

Low-key cottontails provide good sport

By MARK HENCKEL
Billings Gazette

BILLINGS (AP) — No, the lowly cottontail rabbit will never compete with elk and mule deer as the favorite target of hunters in Montana.

Cottontails can't command the trophy status of bighorn sheep and mountain goats.

They don't have the mystique of mountain lions, black bears or grizzly bears.

And as far as putting meat in the freezer, they couldn't hold a candle even to a small pronghorn antelope, much less a full-sized white-tailed deer or moose.

No, the cottontail's status here is much lower than that — so low, in fact, that open season on rabbits runs year-round. There's no bag

True to their low profile form in Montana, a hunting trip for cottontails is likely to be a more casual affair than the deadly serious business of getting after big game in Montana.

1/25/90

limit on them and no hunting license is required.

In short, it's not the same highly heralded event to hunt rabbits in Montana as it is in other states with more limited hunting opportunities where an outing for cottontails is treated with more pomp and ceremony.

But there are cottontail rabbits here — four different subspecies of them, in fact. And they do provide substantial recreational opportunities from one end of the state to the other during the dead of winter,

when all other hunting seasons are closed.

True to their low profile form in Montana, a hunting trip for cottontails is likely to be a more casual affair than the deadly serious business of getting after big game in Montana.

A typical cottontail rabbit hunter in Montana might be anywhere in age from eight years old to 80.

They might make a day of it hunting rabbits, but are just as likely to sleep in during the morning and try to catch cottontails sunning

themselves outside their burrows in the warm afternoons.

And, as opposed to other parts of the country where a dog is often used to run rabbits within shotgun range, Montana hunters will most likely pack a .22 caliber rifle. They'll spot the rabbits and stalk them for a single standing shot in much the same way deer or elk are hunted.

"The .22 seems to be the classic bunny buster here," said Charlie Eustace, regional wildlife manager for the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks in Billings.

"Hunters do use both .22s and shotguns, but the .22 is the classic. And rabbits do provide a lot of hunting activity, particularly in the winter.

"It's one animal that you can hunt with your boy or girl and they don't

(More on Cottontails, page 14)

There will be absolutely

NO HUNTING

or

TRESPASSING

allowed on the

TURNER RANCH

which lies in the western half of Hunting
Area #390 and bordering 16 Mile
Creek.

Turner Ranches are patrolled and all violaters will be
prosecuted!

KNOW YOUR BOUNDARIES!

AS LOW AS

RATTAN
SWIVEL
ROCKER

with
cushion
seats

\$59⁰⁰

TABLES

2 WAY
RECLINERS

SALE ENDS JAN

EVERY ITEM



GREAT American HOME FURNITURE

1/2 WAY TO FOUR CORNERS

Cottontails/ from page 13

have to be 12 years old or have passed hunter safety (like they do in order to hunt game animals)."

Because of that, rabbit hunting trips are often family affairs geared more toward taking a few rabbits for a single stew than a serious assault on bagging a lot of bunnies for the freezer.

The amount of hunting activity generated by cottontails largely depends on how many of them are available in any given year. That can vary widely depending upon where the population happens to be in its boom-and-bust cycle.

"We're in the second year of a rabbit increase now," Eustace said. "When people go rabbit hunting and have good success like they have in the past two years, they go back. When the rabbits crash, the hunting drops off."

Eustace said that hunting does not seem to affect the populations much.

"They go up and down with or without hunting. In areas they're not hunted at all, you'll see noticeable changes in rabbit numbers," he said. "You'll go from the peak to the crash in a short period of time and then it takes a while for them to build up again."

Dennis Flath, statewide non-game biologist with Fish, Wildlife and Parks stationed in Bozeman, said cottontails have the ability to bounce back quickly from low population levels.

"They typically have three litters of young in a year here," he said. "And good, healthy animals can have six, seven or eight young in a litter so you can see that the population can boom in a hurry."

"When the population does crash, it seems to be caused by a combination of disease and parasite problems. Those factors are intensified by high density problems when you have a lot of rabbits."

The availability of suitable habitat also tends to concentrate cottontails. They're not found just anywhere.

"In this area, they look for areas with a lot of thick sagebrush," Eustace said. "They are a burrowing animal and they look for cut banks to burrow in. They also like rocky outcrops where they can dig a burrow."

"You can also find them around old homesteads and corrals. That provides them with a ready burrow under an old foundation."

A burrow can be home to many individual rabbits.

"Normally, a burrow is home to a female and her young," Flath said. "They may also have young from a previous litter there. Cottontails are also somewhat defensive of that burrow."

"It provides them with escape habitat as well as a place to raise their young."

A rundown on Montana cottontails

BILLINGS (AP) — All cottontail rabbits are not the same in Montana. In fact, there are four different kinds of cottontails here.

Depending on where you happen to see them, you may be looking at an eastern cottontail, a pygmy cottontail, a mountain cottontail or a desert cottontail.

"Two of the species — the eastern and pygmy — are in relatively small areas and the other two — the mountain and desert — are more widespread," explained Dennis Flath, statewide non-game biologist with the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks in Bozeman.

"The mountain and desert species basically cover the state with good population densities. As you go from west to east, the mountain cottontail declines and the desert population picks up."

Here's a rundown on the four cottontail species found in Montana:

—Desert cottontail: This is the cottontail species found around Billings, the sagebrush draws off the Yellowstone River and throughout eastern Montana. These rabbits key in on dryland and sagebrush areas. They prefer deeply cut dirt banks

for their burrows, places with rough topography, prairie dog towns and areas with rimrocks and junipers.

—Mountain cottontail: If you spot a cottontail in central or western Montana, you're most likely looking at a member of the mountain species. Their primary habitat is in willow-filled creek bottoms where streams come out of the foothills into the valleys. There are plenty of mountain cottontails around Canyon Ferry Reservoir, but some individuals have ventured far out onto the plains, including one that was found near Wibaux.

—Eastern cottontail: This is the top game species in the United States. Their range stretches throughout the upper Midwest. In Montana, its range is limited to the far eastern counties of the state from the Wibaux area to the Plentywood area.

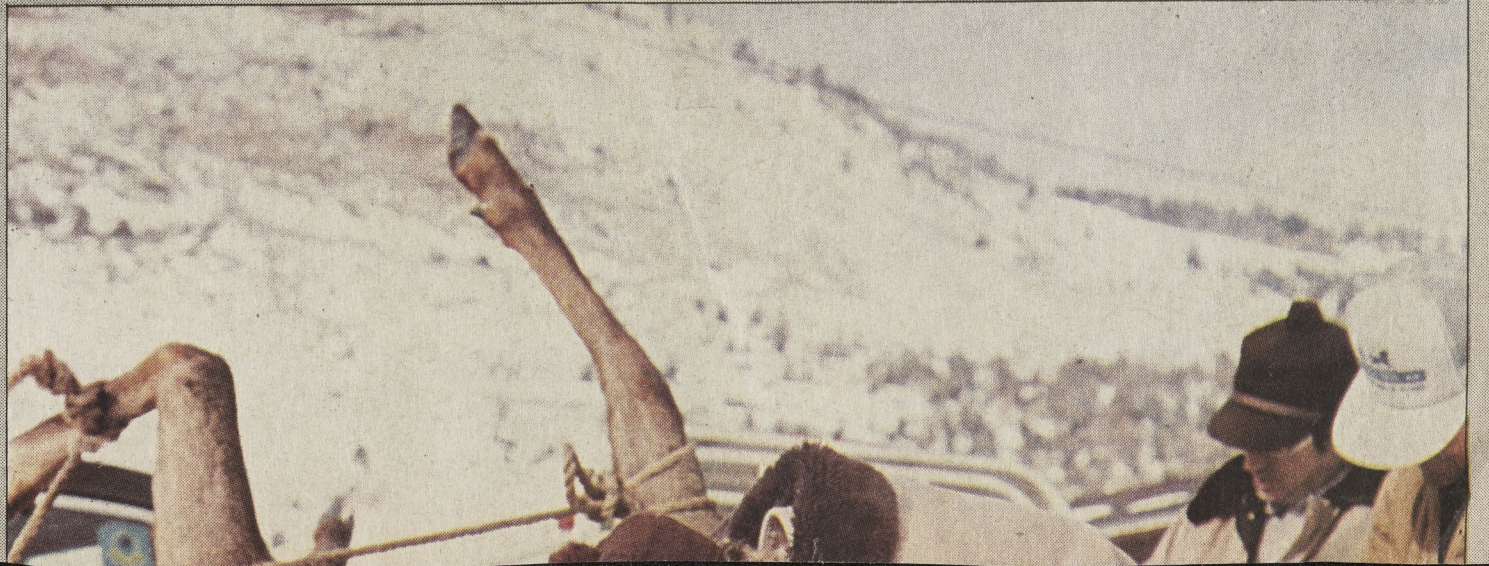
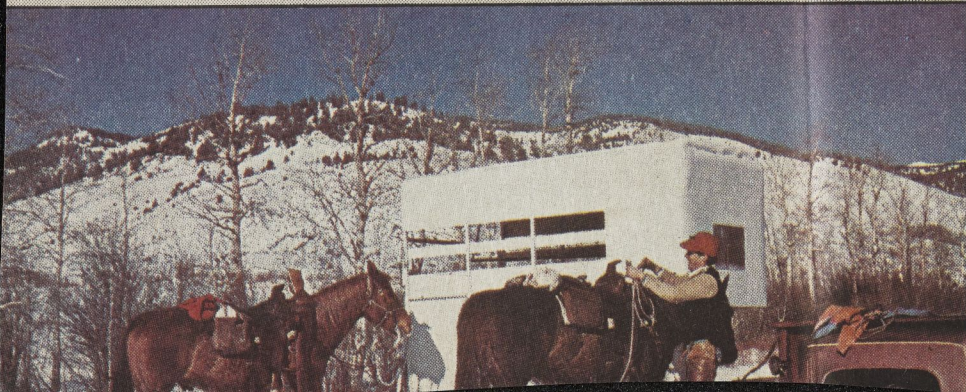
—Pygmy cottontail: This species also has a very small range in Montana and is limited to the Beaverhead and Madison drainages. They're distinctive because they have small ears. While their range is limited, some dense populations can be found in the areas south of Clark Canyon Reservoir.

