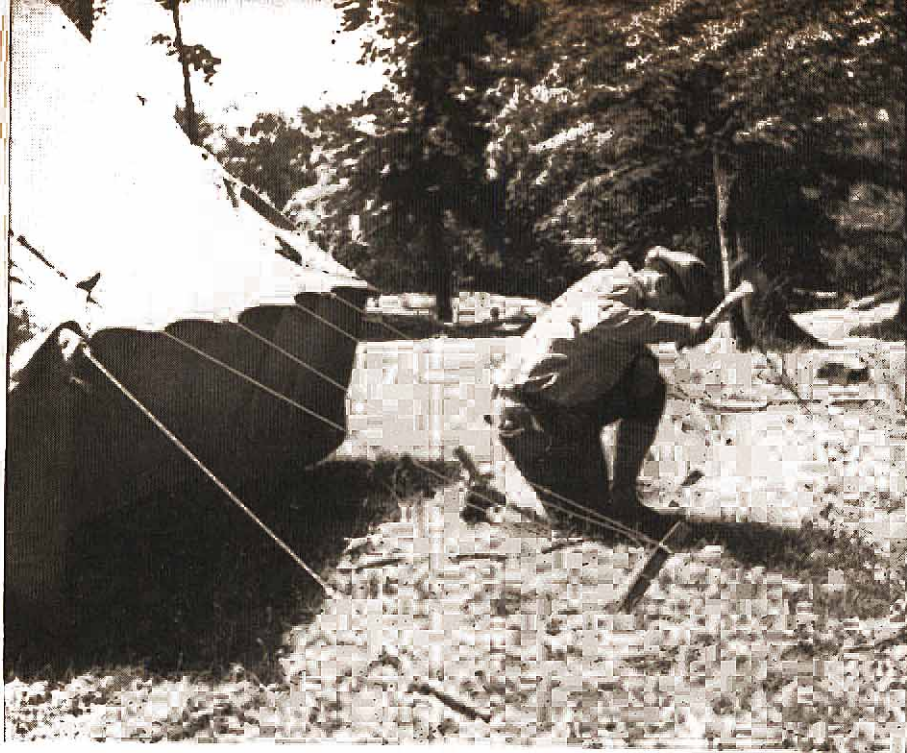
To every sportsman, I think, there comes a day like this, a day when heaven seems very near. And then that day is gone and there remain memories, but nothing more—unless it be a faded picture of the catch.

Once in a lifetime one may recapture some single experience or a mood long forgotten. Something made up not alone of the fish creeled, or the day, or the thoughts, but composed of all these things and more: the wild ducks flying, the cry of a familiar bird, the nostalgic memories that happen to flood back just when the complex mind is attuned to receive them.

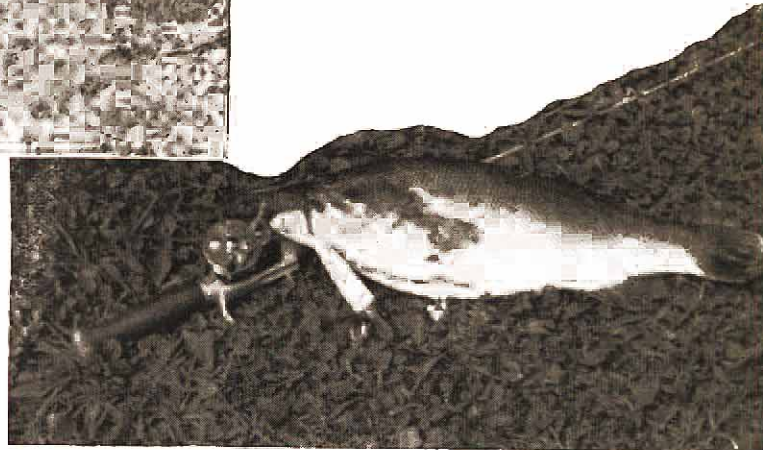
I know that this is true, for I treasure a bright recollection of one day when all the strangeness of growing older was put aside and, once again I was a kid in wet tennis shoes standing upon the banks of the first stream I ever fished. A day when the red-wings were calling and two ducks volplaned down through the warm sunshine.



# 600 Miles, But--



We set up the tent in record time



Four pounds and eleven ounces of reward for 600 miles of driving

**T**HROUGH the car window the green hemlock seemed to stretch endlessly from the highway. I glanced at the speedometer and it read 600 miles from home. And I thought that now we had surely come far enough. At last we had nearly reached that virgin paradise, that gem of a lake where the small-mouthed bass grew lusty and pot-bellied from ease.

Hank had learned its location in mid-summer from a fellow who knew a fellow—and throughout the winter months he had been glamorously exploiting it. So now we were almost there at last; Hank and Ed and I—all of us but Scotty. Poor Scotty! I remember the sadness that was mirrored in his eyes as we stopped before the pumps of his filling station.

"Wish I could manage this trip," he had said longingly. "But shucks—what am I beefin' about? I'll be down on the Whitewater when the run's on. Good luck, and good fishin'!"

His parting shot rang in my ear as Hank slipped the car into gear. We all waved, and I glanced back through the rear window, and saw Scotty standing beside the pumps with his hands measuring off a good three feet. He was wishing us a lunker. Yea boy, I thought! Big bass, tackle busters, he-man fish in a he-man country! Wow! Then I remembered the sadness in Scotty's face—poor Scotty.

We crossed the river, and I sensed the familiar urge to turn in at the road on the edge of the bridge—the road that led down to the water. A lone fisherman was fly casting the riffle above the bridge. Hank saw him too.

"Bet that's Ory Jackson," he said. "Ory has small-mouth itch—he just can't wait for the run." Hank paused a moment. "That's what's wrong with the Whitewater!" he suddenly blurted. "You get three or four days' good fishin', when the run's on, and the rest of the season nothin' but stray bass out

of the deeper holes."

"If you're lucky, you do!" Ed put in. "Where we're goin' you don't wait for a run. Big fish, Mister! Lunkers all the time. To give you an idea—" Ed lifted his hands and peeled off an immense measure as Scotty had done, until Hank complained that Ed's hands were obstructing the windshield.

We all laughed then, but I still thought of the Whitewater behind us. I had taken some dandies during the run, not so big perhaps as they grew in this paradise lake, but two pounders, anyway. 'Course, there were inconveniences on the Whitewater.

It being the local stream, just about every bass man in town fished it. And when the small-mouth came up from the lake, there wasn't room to spit on its banks. Your line forever strayed over the neighbor's outfit, and when a bass was hooked, everybody reeled in. I've seen some mighty fine bass come out of the Whitewater, and I've seen some mighty sweet tangles on its banks, but, all in all—

**T**HE car lurching off the highway jerked me out of my thoughts. We had swung into a sandy trail which cut through the heart of the forest. The green pine crowded right up to the trail. Sweet odor of balsam clung thick in the air. A big buck deer stepped out of the woods, stood poised in the clear a moment, then whirled with a crash into the brush. And then

By William D. Trausch

I caught a sparkle of water through the trees.

I'll never forget the awe that came over me as we reached the lake. Golly, it was pretty, just as Hank had said. The water had that greenish blue of depth, and the thick forest which hemmed its sides threw shadows in dark spires upon the surface. The trail stopped abruptly, but Hank drove on over a faint path which twisted through the trees clear to the water's edge. Then we glimpsed a cabin, and an old man watching us from its doorway.

He was just "Pop," Hank informed us, as the fellow who knew a fellow had told him. Pop had lived here, boy and man, for fifty years, and as we set up camp, he babbled out his loneliness.

Yup, there were plenty bass in the old lake. Yup, most of 'em had yet to see a lure. Live bait was best, though. Pop never used anything but "vittle bait." Oh, anything worth chewin' on would do. A chunk of liver, or a piece of turtle meat, or a fish eye. Pop didn't have any faith at all in the wood, and paint, and metal conglomerations.

Prompted by his words, we set up the tent in record time, and not bothering to eat, hurried down to the shore.





The scene Ed visualized as we started out with the fly rods

air a moment, then slapped down on the water top. Hank's rod writhed and doubled like a living thing as he fought that fish. For ever so long Hank and the fish battled it out, and the light was almost gone when he finally netted it.

I remember the gasp of admiration which escaped Hank as he lifted his fish into the boat. I took my scale

bug, and it seemed to be hammering out that figure. Four pounds, eleven ounces!

I grabbed my rod, and flicked the bait out into the darkness. And I was conscious of the abrupt change that came with the night. The caddis fly wasn't swarming over the water in such great numbers now. The slurp of feeding fish had diminished to an occasional rise.

But I kept casting. And I might as well have saved the energy, for the bass refused as though a submarine alarm had been sounded.

"Just wait till morning!" Hank enthused as I rowed back to camp. He glanced at the big bass. "Yea, boy, just wait till morning!"

His words ran through my mind as I turned in. I admit I felt a tinge of disappointment. If I had hooked but

one of those feeders! But a soft night breeze was flapping the tent, and the tiny inlet behind my cot was making melody into the lake, so—as Hank had said, there would be tomorrow!

**WE BEAT** dawn by a good hour, and Hank, busy over flap-jack turning, discovered we had forgotten coffee. There was a postoffice and general store a mile from the crossing. Pop (Continued on page 56)

We climbed into the old flat bottom, and headed out for open water.

There I found a lifetime surprise from the caddis fly. I had met him before, out fishin', but never in such great numbers. For the sun had dropped behind the western hump, and now, from the foliage of every tree, every bush, every grass blade came Mr. Caddis. The air was thick with him, and he stuck to the boat, to our hats, our necks; wherever he lit, he remained. Millions of his clan, wings fluttering out last minutes, dropped into the water, until the surface resembled a carpet under which the evening swell failed to break through.

Then followed the slurp of feeding fish. Never have I heard so many feeding fish. The water top fairly boiled white.

"Golly," Hank whispered, "just listen to 'em!"

But the next thing I heard was the swish of his short rod. The redhead plug arched out toward shore, lit in the mush of caddis fly with a muffled splash, and then wiggled down under the carpet where its action might have a chance to work. And the mush had barely closed over its entrance into the water when the line leapt taut.

It leapt taut with a peculiar "zing," and water shot from its upper braids in a fine spray. Then the bass broke water. It might have been the evening shadows, or the dim light, or the fact that the water which clung to him marking his flight added length to that fish, but I swear it was the biggest bass I have ever seen.

The redhead plug swung like a pendulum in his huge jaws. The water which clung to him splattered back to the surface. He hung arched in mid-



out of the luggage box and we weighed him right there. Golly, he looked big as a whale as Hank slipped the hook in his gills. The silence was intense as Hank squinted in the dim light. He lit a match and leaned closer to the digits. I saw the pointer flutter in the flickering light, then it slowly came to rest. Four pounds, eleven ounces! Golly! Golly gosh! I could feel my heart go jitter

There were pan fish aplenty



Two jaws poked out of the water





10339

Photo by U. S. Forest Service

To get out of a strange country, first "lay your line"

**M**Y COMPANION and I were eating supper at our Flattop camp when a man plunged into our circle of firelight and fell at our feet. He was a lost and completely done-up deer hunter.

We gave him stimulants, revived him, fed him judiciously, put him to bed. He wasn't so badly affected by exposure and mental strain as he might have been. Next morning he was able to tell us what had happened.

Same old story. He became separated from his party, walked over a hill, walked over another, turned and walked over a third—and there he was, completely lost.

Luckily for him the weather was mild, since he had spent two days and nights out all alone, with nothing more to eat than the lunch he had carried in his hunting-coat pocket. He had lost his hat and gloves, but otherwise he was fully and warmly clad. It was the mental anguish of being lost more than anything else which had unnerved him. We set out to find his party. The camp was less than a mile away. He had been wandering around in a ten-mile circle, and had stumbled in on us quite

by accident. And it was a good thing for him that he did.

If only city men who go afield got lost it would be easy to indict them and tell them if they couldn't do any better they had better stay home. But all of us, regardless of how experienced we may be, get lost at times. Even professional outdoorsmen, if you

you read of tragic sequels: "Found, frozen to death" . . . "Found at the foot of a ledge," etc.

Getting lost is the easiest of all outdoor sports. It doesn't take any special aptitude, training or practice, but comes naturally to most persons.

For example, you decide some bright morning to take a little walk from camp. You are tempted by a bird or a butterfly or the possibility of getting a shot at a deer. You walk and walk. You know that all you need to do to get back is turn around and retrace your steps. But when you decide it's time to do that you realize that you are in unfamiliar surroundings. You don't remember that patch of trees. That mountain doesn't look

familiar. Where does this trail lead? Man, you're lost!

What you do when that fact is realized, tells whether you're an experienced outdoorsman or a tyro who should rely upon street signs in finding his way about.

The first thing to do when you are lost is to adopt the outdoorsman's philosophical attitude. He sits down and thinks. The inexperienced trails-

# LOST

By Charles B. Roth

can draw them out, will admit that they have spent many a night out in the wilds alone, lost from the rest of their party and the world.

**I** DON'T know how many men perish every year because they lose their way in the woods. But I know that newspapers publish accounts every fall of searching parties trying to rescue missing hunters. Occasionally



man starts out, like one of Stephen Leacock's bizarre heroes," and dashes off in all directions."

The experienced man lights his pipe. Then he deliberately reconstructs the path he took in arriving where he is. He recalls landmarks. He tries to remember what he saw on the out trip, where he saw it. Everything that could possibly have a bearing on his directions he revives in his mind.

Ere long he'll hit upon the secret of his location—and start off in an entirely different direction from that which he might at first have thought the way to camp. To the veteran woodsman being lost is just another little problem in the day's work. Those old timers are lost oftener that you'd suspect. The only difference between them and the tenderfoot is that they know how to get out of their predicament.

Let's find out what being lost means and how you can avoid the experience or at least come out of it safely.

**T**HE first and most important safeguard against getting lost is a good sense of direction. Some persons will tell you that they have it. Others will admit they lack it. Now, a sense of direction is not, strictly speaking, a sense at all: it is an acquired skill.

What we call a sense of direction is merely greater powers of observation than are possessed by the average citizen. A man with these powers will subconsciously make note of landmarks as he goes along. When he starts back he will, subconsciously perhaps, look for these. They will lead him aright. The other man will go along thinking beautiful thoughts and not paying the slightest attention to where he is. He will get lost, beautiful thoughts and all.

You will deduce from this that the sense of direction is something you can cultivate. See more as you go along. Observe more closely. Develop the sense, even in the city.

I think the greatest of trailblazers among white men was 130-pound Kit Carson. He knew his way over the entire western half of the United States before there was a road or a trail. Apparently he never got lost. His was a marvelous sense of direction.

General J. C. Fremont reveals Carson's secret in one of his accounts of their journeys together. They were once in the Sierra Nevadas and, for the moment, Carson, the guide, had lost the trail. He stood there pondering. Finally:

"We will go through that notch," he announced to his boss. "The trail to the Pacific is right over there."

**When you are lost in the woods the first thing to do is convince yourself that you're all right. "You're well, ain't ye? You're warm enough, ain't ye? You're not starved yet, ain't ye? Then what you got to worry about? You'll come out all right"**

*Photo by U. S. Forest Service*

The party went forward. Carson was right: they found the trail where he said it would be.

"How did you know the trail was here, Kit?" Fremont asked.

Carson confessed that he had recollected an odd-shaped mountain top to the left of the trail, though he had seen it only once—and that sixteen years before!

There is the kind of memory for places which a man needs if he is going to have an unerring "sense of direction." You can cultivate it.

Now, this sense of observation operates in another and a very prosaic but important way. A man in town wouldn't attempt to run his business without facts, nor will an outdoorsman attempt to travel a trail without knowing where he is at every moment. He never starts along a trail, for instance, until he has made sure in what direction it is headed—north, south, east, west. When he starts out he makes an observation of the direction. He goes, say, an hour in that direction, then turns in another. He makes note of that. Another half hour and an-

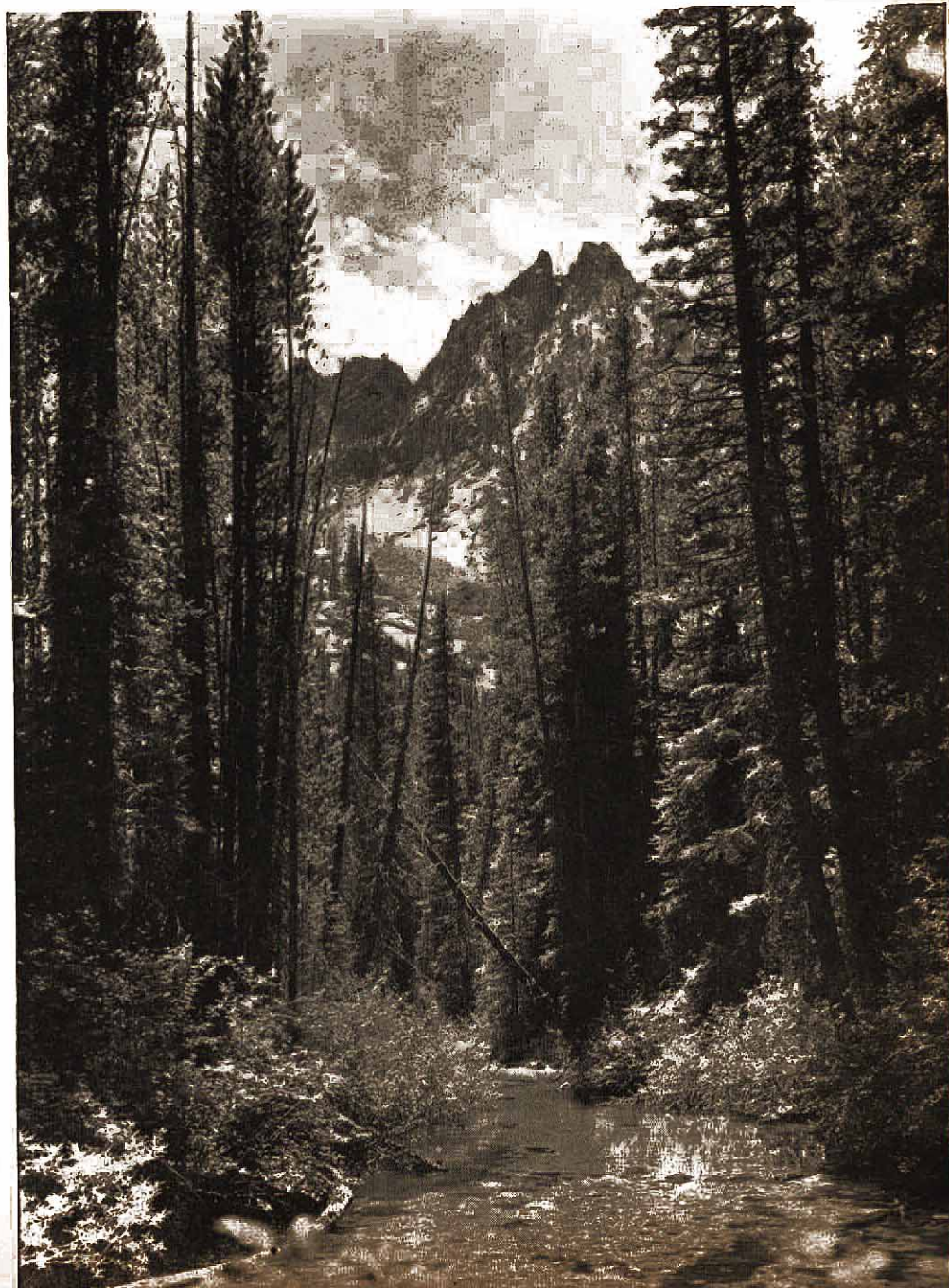
other change. Of that he also makes note. At the end of the day, he has a mental map he can easily retrace to safety—because he knows where he was at every minute.

**T**HE best way to acquire the ability to keep from being lost is to practice observation daily in your ordinary affairs. None of us pays enough attention to landmarks, even on his own street. We pass a certain corner for years and never know there is a yellow house on it until one day we open our eyes and see a yellow house.

If a man will practice developing this ability to see and then to remember what he has seen he will be able to acquire a sense of direction that will lead him out aright, no matter how badly he may be lost in the woods. It is a simple art, one easy to acquire. Out of doors it is also an important art.

But suppose, in spite of your precautions, you have become lost. What must you do?

I started in to tell you a little while ago. Sit right down and think things  
(Continued on page 44)





# MY First SHOTGUN

By  
Ezra J. Poulsen

ILLUSTRATED BY  
C. ROBERT PERRIN



**M**Y FIRST shotgun was a long, single-barrel contraption, ten gauge, with a thirty-four-inch length between chamber and muzzle, a stock reinforced by copper wire, and a kick that would make a mule blush. At present it would seem heavy and awkward to a boy of fifteen; but to me, it was perfect. I wouldn't have taken the world and half the stars for it.

Farm life in our secluded mountain valley was often lonesome, but wild fowl were plentiful. There were ducks in the marshes, and sage hens on the foothills; hence the desire for a gun was regarded as a natural instinct. Like growing pains, measles, and chapped hands, gun fever was expected at a certain age, if not sooner.

Dad was ready when I put the question to him. "Can I have a shotgun?"

"Sure," he replied. But there was a twinkle in his gray eyes. "It's possible to have most anything in reason," he added, "if you want it badly enough."

I knew what he meant, for I had had previous experience with his sturdy economic philosophy. "All right, I'll save my money," I agreed.

That night I nailed a narrow wooden box to the unfinished staircase near my bed in the loft; and for many weeks my odd nickels and dimes and quarters went into it. Meanwhile the gun I wanted furnished a constant incentive for saving. It was owned by a neighbor,

who was offering it for sale, and who let me see and handle it frequently while he told of the wonders it had accomplished in his hands. And the trade name cut into the chilled steel barrel seemed to justify everything. "THE GREAT AMERICAN LONG RANGE DUCK AND GOOSE GUN," it read. "Oh, boy!" I exclaimed, sighting along its gleaming barrel. "I bet she's a daisy." By the time I turned over the money and took the prize, this glamorous legend was burned into my brain forever.

**I**N THOSE days hunting was still one of the practical aspects of life, and the boy who was excused from farm work for a half day to go shooting was expected to bring home at least the meat basis of a meal for the family. If he was lucky, he might furnish food for several meals; if unlucky, and he returned empty handed, he might expect a good razzing and no end of embarrassment. But the old ten gauge was dependable. If placed within any reasonable distance from the game, and aimed with merely a fair degree of accuracy, it would get results.

This was demonstrated the first day after I became the proud owner. It was late in the haying season, and Father permitted me to take the gun to the field, where there were several good duck ponds. I cached the weapon in a clump of bunchgrass next to a sum-

mer-fallowed wheat field, and went about my work of raking hay in one of the adjoining swales, taking good care to keep both eyes and ears alert to the approach of whirring wings and driving bodies in the blue sky overhead.

What expectancy! The clatter of the rake teeth in the damp moss of the meadow, and the creaking of the harnesses, the switching of horses' tails against the ravages of flies, together with the pungent smell of new-cut hay slowly being formed into windrows and bunches, were but vague impressions belonging to an outer world of commonplaces.

The real heart throbs of life, the essence of experience and anticipation, lay hidden in the bunchgrass. The glistening barrel, the oiled brown stock, the caressing trigger—when the moment came, would I be ready? The placid pond beyond the nearest knoll, and the silent, flitting forms of yellow butterflies, as well as the gentle clucking of a mud hen in a marsh of tall cattails seemed trying to teach me the art of self-control.

The ducks would come—soon. They did come, like winged phantoms across the dazzling sun, and I abandoned my team, and sprang for the gun. On the opposite side of the knoll, out of sight, they lighted on the pond, I had to crawl through soft, plowed ground to get close enough, even for a wild shot. I must have looked a sight in my faded



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A few feet ahead, towering on his hind legs, close to a hawthorn bush, was a huge brown bear.

overalls and gray slouch hat, propelling myself by my elbows and knees the distance of three hundred yards along the furrows. But what really worried me was the possibility that my beating heart would sound so loudly as to warn the black squadron of invaders before I could get within shooting distance.

Brushing my hat off to be crumpled into the dirt, I pressed on. Shrinking closer and closer to the earth, and breathing with more difficulty as I neared the top of the knoll, I suffered from the impending terror of the moment. What if I missed?

The gun was heavy. I was having a hard time keeping it out of the dirt, but I wriggled like a snake. At last a strip of white water dotted with black bodies seemed to rise like a mirage from the thin air. In the short pause between breaths I drove the gun to my shoulder, took a wobbly aim, and hung back on the trigger. Boom! The earth seemed to shake. I sprang to my feet, wildly swinging my arms, including the gun. "I got 'em! I got 'em!" I shouted to the entire universe. Then I ran to the pond, from which the startled flock had fled—all except the four fat mallards I retrieved.

In a few minutes I was dashing up the meadow beyond the plowing. In one hand I held high the ducks, in the other, the fowling piece. "Dad!" I yelled, ignoring my startled horses. "Lookee here! Lookee here!"

**T**HE Great American Long Range Duck and Goose gun became my companion in many a youthful adventure. One twenty-fourth of July, which in the community where I lived was a holiday, nearly everyone else in the neighborhood went to a distant lake resort. Father, however, was staying home to attend to some farm work. He seemed never to have a day free from work. But I chose to take my gun and ride into the hills.

"It's perfect nonsense," he declared. This I made no attempt to deny as I saddled and bridled my pony, and called my dog, riding away with a vague impression of Dad's stalwart form disappearing into the barn.

It was one of those completely cloudless mornings, featuring the pungent odors of sagebrush and the sharp, glimmering outlines of distant mountain peaks. The horizons, banked with aspen groves and dark pines, seemed to reach out to the edges of the universe. I let my bay mustang amble along at his ease, while I held the gun across the bow of my old Spanish saddle and gazed lazily at the hills. Frequently range cattle started up through the brush. I whistled, and let my little yellow dog, Bill, give them a short run. I was enjoying the delicious abandonment of freedom.