Bozeman
Daily Chronicle

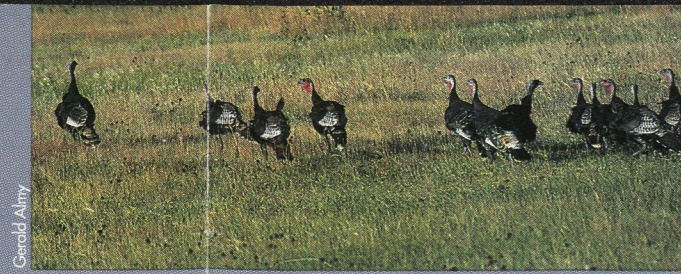
Outdoors

Thursday, January 25, 1990

13

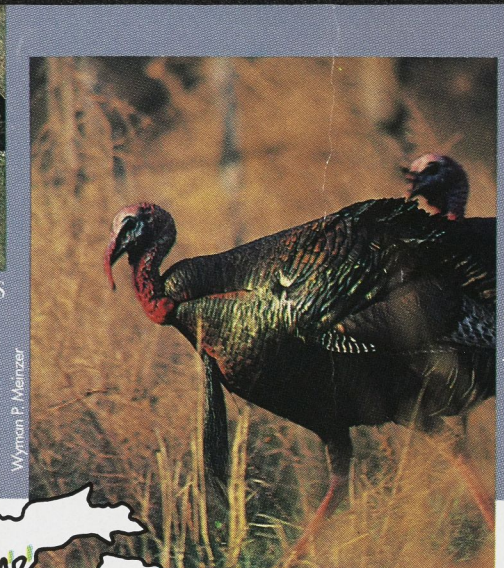


WHERE THE TURKEYS ARE/DENSITY



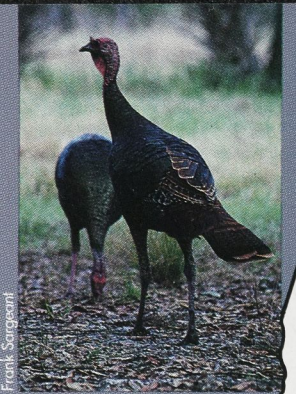
Gerald Almy

MERRIAM'S



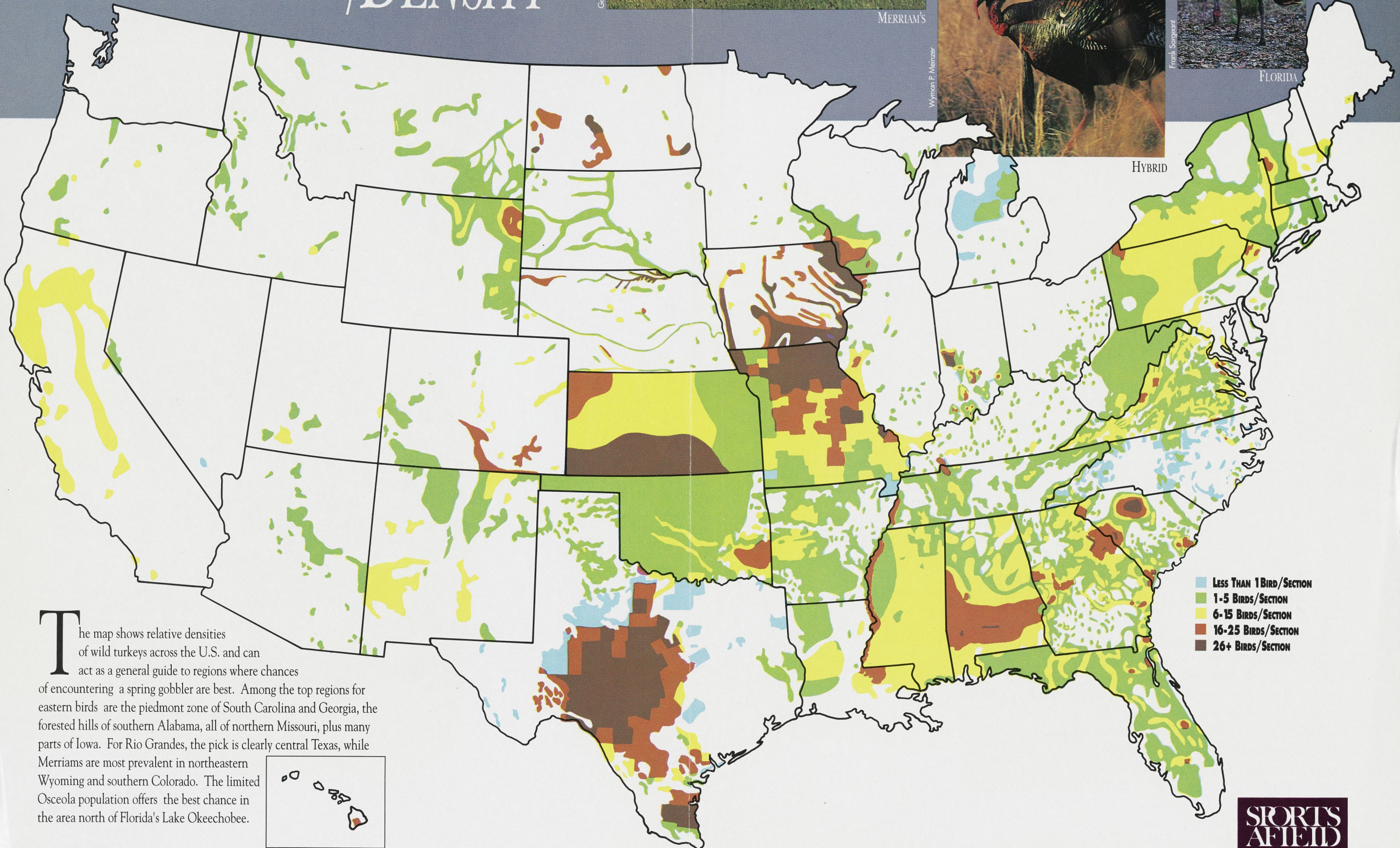
Wynnan P. Meinzer

HYBRID



Frank Sargent

FLORIDA



- LESS THAN 1 BIRD/SECTION
- 1-5 BIRDS/SECTION
- 6-15 BIRDS/SECTION
- 16-25 BIRDS/SECTION
- 26+ BIRDS/SECTION

The map shows relative densities of wild turkeys across the U.S. and can act as a general guide to regions where chances of encountering a spring gobbler are best. Among the top regions for eastern birds are the piedmont zone of South Carolina and Georgia, the forested hills of southern Alabama, all of northern Missouri, plus many parts of Iowa. For Rio Grandes, the pick is clearly central Texas, while Merriams are most prevalent in northeastern Wyoming and southern Colorado. The limited Osceola population offers the best chance in the area north of Florida's Lake Okeechobee.

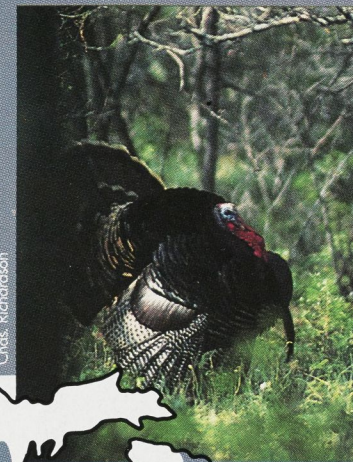
WHERE THE TURKEYS ARE/DISTRIBUTION

Tom Potter



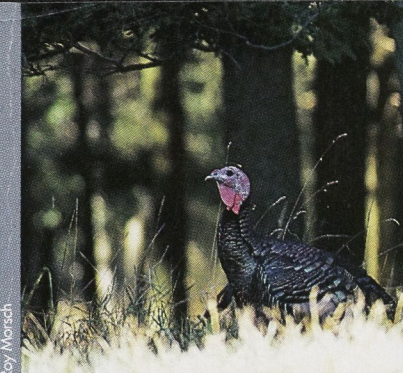
GOULD'S

Chas. Richardson

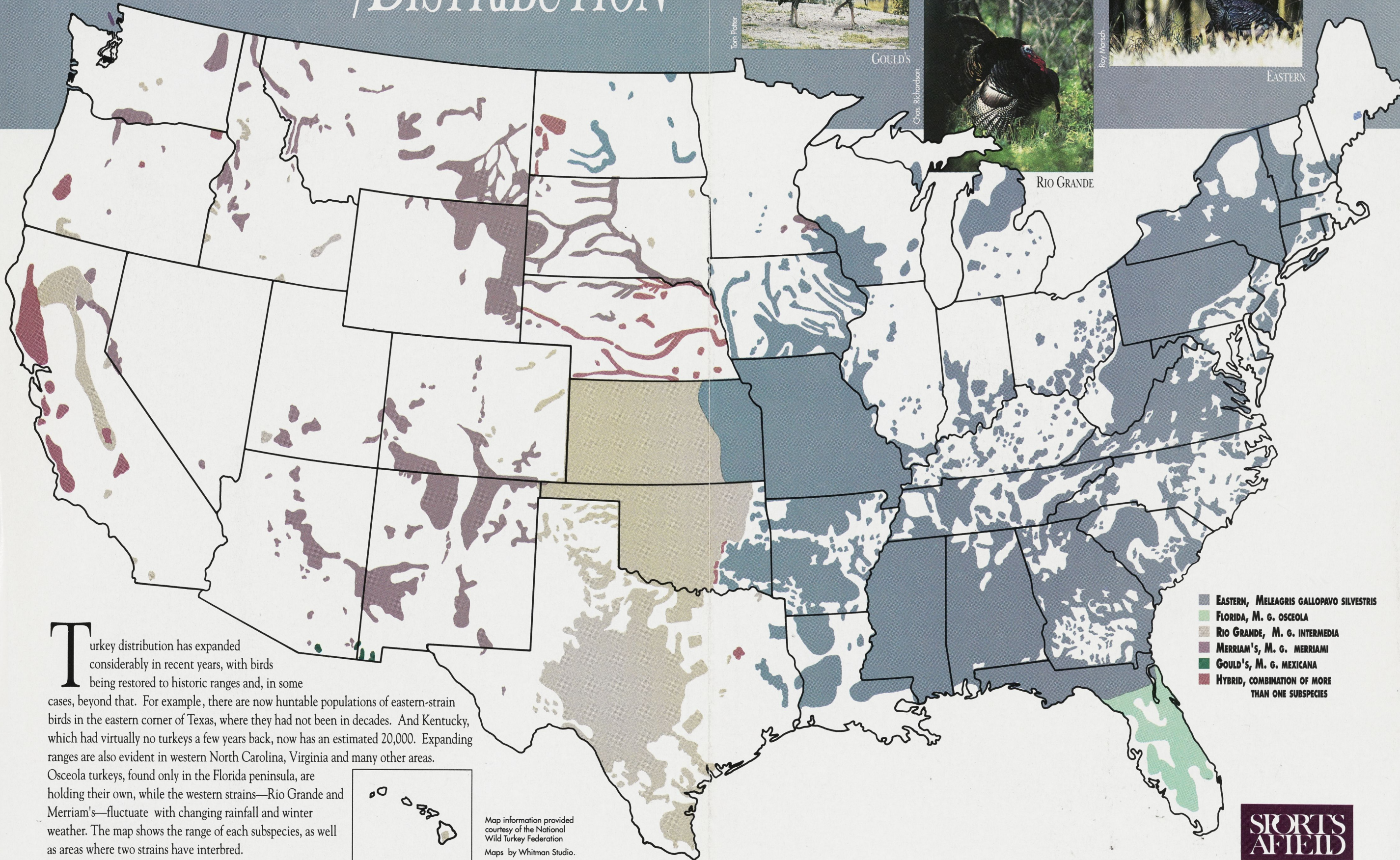


RIO GRANDE

Roy Morsch



EASTERN



- EASTERN, *MELEAGRIS GALLOPAVO SILVESTRIS*
- FLORIDA, *M. G. OSCEOLA*
- RIO GRANDE, *M. G. INTERMEDIA*
- MERRIAM'S, *M. G. MERRIAM*
- GOULD'S, *M. G. MEXICANA*
- HYBRID, COMBINATION OF MORE THAN ONE SUBSPECIES

Turkey distribution has expanded considerably in recent years, with birds being restored to historic ranges and, in some cases, beyond that. For example, there are now huntable populations of eastern-strain birds in the eastern corner of Texas, where they had not been in decades. And Kentucky, which had virtually no turkeys a few years back, now has an estimated 20,000. Expanding ranges are also evident in western North Carolina, Virginia and many other areas. Osceola turkeys, found only in the Florida peninsula, are holding their own, while the western strains—Rio Grande and Merriam's—fluctuate with changing rainfall and winter weather. The map shows the range of each subspecies, as well as areas where two strains have interbred.

Map information provided
courtesy of the National
Wild Turkey Federation
Maps by Whitman Studio.

**SPORTS
AFIELD**

Outdoors: Trekking For Hare in Snow

By NELSON BRYANT

A quest for cottontail rabbits in Massachusetts helped begin a snowshoe-testing forest ramble in Maine.

It started when Tony Rezendes of West Tisbury, Mass., invited me to go rabbit hunting with him. I accepted with pleasure. Even if I didn't greatly enjoy Tony's company I would have accepted because he owns two accomplished beagles, Tippy, who is 8 years old, and Amos, who is 4.

Herring gulls wheeled overhead, their cries mingling with the nervous clamor of Canada geese that had settled down in a brown meadow close to the swampy edge of a salt pond where we hoped to find the cottontails.

We began our hunt in a boggy tangle of scrub oaks, beach plum and blueberry bushes and briars that stretched inland from one of the pond's coves, and before we had time to load our shotguns, Tippy dashed happily into the undergrowth and gave tongue. A minute later he was joined by Amos.

We positioned ourselves — the party also included Tony's teen-age son Dana, Robert Rose and Bill Nicholson — along the edges of the swamp, and within 10 minutes rabbits were squirting out in all directions, some being pursued by the dogs, others simply seeking to avoid the intrusion. An hour after the start, I hadn't fired a shot.

Some bad luck was involved, but the fundamental reason was that I hear almost nothing out of one ear and cannot pinpoint the location of the hounds by the sound of their voices. I spend most of my time waiting at one spot for a rabbit that is headed elsewhere.

I was still without a rabbit when I quit at noon, but my generous companions pressed two of the seven they had shot upon me. (They kept hunting and shot seven more before the day ended.) There was a time when pride would not have allowed me to accept their gift, but such false scruples no longer possess me. A pan-fried cottontail isn't the equal of a black duck roasted rare, but it puts a pallid-fleshed chicken to shame.

I had barely settled down at my desk when the U.P.S. driver left two pairs of new snowshoes in the back entryway: aluminum and neoprene Sherpas and classic white ash and rawhide Tubbs Green Mountain Bearpaws made by the Stowe Canoe and Snowshoe Company.

I examined them and tried them on, but that was as far as I could go because there was no snow on the ground. I managed to stave off visions of stealing through the snow-deep woods of northern New England until I went for the mail and found a delightful letter from James D. Burns of Coupeville, Wash., awaiting me.

Burns described how as a lad in Minnesota he and his friends went after snowshoe rabbits in winter, sometimes wearing snowshoes, sometimes skis and sometimes just plowing along without either. They carried .22 rifles, he wrote, adding: "We didn't use dogs to roust the rabbits, but watched for movement ahead of us, and were often startled to discover a snowshoe rabbit (whose pelage is white in winter) sitting still, only its eye not in harmony with the background of snow."

Burns's missive and a desire to use the new snowshoes on one last hunt before winter's back was broken, proved too much to resist and I headed for Maine where the varying hare season extends through this month. The snow, which had settled, was about two feet deep.

I spent three half-days trying out my new toys in cedar swamps, under towering white pines or the bare, wind-rattled boughs of birches, maples, ash and shagbark hickories. Deer trails laced the sun-warmed

3/12/90
south slopes and twice I encountered the tracks of a bobcat and a fox.

I found holes tunneled in the snow where red squirrels were conducting much of their affairs, perhaps wondering what heavy creature was treading above.

When I penetrated dense stands of young evergreens, varying hare tracks were everywhere. I was half-way through my final afternoon before I realized that the gun in my hand was an unneeded excuse for being in the woods.

Rather than hunting, I was engaged in a series of soothing treks in a white world that would soon give way to green. I became a serious hunter in those last few hours, but saw no game save four deer that drifted like smoke through a thick screen of poplar saplings below the knoll on which I stood.

The day was warm — just above freezing even though sundown was near — and the deer were sinking deep in the snow. My return route led in their direction, but — they weren't aware of me — I gave them a full half hour to move a good distance away. They were emerging from a hard winter and to frighten them to flight in their weakened condition would have served them ill.

It was nearly dark before I moved on, setting my course by the last light in the west.

I am unable to say which of my new snowshoes I prefer. Both are ideal for bushwhacking over rough terrain and through heavy undergrowth. The Bearpaws, being about 6 inches longer, may have provided a bit more support than my medium-sized Sherpas, but that difference was negligible.

The Sherpas, which have metal

There's a desire to use the snowshoes before winter's back is broken.

traction cleats attached to the toe bars and bindings, were better for climbing and descending steep slopes. The bindings have no side play at all, a highly desirable feature. The shoe goes exactly where you point it. The Sherpa's wide neoprene bindings with open eyelets for nylon lacings are first-rate.

The "Super A" bindings on the Stowe snowshoes resemble those on the Sherpas, but they have a flaw in that the 'D' ring eyelets on them are inadequately fastened to the neoprene with hollow rivets. I had to replace three of those rivets when they pulled loose.

Ed Kiniry, president of Stowe, says that the flaw will soon be corrected. If you are in a hurry you could purchase Sherpa bindings without the metal cleats for use on other snowshoes. The company's address is 2222 Diversey, Chicago, Ill. 60647.

If tradition and esthetics are important, the beautifully crafted Stowe shoes would have to get the nod. I'm still a bit put off by the gold-colored, tubular aircraft aluminum frames of the Sherpas and their neoprene platforms. On the other hand, you don't have to — as you do with the others — put a coat of varnish on them at the close of each season. I am also pleased that the Stowe Canoe and Snowshoe Company — Box 207, River Rd., Stowe, Vt. — is keeping alive the superb line of snowshoes once manufactured by Vermont Tubbs.

Tubbs snowshoes were first made in 1846. Stowe Canoe, formed in 1987, acquired the Tubbs product line, which includes "snowshoe" furniture, and then went on to annex the Mansfield and Allagash canoe lines.