Thoughtlessly I went deeper into the

(Continued on page 48)



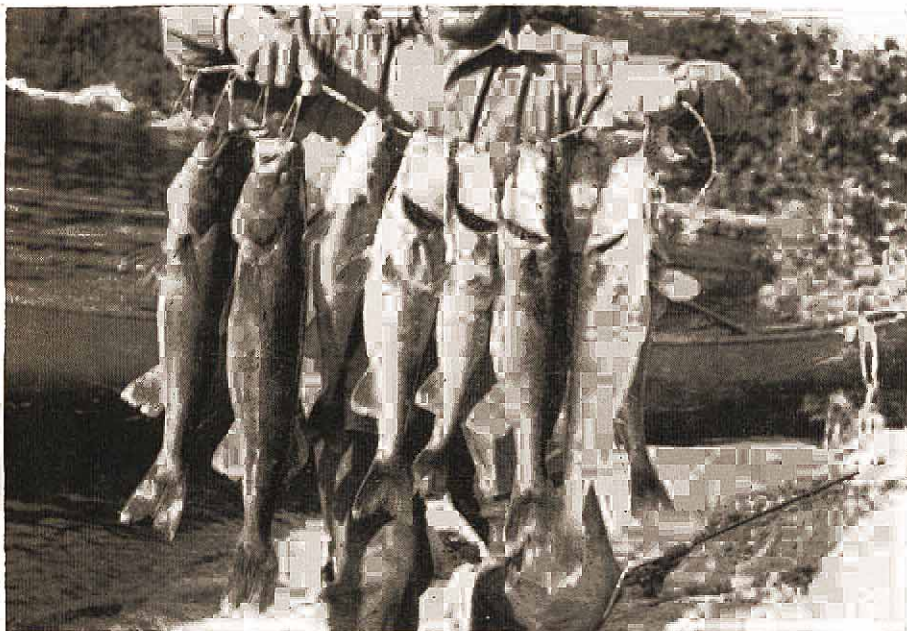


SOMETIMES I find myself doubting if the "wall-eye" has received his due meed of praise; I mean as a gamefish, for we are all agreed that he has few equals, gustatorily speaking. Be it said in this connection that you unfortunates who are compelled to secure your wall-eyes from the market do not know how delicious a fish he is. With all due respect for cold-storage, "freezos" and such modern convenien-

environment, which is true of all fishes.

The color is a yellowish-brown with transverse darker markings. As already emphasized, the colors vary somewhat in different waters, and with the age of the fish. In the Great Lakes the young fish are known by commercial fishermen as "blue pike," and sometimes one has difficulty in convincing netters that the "blue pike" is

matter of the pyloric coeca attached to the stomach; the sauger possessing 5 to 7, 4 much shorter than the stomach, while the other has only 3, each of nearly equal length and about as long as the stomach. So you see, it is in this case "internal machinery" and not color, as always, in naming fish. While one may say the wall-eye stands at the head of the perch family, he is not belittling the common yellow perch, which must have an article to itself sometime.



ONE question more often asked even than, "When is a wall-eye a pike?" is this, "How large can a wall-eye grow?" The wording reminds one of the ancient frontier story of the man, chased by a buffalo he had wounded, who climbed a tree to escape; but the buffalo climbed up after him. At which point one of the hearers interrupted with, "But man, buffalo can't climb trees!" The old fellow never batted an eye, but withering his skeptical auditor with a glance, "Did you ever see a buffalo *try* to climb a tree?" "Well, no, but you see—" "I don't see nothing, only this, if you never saw a buffalo *try* to climb a tree, why the heck are ye so tarnal certain he can't?"

No one may say how large a wall-eye could grow, if he put his mind to it; but there are some mighty fish on record. "American Food and Game Fishes" says, "It—the wall-eye—varies greatly in size, the maximum

ces, a wall-eye fresh from clear, cold water is an altogether different proposition.

Epicurean authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, a frozen wall-eye loses a certain piquancy of flavor, a wild tang which the freshly caught fish possesses. Of course much depends upon the character and quality of the water he inhabits; but give him opportunity to choose and he selects moderately chill water, pure water, every time. The wall-eye of northern lakes and streams, where the memory of winter frosts lingers the summer through, possesses a greater deliciousness than his brother from more southern climes.

Though it is threshing old straw, it seems necessary to pause long enough to give this golden fish his exact scientific status. Everyone knows that he is not a pike at all, does not belong to the pike family, which consists of pickerel, great pike and muskellunge; instead he is a perch, first cousin to our common, ever-delicious yellow perch. I suppose we are justified in saying he heads the fresh-water perch family.

There are two wall-eyes, by the way, one known as the sauger, while the other is "wall-eyed pike." The difference is not great, rather too technical for the average lake and stream fisherman; a matter of internal machinery rather than color, though we think of the sauger as not so darkly colored as the true wall-eye; however, it is well to remember color is not a safe guide, depending to a certain extent upon

# The WALL-EYE

*For Stubborn Scrapping  
And Excellent Eating*

**By O. Warren Smith**

not a separate species. Then, too, the various names applied to the fish, add to the confusion. In more southern localities it is known as "salmon," or "jack-salmon," about as meaningless and misleading a name as one can imagine. Sometimes it is "jack." Again we hear it called "blowfish" and "okow," though no one can say why. Surely this is enough of popular names.

As has already been said, the wall-eye is not a pike, belonging instead to the "pike-perches"—*Stizostedion*—of which there are three, shall I say, members: Wall-eyes, sauger and yellow perch. As a rule, the wall-eye possesses darker transverse bands than does the sauger, or sand-pike, more closely resembling the yellow perch. The one point differentiating the two, a structural point, is the

length being about 3 feet and the maximum weight about 25 pounds. But examples of this size are very rare. Specimens weighing even 15 pounds are not common." Most wall-eye lovers will agree without doubt. I saw a specimen which tipped the scales at 13 pounds once upon a time. No, it was not my good fortune to be the lucky angler. I am sure that specimens weighing over 10 or 12 pounds are quite unusual.

Something like a quarter of a century ago, I ran the St. Croix River, which helps divide Northern Wisconsin from Northern Minnesota for some distance. We fed daily upon medium-sized wall-eye, of which there seemed to be a great abundance; only a few minutes casting with a "plug" would supply us with a meal.

I doubt very much if one could feed



as continuously upon trout and not become a bit satiated.

The flesh is firm, sweet flavored and delicious. The fish we secure in the market, in nowise compare with those freshly taken from cool water. In the Middle West they "run"—seek the headwaters to spawn—immediately after the suckers; and I know of no fish that can equal in tastiness wall-eyes of early spring before the temperature of the water has risen to any great extent and when there is no decaying vegetation to contaminate.

Of course, as always, the condition of the water controls to a great extent the flavor of the fish. A wall-eye from a weed-infested lake or slow-moving stream, is not to be mentioned in the same breath with a fish of equal size taken from clear, clean, and moderately chill water, either in tastiness or scrapping ability, a little matter of which the Reader may convince himself by investigation. Let me add, too, that the fish served in restaurants, perhaps kept in a frozen condition for days if not weeks, lacks utterly that peculiar piquant flavor of the fresh-caught one. I will admit I am a crank upon this subject.

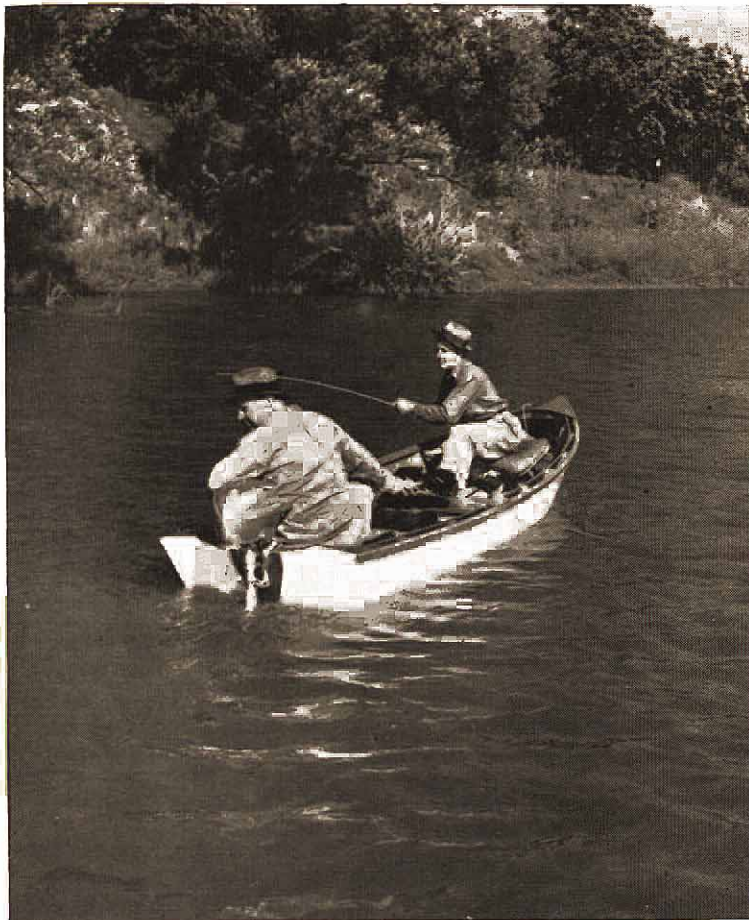
**P**ROBABLY to most anglers the wall-eye is a live-bait fish, so we will speak of that method first. I think I have said elsewhere he is preeminently a live-bait fish, and while that stands, I am ready to admit that he is a lover of a moving lure, yes, even of an artificial fly under proper conditions; of which more later.

The most taking live-bait is undoubtedly a shiner minnow, because he is by and large a fish-eater, a voracious fish-eater: his form and his arrangement of teeth should convince the most skeptical. I have said the shiner minnow takes first place as a bait and I think that true, because of his "visibility" in the first place, and because all game fish seem to have an especial liking for members of the shiner family.

Just the same the "creek" or "mud" minnow is good, and because of its wonderful tenaciousness of life especially commends itself to the live-bait angler. Let me add, however, that the live and lively shiner will take two fish to the mud-minnow's one. With the modern aerated minnow-pails the live-baiter should have little trouble in carrying a moderate

stock of even the "tender" shiner.

Now as to tackle . . . Well, little or much could be said, so I am going to attempt that difficult feat, steering between the Scylla of pauciloquy and the Charybdis of verbosity. (What right have I to hope for success when two-thirds of the fishing articles one reads are wrecked upon one or the other?)



**As a rule the wall-eye is found inhabiting rivers, below dams, in deep, shaded pools or where incoming creeks afford chances at adventuring minnows and an occasional frog**

The fish is generally thought of as a live-bait fish, and while he is preeminently that, he is also a free taker of various artificial lures. However, let us think first of fishing with live-bait, not pausing to argue the forever unsettled question of legitimacy of the method; for, to our way of thinking, a fisherman can be as true a sportsman when employing live-bait as when using fuzzy-wuzzies.

While the wall-eye is a minnow-taker by preference, he will not refuse a medium-sized frog, or even a gob of plebian earth-worms. The shape of his mouth, and the form of his teeth indicate clearly that he requires plenty of fuel to keep his internal machinery running. Minnows are the preferred live-bait, as already remarked, and it is with those that most of us quest his royal highness, the king of the fresh-water perch tribe. He is a strong, unquestioning taker, grabbing and

swallowing swiftly. Seldom, even when well-fed, does he mouth the bait with the epicurean delicacy of a surfeited black-bass. When hungry he takes with unhesitating eagerness. Seldom is there any difficulty in hooking the fish. He takes with the courage of a Macbeth, saying, "Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough!"

For greatest sport I am recommending (of all things) a 7½ ounce fly-rod and automatic reel. Not just to take wall-eyes, but to derive most sport. This rig is not for every one, because one runs risks, takes chances; the wall-eye being a doughty and consistent fighter. The minnow—a shiner preferably, though a mud-minnow can be employed and is more durable by far than the shiner—should be hooked through the mouth, out of the gills and back through the body. Of course one can not cast—with a fly-rod—overly much when employing this method of impaling, for the minnow will double down on the hook in a most unnatural position indeed.

If the angler attaches the bait by hooking through the lips, as some advise, a short-biting wall-eye will nip off the minnow just back of the hook. Unless hungry he is a bit "careful" in taking bait, remember that. There are "minnow-harnesses" and "frog-harnesses" on the market, but somehow they do not appeal to me. Always give a taking fish time to swallow the bait, wherein live-bait

fishing differs from all lure fishing. The wall-eye does not take the bait side-wise, retiring to turn and swallow, but from the rear almost universally, so, too quick a jerk will inevitably leave the angler with a hook to which is attached the head of a minnow.

Some may wonder why I recommend a fly-rod for this sport when a caster could be employed with more certain results. For the sport secured, Brother: for the sport secured! To handle a two-pound wall-eye on a fly rod, playing from an automatic reel, surely gives the angler certain thrills he never had before. In rivers, below dams or in eddies, the fish puts up a marvelous scrap, and the angler will be kept busy, giving slack and retrieving; for the fish can and will put up a surprisingly well-sustained battle; one, the user of a long cane pole and fixed line, who throws the pike out over his head as soon

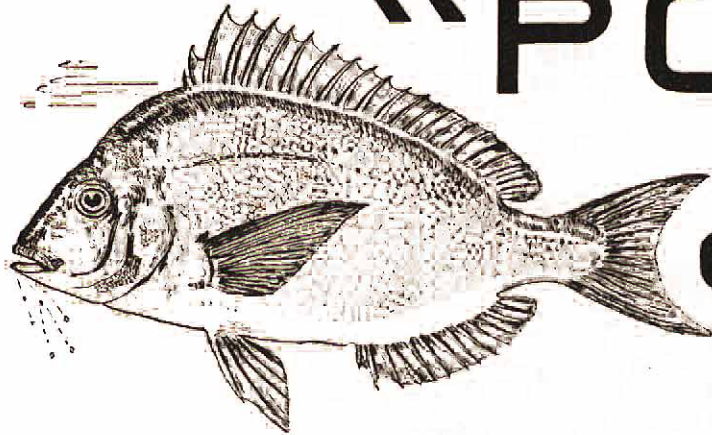
(Continued on page 37)



# "PORGY"

## A DAY CRUISER

By Cliff Bradley



**P**ORGY.—an exceedingly popular inshore, salt water fish, a prime favorite with those who seek the less strenuous in piscatorial sport. At many localities and especially along the New England coast this bottom feeder is also familiarly known to most of us as Scup.

The Porgy is an accommodating fish, a real summer rover, ever presenting himself at the accessible fishing spots here, there and everywhere in seemingly increasing numbers. In brief, this inshore dweller affords hours and hours of genuine, inexpensive sport and grand diversion to fishermen throughout the entire season.

The same goes for the unadorned, sprightly little OUTDOORS day cruiser of the month, our own "PORGY." We believe you'll find her a dandy craft to own, one you'll enjoy building and one you'll take pleasure in sailing. Also, like its namesake, we expect the little boat will shortly "be around" in numbers.

PORGY runs to an overall length of 21'-0". The extreme beam outside the sheer plank at station  $\pm 5$  is 6'-9". The draft is approximately 1'-9". PORGY is of flat bottom design, so easy in all departments to fabricate and assemble. The hull lines have been well worked out in all respects. PORGY is not too beamy at the bottom and is gracefully flared all along the topsides. There's plenty of freeboard throughout and the general outboard appearance is one of sleek rakishness.

Forward there's a short deck terminating in a lightly constructed swanky shelter. The drawings clearly indicate just how this is arranged. Since PORGY is not primarily intended as an out-and-out cruising unit, the cabin interior is shown as a rather

plain arrangement. Same however, does provide shelter from the sudden showers, the quick squally kick-ups and the extreme heat of a blistering sun. Also, it's a fine place safely to store dishes, pans and various articles of equipment and duffle that are of value. Beyond this, there's plenty of space within its limits to set up a small cooking outfit and prepare a tasty meal in decent fashion.

The cockpit is of ample scope to allow for free maneuvering of the fishing tackle or for pleasurable lounging on extended day sailing trips. All in all, for a craft in simple taste, PORGY should fill the bill very nicely indeed.

The motor can be any of the medium duty units approximating 8 to 10 h.p. There's no need to load this boat with an engine of excessive power. We recommend at least a twin cylinder

full-size drawing out of the boat's lines after the manner of the Laying Down Plan. In a boat as simple as PORGY this part of the job is quite elementary.

Then the preparation of the forms can be undertaken. There will be eight of these. Each will be made to the required dimensions at the different stations. The Table of Offsets gives the necessary dimensions for the lot. From the outset however, remember all the dimensions are given to the outer face of the planking and allow accordingly.

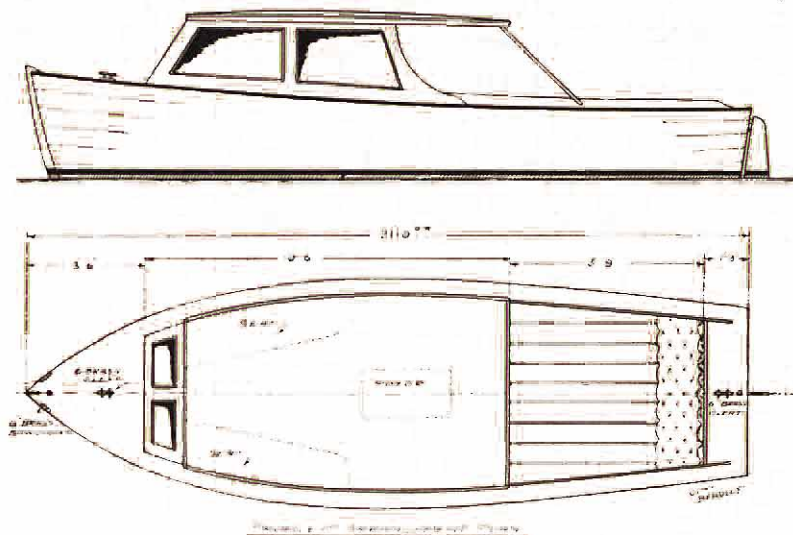
The forms can be made of spruce or any cheap but fairly decent boards of about 1 1/8" thickness and 6" width. Stay them securely so there will be no likelihood of distortion when, later on, they are put under the strain of bending the various pieces about them.

The stem should be fashioned to shape from a selected piece of white oak, sided to about 3" or a little more. This must be carefully bevelled and finally rabbetted to receive the side planks. The stem-knee that holds the stem piece to the flat keelson will be sawed from a suitably grained oak crook of about 2 1/4" thickness.

The Detail of the Transom clearly shows how this component should be made up. This will be from 3/4" white oak, braced and cleated just as called for by the drawing. The stern knee that holds the transom to

its designed rake can be cut from a white oak crook of about 1 1/2" thickness.

Even though PORGY is a boat of 21'-0" overall length her fabrication is really but glorified skiff construction and we suggest the assembly be done bottom side up. So—set the frame parts in this manner. Carefully fasten and brace each individual piece so it



but even some of the very small four-cylinder creations of low power and light weight would work out to advantage. With the properly balanced unit PORGY will consistently reel off 8 to 9 miles per hour all day long. What's more to the point she'll do it efficiently without putting undue strain on the boating budget.

Construction will commence with a



is in true relationship to the other parts that complete the craft's skeleton.

The flat keelson, chine pieces and plank battens are all from straight grained white oak planed to the specified sizes on the different drawings. Then the necessary notches for all these pieces will have to be carefully cut. When the chines are sprung into place along the bottom edge of the molds, fasten them in such a manner as to allow for easy removal of the screws when it comes time to take out the forms. Putting the screws through a short cleat fastened along the side of the mold is about the easiest method.

The topsides should be planked with first quality white cedar, smooth planed on both sides to  $\frac{5}{8}$ " thickness. Six strakes on each side will work out nicely. Start with the lowest strake, the one that goes along the chine, and work to the sheer strake. Alternate from side to side during planking operations, putting one plank on the starboard side and then changing to the port side. Beneath all face joinings and along all seam edges put a goodly smearing of lead paint or one of the suitable marine compounds.

With the chine edges planed fair, the bottom planks can next be laid. These should be in white cedar and fastened thwartship. They will be of  $\frac{7}{8}$ " thickness and of not too great a width. Strips of about 5" to 6" width are quite

ample. Make all the edge seams with care in order to insure a real watertight job. A slight "out planed" V to receive the caulking cotton is quite desirable. Keep the seams snug and tight however, on the inside. Here again, thick paint or one of the marine seam compounds should be applied at all contacting faces.

The entire bottom should next be planed smooth and fair along the sweep of the sides, then sanded and properly painted. The Sectional Profile shows how the keel and shaft-log are to be arranged. One admonition here would be to fasten this assembly in a most rigid manner. Also see to it

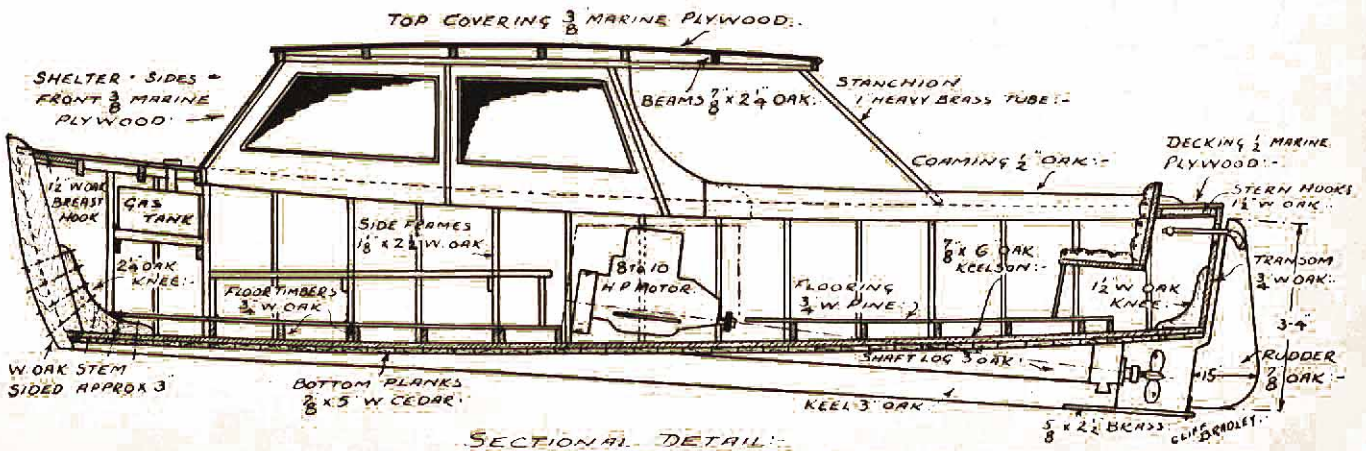
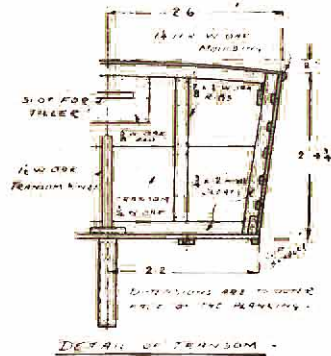
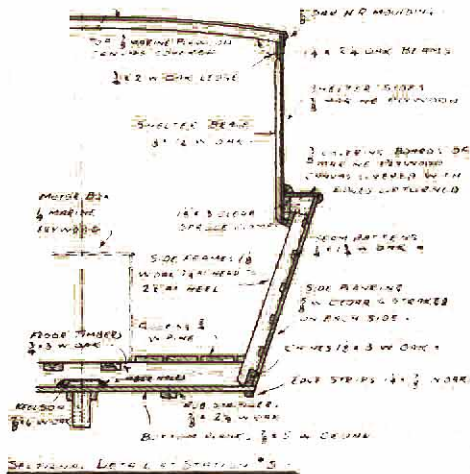
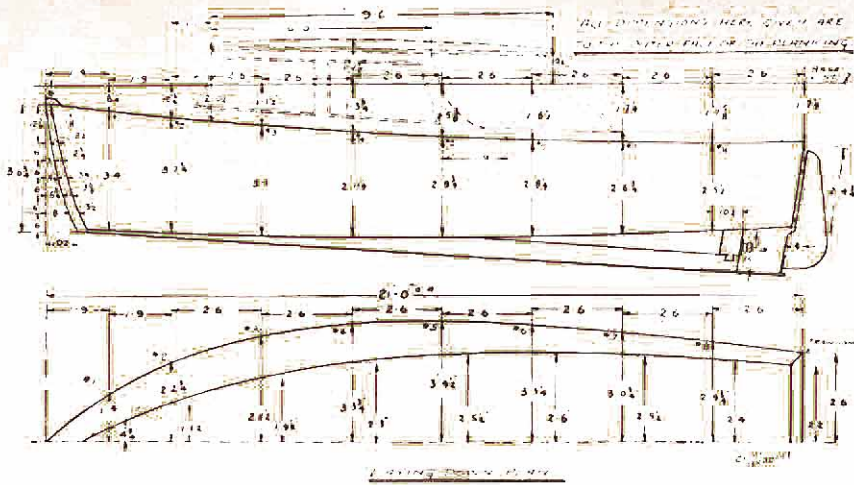
that same is affixed to the bottom both central and plumb throughout its entire length.

BEFORE upturning the hull, the rub strips and protecting edge strips along the chine should be securely fastened in place as indicated on the plans. Here the planked hull is in readiness for turning right side up. Take care at this stage and don't hurry. Endeavor to do this operation without injuring or marring any portion of the boat. Of course the hull will now have to be blocked and stayed in a level position preparatory to receiving the dress up portions. As each individual frame mold is removed affix a temporary cross brace to insure the hull holding its fair sweeping curvature.

All the internal parts of PORGY are of plain design and the fitting of the floor timbers, side frames, clamps, deckings, etc., will be straightforward work presenting no difficulties. The engine bed must be of such arrangement as to suit the particular motor that is to be installed. The motor manufacturer's installation sheet will render all the information needed for fabricating this however.

The work on the shelter, combings, etc., should be done in accordance with the notations on the drawings. However, see to it that all parts are securely fastened to their companion pieces. Lightness here is very desirable so

(Continued on page 57)







# CAMPFIRE SMOKE

By

## E.C. JANES

ALTHOUGH summer officially ends with the autumnal equinox, Labor Day has come to mark the season's close for most practical purposes. Mountain and seaside resorts put up the shutters as though they feared that the next day might bring a blizzard, parents rush their offspring home for a fling with the dentist before school opens and the natives of deserted summer capitals dare to cross the main stem for the first time since the Fourth of July.

It is too bad that this defeatist mood of inevitable farewell should extend to the activities of so many anglers as well. The golfers keep on golfing and the tennisists keep on tennis and while it might be argued that these folks don't know any better, we feel that their persistence is a laudable virtue which anglers well might copy. For by discarding their rods in September, these anglers are tossing away some of the best fish and the pleasantest fishing of the entire season. Of all the year, the month of September holds some of the most halcyon days. The sun still shines brightly, the days are mild but the enervating heat of summer has passed away. The waters are cooling, the fish are beginning to move again and the insect plague is over.

Many anglers have already seen the light but many more are missing the fun. Up north, particularly, some of the finest fly-fishing of the year goes

on in September and in several border states, as well as in Canada, fishing camps are remaining open today and are attracting the boys who know a good thing when they see it. Squaretails, landlocked salmon, lakera, pike and muskies come up from the deep water raring to go and ready to twist your rod into a corker from sheer high spirits. In a number of these same localities, the season on bear and certain other game opens in September, too, and you can pack the artillery along with your rod and enjoy a double feature.