Colleges

BASEBALL

EAST

American Int'l 13 Manhattan 4
John Hopkins 8 Salisbury St. 4
Trenton St. 11 Wesley Col. 0

SOUTH

Augusta 7-4 N.C.-Asheville 3-2
Auburn 7 Morehead St. 3
Barry 2 Villanova 1
Carson-Newman 11 Gardner-Webb 3
Cent. Florida 6 Michigan 1
Citadel 10 W. Carolina 3
Columbus 6 VMI 4
East Carolina 20 Providence 2
Eckerd 10 Nova 6
Evansville 3 Mississippi 0
Fla. International 9 Pace 4
Georgia 16 Old Dominion 9
Georgia Tech 13 Virginia 6
High Point 15 Guilford 9
Jacksonville 4 Temple 0
James Madison 5 Pfeiffer 2
LSU 8 Kansas 2
Memphis St. 12 Vanderbilt 2
Methodist 10 Ohio Wesleyan 2
Miami, Fla. 25 Boston U. 1
New Orleans 5 Illinois 4
Nicholls St. 5 Stephen F. Austin 4
North Carolina 5 Coastal Carolina 2
N.C. Charlotte 2 Connecticut 1
Presbyterian 2 Catawba 0
Radford 14 Winthrop 1
St. Andrews 19-10 Alice Lloyd 1-0
South Carolina 5 S. Mississippi 4
South Alabama 3 SE Louisiana 2
S.C.-Spartanburg 15 Wofford 11
Troy St. 15 Wayne, Mich. 0
Tulane 7 Virginia Tech 5
Wingate 6 Elon 5

SOUTHWEST

Houston 10 N.Y. Tech 3

MEN'S BASKETBALL

MIDWEST

Illinois 69 Indiana 63
Michigan St. 72 Purdue 70

TOURNAMENT

Atlantic Coast Conference

Georgia Tech 70 Virginia 61

Big East Conference

Connecticut 78 Syracuse 75

Big West Conference

UNLV 92 Long Beach St. 74

Mid-American Conference

Ball St. 78 Cent. Michigan 56

Pacific-10 Conference

Arizona 94 UCLA 78

Southeastern Conference

Alabama 70 Mississippi 51

Southwest Conference

Arkansas 96 Houston 84

SATURDAY

MEN'S BASKETBALL

EAST

Assumption 93 Merrimack 85
Hamilton 72 Hartwick 69
St. Anselm 61 American Intl. 59

MIDWEST

DePaul 64 Notre Dame 59
Michigan 127 Iowa 96
Ohio St. 93 Minnesota 83
St. Thomas, Minn. 77 Neb. Wesleyan 71

TOURNAMENTS

Atlantic Coast Conference

Georgia Tech 83 Duke 72

Virginia 69 Clemson 66

Big East Conference

Connecticut 65 Georgetown 60

Syracuse 73 Villanova 61

Big Eight Conference

Colorado 82 Oklahoma St. 72

Oklahoma 95 Kansas 77

Big Sky Conference

Idaho 65 E. Washington 62

Big West Conference

UNLV 99 Pacific U. 72

Long Beach St. 90 New Mexico St. 85

ECAC III New England Regional

Colby 99 Williams 88

ECAC Metro N.Y.-N.J. Regional

Stony Brook 83 Kings Point 77

Metro Athletic Conference

Louisville 83 S. Mississippi 80

Miaa Tournament

Wo. Western 66 Cent. Missouri 63

Mid-American Conference

Ball St. 69 E. Michigan 58

Cent. Michigan 78 Miami, Ohio 76

Midwestern Collegiate Conference

Dayton 98 Xavier, Ohio 89

NCAA Championship

Christian Heritage 75 Master's 61

New York Collegiate Athletic Conference

Championship

N.W. Post 91 Dowling 76

North Atlantic Conference

Boston U. 75 Vermont 57

North Central Conference

South Dakota 69 Mankato St. 59

Third Place

North Dakota 80 Nebraska-Omaha 69

Pacific-10 Conference

Arizona 85 Stanford 61

JCLA 79 Arizona St. 78

Pennsylvania Conference

East Stroudsburg 108 Millersville 102

Southeastern Conference

Alabama 87 Auburn 71

Mississippi 65 Vanderbilt 62

Southwest Conference

Arkansas 115 Baylor 75

Houston 89 Texas 86

Southwestern Athletic Conference

Seminars

Western Athletic Conference

Championship

Texas-El Paso 75 Hawaii 58

BASEBALL

EAST

Iona 19-11 Coppin St. 1-1

SOUTH

Armstrong St. 14 Mansfield 2
Auburn 16-5 Morehead St. 0-4
Aub-Montgomery 16-3 Livingston St. 2-1
Barry 2 Boston U. 1
Brewton-Parker 7-6 Berry 3-8
Carson-Newman 9-2 Lenoir-Rhyne 0-1
Cent. Florida 2 Michigan 1
Columbus 13 Xavier 3
Columbus 7 Albion 2
Davidson 3-6 Yale 1-1
Delaware 13-10 Howard U. 5-2
Flagler 8 Embury-Riddle 4
Gardner-Webb 7-5 Mars Hill 4-4
Georgia 13 Old Dominion 6
Georgia Southern 9-8 Mercer 1-4
Georgia Tech 9 Virginia 4
Holy Cross 10 Md.-Balt. County 3
Illinois 8-4 New Orleans 4-7
Jacksonville St. 9-7 Valdosta St. 3-3
James Madison 9 High Point 4
McNeese St. 7-4 Cameron St. 1-3
Millsaps 7-4 Rhodes 1-1
Mississippi 6 Evansville 1
Mississippi St. 4 William Carey 0
Montevallo 10-10 Talladega 1-0
North Alabama 17-5 Mississippi Col. 5-2
North Carolina 7 Duke 3
N. Carolina St. 8-9 Maryland 3-8
N.C.-Wilmington 6-7 Radford 5-0
N.C.-Wesleyan 4 Ohio Wesleyan 0
NE Louisiana 6 Centenary 4
NW Louisiana 5-6 Baptist Christian 0-0
Palm Beach Atlantic 6-4 St. Thomas 2-3
Pembroke St. 3-1 Salem, W.Va. 2-6
Pfeiffer 7-4 Fairmont St. 3-3
Rutgers 4 Virginia Commonwealth 2
S. Illinois 1 Miami, Fla. 0
Stetson 13-3 Samford 6-16
Tampa 9 Shippensburg 8
Troy St. 13-5 Wayne, Mich. 0-0
Tulane 7 Virginia Tech 4
Villanova 9 Fla. International 3
Wake Forest 3 Clemson 1
W. Michigan 5 S. Florida 4
Wilmington 3-9 Wesley 1-6
Wingate 16-9 Catawba 4-2

SOUTHWEST

Dallas Baptist 5-18 Jarvis Christian 0-1
Houston 5-11 New York Tech 0-3
Iowa State 9 Washington St. 5
Lubbock Christian 15-1 Baylor 8-4
Oklahoma St. 9 New Mexico St. 6
Ouachita Baptist 7-7 Texas Baptist 3-3
St. Francis 6-4 Sam Houston 0-0
Sul Ross St. 10 Trinity, Texas 0
Texas 8 Oklahoma 1
W. Kentucky 2 Rice 1

WEST

Asuza Pacific 10-4 Christ-Irvine 5-3
Cal Baptist 9-1 Westmont 8-8
Cal Lutheran 1-7 Redlands 0-1
Carson-Newman 9-2 Lenoir-Rhyne 0-1
Chapman 8 Cal Poly-Pomona 5
Fresno St. 6 Gonzaga 3
Hawaii Pacific 7-10 Messiah 5-4
Master's 8-8 LaVerne 7-4
Pembroke St. 3-1 Salem, W.Va. 2-3
Pfeiffer 7-4 Fairmont St. 3-3
San Jose St. 7 George Washington 1
Southern Cal 5 UCLA 4
Stanford 7 Arizona 4

TOURNAMENT

Aggie-Continental Classic

Texas A&M 2 St. John's 0

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

EAST

St. Michael's 62 Mercyhurst 57

MIDWEST

Indiana 76 Wisconsin 69
Iowa 86 Michigan St. 58
Michigan 80 Minnesota 69
Northwestern 84 Ohio St. 78

SOUTHWEST

Jackson St. 70 Grambling 58

WEST

California 79 Oregon 72
Stanford 94 Oregon St. 48
Washington 67 Arizona 43

TOURNAMENTS

American South Conference

Louisiana Tech 79 Lamar 58

Atlantic 10 Tournament

Penn State 84 St. Joseph's 60

Big Sky Conference

Montana 64 Idaho 49

Big South Conference

Radford 69 Campbell 65

Big West Conference

UNLV 91 Fresno St. 71

Long Beach St. 85 Pacific 83

Colonial Athletic Association

Richmond 47 James Madison 46

Gateway Conference

S. Illinois 71 Illinois St. 54

Metro Athletic Conference

S. Mississippi 95 S. Carolina 88

Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference

Manhattan 78 Holy Cross 69

Mid-American Conference

Bowling Green 84 Miami, Ohio 63

Midwestern Collegiate Conference

Notre Dame 67 Butler 66

Northeast Conference

Fairleigh Dickinson 70 Mount St. Mary's 65

North Star Conference

N. Illinois 97 DePaul 85

Southland Conference

Stephen F. Austin 93 NW Louisiana 83

Southern Athletic Conference

Alcorn St. 51 Texas Southern 47

Southwest Conference

Texas 63 Texas Tech 60

Southern Conference

Appalachian St. 94 Furman 90

Sun Belt Conference

Box Scores

Connecticut

Syracuse 7

CONNECTICUT (78)

Burrell 0-4 1-2 1, Henefeld 2-10, 0-3-0-0, George 7-11 8-8 22, 20, Sellers 0-0 0-0 0, Walke Gwynn 6-7 3-4 16, Williams Priest 2-2-0-4, Totals 27-57 21-57

SYRACUSE (75)

Coleman 4-5 5-6 13, Owen Ellis 1-3-0-2, Edwards 1-4-0-0 10-14 1-3 21, Manning 1-3-0 1-2 2-4 9, Hopkins 0-0 0-0 0, Scott 29-51 11-22 75.

Halftime—Connecticut 42,

3-point goals—Connecticut 3, Gwynn 1-2, Burrell 0-1, Henefeld 6-14 (Scott 3-5, Owens 1-2, Edwards 1-4, Thompson 0-1).

None. Rebounds—Connecticut

6), Syracuse 33 (Coleman 1, Connecticut 13 (DePriest, George 3), Syracuse 19 (Owens 8).

Alabama 7

Mississippi

MISSISSIPPI (51)

Murphy 1-5 0-0 2, Harvel Eddie 3-8 0-0 6, Jumper 5-10 3-16 0-0 6, Matthews 1-3 0-0 3, 2, Barnes 0-2 0-0 0, Wilson 0-0 0-0 0, Garrett 0-0 0-0 0, Jo Totals 20-62 4-51.

ALABAMA (70)

Horry 3-6 2-2 9, Cheatum 5-10 6-16 3-4 15, Waites 2-4 0-0 5-4-7, Askins 5-8 2-2 12, Webb 0-0-0-0, Lancaster 0-0-0-0, B Campbell 0-0 0-0 0, Lawren Totals 24-52 19-27 70.

Halftime—Alabama 34, M

3-point goals—Mississippi 7-4-7, Jumper 2-4, Matthews 1-4, Alabama 3-8 (Horry 1-2, Waites 1-3, Askins 0-1). Rebo

sippi 29 (Eddie 8), Alabama 10).

U.N.L.V. 9

Long Beach S

LONG BEACH ST. (74)

Joseph 2-6 0-1 4, Cutler 1-3 2-5 2-3 6, Mitchell 5-13 3-13 13, 14 22, Sears 0-0 0-0 0, Faulkne wards 2-6 1-1 5, Windbush 0-0 0-0 0, Masucci 5-10 2-2 14. Totals 24-74.

UNLV (92)

Johnson 2-5 7-11 11, Augm Butler 5-9 9-11 19, Hunt 5-16 3-10 6-8 18, Bice 0-2 2-2 2, Eme Rice 1-1 0-0 3, Young 1-3 0-0 2, 6. Totals 25-56 36-48 92.

Halftime—UNLV 35, Long

3-point goals—Long Beach St. ner 2-3, Masucci 2-4, Harris 2-3, Edwards 0-1, Windbush 0-1 Mitchell 0-2). UNLV 6-20 (C Hunt 2-9, Rice 1-1, Augmon 0-1, Young 0-2). Fouled out—

bounds—Long Beach St. 38.

UNLV 46 (Johnson 15), A

Beach St. 11 (Mitchell 5), U

thony 7).

Ball St. 78

C. Michigan

CENTRAL MICHIGAN (56)

Carter 6-8 5-5 18, Majerle 2-3 7-0 0-6, Colbert 1-5 2-2 4, S Schneider 0-1 0-0-0, Kizer 1-2-0 0-2 3, Thurman 0-1 1-2 1, Kar van Deusen 1-1 0-0-2. Totals 21

BALL STATE (78)

Thompson 4-9 0-8 6, McCu Kidd 5-10 9-9 19, Nichols 1-1 0-4 1-2 19, Giunta 0-1 0-0 0, Spi Haynes 1-2 0-0 3, Miller 1-2 0-0 0-0 2, Parrish 0-0 1-2 1, Cross ber 0-0 0-0. Totals 25-52 18-27

Halftime—Ball St. 38, Ce

27, 3-point goals—Cent. M (Briggs 2-5, Scott 1-1, Kelly 1, Thurman 0-1, Kizer 0-1, Ma

bert 0-3), Ball St. 10-16 (Butts Miller 1-1, Haynes 1-2, Tho Fouled out—None. Rebo

Michigan 24 (Kann 7), Ball S son 8).

Arkansas 9

Houston 84

HOUSTON (84)

Upchurch 7-12 2-2 16, Morri Herrera 6-9 5-9 17, Daniels B. Smith 2-15 0-0 6, Mick K. Smith 2-4 2-2 6, Teheran 1-1 3-6 5 13-19 84.

ARKANSAS (96)

Day 9-15 2-5 22, Howell 6-8 0 3-4 1-1 7, Mayberry 6-17 0-0 13, 6-6 10, Murry 2-4 0-0 5, Hawki Miller 6-11 3-6 15, Huery 3-8 1-2 7-13 22-96.

Halftime—Arkansas 52, H

3-point goals—Houston 5-17 (B. Smith 2-10, Morris 0-1), Ar (Bowers 2-3, Day 2-6, Huery 1-2 Mayberry 1-4). Fouled out—

bounds—Houston 37 (Herrera sas 35 (Credit, Miller 7). Assis 22 (Daniels 10), Arkansas 16 (N

N.C.A.A.

WOMEN

Division I

East Region

First Round

Wednesday, March 1

Manhattan (18-12) at Clem P.M.

Penn State (24-6) at Florida P.M.

Snowshoe Hare -

The ~~stretched~~ skin that
stretched, & stretched, &
stretched, till it was the
size of a polar bear.

~~They~~ They've been by
in my mind since.



Look for snowshoes in dense stands of conifers—especially spruce and grand fir.

Hare Today

By Dewey Haeder, Idaho Editor

Never mind the calendar; February is a three-month-long month. It's 90 days of cold, deep snow, short daylight and no hunting. An Idaho hunter with an itchy trigger finger becomes downright owlish, and justifiably so. That's a long time to be deprived.

It doesn't have to be that way; there's an alternative. As so often must happen, however, it takes an outsider to point out the value and enjoyment of something new. A friend of mine who is originally from New York reintroduced me to snowshoe hunting.

I'd hunted snowshoe hares for the past 35 years but had never seriously considered them a game animal until last year. Then Eldon Cutlip of nearby Harpster talked me into foregoing a day of skiing and accompanying him and Boomer, his big redbone hound, on a snowy tour of some nearby grand fir thickets. What happened that day changed my outlook toward winter hunting—and toward the 90-day-long-month.

We drove five miles up out of town to the 4,000-foot elevation level, to a northern slope blanketed with dense, young grand fir, Douglas fir and alder. It was ideal rabbit habitat, and Boomer had no chance to even hike a leg on the roadside snow berm before he whiffed the first hare. It was a long run through the deep snow for the big dog, and he was so far

behind his quarry that when the snowshoe came past us we were unprepared. It was gone into the firs before we were aware that it was close. Boomer came lunging past us several minutes later, with his tongue sticking out and his hide covered with snow.

Ten minutes later, Eldon took the rabbit with his Ruger .22 rifle—or at least we thought it was the same one the dog was chasing. But then Boomer went past on the other side of us, still hot on the trail of the first rabbit. A third snowshoe, closer yet, slow-hopped past in the well-tracked powder. The stand was alive with snowshoes, and tracks were everywhere. An hour later, we had six hares, and Boomer was still sounding off 100 yards away. It was an unforgettable introduction to an old sport, one which Idahoans are neglecting.

The state has vast areas of good snowshoe habitat, and the number of rabbits is nothing short of exciting. Populations of up to 1,600 per square mile have been recorded by researchers nearby in Canada. There, as elsewhere, the rabbits are subject to periodic highs and lows—the famous rabbit "cycle."

Two hundred years of Canadian fur harvests indicate that the cycles do occur. Although their cause was once unknown or thought to be the result of fluctuations in lynx numbers, present information indi-

cates that they may be initiated by overwinter food shortages.

Extensive studies of snowshoes have shown the well-furred animals to not be the cold-proof creatures their Arctic presence would seem to indicate. Indeed, when the temperature falls below the 0° to -10°-range (what biologists consider the "critical temperature"), snowshoes, particularly malnourished ones, frequently die. In one study, four died, two under protective logs, at -10°.

Snowshoes can lose up to 30 percent of their body weight during intense cold spells and die within one to four days. The cold requires an increase in their metabolic rate to maintain body temperature, and only the healthiest and best-fed hares can support that rate.

Feeding studies have shown that a three-pound snowshoe requires at least six pounds of available food per day to survive. From the six pounds, they select almost 12 ounces of the smallest twigs—those less than 4mm in diameter. It's a selectivity often unavailable in the wild, especially in areas where dense rabbit concentrations have removed most of the twigs within reach.

This preference for small-diameter twigs is the most important habitat element in the animals' existence and translates into a critical piece of information for the hunter: Rabbits are concentrated in dense stands of young conifers, chiefly spruce and grand fir, which have branches that hang close to the ground. There are thousands of acres of such timber stands in the state, and it was where Boomer was now bawling a rabbit toward Eldon and me, this time close behind it. I missed the shot.

My favorite firearm when hare hunting is a .22 Colt Woodsman handgun. I can shoot it accurately, and it's easy to keep under my jacket and out of falling snow. It also frees my hand for fending off branches and brushing snow.

It can be inadequate for snowshoes, however, which frequently come by at a run or fast hop. Eldon demonstrated the effectiveness of his shotgun more than once, and I'm quickly tending to agree. I often use a bow, too, though hunting in snow is a good way to lose arrows. When I do use the bow, rubber blunts work best. They're effective and, if watched carefully when they go into the snow, usually leave a mark that allows the arrow to be found. I've sometimes hunted a full day without losing an arrow.

Idaho residents older than 18 pay \$6.50 for a hunting license; those younger pay \$4.50. Nonresidents pay \$85.50 for a season license.

The season began on September 1, 1989 and ends on February 28. There's still time to try this exciting, novel sport. Those who do will find, as did their Eastern counterparts, the cure for the 90-day month. It's one they've too long neglected.



Salmon On A Shoestring

Taking out a loan is not a prerequisite to fish in Alaska. You can visit the forty-ninth state, experience some of the wildest fishing on the continent, limit out on cohos daily and afford it, too.

By Dewey Haeder

To fishermen everywhere, Alaska remains the Holy Grail of fishing. It's the biggest, mostest, fastest and wildest fishing on the continent, quite probably on any continent, and to go there is to satiate the insatiable and ensure a happy life in the hereafter.

Any fisherman also knows that it takes the biggest and mostest money to get there, especially for an extended stay and more especially with an outfitter. "There ain't no way," said a friend of mine last summer, "that a working stiff can afford to go up there."