In other places, the bass and pickerel are going to town and, of course, surf fishing doesn't really hit its stride until early autumn. So if you are one of those Labor Day give-uppers, we sug-

gest that you get in touch with your favorite fishing camp and plan to spend a few days there this September. Brother, you'll be surprised!

THIS is a good time of year to get out the scatter-gun, too. With the bird season coming up, you can do the old eye some good whanging away at crows or at the clay pigeons. It reduces the fever that begins to strike in with the cool nights and it pays off when the first grouse thunders up from the birches.

For most of us, the hunting season is short and sweet—a little bird hunting, maybe a few ducks, a crack at a fox now and then, and a few times out for deer. Even then, we don't get too many shots. Aside from wildfowl, how many shells did you fire at game last season? No one can expect to shoot like Daniel Boone these days when we hunt only a few weeks out of the year. How are we going to make up for our lack of practice? The answer is skeet and trap shooting.

I was talking to an old guide up in Maine this summer. He doesn't mess with the birds much but he does like his fox and rabbit hunting and here's what he had to say about the pigeons.

"When I come over here to the lake in the spring, I couldn't hit the water if I fell out of a canoe. I'm almost ashamed to point a gun. But I get out on the skeet range every day and by the time I go back home in the fall, I do pretty good. I won't hit a fox every time but if I don't, Mister man, I sure scare hell out of him."

If there is a Skeet Club in your neighborhood, you owe it to yourself to join it. The boys that belong are usually a pretty good bunch, interested, as you are, in bird shoot-



"My son has been promoted to mess sergeant and he writes that the boys complain because they don't get much fish to eat. So just send that outfit to him—yes, at Fort Devens, Massachusetts."



ing, conservation and the improvement of hunting and, remember, organization is the answer to both these questions. You will have a lot of pleasant hours and constructive ones, as well.

But it may be that there "ain't no such animal" as a Skeet Club in your neck of the woods. In that case, why not go in with your shooting pal and buy a trap? They aren't expensive, particularly those hand affairs and the pigeons cost practically nothing. You can get in some excellent practice out in some handy back pasture. Don't make it too cut and dried, however. After you've taken a few going-away and crossing shots, don't be afraid to experiment. Have the trap-tender get behind some bushes while the gunner walks down the field, carrying his gun as he would in hunting. When the trap springs, have the pigeon go any which-way, unknown beforehand to the gunner. That way, you don't make such an impressive score at the time but you eat more game later.

**O**UTDOOR fireplaces, confined a few years ago to clam-bake groves and public picnic areas, have blossomed like a rash in back yards and gardens the country over. These outdoor grills, or barbecue pits if you prefer, are of all varieties, shapes and sizes from the simple crossed-slab type to the de luxe oven models which, with the addition of a baby grand piano, would make comfortable dwellings.

Some work better than others but all of them are fun and serve to bring the outdoors home to everyone, a handy thing in these days of holiday traffic. With a few friends around to watch you work and a sirloin smoking on the grate, you can have all the pleasures of a meal in the woods without many of the disadvantages, such as forgetting to bring the salt or sitting down in a patch of poison ivy. If you haven't already established one of these affairs on your ancestral acres, you should be about it, letting your taste and conscience be your guide.

Whatever size and type of victual toaster you decide upon, here are a few general items to keep in mind. First, the success or failure of your grill depends in large part upon the adequacy of your draft system. Therefore, where possible, it is well to

keep the fireplace away from sheltering trees and shrubs and to have it facing the prevailing winds in your locality.

In choosing materials, your own preference and the location must be your guides. If you use fieldstones, however, keep away from sandstone and limestone which absorb water and also tend to crack and chip when heated. Firebrick is probably the ideal but fieldstone, of course, is more rustic and informal. Whatever you use for

so that the draft can be regulated on windy days.

Most people like a chimney for looks and for carrying away smoke, as well as for completing the draft system. It need not be very large, three or four feet will suffice. Have the flue opening, lined with fireclay, at the rear of the grate and be sure that it is large enough in proportion to the size of the firebox. Have the interior of the flue and chimney as smooth as you can get them. A butterfly damper will aid immeasurably in controlling the draft and assuring red hot coals for broiling.

Here is a formula for mixing mortar to be used in outdoor grills.

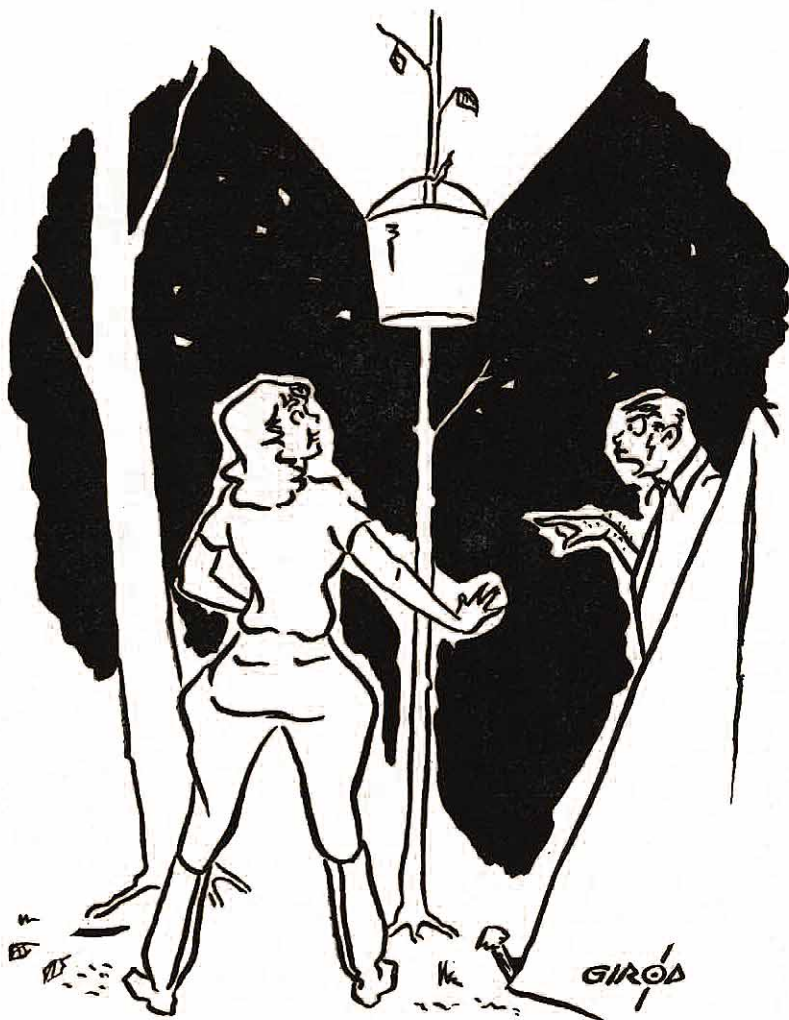
Mix together while dry, two bags of Portland cement and one bag of hydrated lime added to three times its volume of clean sand. Mix with just sufficient water so that the mixing hoe is clean when lifted from the mortar.

Your culinary abilities will be given increased scope by the addition of a simple oven to your grill. And if you feel that you're not quite ready to go into pastries and casseroles, still, an oven is a handy thing to have on a picnic for keeping rolls and potatoes warm while the chops are broiling. Ovens may be made of brick with a metal door or they may be entirely of metal, a simple box arrangement let into a part of the firebox. If you will just think of your outdoor fireplace as a cook stove and incorporate into it in rough form the same system of drafts, dampers and gadgets contained in such a range, you can't go wrong.

It is a good idea to ransack second hand stores and antique shops in the neighborhood for cranes, skillets, iron forks, kettles, grates, trivets and so on which go appropriately with outdoor cooking.

**Y**OU will be glad to learn that, in the pressing demands of the times, Uncle Sam has not forgotten the cottontail. All of us have a warm spot in our hearts for this cheerful salad-eater who carries his powder puff astern. Here are a few facts, gathered in a four-year study on the part of certain Wildlife Cooperative units of the rabbit situation. These findings were made in Iowa and Missouri but we imagine they would be the same in Rhode Island and Oregon.

(Continued on page 49)



"Get my flashlight out of that bucket! Indirect lighting ain't practical for camping!"

the outside, the firebox should be lined with firebrick.

If you live in the south, you don't need to worry much about your foundation, a bed of cinders or mortared rocks will suffice but up north your supports must go below the frost line to prevent spring settling and cracking. Or you can rest the fireplace upon a thick slab of reinforced concrete.

Be sure to have your firebox raised from the ground so that air can circulate freely underneath the fire. This can be done by placing iron bars between the bricks or stones from three to six inches above the ground and laying your wood across these. When charcoal is to be used, a wire screen or basket will prove ideal. This opening below the firebox should have a door



**T**HE sharp-bitted tool that built a continent is still indispensable, and especially so throughout the winter. Not every country dweller nowadays is forced to hunt for his meat, but he can't get along very well without an axe.

What kind of an axe? Although there are dozens of varieties, most of these fall into one of two general types. One type is the double-bitted tool, the axe of two cutting edges, one edge always in hand for rough work and the other keenly sharp, ready for fine. But as a general purpose tool the double-bitted axe is undesirable. And for anything other than specialized use in the expert hands of a professional logger it is dangerous.

The other general type of axe is the more familiar single-bitted tool having a flat head and a curved blade. The length of its helve may vary from about twenty inches to three feet, according to individual axe. In its smaller, belt sizes the helve may be even as short as ten inches to one foot.

Granted the steel is of good quality and its edge is sharp, the striking and cutting power of the single-bitted axe resides in three factors. One of these is the presence of a curved bit. Any effective axe must have a curved bit. A straight cutting edge such as is found on hatchets is next to useless for serious work. It doesn't permit of a slashing blow.

The second factor is the weight of the axe head. The third is the length of the handle. Added striking force can be put into any axe by giving it a longer handle. Similarly, you can get added striking power with even a short handle by putting on a heavier head. But in either case you need to be careful not to throw the tool as a whole out of balance. Weight of head and length of helve ought to be in proportion.

There is such a thing as getting the right personal fit as to length of handle. A certain axe that feels right in the hands of one man may not feel right at all in the hands of another. Much depends upon the length of a person's reach. A man may buy an axe with a handle that is too long or a head that is too heavy. There's an old rule as to length of helve which says it ought not to be any longer than the distance from palm of hand to ground, that is, with arm dropped against side of leg.

**T**HERE is no special standardization of axe sizes but there is a common classification of these ranging from what is known as a "full" axe to a "quarter" axe. A full axe is one weighing in the vicinity of five pounds and carrying a helve up to three feet. The head of a three-quarter axe will weigh about three pounds, typical length of handle being twenty-eight inches. A half axe head weighs about one pound less and has two inches less



The woodsman stands on a big log, chopping first one side, then the other

of handle. A quarter axe runs to two pounds or under with handle carried down to any degree of shortness you care to make it.

The full axe is too hefty a tool for most people. The three-quarter size is far more suitable for the average run of axe users. As for length of helve, if you don't like what you've got you can change to something either longer or shorter. This goes for any weight of head.

The quarter axe ushers you into the belt axe class. You can't expect this class of tool to perform as effective service as a heavier and longer-handled implement but if carefully chosen it can do remarkably well. Carrying convenience is of course the object. As for striking power, the rule of big axes similarly applies. A curved bit is better than a straight bit. The heavier the head and the longer the handle, the more powerful the axe. But so long as weight and length combine to give proper balance, length in this case is usually more desirable than weight.

An axe head at the end of a twenty-inch helve travels with greater velocity than one attached to a twelve-inch helve.

A suitable compromise in belt axes for carrying convenience and reasonable power is one of fourteen to sixteen inches in helve length. Some of these smaller tools are built too much like big axes. It is a mistake for cutting edge to be too long in proportion to the light weight of the tool.

The helve of any axe, large or small, ought to be of straight-grained hickory or ash. And the axe must be properly hung. In case it is the least bit off-center in relation to line of blade, reject it at once, for there's no better way to misfire with an axe than swinging a warped or otherwise off-center handle. You can easily test for trueness of hang by sighting along under edge of handle and bit of the axe.

Be sure that handle is firmly wedged in axe. An axe that keeps flying off its helve is not only a pest: it is extremely dangerous as well. A wedge of hard-wood is generally more reliable than one of iron. An extra helve is a useful article to have on the premises. You'll need it sooner or later.

Worrying a stub of broken helve out of an axe is sometimes a real job. In case you can split, pound or augur it out, all to the good. But very often the job can be done only with heating. Here you need to be careful not to draw the temper. One way is to wrap a wet cloth around the blade as high as handle and bury the rest in coals.

(Continued on page 60)

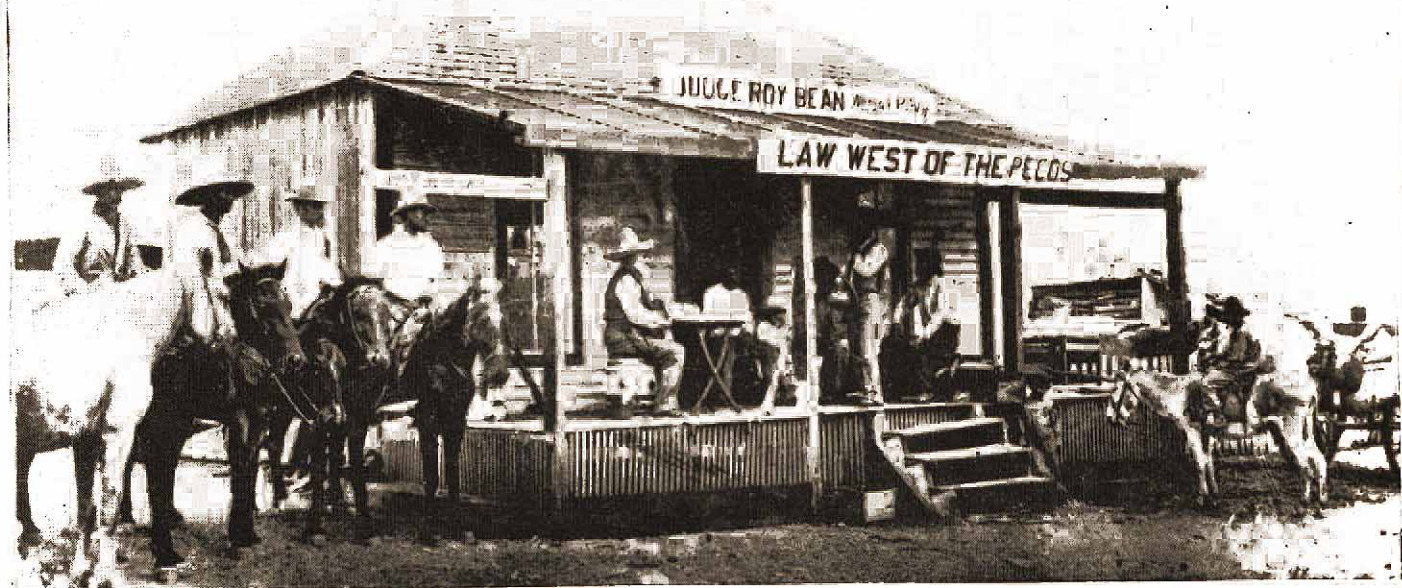
## Axe Talk

By Elon Jessup



Extremes in axe sizes, a full axe and a small belt axe





Combination court and saloon, presided over by Judge Roy Bean in Langtry, Texas. Photo shows the arraignment of an alleged horse thief. Judge Bean once found a dead man under the railroad bridge at Langtry. The deceased had a six-gun in his holster and \$35 in his pockets. Judge Bean fined the corpse \$35 for possession of a gun and then confiscated the weapon. When a cowboy shot and killed a Chinese the judge acquitted the killer, stating, "I've looked through all my law books and I can't find where it says it's against the law to kill a Chink."

**T**HE time was late July of 1878, the place was Lincoln, New Mexico, and things were really happening.

In the McSween house were Billy the Kid, Charley Bowdre, Hendry Brown, Tom O'Phalliard, McSween, Florencio Chavez, Jim French, Harvey Morris and some others. The Murphy faction, led by old "Dad" Peppen, had just set the house on fire and it was getting uncomfortably hot. Ringed in by a circle of guns, it looked like curtains for the Kid and his bully boys. Steadily the fire ate into the willow-thatched roof, filling the room with a blinding, choking smoke. Night was coming on.

"We'll make a break for it when dark comes," the Kid announced.

"Hell of a lot of good that'll do," Hendry Brown said. "Them coyotes out thar is hangin' just over the 'dobe wall watchin' the back door. We's as good as dead men right now."

The kid snarled at him. While there were ammunition and live targets there was still hope: that was the Kid's psychology. The smoke thickened, the heat became unbearable and the timbers of the roof were falling into the rooms to burn and well nigh suffocate the trapped men. It was black night now.

"Who'll be first out?" the Kid asked his followers.

"I'll try it," said Harvey Morris. Through the door he plunged. A hail of bullets ripped into his big frame.

Pancho Semora and Vicente Romero then sallied out and piled up on top of the dead Morris. Tom O'Phal-

## Handguns and Handgun Shooting

By Capt.

Chas. Askins, Jr.

### PART 28—GUN FIGHTERS OF THE OLD WEST

liard was next to make a break and miraculously enough won through. Felipe Salazar was cut down as he ran and McSween, Billy's dearest friend, also fell.

Last man to quit the burning McSween home was that tough little gunswipe, William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid. He came out like a leaping puma. A wild yell floated up on the hot July night. The ringed-in band of killers had their man! Forty guns roared and flashed. Slugs fell about the Kid like pebbles on a tin roof. Seeing a man above the wall firing quick shots at him the Kid flipped up his old Convincer

and neatly drilled the man between the eyes. It was Hank Beckwith who a moment before had shot down McSween. That score was evened.

Twice more the racing, plunging Kid whipped up the old cutter and two more men fell, both badly hit. Billy the Kid had won through. With forty guns against him, pointed by cool and deadly marksmen, he had ran the gantlet of death, killed one hombre and crippled two others and he was not even scratched.

His taunting laugh—wild and hard—floated back to the chagrined ambushers.

**T**HAT little piece of shooting turned in by the leading old time gangster, Billy the Kid, was to my notion the sweetest piece of gunnery credited to any of the gun-slingers of the late 70's. It is the neatest piece of murder which I can credit to Billy and I've looked into his record pretty closely. Billy Bonney was in a tough spot that evening and he won through with a display of powder burning which most definitely did not tarnish his already enviable record as a killer. Then there was the time when Billy met a hombre by the name of Joe Grant over in Fort Sumner:

There is pretty good reason to believe that Mr. Grant had been sent into Billy's bailiwick with the intention of putting his light out. The Lord knows the irrepressible Mr. Bonney had many enemies, and this together with his penchant for going South with others' livestock hadn't endeared him to the

(Continued on page 50)



# musings



## SEPTEMBER'S TORRIDITY AND EARLY AUTUMNAL GLORIES

*By O. Warren Smith*

**R**EADER, did you ever think of it, that September may run the whole gamut of the year's weather—torrid heat, frigid cold, rain and snow, low-hung clouds and sparkling skies, dead stillness and hurtling winds? Yes, every climatic change and meteorological vagary known to the outdoor man and woman. There is no heat more fatiguing, enervating and exhausting, than that of September; while, by the same token, there is no cold more penetrating than that which the month offers, because our blood is thin as well as our clothes.

Well, I like quixotic weather and people. I am tired of folks who "run true to pattern," are altogether stable, think, talk and live by the same yardstick. Sometimes it is just as important not to find people where you expect them, as it is to find them running true to form. If a man wants to stand on his head to cast a fly or plug, it is all right with me.

This September morning my almanack says, "Sun rises at 5:41 a. m." I'd be pleased if it would put off its getting out of bed say thirty minutes or so just to prove it was its own boss. Oh, I know all about the dire consequences that would result, but just the same it would be worth while to jolt some people out of their self-content, their wearisome cock-sureness. Just as I enjoy fashioning a make-shift artificial fly out of material picked up in the woods, unlike any insect that ever was seen on or above a trout-water, then take a goodly fish with it! Granted at once that I want my Royal Coachman, Wickham's Fancy and Black Prince, tied true to pattern; but, nevertheless, I am always glad to discover unconventionality now and then.

Lying here on this delightful bank today, shaded most gratefully by the

thick canopy of a spruce, I realize that even tomorrow, the wind may shift into the northeast, and blow up a cold rain, which might turn to snow. That knowledge of possible change adds zest and piquancy to the afternoon. So when I start out of a September morning to cast for small-mouth along the marge of my lake, sun shining brilliantly with July fervor, my joy is augmented by the knowledge that upon the morrow, it might well be that only live-bait would stir the small-mouth from the bottom.

I can think of nothing more monotonous than 30 days of clear skies and bright sun, unless it be 30 days of heavy clouds and continuous rain. Frankly I could not produce a better world than the one we have as it is, therefore I am willing to take whatever comes, thanking whatever gods there be in all sincerity. There is nothing wrong with the world, the world of creation. You remember the answer of Will Rogers, who, when asked what was wrong with the world, drawled, "I guess it's folks."

I remember a number of years ago, more years ago than I care to remember, we—wife, small daughter and the writer—instead of attending a certain "Conference" which was "obligatory" (so the announcement stated), pitched our tent on the shores of a small lake; and as though to punish us for our recalcitrancy, almost as soon as we had established ourselves, Victor Pluve sent a Nor'easter down upon us which lasted three interminable days and it became a battle to keep the camp-fire burning. We stuck. Vic Pluve retreated on the fourth day, and the last half of the "stolen" week was surpassingly delightful. Yes, we caught yellow perch, and shot a few ducks, and lazed. Our delight, enjoyment, was in direct ratio to our courage, stick-to-it-ive-

ness or whatever you please to name the quality.

In my outdoor life the same thing has happened many times, spring, summer, autumn and winter. An ounce of stick-to-it-iveness is worth a ton of luck. Why quarrel with the weather anyway? You can't do much about it, as Mark Twain mourned. Who wants to do anything about it anyway! Who would live in a stable universe if he could? Or who would become so expert with rod and gun that he always secured whatever game he went out to get? It is the element of chance entering in that makes outdoor pursuits so satisfactory.

**B**Y THE way, I receive many strange letters, and one of the strangest was forwarded to me not long ago. A man asked the following, "Will you please tell me what particular fly will always take bass or (I think he meant "and") trout, always, under all water and weather conditions?" I didn't tear my hair, for my "hairs are all numbered" as my picture discloses; neither did I sit down and write him a red-hot letter, metaphorically "scalping" him also. Instead I told him I would answer him sometime through **OUTDOORS**, and, "Mr. Loco Foco," here is your answer, in this musing, if you can dig it out. Anyway my grateful thanks are extended you, for you set my mental mill a-grinding, and that is something. Your question and the advent of September, together.

Perhaps I have said sometime that it is a pet conceit of mine that if I were blind-folded, worse, blinded, I could distinguish each month from all others by its fragrance, its taste. There is something about September which is different, altogether different. Now

*(Continued on page 65)*



Conway, N. H.

Editor of OUTDOORS

Dear Sir:

I was in the Center Ossipee Drug store the other day, drinking me a soda and the door opened and in walked one of our big game wardens who is a minion of the law in another section of the state and we passed the time of day and I ast him what was new and he laffed and said that he had just had the funniest case in his long and checkered career. He was driving along the other day and he met a car with what looked like a gun barril sticking out of it. Now it is agin the law in this state to carry a loaded gun in a car or to shoot from a car so he took out after that vehicle and caught it and ast the occupants who was three nicely dressed fellers what they was doing of with a gun in the car. They said that they didn't have no firearm in the car. He went right ahead and looked the car over and found an airgun. He told them that airguns is illegal in New Hampshire and that he would have to confisterate it out of their possession and that they might have it back when they went home after their vacation was over.

They put up an awful howl about losing the gun. So he ast them what they was doing with it and they all said "We want doing nothing—honest we wasn't." So he said "If you want doing nothing with it, why are you so sore about losing it?" Then they admitted that they was driving by the bathing beaches and when they seed a fat pompous old sittizen waddling along in a bathing suit they would draw down on him and plink him square on the seat of his bathing suit. When he begun to do a buck and wing dance and holler and swear they would cut loose with a movie camera and take an imperishable record of the proceedings. They invited him to come up to their camp and see some of the movies they had got of that impromptu dancing, but he said he guessed he wouldn't, as much as he would like to, and took the airgun and driv off.

All of which goes to show that it takes all kinds of folks to make a world and that some folks have a funny idea of amusement. I admit I would have laughed to have seed some fat old geester holler and swear and rare when he was plinked with an airgun while wearing a wet bathing suit. But when I stop to think how I would like to have it



# Hank, the Meter Reader, Sees All Kinds of Fun

did to myself, then it ain't so funny.

I stopped at a cottage the other day to read the meter and the vacationist in it was a big husky six footer and he was busy fiddling around with a camera and I ast him what he was doing of and he said he was going out to make close-up pictures in color of wild flowers. Then he went on to explain what a chore it was to get the sparkle of the morning dew on a rose in its true colors. He looked like a feller that would be more at home watching a wrassling show than recording the dew on the rose, which just goes to show that you never can tell.

Then I called at another place what is owned by a big time executive down in Boston and the wimmen folks was awl away and he was busy out in the kitchen building an angel cake. He had about seventy dollars worth of patented beaters and whippers all driven by special geared down electric motors and he had automatic clocks and recording thermometers hooked onto the electric stove in the kitchen and he said that baking angel cakes was his hobby and he had reduced it to an exact science of so much beating of the whites of the eggs at so many revolutions per minute on the beater, and so many

minutes baking at such and such a temperature and he had charts all drawn out very pretty showing just how it is did. If he wanted to, he could afford to buy a truck-load of angel cake with the truck thrown in, and not feel it none. Years ago he criticised one of his wife's angel cakes and she told him to go and do better if he could and he said "All right, if you put that way, I WILL." And he done so. Now friends come for miles around to ast him to make an angel cake for a birthday or a wedding anniversary, both up here and down to Boston, and he says

that if it keeps going the way it is, pretty soon he will either have to give up his business or give up the angel cakes. He has quite a bit of money and so he is thinking some of giving up his business.