And then I went. On a shoestring. And caught more salmon in five days than most coastal stream fishermen in the Lower 48 normally catch in an entire year. On one fantastic day, in fact, I caught and released more than 20 cohos and, if I'd kept track, probably more than 50 pinks. I could hook a two to five-pound pink on almost every cast by allowing the lure to settle to the bottom.

On a Tuesday, I made the decision to go and I left the following Sunday. I flew to Prince of Wales Island (because of the shortage of time) and met two friends already up there in their pickup and camper. It was only five hours from the time I left Spokane Airport until the moment I landed at Thorne Bay on the island.

That included two commercial flights—one from Spokane to Seattle, the other from Seattle to Ketchikan—and a 30-minute charter flight from Ketchikan to Thorne Bay. Total round-trip flight cost about \$360. From San Francisco, it's also \$360; from Boise, it's \$380. (This trip, however, was scheduled at the last minute. By booking early you can receive discounted fares.)

Several air charters operate out of Ketchikan and neighboring cities and can put a fisherman into lakes and some rivers of his choice within 30 minutes. The flight to the island costs about \$80 per person for two people.

The U.S. Forest Service has a cabin rental program on the island, with cabins at several lakes and rivers. Available for \$15 per night by reservation, they're the best bargain in Alaska. Weather-tight with bunks, table and wood or oil stove, they're pure rustic. Aluminum boats and oars are furnished at most of the lake cabins; bring

your own motor. Bring your own bedding, too, and a sleeping pad; the bunks are hard.

Our first night at our lakeside cabin was typical of the trip. When I arrived, the others had already been there for three days, and two boxes of fish—big fish—were sitting on the dock waiting for a plane pickup to the freezer in Ketchikan. My three friends had already sent the first two days' limits of fish out with the plane the previous day.

In the boxes on the dock were 15 more, the current day's limit minus one each. Now they were catching and releasing 10 and 15-pound cohos out of the lake and creek while waiting for the plane to arrive.

"Hurry up and catch some fish before

the plane gets here," they yelled. I immediately extracted my rod from its hard case and attached the reel, newly filled with 15-pound-test monofilament. My friend tossed me a red-and-white No. 5 Mepps spinner.

On the second cast, the rod bowed under a tremendous strike. Five minutes and a dozen runs later, I netted the 12-pounder. Three casts later, I had another, but it was gone after its second run, snapping the 15-pound-test line and taking the new Mepps with it. I loosened the drag, cast a half-dozen more times and caught a third fish. Amid the sounds of a screaming drag and the drone of the approaching plane, I landed the fish, a mate to the first.

Moments before the plane arrived, each of the others landed the last of his six-fish daily limit and cleaned and put it into a plastic bag in the wax-treated box. We closed the box just as the plane's floats touched the dock. Ten minutes later, the plane was gone, carrying our 20 fish, all 250 or so pounds of them.

The next day was a repeat of the first. Fish were everywhere, and we caught and

Cohos are hard-fighting fish, so expect to use 15 to 20-pound-test line.



3/7/92

Song of the Dog Leads to the Hare

OPPENHEIM, N.Y.

As the temperature slid to zero and dark clouds piled up overhead, I stood in the gloom of a spruce forest in mid-afternoon waiting for Brewster to begin his song of the chase.

Brewster is an affable, sturdy 2-year-old beagle owned by George Teidman, who had invited Art Woldt of Wynantskill, N.Y., and me to go snowshoe-rabbit hunting on his 1,200-acre spread in the foothills of the Adirondacks.

Not much of the previous day's inch or so of new snow had sifted down through the branches of the conifers, and the ground beneath was covered with about about six inches of old snow and patches of ice. That, plus the bitter cold, made it difficult for Brewster to pick up and hold a scent.

The last time I hunted with Teidman, I took a hare with a muzzle-loading shotgun and I was trying the same approach. The motives for hunting with antique firearms include a desire to turn back the clock to Natty Bumppo's time.

On that first afternoon, Brewster did manage to start a snowshoe rabbit and run it in one circle before losing the scent.

Back at Teidman's digs, we fired up the living-room wood stove with big hardwood logs. As soon as my numbed fingers thawed out, I began shucking the oysters I had brought with me from the coast.

Dining habits have altered at the hunting and fishing camps I've occupied over the last 30 years. Time was when a so-called "camp deer" was certain to provide a venison feast sometime during the week, or if the quarry was trout or salmon, those noble fish would be the heart of several repasts.

The camp deer was an extra animal, shot by some member of the hunting party. On many occasions it wasn't tagged, an illegal procedure, but one that distressed nobody, including the wardens. Today the camp deer is no more, and the meat in the black-iron soup pot on the back of the stove could be the remnants of ducks or geese shot by one of the camp's occupants months before. There might even be a supermarket turkey in the oven or a vegetarian casserole assembled the day before the nimrod left for the boondocks.

And at trout and salmon camps, the fish are either released at streamside or carefully cleaned and iced down or frozen and taken back to civilization.

Being aware of this syndrome, I had reasoned that oysters would be a good substitute for Hasenpfeffer.

The first half of the dinner on both evenings was devoted to consuming dozens of raw and broiled oysters. The oysters were highly praised, but my favorite dish was a batch of marvelously sweet deep-fried bullhead filets that George prepared. They had been caught last fall in one of the ponds on his property.

Sometime after midnight that first evening, more snow fell and by 9 A.M. the temperature had risen to about 30 degrees, creating ideal hunting conditions.

A half hour after we entered the woods, Brewster gave tongue.

Snowshoe rabbits tend to run in wide circles of a mile or more, and unlike a cottontail, they never hole up. Except for brief moments — as when the dog first starts the hare from its hide — this isn't a high-speed chase.

The hare's huge, heavily furred hind feet enable it to scamper along the top of soft snow and it can easily outdistance its often-floundering pursuer. The hare puts on a short burst of speed that may move it 100 yards or more ahead of the dog, then dawdles — often stopping — listening to its pursuer and looking ahead for hunters.

Once a beagle begins its song, it's up to the hunters to station them-



Nelson Bryant for The New York Times

George Teidman giving his beagle Brewster a ride out of the woods after a long day's hunt in the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains.

selves at likely interception points. To do this with any consistency, the hunter must be able to ascertain the dog's location and direction of travel by the sound of its voice.

Deaf in one ear, I am usually unable to keep track of my fellow hunters or the beagle. There were two occasions that morning when Brewster's yelping sounded very close, but I saw neither him nor the hare.

Knowing of my handicap, George took me to a spot where he thought Brewster and the hare would run the third time around. His hunch proved correct. The hare came my way and stopped about 100 feet away, remained motionless for a few seconds, then departed. The only problem was that I didn't see it, and George, who was standing about six feet from me didn't dare move or speak for fear of spooking it. He couldn't shoot it himself because I was in the way.

Brewster fell silent.

"He doesn't give up easily," said George, "but he's intelligent and wants a little support. He hasn't heard any of us shoot and he hasn't

seen any of us in his circles and he's decided that we've stopped hunting. We'll find him back at the vehicle. It's time for lunch, anyway."

Brewster was waiting by George's all-terrain vehicle, and a moment later, Art, who had seen the hare for one fleeting instant, came out of the woods.

That afternoon, Brewster once again made three long circles in pursuit of a hare. The third time around I saw the hare when it crossed a logging road 50 feet away. "Crossed" is inadequate. It hurtled across the 20-foot opening in two jumps and was out of sight before I could haul back the hammers on my muzzle loader. Seconds later, the redoubtable Brewster ploughed along behind, casting what I felt was a sorrowful glance at me.

That final incident made me decide that the next time I go snowshoe-hare hunting, particularly if it's with Brewster, I would eschew nostalgia and bring along a modern scattergun, as well as a sack of oysters.

Calendar

March 8 Mercury News 10-K Run. San Jose, Calif., 9:15 A.M. Information: (408) 920-5851.

Molson Ski Challenge. The Big Mountain, Mont., (406) 862-3511 and Kirkwood Ski Area, Calif., (209) 258-6000. Stop in national series of downhill obstacle course races for all levels.

Napa Valley Marathon. Calistoga, Calif., 7 A.M. Information: (707) 255-2609.

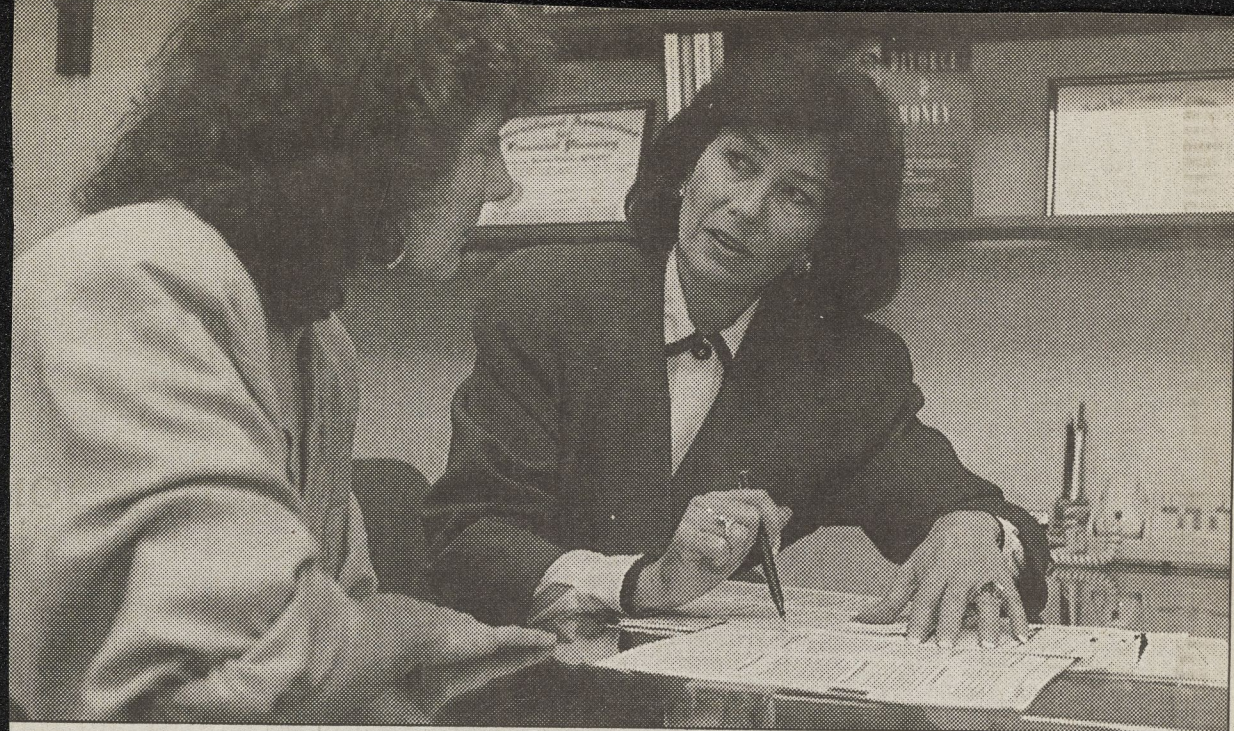
Jimmie Heuga's Mazda Ski Express. Diamond Peak, Calif., and Snow Summit, Calif. Stop in national skiing series for the physically handicapped. Information: (800) 333-3333.