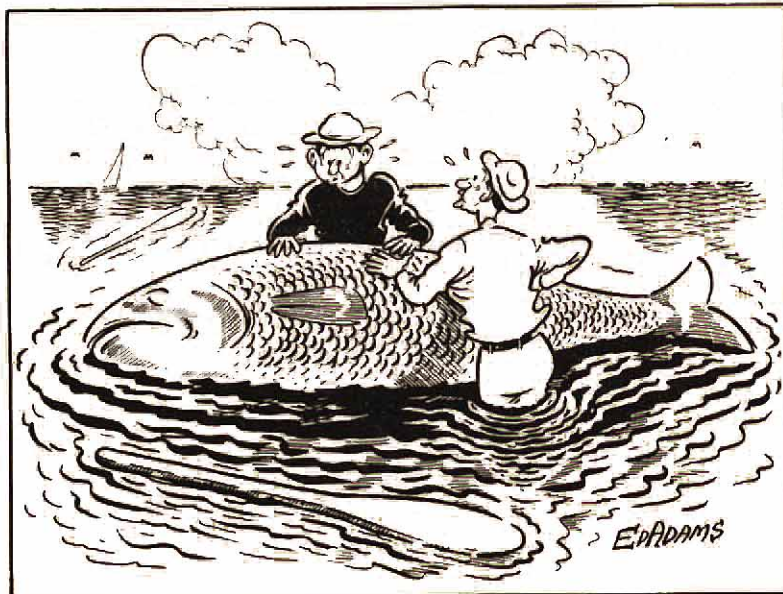
I know another feller that never fishes with nothing but a barbless fish hook and he don't never bring home no fish and he don't never fish with nothing but a fly. He just catches fish and plays them on a light rod and lets them go. Since folks know he don't never plan to bring home no fish, why he can tell just about any fish story and get away with it. He tells about catching brook trout eighteen inches long and letting them go and when folks ast him why he don't keep them he smiles sort of superior and says he has had the fun of catching them, which is 99% of the fun of fishing and he don't have the bother of lugging them home and cleaning them. He is setting pretty as far as fish stories is concerned, and he knows it.

I know another feller that gets his fun photographing gravestones with queer epitaphs onto them and some times he will travel five hundred miles just to get another picture of an odd gravestone.

I know one man that makes a hobby out of weight lifting. After a long hard day at business he will come home and have supper and rest a while and then go up to the spare room in his house and lift fifty and wun hundred pound bar bells and dumb bells and toss them all around. He is so rugged that he rips a big Boston telephone directory right in two. But when his wife asts him to help her move some furniture around the house he has always dropped a stitch in his back and tells her to have the hired girl help her.

Sincerely yours,  
HANK,

The Meter Reader



"Well, we've finally got him in the boat!"



**11 September:** About ten-fifteen with Ray riding tonight, listening to a concert to pass the time. We rode slowly down the Yellowbanks road, fascinated by the lakes of fog low-lying here and there upon the meadows, white under the moon which moved now among clouds of white and gray. The visibility tonight was excellent; the hills stood almost blue against the sky; overhead the stars gleamed as in winter, Arcturus almost gone, Jupiter and Saturn drawing closer to each other and to Aries, the Pleiades twenty degrees or better up the east, and Aldebaran just over the horizon in Taurus. Drove slowly down past the dark, tree-shrouded Hunkel farm, past isolated houses where still the yellow glow of lamplight fell athwart the darkness, and over to Seventy-Eight below the Ring Marshes, from which as slowly home.

**12 September:** About two-thirty left the farm and went with Al over to Breunig's Hill, where I investigated the apple crop and found it good. Most of the trees in the old orchard and in the woods bore heavily, and the fruit of most was now fit to eat, succulent and sweet; indeed, the birds had already discovered it and, while the majority of the apples on the trees were still too hard for them, they had managed to find and partly devour much softer fruit.

From the woods rose that deep, pleasant distillation, a kind of cool smell, if such a thing might be, mingled with the aroma of prickly ash, whose berries now still shone red, but largely black, the seed pod having split and curled back; revealing the ebon seeds within, and the red sheathing now beginning to pale in color and lose its red. Asters blossomed along the road, in the woods, and the apples shone brightly among the dark foliage, none having yet begun to turn.

The mosquitoes were still very active, especially so in the day's heat, and made themselves annoying, so that I turned, went back down to the road, through the old orchard, and to the east Upper Sac Prairie road, from which across the fields to the Big Hill on the river's edge. There Roman was discing a sloping hillside in an effort to cover gullies worked into it during the past two years. He stopped to talk, saying that it was hard work for the horses, inviting me to help myself to cucumbers, noting that Gus had come back from the Dakotas, "where the crops ain't so good."

I went on presently and sat in the shade of the great old elm, looking out over the sun-warmed prairie to the western and northern hills. The afternoon was quiet: almost of late autumn, but a nighthawk flew steadily all afternoon, low over the slopes, feeding—only that solitary bird with no fellows. Goldfinches occasionally made bright the air with song in passing. Left shortly after four to make my way back to town.

# The Country Year:

## September

### By August Derleth

**15 September:** After working all morning at the farm, went at three this afternoon to the marshes, crossing the railroad bridge to Bergen's Island. The Upper Meadow had been cut over at last, and the hay taken from it, but still there was maple bloom to make the meadow's borders colorful.

Flowers stood at their height, lending color to every nook and corner. There were helianthus, swamp sunflowers, and all the other varieties of wild sunflowers; Joe-Pye weed or purple boneset, white boneset (though most of this was gone), white snake-root, a dozen wild roses along the embankment, loosestrife, red and blue lobelias, white, pale blue, and deep blue asters, touch-me-not, ironweed, all the varieties of goldenrod, turtle-head or balmony, bottled gentians, smartweed, watercress, canada thistles, self-heal or heal-all, evening primrose, penstemon, bindweed, blue morning glories, catnip, horsemint, wild balsam

apple, and a few blooms of the climbing false buckwheat, though on most of the vines the seed pods have evolved from the delicate flowers.

Goldfinches commanded the air this afternoon, and their twittering song was constant, broken into only occasionally by catbirds' mewing. The cat-tails in the bottoms were splitting, sending their tufted seeds broadcast over the lowlands, and humming birds were busy among the last of the phlox and the touch-me-nots. Sumac and ivy and a lone maple were red, but all else was lush green, almost concealing the brook, so thickly had all vegetation grown. I went back to the village along the highway, crossing Lenson's Meadow, and stood for a while on Water Street.

**16 September:** Pete said this morning in the barber shop that the whippoorwills had called with almost deafening insistence near Laws' Landing and at the Ferry Bluff early last evening. That would be the latest day for them hereabouts, and would tend to confirm my belief that by and large the birds remain until October, but do not often call between August and the time they take off for the south. Like night-hawks, whippoorwills are largely nocturnal in their southward flight, and it is possible that those Pete heard calling were from a flight come down to feed.

**17 September:** At six with Karl down the railroad tracks, pausing to shout to Bob, who has lettered his name largely on the roof of his canvas tent, and has put up a small flag: indeed, making quite an encampment of the Island place. At the moment he had a tremendous smudge going, "to keep off the mosquitoes," he said; he sat squarely in the middle of the pungent smoke, calmly eating in circumstances which certainly could have been no better than the plague of mosquitoes, which manifested itself to us also, but not too badly.

At the Spring Slough heard a mallard hen, but could not see her. Even in this dusk hour, the meadows were beautiful, flowing away from the algae-green and blue sloughs, with their helianthus and Joe-Pye weed, and the dangerous snakeroot white at the edges together with white boneset. Sphinx moths still darted and flew about the phlox, and wild roses sweetened the air near the brooks.

On past Lenson's Meadow, past the Lower Meadow and the Triangle to Hiney's Crossing, where we turned up along the road to reach the highway just as the moon pushed redly out of the east, a glorious sight there briefly before a haze of clouds caught it and held it all the way back to the village along Seventy-Eight. The evening air was warm and fragrant with dying leaves, with corn smell, and with fugitive odors of spring. Fireflies still glowed over Lenson's Meadow.

(Continued on page 65)

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## September Day

*This is a day which summer cannot know  
And timid spring could never call by name:*

*This is a day when autumn's bright winds  
blow*

*The smothered fires of earth to leaping flame.*

*When waters must be sailed and rapture  
flung*

*From cliff and rockland to the racing air;*

*When all the songs of freedom must be sung*

*And beauty's praise be shouted everywhere.*

*Then, when the darkness falls, a star will  
shine*

*And birches glow upon a mighty shrine.*

GILEAN DOUGLAS



## YUCATAN BOB WHITES

(Continued from page 11)

to find larger coveys and show me some real shooting. He pointed to a clump of palms and trees and I made out the ruined walls.

So far the birds had violated every principle that the northern birds had taught me so I went into this next episode blindly. Both dogs approached the ruins and the pup came to a point as he was in the act of jumping the wall. He pointed birds right under his nose. Old Bob honored and there was a wait until we could reach favorable shooting positions. The pup certainly was a sight, frozen stiff with all four feet balancing him on the top of the wall. His tail had an awkward bend in it—his nostrils flared wide with the quail scent! I hoped he wouldn't slip and flush the birds or run the risk of hurting himself.

I can't tell you how many birds did get up out of that room which was about fifteen feet square. Rustling wings and whistling notes were drowned out by the echo of gunfire. Altogether seven birds were retrieved, while the others circled some lone pillars and alighted some distance away, peeping and whistling.

Old Bob struck out on his own, but the pup nosed around, sniffing with curiosity. He came almost to a point several times and was about to jump the old wall again when he snorted with a whiff of quail scent. Immediately the dry leaves exploded, necessitating a quick aim on my part. Two birds got up with the speed of runaway horses, but I nailed them with some difficulty before they had gone very far.

ALLEN had burned a roll of thirty-six exposure film and in my desire to master the art of bagging these tricky quail I had completely forgotten that he was anxious to try his shooting luck. My suggestion that we trade weapons was hardly uttered when he handed me the camera and I turned over the loaded double. It was one of the prettiest handling little "lead throwers" I had ever had the privilege to fire. Believe me, I needed a good gun to cope with those pesky fliers.

During the exchange, Itsa and both dogs were searching the ruins of an old church. All three marched up the center aisle with Old Bob in the lead, pointing in the direction of the pulpit. The pup honored and the fireworks were about to begin. Allen rushed up to within shooting range and Itsa, marking his new companion, flushed the covey for him. Well, you never heard such a racket made by four shells in all your life! The walls of the chapel echoed the shots and birds rose all over the place. I tried to aim the camera but got all balled up with the cable release. Hunting and taking pictures in a church was a new sensation for me!

The shots hit their mark. Allen had his first two quail and the artist in



Counting the bag at the end of the day

him came out as he immediately admired the coloration of the feathers. The general color is a dark red-brown. The head is crested and the back is spotted with large half moon dots. The tail is grouse-like in design and colored a dusty brown. The breast and under parts are of still lighter color, more distinctly spotted. In size the bird is slightly larger—on the average—than our New England Bob Whites.

There was one last spot left in the old ruin, and the two gunners and both dogs concentrated on it—going about the approach cautiously. First, they entered the thick low cover of weed and thorns—on into a deep triangle of old tiled walls, following the dogs almost to the corner without any bird signs. Then Bob finally pointed, and likewise the pup, on a slightly different angle. Both dogs began sniffing and in general, acting very finicky. They moved further into the corner and were still on point. Itsa had the most puzzled look on his countenance—and Allen didn't know what was up.

When the dogs had reached the corner we expected the birds to flush and rise up above the tiled decoration on the wall, but no! The dogs simply about-faced and started sniffing their way back toward the gunners. Itsa mumbled in French and Allen grunted. When the dogs reached their original starting point, one bird got up over the wall without offering a fair shot, but Allen nailed it with lightning

speed. Another bird fled from under the pup's nose and Allen took it easier as it reached for a sanctuary in the blue sky.

The explanation of the dog's behavior was obvious: Both birds gave both dogs the runaround. If that isn't cleverness I have never seen a clever bird. It may be unwise to draw conclusions on a bird hunted only once—but both Allen and I agree that this Yucatan quail possesses more trickery and fast-flying tactics than our northern Bob White. He flies like a cross between a fast woodcock and a dodgy snipe and uses strategy that our ruffed grouse would never think about.

Despite the fact that I have described the killing of a pretty full bag, both of us, and even that old hawk-eye, Itsa, made plenty of misses. You never know where these birds are going to get up or in what direction they will bullet their way to freedom. They are shifty and nervous fliers and a test for any northerner who thinks he knows quail shooting. To be sure, there are no obstacles in your way out there in a flat henequen field such as our New England cover of stonewalls, orchards and bramble piles afford.

It's true Yucatan—this wild country of henequen—where an old civilization lies buried and where the new civilization thrives above the ruins and knows the joy of a full covey and a smart pointer.





**P**OW! Pow! Pow! the little Zipper clattered like a tommy gun. Out in front three coyotes were running, closely bunched. As the gun spoke one after another of the gray dogs rolled end over end. Three quickly levered shots and three wolves on the ground. It was by far my best job of coyote taking. The distance was 78 yards. The three dogs lay within nine yards of each other, fanned out. On running jackrabbits at distances around 100 yards I have more than once killed two long-ears with following shots.

Last spring I made a long trip into Eastern New Mexico to give the .219 a thorough trial on running jacks. I had in mind a spot between Roswell and Clovis, where I knew I'd find rabbits by the hundreds. The rolling range makes gunning ideal and I had for the last 10 years promised myself a trip in that direction for the sole purpose of shooting the galloping conejos.

The first day in the rabbit country I killed 47 jacks. None were sitting. A jackrabbit in repose is just about as tough as knocking bottles off the back fence with a clothes line pole. A cinch



The bosh that the Zipper is not accurate is thoroughly dispelled by the gun editor

#### THE GUN FOR GAME ON THE RUN



Harold Russell flicks out a string of rapid fire shots with the Zipper

proposition purely. If, however, you think it is a set-up to gun down a loping rabbit on the prairie while he dusts along at something like 35 miles per then, amigo, it leaves the suspicion that maybe you have never tried the sport.

The 56-grain .219 Hollow Point is a terribly destructive slug on the 8- and 10-pound rabbits. Despite the fact that I sometimes had as many as six rabbits in sight at once the big fellows weren't particularly tame. Shots under 75 yards were unusual. The average distance was something around 90 yards as I remember, and quite often I took chances up to 150 yards. I wouldn't waste ammunition on runners beyond that. I had too many targets and got a lot more good hearty satisfaction from hitting a jack on the run at sensible distances than to try to plug him at ranges where more luck than skill would enter in.

There may be other hunters in the country who have killed as much game as I have with the Zipper but if there are I haven't heard of them. I got one of the first Zippers to leave the factory and since then I've tried three more. The Zipper, for some obscure reason, got off to a bad start. It wasn't the fault of the gun.

We have in this country a handful

of guns writers who must make their estimates of every new weapon by a single standard. That standard is represented by target performance. Will the new rifle shoot to minutes of angle (1" at 100 yards; 2" at 200 yards, etc.)? If the gun happens to fall below this performance it is immediately written up in disparaging comment.

Again, some of these same commentators were never known to exhibit their shooting skill out in the open. They leave us the alternative of believing they are little less than human machine rests—or else prevaricators. In the matter of the Zipper, which these fellows certainly maligned, I'll cheerfully accept the second possibility! When the first writer-marksman beat all the other commentators into print with his story on the Zipper he influenced a certain few of the more tardy firearms editors. They noted that he said the Zipper was not accurate. Hastily they revised their stories. And the Zipper got a wholly undeserved black eye.

**A**T 100 yards, using a bench rest with support for the muzzle and support for the body the standard .219 Zipper, Model 64 rifle, using Winchester



The Zipper accounted for these prairie runners



56-grain Hollow Point ammunition will shoot one 3-inch group after another. I have scores of such targets around. The gun will shoot 3-inch groups with the Winchester 98A peep sight, unquestionably the poorest sight ever put on a Winchester rifle, and with a good Weaver 330 scope in place the Zipper will shoot groups smaller than 3 inches. I have them in my gun room which run 2.25 inches. The last four groups fired with the Zipper and a Weaver 330 ran 3.1 inches, 3.6 inches, 2.7 inches, and 2.9 inches. This is an average of 3.07 inches. I consider that about the usual accuracy of the Zipper rifle, and remember, I've had four of these guns.

The Zipper rifle is not a target gun. I would not even say it is a proper gun to shoot still game with at all. The Zipper was made for running shooting. And when used on galloping targets it is a thing of smoothly functioning precision. The Zipper has plenty of utility about it. It reminds me in a good many ways of that grand old game-killer the renowned .30-30. No one has ever condemned the old .30 WCF because it was not a reliable 300-yard hawk gun. It is today the most popular high-powered rifle made. The Zipper has many of the virtues of the lever-action .30-30. It hangs on the shoulder as if it had grown there when the gunner levers out quick shots, it comes up fast when a snap shot has got to be hammered in, and the converted Model 74 action is just as fast as the gunner wants to use it!

The Winchester Company never said the Zipper was a target precision job, they never boomed the gun to compete with the Varminter and the Swift, never recommended the .219 as anything but a vermin gun for moderate ranges. When I think of it I'm inclined to snort about these critics. Anyone with even a superficial knowledge of rifles should have realized at first glance that the lever action Zipper could not be expected to shoot with the Swift with its bolt action design. The lever action is not a precision breech closing. That fact has been known for forty years. Why the Zipper should be kicked about then is beyond me.

The Zipper cannot be reloaded successfully. That is unless you use new cases for each loading. I have yet to find a lever gun which will handle reloads with complete success. True, you can use squib and mid-range reloads and the action will handle them but when maximum loads are used the trouble begins. The Zipper is no exception.

The 46-grain bullet in the Zipper is erratic. I do not like it at all and I would not recommend that anyone use it. It does not group at all well and it is tossed around in even a light wind until shots beyond 150 yards are wholly an affair of luck. The 56-grain Hollow Point in Western loading is entirely another matter. This bullet gives excellent accuracy and much better wind bucking qualities.

When the Winchester folks get

around to loading the Zipper with a 65-grain bullet at 3000 feet per second, a thing they'll be able to do rather easily when this war is over and with the new developments in powder, we'll have the best killer in the .22 hi-speed category. Right now, using the 56-grain bullet in a bolt action heavy barrel .219, the gun regularly shoots 1.5-inch groups at 100 yards. The Model 64 has a long, waspy 26-inch tube and while it is completely satisfactory for hunting it is far too light for utmost accuracy.

**BY COMPARISON** with the other high-speed .22's the Zipper lacks nothing in trajectory. The .220 Swift



**The gun editor tries the new Remington rifle which will shoot Shorts, Longs and Long Rifle cartridges**

very naturally outshines it; we'd be sure to expect that. The Swift drops 1.2 inches at 100 yards, 6 inches at 200 yards and 14 inches at 300 yards. The Zipper has a drop at 100 yards of 1.6 inches, 10 inches at 200 yards and 28 inches at 300 yards. It may be seen, therefore, that the Zipper holds its own very closely with the Swift up to 200 yards. At 300 yards, however, it has fallen twice as much. The .218 Bee has a bullet drop of 2.8 inches at 100 yards, 14 inches at 200 yards and 42 inches at 300 yards. The little .22 Hornet drops 3.2 inches at 100 yards, 16 inches at 200 yards and 38 inches at 300 yards.

The Zipper, with no difficulty at all, is second to the Swift and in my experience, particularly at 100 yards and beyond, entirely outclasses the Bee as a killer. It is not as deadly as the Swift but on jacks, chaparrals, eagles, buzzards and coyotes it is a devastating killer. The coyote, despite what a lot of swivel chair writers may contend, is a hard beast to kill. It is not that his hide is hard to penetrate, his bones difficult to break, or that he is so muscled that penetration is checked, but the indomitable courage of the beast keeps him going when other animals will lie down and die. He takes a lot of killing and I've seen many guns fail on him. The Zipper rarely does.

I never accept long chances at coyotes. In fact I am not a long range shooter at all. It may be that I am in the field enough and get so many shots that I will not accept out-of-distance tar-

gets. I do not admire the long range shooter either. Despite his glowing stories he is not telling the whole truth. He glosses over those innumerable misses, does not tell about the game that limped away crippled, to die in agony. No, he expands about his 500-yard and 600-yard shots until one gets the idea he always connects at these impossible ranges.

The Zipper is a 200-yard gun and that is very close to its limit. With a Weaver scope in place it will kill still game at 250 yards. But the Zipper is not a rifle to be used with a telescope. The offset mount is an awkward affair, the shooter throwing his face entirely across the comb to look through it. And despite the claims of the makers the fact that the gunner looks through his scope in one plane and the bullet travels through the barrel in another doesn't make for much sure hitting, particularly after line of sight and path of bullet cross.

Stith makes his excellent mount to fit directly over the action for the .218, which is a much shorter and lighter cartridge and this seems to work very well but whether he has ever succeeded in converting his mount to the Zipper I do not know. It is beside the point any way because the Zipper rifle does not need a telescope.

On high power weapons such as the Swift, the .257 Roberts, the .30'06 and other guns where shots at 300 yards and even beyond are apt to turn up I think the scope is probably worth while. On such guns as the Bee and the Zipper essentially 100-200 yard weapons I cannot see any earthly good in a telescope. And in fact if you have chance to shoot running game, and game on the move should not be shot farther than 200 yards, a scope is just a nuisance.

We have a dozen excellent peep sights which are infinitely better and more satisfactory. The King Improved tang peep sight, the Lyman 103 micrometered tang peep, or better the Lyman No. 56 receiver peep or the new Redfield Model 70 receiver peep should by all means be attached to the Zipper. The Winchester breech block sight, standard equipment on the Model 64, is one of the most interesting little creations I've seen in a long time. In the first place with the regular front sight, which is pretty low, the No. 98 sight cannot be lowered enough to zero the gun at a range of less than 200 yards. Now there are times when a fellow likes the gun to shoot center at 100 yards. But it cannot be done with this breech block peep.

The Model 71.348 Winchester is also equipped with this Winchester sight. It, too, cannot be lowered enough to permit sighting in at ranges of less than 200 yards. These are disadvantages as you will admit but they are insignificant indeed by comparison with the floating proclivities of the windage adjustment. Each time the Zipper is dragged out of the scabbard the gunner will find the deflection slide in a brand new place! The gun will

(Continued on page 38)



# OFFICIAL GAME LAWS

## 1941-1942

The hunting laws published below were compiled from information gathered by the OUTDOORS staff from all states in which this season's regulations are now available. Great care was taken to assure authenticity. The fish and game departments and legislatures of a few states, however, were not ready to announce 1941 laws at the time OUTDOORS went to press. Such states are indicated below with designations suggesting that hunters in these states consult local authorities to obtain latest game laws.

### # Local Exceptions

### \* Males Only

† This year's regulations not available at press time.

Consult state authorities.

STATE	OPEN SEASONS	LIMITS	LIC. & TRANS.	STATE	OPEN SEASONS	LIMITS	LIC. & TRANS.
		Daily Poss'n Season				Daily Poss'n Season	
<b>ALABAMA</b>				<b>CONNECTICUT</b>			
Deer	Nov. 20-Jan. 10*	1 1 3	Res. state ... \$ 3.00	Rabbit	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	5 30	Res. .... \$ 2.00
Bear	Closed Season		Res. county ... 1.00	Squirrel	Oct. 20-Nov. 20	5 30	Non Res. .... 10.00
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Jan. 15**	10 10	Non Res. .... 25.00	Pheasant	Oct. 20-Thurs.,*	2 15	Permits required for
Quail	Nov. 1-Feb. 29	12 12	Non Res. 7 days 7.00	Grouse	Oct. 20-Thurs.,*	2 15	exportation in trans-
Pheasant	Closed Season		Non Res. license only				portation.
Turkey	Nov. 20-Jan. 10**	1 5	may export game law-	Deer			
	Mar. 20-Apr. 15**		fully killed.	Hun. Partridge			
				Quail			
<b>ARIZONA</b>				<b>DELAWARE</b>			
Deer	Oct. 16-Nov. 15**	1 1 1	Res. .... \$ 2.50	Rabbit	Nov. 15-Dec. 31	6 12	Res. .... \$ 1.25
Bear	Oct. 16-Nov. 15**	1 1 1	Non Res. Gen. 25.00	Squirrel	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	6 12	Non Res. Sea. 15.50
Rabbit	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	6 6	Non Res. Small 10.00	Quail	Nov. 15-Dec. 31	12 24	Non Res. 5 days 5.50
Turkey	Oct. 16-Nov. 15**	2 2	Alten. Gen. .... 75.00	Pheasant	Nov. 15-Dec. 31*	2 4 6	Licensee may export
Elk, Special Permit	Nov. 18-Dec. 19		Alten. Small .... 50.00				game.
Antelope			Shipping permit re-				
Spike Bucks			quired for transport-				
Female Deer			ation attached to				
Wm. Sheep			licensee.				
Jacolina							
Bear Cubs				<b>FLORIDA</b>			
Blue Squirrels				Deer	Nov. 20-Dec. 31*	1 2 2	Res. state .... \$ 5.00
Grouse				Squirrel	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	17 30	Res. county .... 1.00
Chukar Partridge				Quail	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	15 30	Non Res. Sea. 25.00
Pheasant				Turkey	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	5	Non Res. 10 days 10.00
Mourning or Field Quail							Limits of deer and
Masked Bob White							turkey may be trans-
Otter							ported.
Beaver							
				<b>GEORGIA</b>			
				Deer	Nov. 15-Jan. 5**	2 2 2	Res. state .... \$ 3.25
				Bear	Nov. 20-Feb. 28	1 1 1	Res. county .... 1.00
				Squirrel	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	15 30	Non Res. state 12.50
				Quail	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	15 30	Non Res. county 5.00
				Turkey	Nov. 20-Mar. 1**	2 2 2	Game in personal pos-
				Opossum	Oct. 1-Feb. 28		session may be trans-
				Raccoon	Nov. 20-Feb. 28		ported.
				Rabbit	No Closed Season		
				<b>IDAHO</b>			
				Deer	Local Seasons	1 1 1	Res. .... \$ 2.00
				Elk	Local Seasons	1 1 1	Non Res. Big. 50.00
				Bear	Jan. 1-Dec. 31**	1 1 1	Non Res. Small 10.00
				Goat	Oct. 5-Nov. 10**	1 1 1	Alten. .... 75.00
				Sheep	(See Dec. 1st warden)	1 1 1	Big game law. 1.00
				Quail	Local Seasons	6 6	Big game and one
				Grouse, pheasant	Local Seasons	4 4	day's limit of birds
				Hun. Partridge	Local Seasons	8 8	may be transported in
							person.
				<b>ILLINOIS</b>			
				Deer	Closed Season		Res. .... \$ 1.75
				Rabbit	Nov. 10-Jan. 15	10 20	Non Res. .... 15.00
				Squirrel	Aug. 1-Nov. 15**	5 10	Possession limit of
				Quail	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	12 24	game birds or animals
				Pheasant	Nov. 10-Nov. 10*	2 4	may be transported in
				Grouse			personal possession.
				Prairie Chicken			
				Partridges			
				Wild Turkey			
				<b>INDIANA</b>			
				Rabbit	Nov. 10-Jan. 10	10 20	Res. .... \$ 1.50
				Squirrel	Nov. 10-Jan. 10	5 5	Non Res. .... 15.00
				Quail	Nov. 10-Jan. 10	5 5	Lawful possession
				Pheasant	Nov. 10-Dec. 20	10 30	limit of game may be
				Hun. Partridge	Nov. 10-Nov. 30**	3 4	exported. No Stamba-
				Deer	Nov. 10-Dec. 20	5 10	standing.
				Grouse			
				Prairie Chicken			
				Turkey			
				<b>IOWA</b>			
				Rabbit	Aug. 1-Mar. 1	10	Res. .... \$ 1.00
				Squirrel	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	6 12	Non Res. .... 15.00
				Pheasant	Nov. 12-Nov. 14**	3 4	Legal possession limit
				Quail	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	4 8	may be exported.
				Hun. Partridge	Nov. 12-Nov. 14**	3 2	
				Deer			
				Prairie Chicken			