14 City 10-Kilometer Run. Louisville, Ky. Information: (502) 582-1111.

Music City Marathon. Tennessee. Information: (615) 259-1111.

Bolinas Ridge Wild Boar Marathon and 18-Mile Run. 1 between Stinson Beach and Olema, Calif., 9 A.M. Information: Enviro-Action, (415) 868-1829.

José Cuervo Golf Tournament. Snow Summit, Calif. Stop in national series of 15-resort tournaments featuring professional card players. Information: (916) 461-1111.



Terrence McCarthy for The New York Times

Victoria Felton-Collins, right, a financial planner in California, advising a client, Lin Fischer, on taxes.

The Marriage May Be Over, But Tax Consequences Go On

By LEONARD SLOANE

Many elements of divorce have important tax consequences. They include how property and retirement benefits are divided, whether payments from one spouse to the other are in the form of alimony or child support, and who claims dependency exemptions.

In its booklet "Divorce and Taxes," Commerce Clearing House, a tax information service in Chicago, says that though most decisions in a divorce are not made for tax purposes, good tax planning can save money during a stressful and costly period in people's lives.

"Marriage is an economic partnership," said Rita Stein, a lawyer in Mineola, L.I. "In the final divorce settlement, everything is a negotiation. Sometimes you can work out the tax ramifications so that they both benefit."

Draw Up a Balance Sheet

A complete and accurate picture of both parties' financial situation should be gathered before the couple decide how to proceed, experts say. That starts with finding out how much income each spouse receives, as well as the most common expenses each, like housing, personal expenses and automobile payments. In

Careful planning before a divorce can save both parties money.

addition, a personal balance sheet should be drawn up of the couple's assets and liabilities.

For example, when dividing assets acquired during a marriage, one spouse can transfer property to the other without claiming any gain or loss on the property. But you can't avoid taxes forever. If the recipient of the property later sells it, he or she will have to pay taxes on the amount the property appreciated over the years.

As for a spouse's pension, it can be split either at the time of the divorce or when that spouse retires. There are pros and cons to each, depending on individual situations. Regardless of which approach is taken, the choice must be spelled out in a court order.

"Pensions are probably the most complex area of divorce decisions," said Victoria Felton-Collins, a financial planner in Irvine, Calif., and an

author of "Divorce & Money" (Nolo Press, 1992, \$19.95).

For instance, a homemaker would be better off seeking retirement contributions made with after-tax dollars, rather than contributions made with before-tax dollars, like a 401-(k) plan. That way, she does not have to pay taxes when she withdraws the funds.

Other factors to consider in structuring a divorce settlement to reduce taxes are alimony and child support. Alimony, which is also called maintenance, is taxable for the person who gets it and tax-deductible for the person who pays it. Child-support payments, however, are not taxable income, and they are not deductible for the payer. A key area of negotiation, therefore, is how much money should be designated alimony and how much should be child support.

No Posthumous Alimony

"Alimony is subject to contingencies," said Myra Felder, a New York lawyer. For instance, to be considered alimony, the payment must be in cash or a cash equivalent like a check and the payer and the recipient may not be living together.

One of the most important contingencies is that alimony must end when the recipient dies. This is designed to prevent the payer from disguising other payments as alimony to benefit from the tax deduction.

Which spouse can claim a dependency exemption, amounting to \$2,150 a child in 1991, is another tax matter. The general rule is that the parent with custody of the child for most of the year takes the deduction. But since such a deduction benefits the higher-income spouse more, sometimes a lower-income parent who has custody will waive this right in return for a comparable concession.

Who Has Custody?

But for either spouse to be entitled to the dependency exemption, a number of conditions must be met. For one, the parents together must furnish more than half of the child's support during the year. Support includes such items as food, shelter, clothing, education and medical and dental care.

Also, one of the spouses must have custody of the child for more than half the year. In cases of joint custody, the parent who has physical custody of the child for the larger part of the year claims the exemption.

And after all the tax negotiations are through, remember this: your legal and accounting costs are generally not deductible.

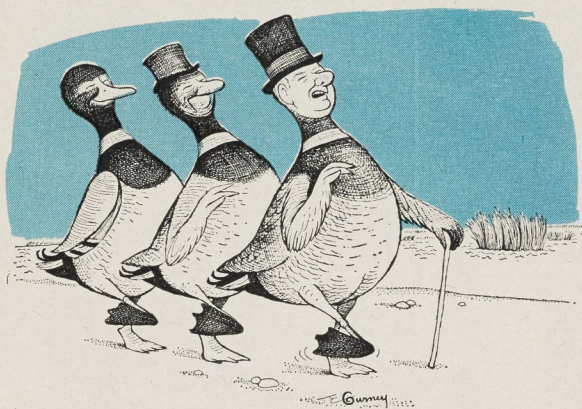
umping



lyn Corporation
e when
der.



*When I stood atop the blind's
raised platform I looked like King
Kong on the Empire State Building*



*That big bill gives a duck dash, making
him the W. C. Fields of feathered folk*



*My guide Ignacio cut a striking figure
in his suitcoat, bare legs, and sneakers*

TAKE ME



*Belying Ignacio's esteem for them, the
ducks lumbered at us in utter disorder,
like a bunch of drunken cormorants*

WE HAD BEEN ON Lake Chiricahueto—a marsh that is 25 miles long, two inches deep, and 600 miles below the U.S. border—for about five minutes when Ignacio Rodriguez, a gentleman in a gray double-breasted suitcoat who had been lying on his back in the tules, rolled over onto his knees and said, “Pichiguila!”

“What?” I said.

“Pichiguila!” he said and began to whistle a strange tune between his teeth.

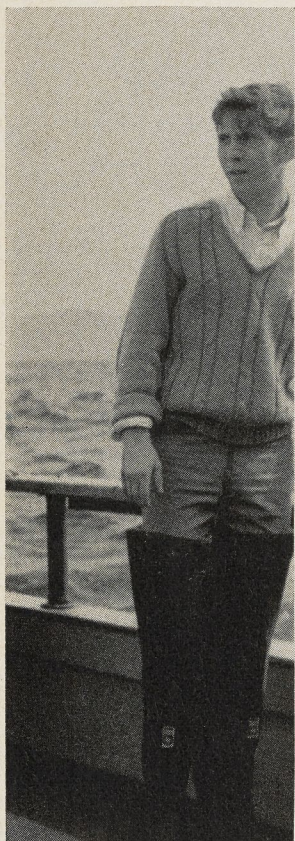
“This peach-ee-wee-la, would that be a duck?”

“Eh?”

“Duck . . . pato?”

“Si, pato!” He whistled for a moment, then stopped, looked at me, and added, “Muy bueno pato. El mejor—the best.”

Clearly, pichiguilas were ducks of superior local standing. I peeped through the tules at them, 20 large birds, very black in silhouette against the morn-



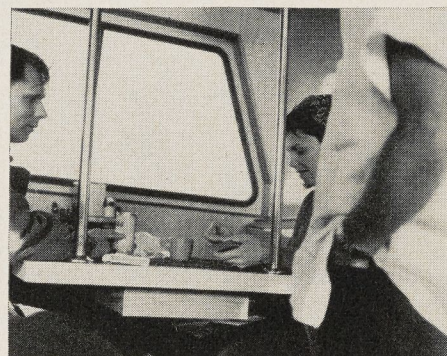
A key to good fishing: anchovy chumline put out by a deckhand



Another husky yellowtail, this one taken by Wendell Gammage



Tillie Butler tosses out a heavy jig just like a pro



Anglers loaf in dining lounge during lull

ing was for bait—mackerel nearly a foot long. The lights on the water seemed to attract the mackerel as well as illuminate the scene for the anglers.

Each fisherman at the rail jigged a short line holding four or five crude flies spaced out near the end. The mackerel were suckers for this simple approach. Often two at a time were hooked. Crewmen tossed them into the big bait tanks. Next day they'd go back overboard as bait for yellowtails.

We ate steaks and lobsters that night and went to bed tired and content, with the boat anchored in the calm cove.

"Rest good," cook Nico Sugioka urged. "Tomorrow you have hard work with those yellowtails."

We cruised out of the cove next morning and anchored off a rocky point where sea lions basked above the breakers and gulls quarreled over our drifting anchovy chumline. The action didn't come instantly. Swimming sea lions scattered ahead of our boat when we moved in, and they apparently had spooked the fish. Then two killer whales moved in, probably attracted by the sea-

lion commotion. Next, two of our sportfishermen hooked big sharks that disturbed everything from the ocean depths to the boat deck.