STATE	OPEN SEASONS	LIMITS	LIC. & TRANS.
		Daily Poss'n Season	
<b>KANSAS</b>			
Squirrel	Aug. 1-Jan. 31	10	Res. ....\$1.00
Quail	Nov. 20-Nov. 30	25	Non Res. .... 7.00
Deer	} Closed Season		Exportation of two days' bag limit permitted.
Grouse			
Prairie Chicken			
Pheasant	Oct. 27-28-29 in N.W. counties		Pheasant—daily bag limit: 3 cocks or 2 hens; 1 hen; season bag limit: 4 cocks, 2 hens.
<b>KENTUCKY</b>			
Rabbit	Nov. 24-Jan. 9	8	County of res. \$ 1.00
Squirrel	Aug. 15-Oct. 31	6	State .... 3.00
Quail	Nov. 24-Jan. 9	12	Non Res. .... 15.50
	} Closed Season		Lawfully killed game may be exported.
Deer			
Bear			
Grouse			
Pheasant			
Turkey			
Dove	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	12	
<b>LOUISIANA</b>			
Deer	Nov. 15-Jan. 1*	1	Res. ....\$ 1.00
Bear	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	1	Non Res. Sea. 15.00
Rabbit	Oct. 1-Mar. 1		Non Res. 4 days 5.00
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	10	Not more than two days' bag limit of ducks and geese may be transported in one week.
Quail	Dec. 1-Feb. 20	15	
Turkey	Closed Season		
<b>MAINE</b>			
Deer	Local Seasons	1	Res. ....\$ 1.15
Bear	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	1	Non Res. Big. 15.15
Rabbit	Oct. 1-Feb. 28 #	4	Non Res. Small 10.15
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Oct. 31 #	4	Non resident may take out of state, open to view, rabbits, one deer and four partridges, under license tags.
Grouse	Oct. 1-Nov. 15	4	
Moose	Closed Season		
<b>MARYLAND</b>			
Deer	Dec. 1-Dec. 6 #	1	Res. state ...\$ 5.25
Rabbit	Nov. 15-Dec. 31 #	6	Res. county .. 1.25
Squirrel	Sept. 15-Oct. 15 #	6	Non Res. .... 15.50
Quail	Nov. 15-Dec. 31 #	6	Two days' limit may be taken from state, in personal possession.
Grouse	Nov. 15-Dec. 31 #	2	
Pheasant	Nov. 15-Dec. 31 #	2	
Turkey	Nov. 15-Dec. 31 #	1	
<b>MASSACHUSETTS</b>			
Deer	Dec. 1-Dec. 6 #	1	Res. ....\$ 2.00
Rabbit	Oct. 20-Feb. 1 #	5 #	Non Res. .... 10.25
Squirrel	Oct. 20-Nov. 20 #	5	Game may be taken from state if carried openly.
Quail	Oct. 20-Nov. 20 #	4	
Grouse	Oct. 20-Nov. 20 #	3	
Pheasant	Oct. 20-Nov. 20 #	2	
<b>MICHIGAN</b>			
Deer	Nov. 15-Nov. 30*	1	Res. Big ....\$ 2.25
Deer (bow and arrow)	Nov. 1-Nov. 14*	1	Res. Small .. 1.00
Bear	Unprotected except in local areas	1	Non Res. Big 25.00
Rabbit (Zone 1)	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	5	Non Res. Small 5.00 #
Rabbit (Zone 2)	Oct. 15-Jan. 31		Non resident may transport limit of small game, one deer and bears.
Rabbit (Zone 3)	Oct. 15-Dec. 31		
Squirrel	Oct. 15-Nov. 5 #	5	
Grouse (Zone 1)	Oct. 1-Oct. 20 #	5	
Grouse (Zone 2)	Oct. 15-Nov. 5		
Grouse (Zone 3)	Oct. 15-Nov. 5		
Pheasant (Zone 1)	Closed Season		
Pheasant (Zone 2)	Oct. 15-Nov. 5*	2	
Pheasant (Zone 3)	Oct. 15-Nov. 5*	4	
Prairie Chicken (Zone 1)	Oct. 1-Oct. 20 #	5	
Prairie Chicken (Zones 2 & 3)	Oct. 15-Nov. 5 #	5	
<b>MINNESOTA</b>			
Squirrel	Oct. 15-Dec. 31	7	Res. Big ....\$ 2.25
Rabbit	Sept. 15-Mar. 1	14	Res. Small .. 1.00
Quail	} Consult state authorities for dates and limits		Non Res. Big 50.25
Grouse			Non Res. Small 25.00
Pheasant			Possession limit of game may be exported.
Prairie Chicken	} Closed Season		
Hun. Partridge			See authorities for export regulations.
Deer			
Bear			
<b>MISSISSIPPI</b>			
Deer	Nov. 25-Dec. 1 #	1	Res. state ...\$ 3.25
	Dec. 25-Jan. 1 #	1	Res. county .. 1.25
	Jan. 10-Jan. 15 #	10	Non Res. .... 25.25
Rabbit	Oct. 15-Feb. 20 #	20	Non Res. Small 10.25
Squirrel	Oct. 15-Dec. 31 #	8	Non Res. Small 7-day .... 5.25
Quail	Dec. 10-Feb. 20	12	See authorities for export regulations.
Bear	Closed Season		
Turkey	Apr. 1-Apr. 20*	1	
Pheasant	Closed Season		
<b>MISSOURI</b>			
Quail	Nov. 10-Dec. 31	10	Res. state ....\$ 2.50
Squirrel	Jan. 15-Oct. 31	6	Res. county .. 1.00
Deer	Closed Season		Non Res. .... 15.00
Turkey	Closed Season		Possession limit may be taken from state.
Pheasant	Closed Season		
Prairie Chicken	Closed Season		
<b>MONTANA</b>			
Elk	Sept. 15-Jan. 31 #	1	Res. Big ....\$ 1.00
Deer	Oct. 15-Nov. 15 #	1	Res. Bird & Fish 2.00
Bear	Oct. 15-Nov. 15	1	Non Res. Big 30.00
Goat	Sept. 15-Oct. 20 #	1	Non Res. Small 10.00
Sheep	} Closed Season		Alien, Big ... 50.00
Grouse			Alien, Small . 30.00
Quail	} Consult state officials for regulations		Non residents may export limit. Resident must obtain permit, 50 cents.
Turkey			
Sage Hen			
Hun. Partridge			
Pheasant			

STATE	OPEN SEASONS	LIMITS	LIC. & TRANS.
		Daily Poss'n Season	
<b>NEBRASKA</b>			
Deer	Closed Season		Res. ....\$1.00
Rabbit Cottontail	Jan. 1-Dec. 31	10	Non Res. reciprocal.
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	5	Limit may be shipped if tagged and accompanied by owner.
Quail	} Closed Season		
Grouse			
Prairie Chicken			
Turkey			
<b>NEVADA</b>			
Pheasant	} Consult state officials for regulations	3	Res. ....\$ 2.50
Mountain Quail		5	Non Res. .... 10.00
Valley Quail	10	Alien .... 25.00	
Grouse	3	Deer Tag .... 1.00	
Sage Hen	5	Permit required for exportation of game.	
Deer	1		
	30 days between Oct. 1 and Nov. 15*		
Rabbit	Nov. 1-Dec. 31		
<b>NEW HAMPSHIRE</b>			
Deer	Oct. 15-Dec. 16 #	1	Res. ....\$ 2.50
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	5	Non Res. .... 15.15
Rabbit	Oct. 1-Feb. 1	5	Non resident hunter may export deer (tagged) and two days' limit upland game.
Grouse	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	4	
Quail	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	3	
Pheasant	Nov. 1-Nov. 15*	1	
Bear	Unprotected		
<b>NEW JERSEY</b>			
Deer	Dec. 17-Dec. 21*	1	Res. ....\$ 2.10
Quail	Nov. 10-Dec. 15 #	10	Non Res. .... 10.50
Grouse	Nov. 10-Dec. 15 #	2	Non resident may remove from state not more than two days' limit of game in one week.
Pheasant	Nov. 10-Dec. 15*	2	
Hun. Partridge	Nov. 10-Dec. 15	3	
Rabbit	Nov. 10-Dec. 15	6	
<b>NEW MEXICO</b>			
Deer	Nov. 1-Nov. 15*	1	Res. Gen. ...\$ 4.50
Elk	Nov. 1-Nov. 15 #	1	Res. Big .... 3.00
Bear	Sept. 15-Oct. 25 #	1	Res. Small .. 2.50
	Nov. 1-Dec. 10 #		Non Res. Gen. 30.25
Squirrel	Nov. 1-Nov. 15	5	Non Res. Big 25.25
Turkey	Nov. 1-Nov. 15	10	Non Res. Small 10.25
Quail	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	10	Elk .... 10.00
Grouse	Sept. 20-Sept. 24	5	Bag limit of big game may be shipped: permit \$1.25.
Pheasant	Consult officials		
Prairie Chicken	} Closed Season		
Bobwhite or Mearns Quail			
<b>NEW YORK</b>			
Deer	Nov. 1-Nov. 30 #	1	Res. ....\$ 2.25
Bear	Oct. 15-Nov. 15 #	1	Res. deer .... 1.25
Squirrel	Oct. 20-Nov. 17 #	5	Non Res. .... 10.50
Rabbit	Oct. 20-Jan. 31 #	6	Non Res. deer 10.50
Pheasant	Oct. 20-Nov. 17*	2	One day's limit may be transported, with permit.
Grouse	Oct. 20-Nov. 17	3	
Quail	Nov. 1-Nov. 15 #	4	
<b>LONG ISLAND</b>			
Squirrel	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	5	
Rabbit	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	1	
Pheasant	Nov. 1-Dec. 31*	4	
Quail	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	6	
Grouse	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	2	
Deer	Closed Season		
<b>NORTH CAROLINA</b>			
Deer	Oct. 1-Jan. 1 #	1	Res. state ...\$ 2.10
Bear	Oct. 1-Jan. 1 #	2	Res. county .. 1.10
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Jan. 15 #	10	Non Res. .... 15.25
Rabbit	Nov. 28-Feb. 15 #	10	Non resident may export, with permit, 2 deer, 2 turkeys, 2 days' limit other game.
Quail	Nov. 28-Feb. 15 #	20	
Grouse	Nov. 28-Jan. 15 #	2	
Turkey	Nov. 28-Feb. 15 #	1	
<b>NORTH DAKOTA</b>			
Pheasant	Oct. 1-Oct. 21 #		Res. ....\$ 1.50
Grouse	Oct. 1-Oct. 21		Non Res. .... 25.00
Hun. Partridge	Oct. 1-Oct. 21		Non resident may export two days' bag limit.
Prairie Chicken	} Consult local officials		
Quail			
Deer			
<b>OHIO</b>			
Rabbit	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	4	Res. ....\$ 1.25
Pheasant	Nov. 15-Nov. 30	2	Non Res. .... 15.00
Hun. Partridge	Nov. 15-Nov. 30	4	Licensee may personally export possession limit.
Grouse	Nov. 15-Nov. 25	2	
Squirrel	Sept. 15-Sept. 30 #	4	
Quail	Closed Season		
Deer	Closed Season		
<b>OKLAHOMA</b>			
Squirrel	May 15-Jan. 1	10	Res. ....\$ 1.25
Quail	Nov. 20-Jan. 1 #	10	Non Res. .... 15.00
Prairie Chicken		20	Alien .... 25.00
Deer	Closed Season		Licensees may export two days' bag limit.
Elk	} Consult state officials		
Pheasant			
Turkey			
<b>OREGON</b>			
Deer	Sept. 20-Oct. 25 #	1	Res. ....\$ 3.00
Antelope	Sept. 22-Oct. 5 #	1	Non Res. .... 15.00
Elk—East Oregon	Nov. 1-Nov. 16 #	1	Antelope, deer and elk spec. license tags, res. \$1. \$2, and \$3; non res. \$1, \$5, and \$25 in addition to regular fee. Permit required for exportation.
Elk—West Oregon	Aug. 31-Sept. 17 #	1	
Bear	Nov. 1-Nov. 30		
Squirrel	Sept. 15-Oct. 20 #	5	
Grouse	Oct. 22-Oct. 23 #	4	
Hun. Partridge	} Oct. 22-Nov. 4 #	4	
Pheasant			8 #
Quail		10	
<b>PENNSYLVANIA</b>			
Deer	Dec. 1-Dec. 13 #	1	Res. ....\$ 2.00
Bear	Nov. 10-Nov. 23 #	1	Non Res. .... 15.00
Squirrel	Nov. 1-Nov. 29	6	Exportation of three days' limit permitted.
Rabbit	Nov. 1-Nov. 29	4	No shooting on Sunday.
Quail	Nov. 1-Nov. 29	5	
Grouse	Nov. 1-Nov. 29	2	
Hun. Partridge	Closed Season		
Turkey	Nov. 1-Nov. 29 #	1	
Pheasant	Nov. 1-Nov. 29*	2	



**STATE OPEN SEASONS LIMITS LIC. & TRANS.**

**RHODE ISLAND**

Pheasant	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	1	1	1	Res. .... \$ 2.00
Grouse	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	2	2	2	Non Res. .... 10.00
Quail	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	5	5	5	Alien .... 15.00
Squirrel	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	5	5	5	Residents more than 95 years old .... .25
Rabbit	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	5	5	5	
Deer	Closed Season				
Hare	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	2	2	2	(or 2 hares & 3 rabbits)

**SOUTH CAROLINA**

Deer	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	1	1	1	Res. State ... \$ 3.10
Squirrel	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	15	15	15	Res. County ... 1.10
Rabbit	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	15	15	15	Non Res. .... 15.25
Quail	Nov. 23-Mar. 1	2	2	2	Licensee may export one day's limit per week.
Turkey	Nov. 22-Mar. 1	2	2	2	

**SOUTH DAKOTA**

Deer	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	1	1	1	Res. Small ... \$ 1.00
Prairie Chicken					Res. deer .... 3.00
Grouse					Non Res. small 20.00
Pheasant					Non Res. deer 25.00
Hun. Partridge					Permit required for export of game.

**TENNESSEE**

Deer	Closed Season				Res. .... \$ 2.00
Squirrel	June 1-June 15	1	1	1	Non Res. .... 5.00
Rabbit	Sept. 1-Dec. 31	8	8	8	Non Res. 2 day 5.00
Quail	Nov. 26-Jan. 25	10	10	10	Game carried openly may be exported.
Grouse	Nov. 26-Jan. 25	3	3	3	
Turkey	No Open Season				

**TEXAS**

Deer	Nov. 16-Dec. 31	2	2	2	Res. .... \$ 2.00
Bear	Nov. 16-Dec. 31	1	1	1	Non Res. .... 25.00
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	10	20	10	Alien .... 25.00
Quail	May 1-July 31	12	12	12	Permit required for export of game.
Turkey	Dec. 1-Jan. 16	3	3	3	
Grouse	Closed Season				
Pheasant					
Prairie Chicken					

**UTAH**

Deer	Oct. 18-Oct. 28	1	1	1	Res. .... \$ 3.00
Elk					Non Res. small 10.00
Pheasant					Non Res. Big. 20.00
Quail					Permit required for export of game.
Grouse	Closed Season				
Prairie Chicken					

**VERMONT**

Deer	Nov. 21-Nov. 22	1	1	1	Res. .... \$ 1.25
Rabbit	Nov. 21-Nov. 20	1	1	1	Non Res. .... 12.50
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Feb. 28	3	3	3	Licensee may export one deer and one day's bag limit.
Pheasant	Oct. 1-Oct. 21	4	4	4	
Quail	Weeks & Saturdays	2	2	2	
Grouse	Oct. 1-Oct. 21	4	4	4	
Bear	Oct. 1-Oct. 21	4	4	4	
Turkey	June 1-Dec. 31	4	4	4	

**VIRGINIA**

Deer	Nov. 20-Dec. 31	1	1	1	Res. state .... \$ 2.50
Elk	Nov. 9-Nov. 11	1	1	1	Res. county .... 1.00
Bear	Nov. 20-Dec. 31	1	1	1	Non Res. .... 15.50
Squirrel	Sept. 1-Jan. 20	4	75	4	Non Res. 2 days 5.00
Rabbit	Nov. 20-Jan. 20	6	75	6	One day's limit of game may be shipped.
Pheasant	Nov. 20-Dec. 31	4	20	4	Two days' limit may be transported personally.
Grouse	Nov. 20-Jan. 20	3	15	3	
Quail	Nov. 20-Jan. 20	10	100	10	
Turkey	Nov. 20-Jan. 20	4	4	4	

**WASHINGTON**

Deer	Oct. 2-Oct. 23	1	1	1	Res. state .... \$ 3.00
Elk	Oct. 26-Nov. 6	1	1	1	Res. county ... 1.50
Bear	Oct. 2-Dec. 31	1	1	1	Res. elk .... 5.00
Squirrel	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	5	5	5	Non Res. elk ... 25.00
Rabbit	Oct. 26-Feb. 28	5	5	5	Non Res. big ... 25.00
Pheasant	Oct. 15, 16, 21, 22, 25, 28, 29, Nov. 1, 4, 5, 6	3	6	3	Non Res. small 15.00
Quail	Same dates	5	10	5	Alien elk .... 25.00
Hun. Partridge	Same dates	5	10	5	Exportation of one day's bag limit permitted.
Grouse	Sept. 10-Sept. 17	2	2	2	
	Oct. 1-Oct. 2	2	2	2	

**WEST VIRGINIA**

Deer	Nov. 30-Dec. 2	1	1	1	Res. .... \$ 2.00
Rabbit	Nov. 7-Dec. 30	1	1	1	Non Res. .... 15.00
Squirrel	Oct. 16-Nov. 30	4	4	4	Licensee may personally transport two days' bag limit.
Grouse	Oct. 16-Nov. 30	3	12	3	
Quail	Nov. 7-Dec. 9	6	48	6	
Turkey	Oct. 16-Nov. 30	1	1	1	

**WISCONSIN**

Deer	Nov. 19-Nov. 25	1	1	1	Res. .... \$ 1.00
Bear	Nov. 19-Nov. 25	1	1	1	Non Res. big ... 50.00
Squirrel	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	5	5	10	Non Res. small 25.00
Rabbit	Oct. 29-Jan. 1	8	4	8	Possession limit may be exported.
Pheasant	Oct. 15-Oct. 28	2	4	2	
Grouse	Oct. 15-Oct. 28	4	8	4	
Prairie Chicken	Oct. 15-Oct. 28	4	8	4	
Hun. Partridge	Oct. 15-Oct. 28	4	8	4	

**WYOMING**

Deer	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	1	1	1	Res. big .... \$ 5.00
Elk	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	1	1	1	Res. small .... 3.00
Moose	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	1	1	1	Non Res. big ... 50.00
Antelope	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	1	1	1	Non Res. small 10.00
Sheep	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	1	1	1	Non Res. moose 75.00
Pheasant	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	3	6	3	Non Res. antelope .... 20.00
Hun. Partridge	Oct. 31-Nov. 2	3	3	3	Non Res. sheep 75.00
Quail	Closed Season				Consult officials for information on game exportation.
Prairie Chicken					
Grouse					
Sage Hen					

**CANADA OPEN SEASONS LIMITS LIC. & TRANS.**

**ALBERTA**

Deer	Nov. 1-Dec. 14	1	1	1	Non Res. Big. ... \$ 50.00
Moose	Nov. 1-Dec. 14	1	1	1	Non Res. elk ... 30.00
Caribou	Nov. 1-Dec. 14	1	1	1	Non Res. bird ... 25.00
Bear	Sept. 1-June 14	1	1	1	Non Res. per. ... 1.00
Elk	Oct. 2-Dec. 14	1	1	1	Will to hunt
Mountain Goat	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	1	1	1	beef in the spring ... 10.00
Minnesota Sheep	1-Oct. 31	1	1	1	Consult officials for game permits for exporting game.
Hun. Partridge	Oct. 2-Nov. 30	10	200	10	
Prairie Chicken	Oct. 2-Oct. 31	5	5	5	
Grouse	Oct. 2-Oct. 31	5	5	5	

**NEW BRUNSWICK**

Deer	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	2	2	2	Res. Big ... \$ 2.00
Moose	Closed Season				Res. Small ... 1.00
Caribou	Closed Season				Non Res. Spec. ... 10.00
Grouse	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	6	20	6	Non Res. Small 15.00
Elk		12	150	12	Permit required for game exportation. No Sunday hunting.
Goose		5	50	5	
Cans		25	25	25	
Gallinules		25	25	25	
Halls		8	8	8	
Woodcock		25	25	25	
Wilson Snipe		25	25	25	

**NOVA SCOTIA**

Deer	Oct. 1-Nov. 15	2	2	2	Res. Big ... \$ 2.00
Moose	Closed Season				Non Res. Big. ... 50.00
Bear	Unpotentiated				Non Res. Deer 25.00
Ruffed Grouse	Oct. 10-Oct. 31	5	15	5	Non Res. Small 15.00
Pheasant	Closed Season				Non Res. Woodcock & Snipe ... 25.00
Hun. Partridge	Oct. 10-Oct. 31	5	15	5	Permit required for exportation of game.
Ducks					
Goose					
Cans					
Gallinules					
Halls					
Woodcock					
Wilson Snipe					

**ONTARIO**

Deer	Sept. 15-Nov. 25	1	1	1	Res. Deer .... \$ 4.00
Moose	Sept. 15-Nov. 25	1	1	1	Res. Gun .... 1.00
Caribou	Closed Season				Res. Moose .... 6.00
Elk	Closed Season				Non Res. Bear & Small Game 15.50
Bear	Unpotentiated				Non Res. Deer 25.00
Quail	Open Season by Regulation				Bear & Small Game ... 25.75
Pheasant	Open Season by Regulation				Non Res. Moose, Deer Bear & Small Game ... 41.00
Goose	See Dominion Govt. Regulations	5	50	5	Permit required for exportation.
Ducks		12	150	12	
Wilson Snipe		25	25	25	
Woodcock		8	125	8	

**QUEBEC**

Deer	Local Season	1	1	1	Res. (Trans. Permit Moose & Deer) ... \$ 1.10
Moose	Local Season	1	1	1	Non Res. Gen. 25.00
Caribou	Sept. 20-Nov. 10	1	1	1	Non Res. Club Members ... 16.50
Bear	Aug. 20-June 30	1	1	1	Non Res. Migratory Birds ... 15.50
Grouse	Sept. 21-Oct. 21	5	15	5	Non Res. Caribou Extra ... 1.10
Ducks					Non Res. Bear 5.25
Goose					Permit required for exportation.
Foats					
Rails					
Wilson Snipe					
Woodcock					

**BRITISH COLUMBIA, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, YUKON, NEWFOUNDLAND, 1941 regulations not available at press time. Consult officials.**

Regulations as to taking weapons into Canada for hunting purposes will this year be similar to those of last year. There are no restrictions on U. S. sportsmen entering Canada for hunting purposes except that a permit for bringing in firearms must be obtained from the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa, Ontario. The application for this permit must give the applicant's (1) name; (2) occupation; (3) residence; (4) purpose of visit; (5) duration of visit; (6) destination in Canada; (7) Canadian Frontier port of arrival; (8) conveyance to be used in travel; (9) description of weapon, for each firearm requiring permit, including make and serial no. Also required is a character reference, either in the form of a letter from your local Chief of Police or other prominent person, or by giving the name of a Canadian Gun Club or other Association with which you are affiliated.



## THE WALL-EYE

(Continued from page 21)

as possible, knows nothing about. It may be objected that one will lose fish. Not often, for as before said or intimated, when the pike takes, he takes; a taut line and swinging rod being all that is essential to hooking solidly. The battle will prove a surprise to many.

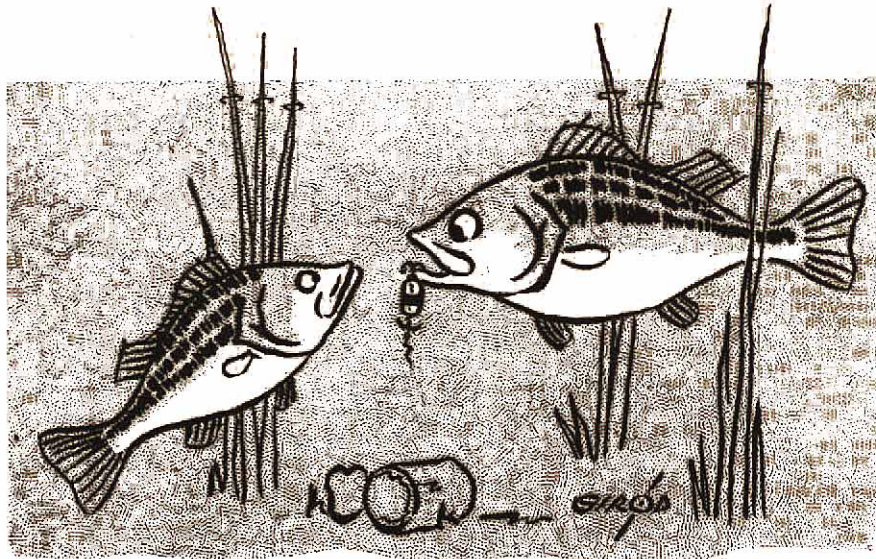
However, inasmuch as the fly-rod is not for all, perhaps for the angling cognoscenti alone, I must hasten to add, the preferred rod is the regulation casting rod, 5½ ft., or if the angler be a bit "peculiar," then a 6-ft., 6-in. caster. A warning should be uttered here. Such a rod will call for care and understanding should a 6- or 8-pound wall-eye join up. I know whereof I speak. The fish is a far better scrapper than many anglers realize. The fight ability of almost any fish depends more upon the angler's method of taking, than upon the fish itself. I, for one, can have rare fun—yes, sport!—fishing for "punkin'-seeds" with a 2½-ounce fly-rod and artificial flies. I am warning you right now, that you can't "horse out" a 6- or 8-pound wall-eye with a fly-rod. I am recommending to the rank and file, the regular casting rod, multiplying reel, etc.; the ordinary bass caster's outfit.

GLANCING back over what I have written I do not notice anything said about the size of the hook to be employed or whether or not to use a leader. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of the various "bends," or shapes of hooks. To my friends' great disgust, I prefer a Schneck bend; you know it undoubtedly, a sort of square hook, for with it I can—or do—take more fish. Sometimes I am so "cranky" as to insist that I have flies tied on it! Whatever the bend you prefer, the hook can be moderately large, as the wall-eye has an "open face." Also a short leader, or wire gimp is advisable. I like a short wire gimp, with a safe-snap at the end; then one can change from hooks to "plugs" at will. So we naturally arrive at what may be termed casting for wall-eyes.

I have emphasized the necessity for deep fishing in what I have already said, so under-water lures are the proper type to select, though I am loath to say simon-pure under-waters, those that seek the depths and stay there; if there happens to be a tangle in the line, or a back-lash in the reel—

which only angling editors ever manage to achieve!—the lure will come to the surface and patiently wait upon his pleasure. Granted, forthrightly, there is a certain distinct advantage in the true under-water lures; they will go deeper, hunt out hidden recesses; but in case of a snarl anywhere they are too apt to stay deep, altogether too deep for this angling editor. (A letter on my desk right now says, "I can't remember when I had a bad back-lash, a little care and skill on the part of the caster,

with plugs in a deep hole of my river, a favorite place, for a "shiner-creek" enters at its head. Well, a boy who was using a tamarack pole out in the nearby swamp, was fishing in shallow water well down the stream, where no one with any fish sense whatsoever would think of looking for pike. Suddenly he uttered a wild yell, and started up the bank, dragging his pole after him. Boy, pole, heavy line and big hook. But fast to that hook was an 8-pound wall-eye! I have a mental picture of



"It put up a heck of a fight but I finally got it"

obviating all such troubles." Well! Well! Frankly, I can't remember when I did not have back-lashes, and I wouldn't have it any other way if I could. For like life, if we didn't have any "downs," we wouldn't have any "ups.")

I much doubt that color is overly determinative, so long as it is arresting, challenging. I have many times mentioned my liking for red and white, colors I can see readily under almost any water and weather conditions. One must know at every instant exactly where his lure is wiggling enticingly. However, if the Reader is of the ilk who delight in taking chances, and can impale a sunken log or deeply protruding root and not swear, let him use the simon-pure underwater, it is a taking lure. Remember, the wall-eye is as a rule, a deep-feeder, and consequently we must go down where he is. Never rush the game, just keep the lure in motion, that is all, for while the fish is capable of speed, he does not like to exert himself. Once hooked, however, he can put up a bewildering scrap, twisting, turning, boring—copying the tactics of his congener, the lordly black bass.

As a rule he is found, as I have already stated, inhabiting rivers, below dams, in deep, shaded pools, or where incoming creeks afford chances at adventuring minnows and an occasional frog. No use fishing where he does not feed, of course, though now and then the unexpected does happen. Which reminds me . . . I was casting

it, but how I wish I might have caught the comedy with my camera. "Why?" Who knows, unless it is one of the means Providence has of keeping "experts" humble.

There is still another method of taking wall-eyes, exceedingly problematical, but nevertheless the quintessence of pleasure and sport. I refer to a method seldom employed, because so uncertain, I suspect, and that is fly-fishing. "What, fly-fishing for wall-eyes?"

Yes, Brother, just that. You see, it is a heresy of mine that any fish will take flies if they are properly presented—for the particular species sought—and the angler does not become too soon discouraged. Years and years ago I prepared for the long since dead New York "Independent," an article upon "Fly-fishing For Sunfish," which brought me more unkind criticism and ribald laughter than anything I ever wrote; so I am ready for criticism, if you feel like it, when you have finished this paragraph.

The would-be quester of wall-eyes with flies, must needs select one of his heavier rods, nothing under 6½ ounces, for the wall-eye is an unknown quantity at the end of an enamelled line. He goes mad, and there is no method in his madness. You can predict to a greater or less extent what a black-bass will do on the end of a fly-line, but no prophet, fakir, or ouija-board can hazard a guess as to what a wall-eye will do when fast to a steel hook.

The first well-hooked fish may wallow on the surface, making futile attempts at aerial flights such as a drunken trout might attempt; while the next may take the bit in his teeth, like a bucking broncho, darting right and left in amazing whirls, seeking the depths. He seems angered beyond all imagining, to find himself the dupe of a feathered lure. Of course any fish can and will put up a better fight when hooked on a fly than the same fish does when fast in the toils of a many-hooked plug. There is a greater difference be-

(Continued on page 57)



## GUNS AND AMMUNITION

(Continued from page 33)

hit anywhere from 6 inches left to 22 inches right and it changes with the wind. The standard open sporting rear sight, with its short sighting radius is much to be preferred to this No. 98 breech block sight.

**N**OW may I explain what the Zipper rifle is intended for? It is a fast stepping, exceedingly flat shooting, hard hitting and sure killing .22 rifle for running game. Where the hunter has a great amount of game which is handily hunted on the move the Zipper is the ideal weapon. Because of its great speed, leads are cut to a nothing. Because of its grand fit and perfect balance it hangs on the shoulder and permits the shooter to swing the lever with great speed, thereby plugging in fast shots at the running target. It is more than accurate enough for all running game and the power of the 56-grain bullet will very effectively anchor the game.

The Zipper is not a deer rifle. It would probably kill deer and antelope but I would not say that it will and I never intend to try it to find out. The Zipper is not a woodchuck gun, that is if your style of woodchuck gunning consists of taking chances at 300-500 yards. The Zipper will kill chucks at 150 yards with reliability. However, there are many better rifles for this game.

## GLANCING SHOTS

**NEW REMINGTON .22:** Thinking gun men have long wished for a .22 automatic which would handle .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle cartridges. At one time I experimented a good deal with the original Remington .22 auto, using a series of different length recoil springs to permit the use of .22 Short cartridges. However, operation was none too reliable and there was the bothersome business of switching springs. Now the Remington company has achieved success. The new Remington .22 auto-loading Model 550 rifle will digest .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle cartridges without adjustment or changes of any kind.

If you desire you can load first a Short, then a Long and followed by a Long Rifle cartridge and the gun will perk without a stutter. The Remington engineers simply borrowed the Colt floating chamber principle, and instead of calling it a floating chamber "thank up" the appropriate title of "Power Piston." The "Power Piston" is a movable chamber which is moved to the rear at the time the .22 Short cartridge fires and by this slight rearward movement furnishes additional area within the chamber which is acted upon by the powder gases.

So much additional recoil is developed by the "Power Piston" the tiny .22 Short reliably actuates the mechanism. The .22 Long and .22 Long

Rifle cartridges are powerful enough so that the ingenious "Power Piston" is not brought into use when firing these cartridges. So, without pushing any buttons, changing any parts or going to any trouble whatsoever the shooter may now fire .22 Short, Long, and Long Rifle cartridges in the remarkable new Remington M 550 .22 autoloader. I predict it will be the plinking gun of the year!

The new rifle will handle 22 Short, 17 Long or 15 Long Rifle cartridges, weighs 6¼ pounds, has a 24-inch round tapered barrel crowned at the muzzle, a good man-sized stock with semi-beavertail forestock all in one piece and of American walnut, is a takedown, sports double extractors, has side lever safety—just right for a left handed man! because it is on the right side, top of receiver is grooved to prevent glare and the gun can be had for \$20.95 either with open sporting rear sight and white bead front or with the new Remington Pointrometer receiver peep sight and partridge (square post) front sight.

## WESTERN'S NEW CLAY TARGET:

Western engineers have at last come to my rescue. The new Western "easier-to-break" skeet and trap target is what I've been looking for all these years. By the clever reconstruction of the standard White Flyer target the Western folks have given us a saucer which is many times more susceptible to those two or three pellets in the very edge of my skeet pattern. By segmenting the target into 16 separate parts the Western company has produced the nearest thing to the ideal clay bird yet developed. Remarkable part of the story is that the high ridges between the segments actually make the target stronger so that when trapped it is not so susceptible to breakage. You will want to try these new segmented White Flyers at your club. They are made in 11 different colors.



The Weaver M29S scope is greatly improved

**THE 29S IMPROVED:** Bill Weaver, dynamic young scope maker of El Paso, Texas, has given the budget-bound shooter another break. Recently Weaver improved the highly popular Weaver Model 29S telescope (price, \$11.70 with mount) by the installation of additional lenses. This has made the scope brighter and the view clearer and definitely sharper. Color correc-

tion is noticeably more natural and to the gunner objects through the scope appear quite as they should, the magnification being the only noticeable difference.

The Model 29S is an all-purpose sight, sturdily built for rifles of the .30'06 variety and just as adaptable to plinking and target .22's. Our hat's off to Bill Weaver who can improve a popular model, maintain the same price and do both during times like these!

**DUC-EM DUCK CALL:** The Oliveros Manufacturing Company is making a duck call of walnut, mahogany or maple which for tone and natural sound is faithfully near that of the live waterfowl. This company also manufactures crow calls of the same splendid quality. Designed by C. A. Oliveros, old-time duck shooter, and tested by him and countless other old duck gunners the new Duc-Em Tonetested call is a must item in the gear of every thoroughgoing wildfowler. Mr. Oliveros is also connected with the Armstrong Featherweight Decoy Company, makers of the practical canvas decoys. He tells me that they have perfected a new waterproofing which has eliminated the last bugaboo in the manufacture of their canvas tollers.

**SILVER TIP:** Last year, despite overwhelming orders by the American and British governments the Western Cartridge Company managed to develop and produce the new Silvertip bullet. This new slug was a bullet within a bullet. The inside portion of the Silvertip bullet was made of a nickel alloy, the outer covering was of Western's famous lubaloy gilding metal. The point of the bullet was white whence came the name Silvertip. A test of the new bullet, which was made in all popular calibers, by hunters who shot at 105 big game animals resulted in exactly 103 being brought to bag! Think of that, only 2 animals got away of the tremendous number fired at.

The shooters were not picked Western hunters, and they were not under any obligation to Western to make out a good case for the Silvertip. They were simply fellows who were known to have gone into the woods using the Silvertip ammunition. Here is the whole story; every species of game from Kodiak to deer was shot at, 68 of the 105 animals were killed cleanly with one shot each; 19 more succumbed to two shots; 63 dropped within 25 yards after being hit and 43 fell right in their tracks. Only 11 animals recovered by the original hunters or others were hit more than twice. A truly remarkable record!

**RIDING BOOTS:** If you are going for that long anticipated big game hunting trip this fall, and you know you are going to put in long days on the trail while riding in, not to mention the time you'll be in the saddle while hunting, take a rider's advice and invest in a pair of riding boots.

(Continued on page 45)



# He's Yours—with a SILVERTIP

**L**IGHTNING speed and enormous energy are transformed into maximum *useful* power by the Silvertip expanding bullet. Expansion is controlled—delayed—until the bullet penetrates deep into the body cavity. Then, and then only, is the full force of its deadly power unleashed! May we send full particulars?

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**SILVERTIP**  
EXPANDING BULLET



WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Dept. I-20, East Alton, Illinois.  
Please mail the Super-X SILVERTIP folder and the new 76-page Western Ammunition Handbook giving full particulars, specifications and ballistics of Super-X SILVERTIP cartridges.

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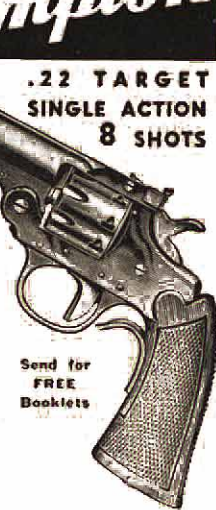
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Heavyweight sport model. Accurate; hard hitting 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. 2 adjustable sights. All rim-fire. Blued finish.

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7 Win. rifles Model 92, 32/20 WCF. 24" dbl. 1/2 oct. 33.95  
15 Win. Model 70 Standard. 30/06-270-7  
m/m/250/3006-257 enl. open spts. .... 68.20  
7 Win. Model 70 Standard 220 Swift or 30/06 cal.  
with #46 Lyman receiver sight ..... 80.55  
5 Colt Officers Model Target, .32 cal. 6" ..... 39.75

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## TRIAL WITHOUT ERROR

(Continued from page 7)

Barney, but I'm afraid my boss isn't always the soul of truth. He has attributed accomplishments to me that I couldn't do in a hundred years of youth. Apparently there were others who questioned his veracity because on this particular night he was surely doubted.

And the most appalling thing is that he didn't leave it up to me to get him out of this mess. Instead, he just left me out of it. For the first time in my life I felt absolutely unable to do a thing to help him.

"Oh, sure," he roared to the assembled throng. "Bang's a good dog. He's still good. In fact he's about the best pointer in the country, but I know of one better."

He paused then, as if to let that sink in. It did sink in. It sank in so far that I stopped breathing. It didn't seem that I could be hearing correctly. My boss was volunteering the information that he knew of a dog who was my superior!

"Yes, sir, there's a better dog than Bang, gentlemen, and there he is."

He waved his hand grandly in a south-easterly direction where my illustrious son, Whizz, lay on an old automobile tire. Whizz flicked his right ear and opened one eye, then resumed his slumbers.

"There's the finest hunting dog in the country, gentlemen. I'll bet one thousand Roosevelt dollars that my dog takes the show tomorrow."

If he'd said "my dog, Bang," there wouldn't have been so many takers. Those men knew me and knew that it was expensive to bet against me, but they didn't know Whizz and apparently weren't afraid of him. The air was filled with shouts of "I'll take a piece of that!" and, "Put me down for a hundred!"

Well, at least he was sticking to the family. I wasn't the best dog any more according to his opinion, but my pup was, and that was something in the nature of a left-handed compliment, but I'll admit I wasn't too happy over being relegated to a position lower than that I'd held for years. It took a few minutes for the truth to sink in. I was getting old; too old to be the champion any longer.

I didn't hang around after that. For some reason or other I felt my rheumatism kicking up. My bones ached and I was awfully tired, so I went up the back stoop and scratched at the door until somebody let me in, then wandered into the big room, flopped on my bed and slept. I guess I must have been pretty restless all night; maybe it was the dreams I was having of better days when the boss was betting on me and there weren't so many takers, or maybe I was worried about the boss's indigestion which I knew would keep him mixing fizzing drinks all the next day.

As soon as I was able to lift my aching bones next morning I struggled out into the sunlight. It was a nice day, cool

and clear, just enough frost on the grass to make for good hunting. I felt a sudden tang of loneliness or something, and for a few minutes I actually felt sorry for myself.

And then I saw Whizz. He was sitting on his haunches at the foot of a tree, barking at a cat, I had to admit he was quite some pup. I tried to console myself with the knowledge that he was my pup after all, and that if I couldn't run in the trials at least Whizz could carry the banner for me.

I got to my feet and trudged over to him, intending to wish him luck. He left the tree, walked toward me, then raised his nose high in the air and trotted off before I had a chance to so much as lick a few stray hairs out of his eyes!

At first I was hurt, then I felt a little tingling sensation creeping along my spine. I was being high-hatted by my own son!

IT WAS nine o'clock when we got under way and I had a horrible fright for a minute because I thought the boss was going to leave me at home. However, one of the other men said, "Oh, come on and take Bang. It isn't fair to dethrone the champion without giving him a chance to defend his title."

The boss shook his head. "He's too old. He's got rheumatism and I don't think he'd enjoy chasing through the fields . . ."

The other man smiled. "You wouldn't be afraid he'd beat out your other dog."

## Another Bang Letter

# MY LAST AFFAIR

By JONATHAN ELDRIDGE

The wise old pointer whose adventures are followed by many thousands of readers will discuss bird hunting lore and canine romance in his own inimitable epistolary style—

in the **OCTOBER**  
issue





"Even if there were zebras in Missouri there's no open season on them!"

would you? It would cost you plenty to have Bang win the trials."

The boss straightened.

"Bang'll run," he said, shortly. "Hup, Bang. In the car!"

I didn't pay much attention to the competing dogs; I never did. To me they were just a bunch of yipping mutts who thought they were good, but who would soon find out that old Bang could still run their legs off. Whizz, meanwhile, walked around with a cocky air that infuriated me.

Here he was in his first trial just as cocky as I who had won dozens of them!

And then I realized what all this meant. I was going to have to run against my own son, and against the boss. If I won the trials it would cost the boss a thousand dollars. I don't know much about money, Barney, but I do know that the boss seems very interested in getting, and getting rid of it. I made up my mind then and there that I'd do my best. I'd either win the trials or die in the attempt! I'd teach the boss not to bet against me, and I'd teach my pup the meaning of the word respect!

It was a one-sided battle for the first hour or so. It usually takes that much time to eliminate the mutts.

By eleven o'clock there were but six dogs left. Whizz and I were still leading the field and another dog, a pure white setter named Bonzo was close behind us.

On the next run we eliminated all the dogs but Bonzo and the judges then decided to run all three of us together until one dog had completely demonstrated his superiority over the other two.

We were working singles from a large covey that had just been flushed. Bonzo got a point and held very nicely. Instinctively I backed him and so did Whizz when suddenly I smelled something rotten. The bird Bonzo was pointing was running. I held point for only

a second, then cautiously backed away, made a big circle and pointed again about twenty feet away. The judges were ready and when one of them told the boss to flush the bird I was holding he shook his head and said, "Mr. Carson's dog, Bonzo, got the point. Let him flush."

Mr. Carson stepped ahead of his dog. Immediately both Bonzo and Whizz broke. There was no bird there. I remained staunch. The boss stepped ahead of me and kicked up the bird. He looked surprised, then smiled and rubbed my head.

"This may cost me a thousand bucks, Bang, but it's worth it!"

I retrieved the dead bird, then ran into another sort of hot scent. Immediately Bonzo and Whizz backed me. The boss waited for the judge's signal, then walked ahead of me. Suddenly a little cottontail rabbit ran out from under my nose. Then there came a torrent of howls and yips and both Bonzo and Whizz broke point and dashed madly in pursuit of the rabbit. I remained on point. The boss gulped, then kicked the brush. When the bird flew the boss was too dumfounded to raise his gun.

SO, AS usual the boss returned with his pockets full of ribbons and his stomach full of that wobbly-liquid and everybody said that there never was a dog like Bang. That night I wandered into the house to lay my weary bones on my bed.

Whizz was lying in front of the fire but not on my bed. He looked up at me and wagged his tail respectfully, then moved over to give me plenty of room.

It seemed to be a good lesson to him because he treats me with real respect, now. The boss didn't seem the least bit downcast over losing all that money.

That night he came in and dropped into his chair beside the fireplace and rubbed my ears.

"You showed 'em all, Bang," he said. "I should have known better than to bet against you. Why, I believe you could go out there again tomorrow blindfolded and beat every dog in the show!"

So, Barney, I still get my piece of steak. The bed in front of the fireplace is still mine, and I still hold my seat in the car. The kids ride on my back and I sleep fifty percent of the day and one hundred percent of the night. It's a pretty good old world even if I do have to exert myself occasionally to prove to the boss that there'll never be another Bang.

If you ever get ambition enough to walk over to the old cypress tree you can always leave me a message. It's been a long time since you've allowed your mind to work hard enough to compose a letter.

Give my regards to all the mutts down your way and remember me to Mickey, that little Irish Setter girl you have down there.

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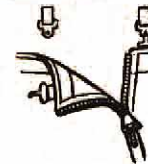
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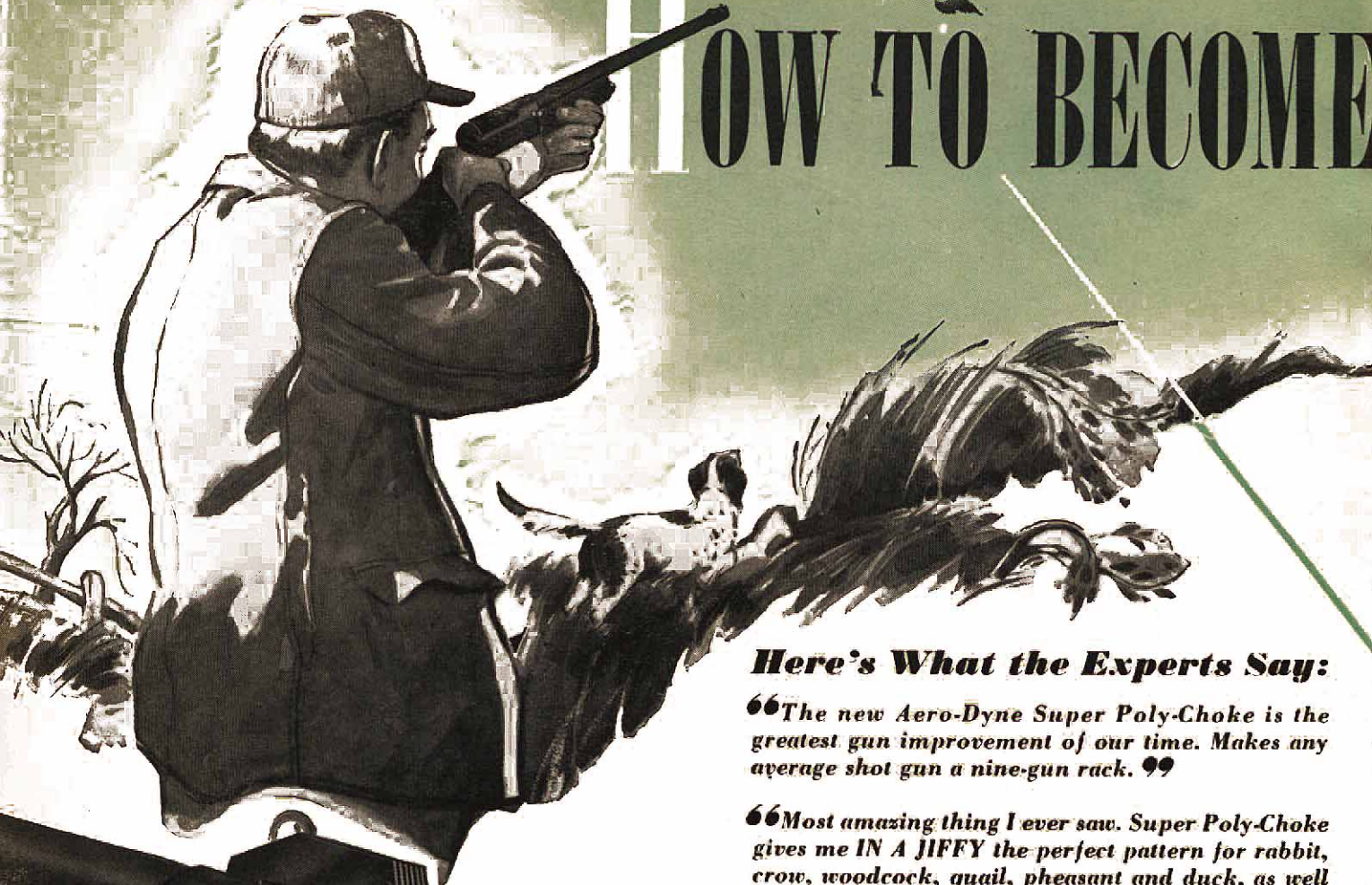
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## LOST

(Continued from page 17)

over. Reconstruct, lap by lap, the ground you have traversed. Try to think your way back to where you started from. Above all things avoid panic. Most woods tragedies occur when a man throws common sense away and replaces it with fear. As one old timer told me: "Whenever you get lost the first thing to do is to convince yourself you're all right. You're well, ain't ye? You're warm enough, ain't ye? You're not starved yet, air ye? Then what you got to worry about? You'll come out all right."

If it's near nightfall you have another problem on your hands, that of keeping warm and getting some sleep. But that needn't worry you either. I've spent many a night out alone. So have others. So can you.

You need a fire. Build one. If it is cold, build two fires six or eight feet apart and sleep between them. If it is bitterly cold, build a third fire in between and after it has burned for a while, scrape away the embers and lie down to sleep on the warm ground.

If you are badly tired and it is bitter cold, don't try to sleep, because you might go to sleep and never wake up. Keep yourself awake by moving around. But in ordinary weather there's little enough danger of freezing to death while you sleep, because the cold will wake you up rather than keep you sleeping.

In the morning you can decide what is best to do next. You can try to find your way back or you can let those in camp find their way to you. If you are completely turned around, the latter is the wiser course. I remember reading about the wisdom of just sitting still and letting what you want come to you. It's good advice for the man who is lost.

Your companions in camp will miss you when you don't return. They'll search around camp in the dark. Not finding you they will wait until morning and set out again. If you sit tight they will probably find you.

If you're out alone, however, with no one to be responsible for you, you have to get out the best you can.

FIRST, orient yourself by learning your directions. This isn't hard, even though you have no compass. When the sun comes up, face it and stretch your arms out cross-like. Your right hand will be pointing to the south, your left hand to the north. There you have your basic directions. If you take your bearings at sunset, the reverse is true: left hand south, right hand north.

Make some definite note of directions. The easiest way is to take a stick and lay it on the ground pointing north and south.

If you want to take your bearings at night that isn't any more difficult. Let the north star be your guide. Find the big dipper and look at the two

stars farthest from the handle. They point directly at a bright star. That's Polaris, and the direction of Polaris from where you stand is inevitably north. Use the stick guide and in the morning, even though there is no sun, you'll have your directions right.

Whenever a surveyor goes into a strange country he always "lays his line." When you try to get out of a strange country you should do the same thing—lay your line. That's where you begin using the stick guide I have been advocating.

How? After deliberation you decide that camp must be in, say, a northerly direction. All right. Your stick points north, one end of it at least. Select a landmark, a tall tree, a mountain top, a point of rocks to the north. Head toward it. It may be miles away. No matter. Keep facing it. Frequently check up to see that you're headed right. Keep headed right and you will be all right, but if you lose your landmark, you're lost again.

In story books you've read that a man who is lost will walk around in a circle and eventually meet himself coming back. Maybe you didn't believe it, but it's true. Nearly every one who is lost will cross and recross his tracks and, unless succored, exhaust himself by traveling around and around like a squirrel in a cage.

For this phenomenon there is an interesting reason. Unless your two legs have a boss they will walk in a haphazard direction. One leg is always stronger than the other. It will lead the way. Because it is the stronger it will always lead in one direction and compel you, whether you know it or not, to walk in a circle. You obviate this physical bias of walking by keeping that landmark in your path all the time.

When you get to the landmark, or at least when you reach a point where you believe it would be advisable to change directions, lay your line again. You have been going north. You now think it wise to go west. Put down a north-south stick. Cross it with an east-west stick. Set yourself another landmark. And go on.

THERE isn't an outdoorsman alive who doesn't have to use guides of one sort or another to keep going in the right direction. This includes Indians. They all have little tricks, like the ones I am discussing here, to keep them from becoming lost.

If you are in a very strange country, completely lost and cannot find your way back to camp no matter how hard you try, you're still in no danger if you will remember to keep heading in one way long enough, by laying your line and following it, instead of blindly following yourself around in a circle.

Rivers, highways and railroads all lead to habitation. Your job when you are completely lost is to make your way to one of these.

Last summer a man I know, ex-



perienced in outdoor craft, had the misfortune to turn over when he was running the rapids in a turbulent western stream. His companion was drowned. He got to shore. He had nothing on but a shirt, a pair of pants and some light rubber-soled tennis shoes. He was stranded in the middle of a hot, hostile desert. Here was a chance to wander around in the heat of the summer sun and finally drop, exhausted. But he was a cagey fellow.

He did exactly what I'm advising you to do. He first took his bearings, learned north from south. Then he sat down and recollected how the map of the country where he was lost looked. He remembered that a railroad ran somewhere east of the canyon. He knew the directions. The rest was easy. He picked out a landmark directly east and "laid his line" by it. The rest was merely to keep going.

He went slowly, husbanding his strength. He set one landmark after another. He came out of it without any more mishaps. He was in the desert for two days and nights without anything to eat. But eventually he reached the railroad track and found a small rancho nearby. His experience wasn't pleasant, of course, but it was a lot better than dying in the desert . . . his fate if he hadn't used his head.

Men who know the dangers of outdoor travel aren't ashamed to take simple precautions against getting lost. One of these is to carry a compass, which should be as much a part of an outdoorsman's equipment as a handkerchief.

And then I know a grizzled old pioneer who has spent the better part of his 67 years following lonely trails; he confessed to me that he always carried three "lifesavers" with him in his jacket.

He showed them to me. They are a steel mirror, a dozen varnished matches and a ten-cent-store whistle.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"Well, the mirror will come in handy for signalling in case I ever get lost. Flash it against the sun and the rays are visible for miles."

"I see. The matches?"

"For starting fires. I have varnished them to make them waterproof. Just dipped them in varnish, then had them sewed in the side of my jacket."

"The whistle—what's it for?"

"In the deep woods there isn't a better way of notifying people who are close by of where you are. It doesn't take much room and weighs practically nothing. I've used it, too."

**THAT** struck me as so much common sense that in my jacket today I have a steel mirror, twelve varnished matches, a tin whistle. I have never needed them. Some day I may.

In the woods it is an accepted signal that when a man is lost he fires his gun three times in quick succession. Any one trailing in the woods who hears three shots should wait to hear if they are repeated. If they are he

knows some one is in trouble. He fires three shots. Waits for a reply. Then heads in the direction of the signals.

Above all things the rule for being safe when you are lost is to avoid panic. The best philosophy to follow is that of the Indian.

A redskin, wandering around aimlessly, came upon a party of white men. They asked him if he were lost. "No," he replied. "Indian not lost. Teepee lost."

That's it. You're not lost. You are you wherever you are. But camp is lost, or your companions are lost from you, or the car is lost. Your job is to find it, not by rushing pell mell but by thinking your way out, quietly, deliberately, carefully, just as you think your way out of a business problem at home.

That's all you need to do.

## GUNS AND AMMUNITION

(Continued from page 38)

Nope. I do not mean the kind that is affected by our cavalymen. I mean the variety worn by the vaquero of the West. For real riding ease nothing can quite equal his peculiar footgear. Best boots are made by the C. H. Hyer and Sons Company of Olathe, Kansas. Write for their catalog, and if you need more information write A. E. Hyer, General Manager.

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Many readers will be able to identify the articles shown on the front cover at a glance. But it is recommended that all identifications be verified. Hence it is advisable to obtain catalogues (incidentally the manufacturers of all articles

shown on the front cover have advertisements in this issue) in order that names, model, style and catalogue letters or numbers may be correct.

So send for the catalogues and use these for reference. Please do not ask the manufacturers which of their items are shown on the cover for all manufacturers have been requested, in the interest of fair play, not to answer such inquiries.

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1. Everyone may enter this contest except employees of Outdoor Publications, Inc., and employees of the manufacturers and sellers of the articles featured.
2. In your list of identifications state, first, the correct name of the article, then the manufacturer's model or style or catalogue designation, then the correct name of the manufacturer. Write Plainly Please, For Neatness Will Count.
3. Each contestant may submit only one entry. Contestants who submit a number of entries under various names and addresses will be barred from the contest.
4. Only one prize will be awarded to an individual contestant. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 11, 1941. Prizes will be awarded and winners notified not later than October 31, 1941.
6. No entries will be returned nor is OUTDOORS obligated to have any correspondence concerning the contest.
7. Judges of the contest are: Clayton Holt Ernst, president, Outdoor Publications, Inc.; Victor B. Klefbeck, editor, OUTDOORS; Nathan B. Lincoln, managing editor, OUTDOORS. Their decisions will be final.

*Give yourself ample time for careful study of the items shown on the front cover in order that your identifications may be accurate. So send today for the catalogues of advertisers in this issue. Fill out and mail your entry blank before the closing date. Remember, it's October 11.*



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**FRED ARBOGAST, 229 North St., Akron, Ohio**

Exact Size \$1.00 ea. Choice 8 Colors

## MY FIRST SHOTGUN

(Continued from page 19)

hills. The brush in places was higher than my horse's back. The trail, now running through a labyrinth of aspen groves, began to get steep. But I loved the seclusion; it seemed like a balm to my groping and half rebellious spirit. Drowsily the wild bees and horse flies hummed through the groves, and frightened squirrels scurried away. Suddenly, a wild sage gobbler thundered up through the brush, making my pony jump, almost unseating me. But with considerable effort I swung the old goose gun out and banged away. A few moments later my brisk little dog brought the huge bird from the brush, and I tied it on the saddle, before penetrating deeper into the wilderness.

Crossing a low ridge, I dropped down into the main canyon above the settlement, and impulsively started to trace the turbulent creek to its source at the foot of the highest peak in the range. Many stories of this particular wild and forbidding place had reached my ears, and I determined to penetrate into the gorge where, it was said, the creek sprang full grown from a wall of rock.

Reports of bear and mountain lion frequenting the locality were numerous. They had been seen; they had been tracked. I clutched the long barrel of my gun, tightened my lips until the blood was driven from them in an effort to keep a hard, brave feeling inside me, and plunged my horse into the thicket of high sage brush close to the willows and mountain alder by the creek.

That I was inadequately armed for big game seems not to have mattered. The impulse to seek adventure was strong. The trails, at first narrow and steep, soon became impossible for my pony, whereupon I dismounted and tied him to an aspen; then crouching beneath the low hanging willows, I went forward, my heart palpitating, partly from exertion and partly from fear at the deep, silent mystery of the wilderness, which now permitted the sun to shine through only in fantastic patterns. "There's bear in here," I kept saying to myself. "I hope I see one. No, I don't. Gosh, what if I do!"

A water ouzel flirted noisily with the spray of the foaming creek, and a coyote slunk into a patch of elderberries. As the gorge narrowed until it became hard to find even a foot-path along the game trails and washes, I began to get a peculiar feeling at the pit of my stomach. The roar of the water seemed oppressive, and the towering ledges, flanked with dark pines, frowned down ominously.

**B**ILL, my dog, stayed close behind my heels with a serious glint in his small beady eyes and a frequent growl in his throat. "Wild country we're in," I said, stooping to pat his bony head. "Might run into anything." A deer gracefully dashed up the bank, disap-



pearing like a phantom. "Too beautiful to kill. Closed season anyway," I muttered.

A moment later we stopped by a strip of muddy margin tramped hard by the wild things that came down to drink. Bill growled, half in fear. "Keep still," I scolded, realizing my nerves were getting jittery. A strong impulse to retrace my steps seized me, but I was set with a still stronger determination to see the head of the creek.

The gray wall of rock from which the water gushed seemed but a few hundred yards ahead. My heart beat faster. A moment of exultation swept over me at the thought of being one of the few people in the settlement who had actually seen the thundering cascade that fed the creek.

I turned back to look at Bill, who suddenly let out a wail of terror, and started to retreat, his short yellow hair bristling. "Come back, you little fool!" I scolded. Then swinging around to the willow again with the easy movement of my gun, I let my jaw drop and doubled up in the middle as if I had been punched in the solar plexus. A few feet ahead, towering on his hind legs, close to a hawthorn bush, was a huge brown bear.

Time seemed to be suspended, and the universe stripped of all its immensity, except as personified in the great beast, suddenly observing me with his small, beady eyes. After a moment, however, he reached up and nipped off a bunch of haws with complete indifference. I turned to run, but my feet seemed weighted to the ground. I tiptoed down the trail as if afraid the very vibrations of the earth might cause the mountain of flesh to descend upon me. Finally, I felt myself beyond the bear's field of magnetic influence; my feet became lighter; I started to run, my gun dangling among the willows.

IT WAS almost dark, and a mellow summer moon was rising above the dark hills beyond the valley when I turned my pony into the pasture and started wearily toward the house. For the first time my gun seemed very heavy—and useless. The day had been an age, and I felt very old in experience, but something inside of me conveyed a sense of futility.

I carelessly presented the one bird I had shot, after which I listened to the anxious protests from the family. Then I tried to give a coherent account of my experiences. But as I reached the climax, where I was about to introduce the bear, I was overwhelmed with the sudden realization that I would be laughed at and disbelieved. I could stand neither, so I broke away with a few stammering words; and after cleaning my gun went to bed.

In a few minutes my father came to the loft. A worried but grateful expression was in his gray eyes. "Son, you shouldn't have gone so far today," he said seriously. "You were in a dangerous place. You might have run into a bear or a lion."

"I—I know it," I cried, sitting bolt upright in bed, my elbows tensely drawn across my knees. "I—er—might. I did!"

Suddenly I began to talk, and found it easy because I was being believed. Never before had Dad's deep, sympathetic understanding seemed so priceless as at that moment. All my adolescent wonderings and confusions began to pour out in a flood. My strange fancies, my conquests and failures. After all, the old shotgun was just a symbol of my lonesome, groping life, which, now, in a moment seemed glowing with a new sense of values. We were talking man to man.

"I—I wish I had gone with you. I should like to have gone," I heard him say in a tone of self reproach. "Next time I will. We'll go on some exploring trips, and do a little hunting and fishing besides."

"Say, that will be great!" I cried happily.

The world of reality and the world of dreams seemed to merge, and I fell asleep with the music of leaves and lapping water in my ears; presently I saw a big shaggy body standing in a thicket, and I gripped my long range duck and goose gun, but not with intent to kill. I was just thrilled with the joy of brazen courage. I gripped harder—the hand that was firm and strong in my own.

## CAMPFIRE SMOKE

(Continued from page 25)

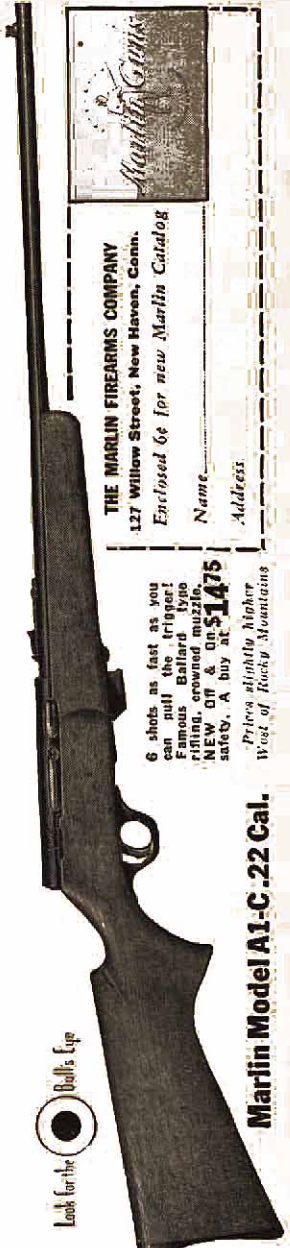
Nesting rabbits, the investigators found, are at pains to conceal their nests amidst deep grass and near wooded cover. Each of seventeen nests observed by the Iowa unit had an average of 6.4 young a year. In a two-year investigation, the Missouri group found an average of 4.4 young in each litter but each female cottontail had an average of about sixteen young a year. Nesting begins about the first of March and continues until early September when the last litters are born.

The spread of farming to hitherto uncultivated areas has proven detrimental to the rabbit population. In Michigan it was discovered that while the rabbit population has not increased, the number of hunters had tripled since 1916. In 1937, Michigan hunters took a toll of 2,300,000 rabbits and in 1939, they killed 2,500,000.

Rabbits form a desirable type of game for state and local projects since they are apt to stay put. The home range of the male cottontail is said to be 1.4 acres and 1.2 for females. A common method of stocking is by importing rabbits from other states but wildlife authorities declare this practice to be unwise, since the local rabbits are apt to become infected by the newcomers with diseases hitherto not prevalent in the stocked area. A better method of assuring good sport is in leaving sufficient cover to take care of the existing supply while holding the bag limit down so that only surplus stock is killed off.

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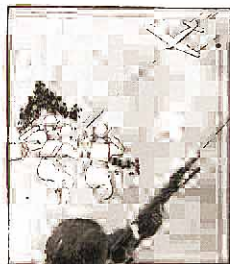
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## HANDGUNS AND HANDGUN SHOOTING

(Continued from page 27)

ranchers along the Pecos even a little bit. Whether Joe Grant was sent or just came on his own hook is beside the point. While in his cups he was heard to remark that he was going to cut another notch in the black walnut handle of his old hawg leg "purty soon now" and that the recipient of these post mortem honors would be none other than Fort Sumner's leading—yes, its brightest—citizen, Mr. Will Bonney. Word got 'round to Billy—

He met Joe Grant in Hargrove's Saloon. Grant was disposed to be friendly. He and Billy, along with Barney Mason and Jim Chisum, amigos of the Kid, had several shots of red-eye. Grant was then pretty well tanked up and was waving his six-gun around. The Kid watched him like a hawk. Grant walked to the back door of the cantina and triggered a couple of shots into the air. When he returned to the bar the Kid sidled up beside him, skillfully eased his gun out of the leather, quickly twirled the cylinder and dropped it back again, with Grant none the wiser.

The payoff came swiftly. Joe Grant whirled on Bonney. His hand dipped for his iron, came up. The hammer fell with a mechanical "ping" on the already dented primer. Billy scooped his weapon out of the scabbard and spattered Grant's brains on the bar. Joe Grant had died, killed by his own stupidity. The Kid had spun his cylinder so that when the hammer fell it would strike on one of the fired empties.

I have been in Lincoln County a hundred times, I have visited Fort Sumner on countless occasions. I have talked with dozens of people who had first hand knowledge of Billy the Kid. As well as I can make the tally he killed no more than a dozen men. Of course tradition figures his "boothill" up to twenty-one but there is mighty little good hard evidence to substantiate this.

There probably isn't a more glamorous killer in the annals of the old West than Billy Bonney. His youth probably accounts for that. But the facts are that Billy never cut down any really great gun sharks. They were hard cases like himself but they were not the gun-slingers of the stripe of Ben Thompson, John Wesley Hardin, King Fisher and others. Chances are if the Kid had tackled the Curly Wolf of Texas, otherwise known as John Hardin, who had forty well authenticated notches on his twin sixes, he'd have gone down kicking.

A LOT is made of the fact that Billy is supposed to have killed 21 men by the time he had reached his majority. John Wesley Hardin, by the time he had reached voting age had not only ventilated a full score of lead-slinging Texans but just for good measure had

cut down a full nineteen more! Thirty-nine men fell before Hardin's belching Colts in a six-year period, from the time gunman John was 15 until he was 21, an average of a boothill ceremony every sixty days.

Mr. Hardin undoubtedly had a pretty lively time of it, and it is interesting to note that he did not carry his twinkling sixes in a belt at all. John Wesley had a special calfskin vest made. On the front of this specially tailored garment he sewed two holsters in such a way as to point the gun butts to the front. When the moment came for blazing action Hardin crossed his hands and drew both guns in a swift cross draw.

In 1877 Hardin was tossed into the clink. He languished in durance vile for a full 16 years, his sentence having been for 25 years. When he got out he thought it expedient to quit his old stomping grounds and seek new pastures. He was 41 then, an old man as gun twists go, but despite 16 years of powder burning inactivity John Wesley still had a mighty formidable reputation. You cannot burn down forty men, fighting hombres all, and not command considerable respect wherever you are.

Hardin came to El Paso. During his sojourn at Huntsville he had studied law. In El Paso he hung out his shingle on San Antonio Street, did his drinking at the Acme Saloon, played faro up and down the famous old "calle," and got into difficulties with Young John Selman.

Young John was the son of old John Selman a trigger man in his own right, a sure-thing killer, and a gent to watch most carefully! Seems Hardin had a light o' love named Lillie M'Rose. Lillie, a gay soul, was much given to getting on sotol benders. Properly liquored up Mrs. M'Rose—she was a widow, John having waylaid her spouse and filled him full of buckshot—was much given to shooting up the redlight district. Hardin thought this was funny but Young John Selman, city policeman, took exception to it and tossed Lillie M'Rose in the hoosegow. Hardin swore he'd kill Selman, Jr. and word of the threat got 'round to old John Selman, the real lion of the Selman duo.

Things commenced to simmer. Hardin was drinking steadily in the Acme. Old John Selman strolled in. Hardin had his back turned. Selman eased his .45 out of the cut-away rig and holding it behind his leg walked up behind Hardin. Selman got close enough for a cinch shot, whipped his cutter into line and shot Hardin, the Curly Wolf of Texas, squarely through the back of the head. Selman was acquitted, folks feeling it was good riddance.

A year or so later, George Scarborough invited old John outside. They went into the alley and the listeners in the saloon heard old John cry out: "Wait, George, some son-of-a-so-and-so has took my gun." Scarborough didn't believe him. He shot Selman three times. Later when they carted

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Hardin's killer off to the morgue they found sure enough that his gun was gone. While Selman and Scarborough quarreled in the cantina, someone—an enemy undoubtedly—had filched old John's .45. It wasn't George Scarborough, and it wasn't his idea. He was a prime fighting man, ex-U. S. Marshal, and he asked no such odds as that. Later Scarborough was badly hit in a bushwhack scrap with Bill Carver and some of the Wild Bunch. His pardner went back to Deming for help, George having agreed to hold off the outlaws. Next day his comparde returned with a posse but Scarborough was dead, fallen over his empty Winchester.

**I** CREDIT Billy Bonney with having the most gun-throw color. John Wesley Hardin I give you as the deadliest of them all, but reckless, hell-roarin' Ben Thompson had something both of these others lacked! Ben, inventor of the first shoulder holster—and a right able user of his invention too—fanned a crimson trail from the breaks of the Brazos to the wide open bordellos of Abilene. A killer who was maybe the bravest of them all, a shooting man who asked no odds but frequently gave them, a gunner who finally went out, shot from behind. Ben Thompson I honor as the First Citizen of the Draw.

When Ben was a boy he went to New Orleans from his native Texas. There he overheard a Frenchman insult a fair lady of the Crescent City. Ben forthwith challenged and the Frenchman accepted. Ben's opponent, having been tossed the gauntlet, named pistols: Mr. Thompson said okay but stipulated that instead of single shot duelling weapons the pair be furnished with the good Colt repeaters and were to fire until one or the other dropped. The Frenchman did not have much stomach for this kind of duelling. He asked that Ben fight with swords. Thompson said no. Finally the two repaired to a cellar beneath a bar room and there, armed with stilletos and in pitch blackness had it out. The Frenchman was buried the next day and Ben Thompson got out of New Orleans muy pronto.

Ben enlisted in the army and shot a sergeant who objected to his stealing provisions. The lieutenant interfered and Ben again hauled his old fire-rod out and abruptly parted the teniente from his immortal soul. Ben then went over into Mexico, making his headquarters at Nuevo Laredo, and remained there until one memorable evening when he forded the Rio Grande in something of a hurry. Two dead Mexes on the floor of the Cantina de las Rosas were the reason.

In Austin Ben had to ventilate a gent by the name of Coombs, a notorious killer and good riddance. Mr. Thompson suffered himself to be arrested and tried for the Coombs' affair but of course Ben wasn't convicted. Ben then migrated to Abilene, Kansas, cattle shipping point for the Texas drives and by long odds the roughest, wildest hell-tootin' city in this or any other country.

There he and Phil Coe, another

Texan, opened the Bull's Head Saloon. Wild Bill Hickok and Coe fell out over one of the glamorous ladies of the sporting district and Wild Bill seized the opportunity to make Ben sole owner of the Bull's Head. Ben was laid up with a broken leg at the time but swore vengeance. The meeting between Hickok and Thompson would have been the gun slinging saga of the century had it ever occurred—however the renowned trigger men never got together. When Ben's leg mended he had to return hurriedly to Austin because his wife was dying.

In Austin he had some differences with a fellow named Wilson who owned the Senate Saloon. Wilson was no milk-and-toast himself and was more than ready to battle. He came charging out of his place of business with a double barreled shotgun. Twice he fired at Thompson and twice he missed. Just as he triggered the last blast a .45 slug hit him, followed in a twinkling by three more. His bartender, who had taken cards in the draw, opened up about that time and Ben very generously fed him the remaining leaden pill in his trusty old six-gun.

**B**EN had always been a gambler. That was his means of livelihood. Dropping down to San Antonio one day from his home town of Austin he sat in on a little game at the Vaudeville Variety Theatre, a rather peculiar name for a saloon and gambling place owned by a tough bozo by the name of Jack Harris. Ben lost heavily and finally kicked his chair back, claiming the game was crooked.

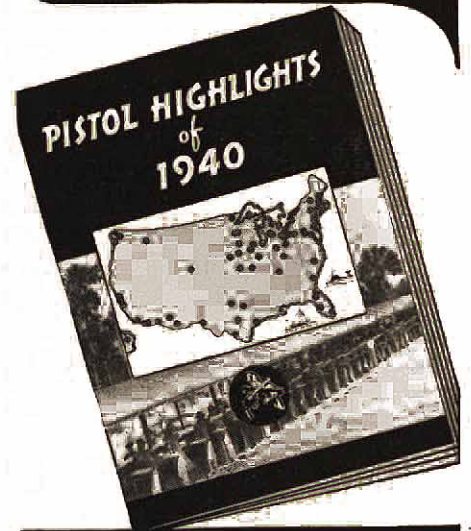
Word got around to Jack Harris that Thompson had charged that his faro was not on the up and up. Harris, not even faintly impressed by the Thompson reputation, said he would kill Ben for his remarks. Thompson had gone back to Austin when word reached him of these promises to let daylight through his carcass. Forthwith Ben climbed back on the train and returned to San Antonio.

He went to the Vaudeville Saloon the next day and asked for Harris. He was not in but Ben was told he was prowling the streets with a shotgun. Twice more Ben returned to the Harris stronghold and loudly demanded to see the proprietor. On the third visit he was obliged. He met Jack Harris, double barreled 12 gauge and all. Ben beat him to it. His first shot knocked Harris over, the second shot hit him as he was going down and the third shot was sort of an anchoring one. Jack Harris was dead but he left friends in the Vaudeville Variety Saloon who did not forget.

Twenty months later Ben chanced to meet King Fisher in Austin. Now King Fisher was a gun-shark fully the equal of the redoubtable Ben. He had spent most of his wild career in the brush country below the Brazos and he was tough, hard, and always exceedingly ready to shoot. His gun handle, had he carved it, would have shown more notches than you could count on hands

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and feet, and like Thompson, Hardin and a good many others, King Fisher was always cheerfully willing to add another scalp to his boothill.

What a sweet pair we have together then, Ben Thompson and King Fisher! Austin palled on them after a few hours and they boarded the train for San Antonio. As soon as they hit town, both of them well liquored up, they made—of all places—for the Vaudeville Saloon. Joe Foster and Billy Sims were running the bar, and both were deadly enemies of the devil-may-care Thompson. In went Ben and Fisher.

What happened thereafter much conflicting evidence does not show. Suffice to say some three hours later a great racket of shots was heard and Ben Thompson and King Fisher were carted out feet first. On examination it was found that they were both well shot up and that most of the bullets had hit them from above and behind. Significant too is the fact that most of the wounds were made with rifles. Thompson and King Fisher had gotten a little too bold, had invaded the stronghold of the enemy once too often.

Unfortunately, it is next to impossible to find anything authentic on the kinds of guns these old powder men used. Their scabbard rigs, too, are lost in the past. Arguments rage as to just how fast they could draw and how accurately they could shoot. I have my ideas about that but I shall not express them now. What I would like to say, regardless of what kinds of guns they used, how good and how fast their holsters, how speedy their draw and how closely they could hit, these old leather slappers had guts—and to spare!

**FIRING LINE FLASHES**

**CAMP PERRY MODEL:** Len Davis writes to say that the Colt Company offers something less than 50 of the fine Camp Perry Model single shot .22 pistols at a price of \$19.43 per gun. Apparently Colt will no longer make the once highly popular .22 single shot and this is the final sale of them. The Colt Camp Perry Model formerly sold for \$41.75 so this is a gilt-edged bargain. I have a Camp Perry Model with 8" barrel (exactly similar to the guns being sold). At Perry in 1935 I won the slow fire .22 championship with it. They are splendid guns for the 50-yard shooter and are just the proper choice for the beginner. It has been pretty well established these last several years that the Woodsman will turn in scores just as good—or maybe a wee bit better—than any single shot, therefore the Camp Perry Model has suffered in popularity. If you want a bang-up slow fire gun write Len Davis at the Colt Company.

**HUNTING SHOES:** The man who knows most about the proper footgear to wear into the woods is the man who lives all the time among the big pines. Much is made of the moccasin type of hiking shoe, and others boom this kind of boot and that kind of boot. I learned about hunter's footgear from the woodsmen of the Northwest.

The popular choice of these trail makers was the Chippewa "Logger" boot, an 8-inch waterproofed shoe which for comfort and long wearing qualities has anything bested that I have ever worn. Made with smooth toe, double leather soles, black, grain gusset, with leather-lined vamp, reinforced backstay, outside counter pocket, brass stud hooks and rawhide laces, the Chippewa boots are just the thing for the hunter who must go into the rocks and rough country, or for the hiker who wants to come in at evening with dry feet and feet unhurt by poorly fitting shoe leather. Write to the Chippewa Shoe Manufacturing Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin for their illustrated catalog.

**HIGH STANDARD KEEPS UP:** Despite the fact that the High Standard Manufacturing Company, makers of the popular High Standard line of .22 automatic pistols, is busily engaged in making machine guns for the British government, the vice president, Mr. F. E. Bradley, says that plans have been made to keep up with orders from local handgunners for the good High Standard target weapons. This, despite the fact that at the present time orders have doubled three times and materials are none too plentiful.

Mr. Bradley says it may be that the demand will become so large that orders cannot be completely filled but if this occurs the company intends to fill as many orders as it possibly can and defer the remainder until such time as High Standard can catch up.

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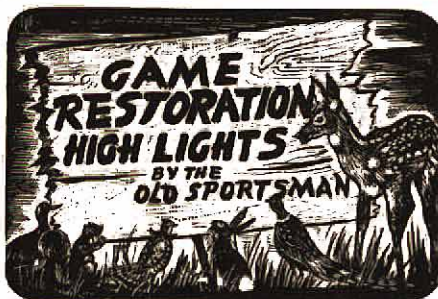
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**I**N 1935 the duck population had dwindled to the alarming figure of 35,000,000. This past spring, after a tremendous "take" by the 7,600,000 sportsmen of this country, we had remaining 70,000,000 ducks. How is it possible with an ever growing army of hunters that the waterfowl could double in numbers in six years? The answer is intelligent governmental supervision through the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Actively taking hold of the duck situation a decade ago the Wildlife Service (formerly the Biological Survey) has brought the ducks back in such numbers and in such a remarkably short time as to indicate that all our game needs to be placed on a basis of permanence is a national organization to administer it, a service free of politics, staffed by trained and competent specialists, with the money and facilities to go ahead with the work of restoration and maintenance.

The Fish and Wildlife Service is

entrusted with the supervision and protection of migratory game. The authority permitted the Service under law does not extend to our most beloved species, the non-migratory grouse and quail. That quail and grouse are disappearing, just as the ducks were going, is irrefutable. The fault, as I see it, lies clearly at the door of the local state game departments. With a few notable exceptions the state game departments are anything but efficient. And how can any great amount of efficiency exist in a political office apt to be of two years' duration?

The management and eventual restoration of our game is not planned and maintained on a two-year basis, and yet the average game department head is assured of his job only so long as his governor is in office. The job of heading the state game commission has long been looked upon as a lucrative political plum which was awarded some faithful lieutenant who need not know a single thing about game management. As I have said there are notable exceptions to this but by and large, taking the states as a whole, it will be found the rule, and very much so!

If the states are permitted to administer the game laws and go about their lackadaisical methods of game restoration as they have done in the past it is only a matter of another generation until there will be no game remaining in this country. If you do not agree may I point out to you the magnificent (?) job of administration turned in by the state game commissions in the past. Within the life span of one individual we have wasted our wildlife resources with such reckless abandon as to deteriorate from the richest game land in the world to one of the poorest.

Today, regardless of where you go, the hunting is not good. If you find even fair shooting you must pay for it at the rate of from a few dollars to as much as fifty dollars daily. The abuses of our game and the ridiculousness of our game laws aren't fully realized by the average sportsman. Take one state which I have in mind: there the fisherman cannot go into one corner of his own farm, catch minnows and transport those minnows to another corner of his place and use them for bait. It's against the game law. In this same state the chief game warden, an astute politician who has sat comfortably in the highest office within the game commission for twenty years, goes deer hunting yearly with a .22 Hornet, a rabbit gun.

Just recently a local politician in the same state succeeded in closing the deer and quail seasons in the two best hunting counties in the state simply because the landowners were irritated with the sportsmen. They could not enforce the trespass laws because of faulty title to their grazing lands therefore they got around this politico and he very efficiently closed all hunting for five years.

In the western states the connivance of state game officials and sheepmen,

to the detriment of the game and the sportsman, has been a disgrace these past twenty-five years. The pollution of streams by countless cities leading directly to the death of every game fish, the drainage of marshes, ponds and lakes by development companies and the issuance of game killing permits to rich ranchmen and their friends to shoot big game out of season but on the property of the landowner are common indications of the disgraceful inefficiency of the state game departments.

**T**ODAY all but two states of the Union take advantage of the governmental funds available under the terms of the Pittman-Robertson Act. The P-R money is doled out to the state game departments for research and fact-finding investigative work. The gains made by a number of state game departments during the last year or so may be traced directly to the benefits of the Pittman-Robertson dollars. The Wildlife Service officials are guardians of those dollars, approve the projects proposed by the state game departments and keep a man on hand to see that progress is forthcoming. That there has been progress is to me indication of the efficiency not only of federal dollars but the Wildlife men on the ground who see that something tangible is worked out.

I have watched the workings of our state game departments too long to feel any optimism as to their success. If we are to maintain and improve our

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(Continued from page 5)

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game conditions in this country it means that game restoration must be planned not on a yearly, a two-year or even a five-year basis but on a long-time schedule of ten years and twenty years. State lines must be entirely disregarded. The wildlife of this nation is the common property of the people and should be administered not by forty-eight jealous and largely incompetent agencies but by the national organization.

There is no better or more suitable force than the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Composed of game specialists, non-political and non-partisan, with a remarkable record behind it for efficiency and achievement, it is my honest conviction that if game is to survive in any numbers that the Wildlife Service must be given the task of preserving it.

Consider for a moment the possibilities of a national game law. The inequalities of special local seasons would be abolished; more often than not these seasons have been established by conniving politicians who want to please a comparative few of their partisans. Violators of the game law would appear before federal judges and the scheming business of appearing before a friendly justice of the peace where a dismissal is assured would be done away with.

State lines would no longer be regarded and a single license good for any part of the United States would apply. It has long been a juicy "touch" to shake down visiting hunters for from twenty-five to fifty dollars for an out-of-state license. Quite possibly the national license would also include fishing privileges and all told would not cost more than five dollars.

Without waiting for the submission of project plans by the inefficient local state game commissions, which frequently have to be rejected by the Wildlife Service, the government men could go into a state, make a survey and at once get about the business of game restoration.

Game law enforcement would be infinitely improved by the complete administration of the law by the splendid corps of game management agents maintained by the Wildlife Service, and from every conceivable angle good would result from the supervision and management of our wild things by the national organization.

with a long line," I said, so Horace cut the motor, got out the oars, and quietly eased the boat toward the ledge.

The silver doctor maribou streamer shimmered in the breeze—a brilliant creation of yellow, blue, green and red maribou on a long silver body. I got my line out dry-fly-wise and dropped the maribou streamer as near the rock as possible, leaving it on the surface for a few seconds and then pulling it under and retrieving it in short jerks. Nothing happened. I tried again, with the same result.

On the third cast a small trout took the fly and when I instinctively set the hook, he thrashed around on the surface as a little trout will.

And then the hoped for happened. A huge boil of water appeared where the trout had been and the trout vanished entirely. The line began to pay out from the reel as the great fish made for the protection of the ledge, with his breakfast.

I was using a heavy trout leader and gave it all the tension I dared. Close by the ledge the trout swirled in that slow, majestic way of his and I turned him and regained some line. Irritated by the impediment to his progress, he broke water and shook himself violently. If I never could fish again, that moment would be ample compensation. Out of water his great size was even more apparent.

Deep and heavy, here was the patriarch of Kennebago lake—the Kennebago Kibitzer finally captured because he had chosen a cannibal breakfast! I visioned the great trout on my library wall—the big fish contests I might win—the laugh I'd have on my friends who were better fishermen than I. In those fleeting seconds everything was planned—and Horace and the rest of the world forgotten.

THE trout swam here and there, finally darting out to open water and shaking himself again in a frenzy, but slowly the tight line tired him and before long he was near the boat, fanning his great tail and shaking his head doggedly. "The net, Horace—I'll take him out myself," I said, and reaching behind me, felt its handle in my hand. I dropped it at my feet and slowly gained line until the trout was nearly within reach.

Suddenly he seemed to see the boat, and to realize that he was ending his days as lord of the lake. He shook himself mightily—and suddenly, instead of the great fish, only a small one was on my fly—and the small one, under the pressure of the rod, sailed up into the air and landed, very dead, in the bottom of the boat. With an insulting wiggle of his tail the kibitzer sank into the depths and disappeared from sight.

There's little to be said at a time like that. We sat down and lighted our pipes and looked at each other. Horace merely shrugged his shoulders





Horace was one of that placid breed of men who are not bothered by naircuts or taxes

and I finally found strength to say, "Well, Horace, I thought you were a first class liar when you said how big that fish was—but dammed if you weren't just being modest!"

"Well, you still got tomorrow," said Horace, "and big trout like that's got to eat."

We fished for him at sundown—and the following morning as well. That was the best part of a year ago—and like as not that big trout is still under the ledge, kibitzing on all the new styles in flies, watching his smaller brothers take them, observing the error of their ways, and eating them for their pains.

*Ramon Chesson*

has written

**THE SCIENTIST  
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B'ROMETER  
BASSING**

Read It

in the OCTOBER issue

## THE GIFT HORSE HAD NO TEETH

(Continued from page 9)

But Lee and I weren't in listening condition.

When Lee could breathe again, without gritting his teeth, he had an inspiration. "I know what's the matter. I got it. The other side of the river, that's where they are." He kicked himself for not remembering. That's where the Clark kid got his. That's where the pair of four-and-a-half pounders came from.

Feverishly we reeled in and piled in the car. In a mad rush we hit back for Irwin, to the rickety ferry that takes fishing nuts across to a forest road.

On the other side it was the same. Lee and I caught little ones. A nibble or so to the pot-hole, then a mad dash in the car to the next one. We even dug fresh grubs and drove to the big eddy at Calamity Point—and took three more little fellers.

Matt had almost ceased fishing. And we couldn't interest him in anything. When Lee pointedly remarked that we had a dozen trout, anyway, why Matt just extolled the weather. When I mentioned the merits of Idaho scenery and air and mountains, even if we didn't fish, Matt's expression was hohum. And when Lee offered to bet Matt he could outshoot him with the revolver at ground squirrels, Matt calmly dug into the grub box, and assured us that "—your wife makes the best darned cakes I ever bit into."

Everything ends—somehow. When we'd turned about to start home, Lee had an idea. As a last resort he'd walk down along the dugway, and try the brushy holes above the ferry, while Matt and I took the car.

He did. And while we waited at the ferry, I talked Matt into "just trying once more for a big one."

Matt agreed, and took me literally. He made just one cast—and left his two hooks out in the muddy eddy for a half hour while we waited. When Lee hove into sight, Matt rose from where he sat. "Well, I oughta have one by now," he grinned . . . and lifted his line.

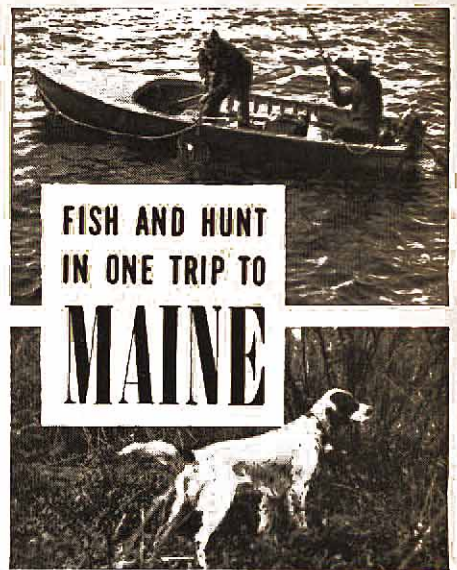
Fan me for a quill-hog if he didn't have two three-inch bullheads, one on each of his hooks. I'd never tell that if I didn't have film proof of it.

Matt laid back his handsome ears and laughed and laughed and laughed.

An hour later while Lee and I glowered and poured 'er on towards home in the bus, Matt sat suddenly bolt upright. "Hey, wait a minute you guys. I just thought of something." As though the startling idea was his own invention and patent, and had never been hit upon by another member of the human race, Matt looked us full in the eye and said,

"Say, why couldn't us three guys go fishing tomorrow? We could take one of the boats, and—"

But Lee and I weren't in listening condition.



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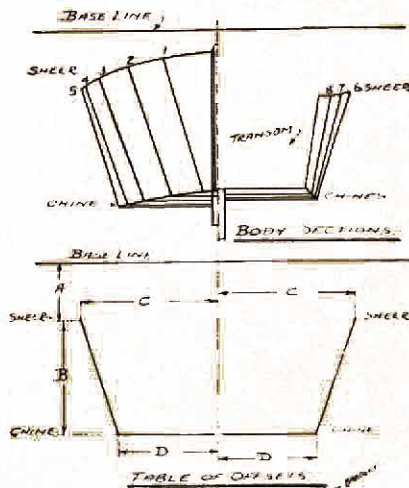


letter fluttered from his fingers. "We come 600 miles to fish!" he exploded. "600 miles!" I echoed. "And back home Scotty—"

"600 miles," Hank interrupted, "but look"—He lifted his big bass and held him out at arms length—"look, six ounces heavier than Scotty's prize fish. One ounce for each hundred miles. To a bass fisherman that's worthwhile mileage."

## PORGY—A DAY CRUISER

(Continued from page 23)



don't increase stock weights on the standing structure. Also, we do not recommend the head room being increased. The various items of trim, etc., are shown quite clearly on the plans. These are but simple moldings and detailed enumerations are quite unneeded.

As to the final finishing, our only comment would be that you obtain materials of repute and avoid too much bright work. Varnished surfaces, properly done, do look natty but they do also take time and effort to maintain.

And with this we wind up our presentation of PORGY, a dandy little day cruiser concocted for the lads partial to a worthwhile craft that is neither high priced in first cost or expensive to operate. May every success attend your building venture and may the PORGIES of the deep and similar denizens of his kind slide over the rail throughout many joy filled seasons to come.

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## THE WALLEYE

(Continued from page 37)

tween a wall-eye fast to a single hook fly, and one tangled amid the trebles usually found on plugs, than there is between a trout impaled on a worm-baited hook and one that has taken a counterfeit presentment.

Questing wall-eyes with artificial flies is not, of course, simon-pure fly-fishing; nevertheless it is thoroughly enjoyable, and if using a medium-weight rod with tackle to match, sufficiently thrilling. The pattern of fly is not so important, so long as it is easily seen, and kept in continuous motion. Large bucktails, built long and scraggly, are good, as are brightly colored streamers of almost any pattern. It is not the color, rather the commotion-making power of the fly which attracts. I suppose the "mental processes" of the fish are on this wise—there is something that moves, is alive; ergo, it must be good to eat. The author can assure his readers, that there is sport and satisfaction galore in fly-fishing for wall-eyes; he can assure them with equal positiveness, that the sport will prove surprisingly satisfactory.

For this type of fishing I would recommend regulation heavy bass tackle, with the exception of the leader, which should not be over 3 or 4 feet long and exceptionally heavy. The remainder of the tackle can be orthodox heavy bass, though let no one—no lover of light tackle— inveigle you into employing a really light rod for the fish has a habit of getting cross-wise in the water, where he somehow secures a powerful leverage.

THERE is one point of the subject I have not mentioned, which is worth the space required. Late in the autumn, when the wind is blowing across the pike lake, piling the white caps on a lee shore, wall-eyes may be found in the surf, feeding voraciously on something, what, I have never been able to discover from the examination of many stomachs. Certainly those fish are there to feed, for they will take an artificial fly, a plug or a live-minnow with equal avidity. As trout feed wildly after a midsummer down-pour washes worms into the stream, so wall-eyes indulge in a very carnival of feeding under above conditions. Strange, too, it should take place, insofar as I have observed, only in late autumn.

The writer is all for common fish, though his great delight is trout-fishing. There is something about going out after ordinary, common, every-day fish with latest and most delicate tackle that appeals most wonderfully. It seems a greater victory to take a 2-pound wall-eye on artificial flies, than to take a trout of twice that weight; because the trout IS a fly-fish; while the wall-eye is a live-bait taker, "exclusively," as a writer recently insisted in a letter to the author. It is the oddity of it, as well as the tangible reward in the way of delicious wall-eye steak which appeals.

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By August Derleth

With *Desert Country*, by Edwin Corle and *Pinon Country*, by Haniel Long (\$3.00 each), Duell, Sloan & Pearce have inaugurated their American Folkways Series—a Series that promises to be one of the most notable in this century. Certainly these two books set a very high standard for succeeding volumes to meet, but I have no doubt that, under the editorship of Erskine Caldwell, that standard will be met. The books in the American Folkways Series are designed to portray the people, the customs, the social and economic backgrounds, in short, the living, in various regions of the United States.

For anyone who wants to know our country intimately, no better project could have been conceived; they are not mere travel books, not guide books, but something more—a sharp impressive delineation of the different ways of life that maintain in America today. The books are attractively jacketed, and printed, though their binding bears an unfortunate resemblance to textbooks.

At this writing, critics are hailing *Desert Country*, as soon too they will applaud Haniel Long's contribution to this fine Series of books. Desert

country stretches from the Mexican border to the ghost towns of Nevada, including Death Valley and the Panamint; Pinon country is an area of Arizona and New Mexico. In these books history and the present exist side by side, with the felicitous result that the reader has a remarkably effective perspective which no other of today's books, unless it be the books of the Rivers of America Series, can offer him.

Bertha Stevens has written at least two fine books for young readers, *Child and Universe* and *Thoreau: Reporter of the Universe*, and now comes from the John Day Press a third, *How Miracles Abound* (\$2.50), a fine companion volume to her first book, published a decade ago. This book is in her very readable style, and deals with ten subjects carefully selected from the natural order—a star, a magnet, a salt crystal, a dew-drop, a lima bean, a petunia, a tree, a snail shell, a goldfish, and the hand—all chosen to exemplify her thesis, that miracles abound on earth, that nature is a vast storehouse of miracles. Her approach is unique, and the result, because it is so very readable, is excellent as a text. *How Miracles*

*Abound* is topflight work; every outdoorsman who wants to teach his son or daughter something of the wonder of nature can find no better text than this by means of which to do it.

The War is likely to give rise to a great many books, but few so engaging as V. Sackville-West's *Country Notes In Wartime* (Doubleday Doran; \$1.00), a slim book of jottings put down by Victoria Sackville-West, from Autumn 1939 to Autumn 1940. As a matter of fact, there is very little of the War in this book—here and there a note, a line, a paragraph, nothing of the "doom hanging over" feeling.

The book is a charming chronicle of outdoor living in a gracious corner of England, well done, delightful to read, something which no outdoorsman will dismiss without a second glance. Moreover, it is an attractive little book, and likely to be taken up a second time and perhaps even a third, once it has been read. Readers who have enjoyed my country journal in these pages will enjoy *Country Notes In Wartime*.

John J. Sullivan's *The Legends of French Island* (Bruce; \$1.50) is a boy's book, the story of three Riverview high school boys who set out on a vacation trip to the Upper Mississippi country and plunged headlong into a turmoil of adventure. An outdoors book, if ever there was one, with a Wisconsin setting by a Wisconsin author. Try it on your son and daughter.

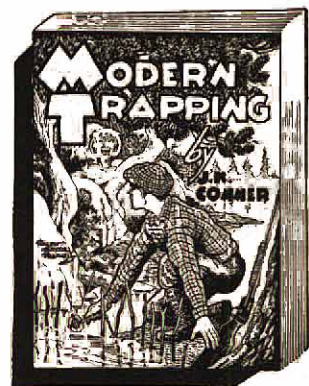
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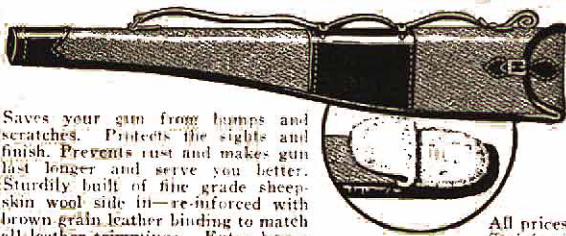
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The founding of New Sweden, the settling of the Quakers, the story of the DuPont Corporation, the Brandywine's place in the War of Independence—all these things are here, but they do not obtrude upon the more personal history of the river and what it has meant to Mr. Canby and other creative workers who among them have spread the fame of the Brandywine's beauty far and wide. *The Brandywine* is a gracious chronicle, pleasantly informative, easy to read, a distinguished addition to a series of books which ought to be prominent on the shelves of every literate American.

Cornelius Weygandt has for years written of the charm of old America, particularly old New England and the coastal states generally—mellow, nostalgic books, which have been much appreciated by collectors of Americana, lovers of our past, and students of American sociology, as well as by the average reader in search of a charming, entertaining chronicle. His newest book is *November Rowen*, (Appleton-Century: \$3.50), subtitled, "A Late Harvest from the Hills of New Hampshire", profusely illustrated, and generously filled with the lore of quaint customs, old houses and things, beautiful scenes and curious people—such a book, in short, as a man can sit down with and lose himself in.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce have issued an ideal book for gardeners: *Science In The Garden* (\$2.50), by H. Britton Logan and Jean-Marie Putnam, consulting with Lloyd Cosper. This is in short a summary of recent scientific discoveries and advance in gardening, the authors setting out to show how those discoveries have revolutionized gardening in the past decade. Between the covers of this book is information about experiments in water and sand culture, the root-stimulator Vitamin B1, the effects of colchicine, how to analyze soil, what and how to spray, how to sow seeds, the twelve-year bed, control of pests, and so on.

*Science In The Garden* is a popular presentation; it is clear and practical, not too heavy, and throughout extremely accurate. Lloyd Cosper is a garden consultant, H. Britton Logan a scientific plant grower, and Jean-Marie Putnam a practical gardener and writer on the subject. Finally, there is an appreciative foreword by Dr. F. W. Went, of the California Institute of Technology. The book is an important addition to the scores of garden books now available.

*Jud Goes Camping*, by Bernard S.

Mason (Barnes: \$2.00) is a well illustrated (by Frederick Kock) juvenile designed to teach in story form the best way to go camping, how to get the most out of it, etc., an attractively presented book, and one that young campers or would-be campers will heartily enjoy. Outdoorsmen will find it an ideal juvenile for their offspring.

*It's Fun To Make Things*, by Martha Parkhill and Dorothy Spaeth (Barnes: \$2.00) is a topflight handbook for those who would like to paint, work with metal, hammer and saw, sewing, pottery, raffia, leathercraft, et al. The book, say the publishers, "is based on the trial and error system as tried out at Crater Club Day Camp." It is attractively bound, simply and directly written, amply illustrated, indexed, and extremely well put together for greatest utility. It's an ideal book for outdoorsmen and indoorsmen, for young and old, and moreover, a book which I consider a "must" item for every library and school. It offers such a variety of things to do that it will be difficult to find another book as comprehensive as *It's Fun To Make Things*.

The house of Bruce has recently issued reprints of two very popular books for outdoorsmen. They are W. Ben Hunt's *Indian and Camp Handicraft* (\$2.25), and *50 Popular Woodworking Projects*, by Joseph J. Lukowitz (\$1.25). Both books are clearly made for use, well printed and comprehensively illustrated. Mr. Hunt's book contains thirty Indian and Camp projects. Both are designed to help young people and old make use of their hands. Mr. Lukowitz has instructed both boys and adults in woodworking; he has written previous books on tin and art-metal work; and certainly his new title richly deserves wide use, especially in high schools throughout the country.

From the University of Minnesota Press comes one of the best flower books I have seen in the past few years—and my shelves hold a reasonably good collection of books about flowers. This one is *The Flower Family Album*, by Helen Field Fischer and Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger (\$2.50). The two writers have done nothing elaborate, and yet have effectively put down information in such a manner that it is exceedingly easy to inform yourself about any flower you wish to look up.

Grouping the flowers by families makes for easy identification especially when, as in this fine book, text and illustrations oppose each other on the pages. The authors have condensed the most information into the least possible space, and yet there is nothing of the air of compression, rather the opposite, so that *The Flower Family Album* is easy and delightful to read. All kudos to the writers and the University of Minnesota Press for making available such an excellent book and thereby lending aid to thousands of nature lovers who will find here what they have not been able to assimilate except by long study elsewhere!

## Outdoors Men

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## AXE TALK

(Continued from page 22)

Keep the cloth cool with periodic applications of cold water.

In your selection of an axe in the first place, it is the axe head itself that is the essential thing. And not all axes are the solid steel they give the impression of being. A great many heads are made in two pieces; a welded-on edge of steel, the rest being iron. Many of these give good service. But an axe of solid steel throughout is more reliable in a pinch, as many a man has realized upon striking a refractory knot.

IT NEEDN'T necessarily be a steel of extremely high temper. Much depends upon circumstances. We might take a page from the book of the professional woodsman in this respect. He wants a hard biting edge, but he doesn't want it to be too hard. Of course very hard steel holds its edge longer, but not indefinitely. The woodsman hasn't any grindstone at hand. He does his sharpening with a hand-file. You won't have much luck in hand-filing extremely hard steel.

The woodsman also has in mind the relative inelasticity of very hard steel in chopping. A somewhat softer steel is less likely to snap when coming into contact with frozen wood or a knot; its tendency is to bend under any such unusual strain. Of course there are various technicalities involved in the manufacture of an axe. Relative hardness of temper is only one of these. What you want is an all-around tough tool that feels right and will do the job.

A person who doesn't know much about axes may buy one, try it out and then condemn it as a worthless tool because it doesn't cut properly. Erroneously, he thinks there is something the matter with the steel. He doesn't realize that he is supposed to put on the finishing edge. An axe isn't much good until it has acquired a keen edge.

The average new axe needs to be ground. In doing so, put your faith in an old-fashioned grindstone and plenty of water. Grinding takes a lot of foot power and patience but after it's over you have the satisfaction of realizing that good steel hasn't been robbed of its temper in the process, as might well happen when an emery wheel does a quicker job.

While grinding, concentrate upon the rear two-thirds of blade. Keep forward third fairly free of stone, other than bringing it to a sharp edge. Corner under the helve is the part to grind most. When first laying axe on stone, start a fair distance back from the edge and grind toward the bevel and don't take off too much or you will weaken the axe.

Efficient grinding is not as simple as it looks. Presence of the bevel is largely responsible for this. Bevel runs back about half an inch from the edge. You must give special attention



Take a file along to keep your axe sharp. But be careful not to slice your hands during the sharpening

to grinding the bevel straight. There is a tendency, while grinding an axe, to roll it more or less, with a rocking motion. The result is likely to be a rounded line instead of a straight line. And you can't cut with this sort of edge. Grind the bevel straight.

Some axes don't require much grinding, others take quite a lot. But the special purpose for which an axe is used may also have bearing upon the case. An axe that is used exclusively for splitting wood should not be ground very much. A thick blade is an advantage in splitting; it serves as a wedge to pry fibres apart.

CHOPPING is different. Here a reasonable degree of thinness in blade is usually required. But not too much thinness, for this will weaken the axe and make it stick in the cut when you chop. What you want is a keen, hard edge that cuts as deeply as possible into wood without at the same time sticking. Also the variety of wood might be considered. Very hard stuff such as dogwood might easily blunt a thinly ground edge. It is always just as well to remember while grinding that you can always make a blade thinner but you can't put back the steel that's gone.

Take with you a file and whetstone when traveling beyond the range of grindstones. A file having a fairly coarse edge on one side and fine on the other is best, the two to be applied in respective rotation. The same general procedure as with grindstone is followed. And watch out not to lose a slice of flesh.

If an axe is worth being sharpened at all, it is also worth being used with respect. It doesn't take more than a split second to put a nick in a blade.