"We'll hold where we are," our skipper reasoned. "This is yellowtail water. They ought to be with us pretty soon."

He was right. A school of yellowtails ranging from 20 to 40 pounds either moved into our area or simply shifted into a striking mood. Three anglers suddenly had pole-straining hookups. Then four more. Those at the rail who weren't playing fish were shouting about missed strikes or losing their nose-hooked live baits.

I was up on the bridge taking pictures, which was a big part of my purpose on the trip. But testing the yellowtail action was another phase of my mission. I cased my camera, scrambled down the ladder, and grabbed my rod.

The yellowtail rod assigned to me was a fiberglass stick with a roller tip and the heft of a pool cue. The big star-drag reel was full of 80-pound-test monofilament, on the business end of (continued on page 154)

Our Mexican misadventures go from gastric disaster
to gourmet cooking, thanks to this lumbering lout of a duck

TO YOUR PICHIGUILAS

By NORD RILEY



ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC GURNEY

ing sky, flying with a slow, deep wingbeat. They didn't look superior. They had none of the clean-winged swiftness and not much of the discipline of ducks I knew well. They were coming at us in utter disorder, like a band of drunken cormorants; in fact, if Ignacio hadn't been so exhilarated by them I would have said they *were* cormorants.

They finally reeled to within 40 yards.

"Some ducks," I said as I rose up and shot two of the clowns. "Their feet stick out behind."

Ignacio praised my gunnery with two octaves of teeth, then trotted out to pick up the fallen. With the morning sun on him he looked striking in his double-breasted coat, bare brown legs, and tennis shoes.

A bird was coming in from my right. Ignacio, 60 yards away and standing in open water, cried out "Pichiguila!" and bent double like a man looking for his contact lens. I heard him whistle his two-toned siren song.

This pichiguila was as hopeless as the others. I thought he'd never arrive, but eventually he flapped over me at a speed that approached a scorching 12 miles per hour.

"What kind of a sportsman am I," I asked myself as I stood up and knocked him from the sky, "shooting a sitting duck like this?"

Ignacio's teeth flashed once more, and he hastened back to our blind with the three prizes. No one admires ducks more than I do. I like their looks, their dash, their intelligence; most of all I like the expression on their faces. That big bill does it; it removes the look of villainy that a curved beak gives a bird, and it turns a duck into the W. C. Fields of feathered folk. A greenhead mallard swaggering around full of false Fieldsian truculence kills me. And ducks—the males, at least—have a kind of splendor.

But the three creatures (*continued on page 146*)



A. W. (Mac) McLaughlin shows big largemouth he nailed on a cold February day in 25 feet of water on Lake Murvaul, Texas



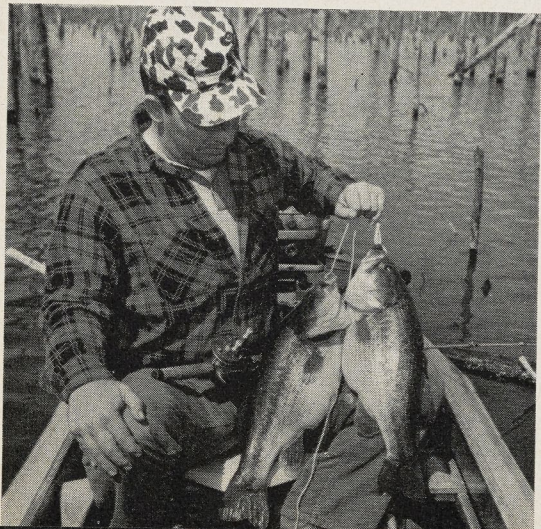
A favored early-season lure: jig and pork eel

Now's a Time

The man who catches lots of Southland bass is the one who keeps a bait or lure in the water, and there's no better time than now

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

Pair of eight-pounders from Lake O' the Pines



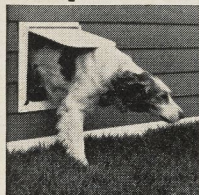
Jack Valentine nets good one in shallow water on Lake Lyndon B. Johnson



MAGNADOR

US PAT 3,184,803

the proven two way pet door



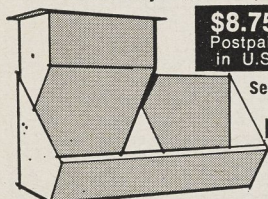
PETS LIKE IT! PETS USE IT!
Best in design—smart appearance—quality built for long service. Automatically closes by Patented Magnetic Device • Nylon locks allow locking from either side—weather tight. Easy installation with furnished kit. 11" x 13" opening accommodates most pet sizes. (13" x 15" overall size) Immediate Attention Given to Orders and Inquiries.

plaza enterprises 1695
P.O. Box 411-OL-38, La Cygne, Kans. 66040
ENGLISH MADE CAT DOOR 10.95 P.P. Post Paid

DOG FEEDER/WATERER

from **ROSSING & SON**

Here's a heavy-duty, long-lasting, high-capacity dog feeder/waterer. Heavy galvanized steel. Holds 3 qts. water, 10 lbs. dry feed. Attaches to kennel or stands alone. Size: 18" wide, 13" high, 8" deep. Feeder only: 8½" wide, 13" high, 8" deep



\$8.75
Postpaid
in U.S.

Feeder Only
\$6.50
Postpaid

Send check or money order today.

ROSSING & SON
Box 143L
Fort Atkinson,
Wisconsin 53538

TOP VALUE DOG SUPPLIES

YOUR CHOICE OF WORDING
22 LETTERS PER LINE
3 LINES Actual Size 3/4" x 3"

SOLID BRASS NAMEPLATES
Best Quality. Larger. Trophy-like. FREE rivets. 3/\$1.00 12/\$3.00 alkies

STOP BARK MUZZLE
Stops barking & biting. Comfortable. Adjustable. Give breed. \$1.65

ENGRAVED CHAIN COLLAR
Beautiful. Nickel Plated Chain. Give size. TRAIL OR BREAK SCENTS
Trail Rabbit, Coon, Deer, Quail Pheasant. OR Breaking Scents for same. Specify. Directions 8c Large size \$2.30

EXTRA HEAVY COLLAR
3 for \$5.50
For big dogs. 1" wide. Double riveted. Heavier hardware. FREE plate. Give size

LEWIS MFG.CO. DEPT. OL-2

STANDARD DOG COLLAR
Strong. Pliable. 3/4" wide. FREE nameplate. 18" long max. Tough. Give size.

SAFETY DOG COLLAR
Cast buckle won't catch. Dog can't slip 3/4" wide. FREE nameplate. Give size

SILENT DOG WHISTLE
\$1.35

EXTRA HEAVY SAFETY COLLAR
Give size

For big dogs. 1" wide with heavier non-catch buckle. FREE nameplate. Double riveted. Strong \$2.35 3/\$5.50

FREE CAT. WE STILL PAY POSTAGE
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
HOWELL, MICH. 48843

Housebreak Your Dog NEW Easy Way!



Original NATIONAL HOUSEBREAKING SCENT trains dogs (and cats) to go in any specified place. A few drops on the spot you want to train him to do the trick. Trains easily without spanking. Used by trainers, recommended by Tailwaggers Foundation. Guaranteed to work in 5 days or money back. \$2.00 ppd. Add 50c for airmail.

FREE 32-PAGE CATALOG

Contains stories and articles by top writers, trainers, hunters. Covers training hunting dogs, use of scents in hunting, trapping, fishing, game records, DOBSON chart. Loaded with information! A 25c value FREE! (Or enclose 25c for airmail.)

NATIONAL SCENT COMPANY
10660 Stanford Ave., Garden Grove, Calif. 92640

A.K.C. REGISTERED GERMAN SHEPHERDS OF QUALITY, PUPPIES \$50 & UP



The ideal all around dog...

We ship anywhere and guarantee live healthy delivery. Time payments. One year warranty. Write for further information.

FAERIE DELL KENNELS
Meshoppen, Pennsylvania 18630

RAT TERRIER PUPPIES

Reasonable, small general purpose dogs. Natural ratters and fine house pets. Large type make excellent squirrel dogs. Variety of colors. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send dime for photos and literature.

KENNY'S KENNELS
St. John 2, Kansas 67576

birds with three shots. He told me that the largest number of grouse he had ever encountered was a group of 19 that had been feeding upon sumac berries. He had scouted this food before opening day. He said it helps to scout the fall feeding sites, since he doubted whether a grouse roams more than half a mile from its chosen range.

The next day I had the pleasure of making a clean one-barrel kill on a grouse that apparently had hopped up into the lower branches of a hemlock at our approach. The bird waited until the unsuspecting dogs passed right underneath, then blasted away. But my chilled 7½'s flew faster.

When the time came to say good-bye, I counted up. In our two days together Chester and Ford and I had flushed more than a dozen birds. This made a total of more than 20 birds jumped during my Tennessee hunts. I was taking only two birds home—one below the one-a-day par that the mountain men set for good hunters. But I was also taking home memories of exciting, unforgettable moments, highlighted by the fine field work of a great grouse dog.

Since making that hunt I have received the shocking news that Chester Marion has passed away. W. R. Ford has reported that the deceased man's estate is seeking a new home for Rex. Probably by the time you read this story a new owner will have been found.

I trust that he will always be as gentle and understanding with Rex as was Chester.

THE END

TAKE ME TO PICHIGUILAS

(continued from page 65)

that Ignacio laid before me looked as if they'd had an accident on their way to a funeral. Drab, sad birds that whistled instead of quacked, they had legs that were an outrage, being as long as a goose's.

I looked them up in the bird book that I carry in my hunting coat and discovered that I had been shooting tree ducks. The two with the dark bills and the blue feet were the fulvous variety, and the one with the orange bill and pink feet was a black-bellied tree duck. These birds don't really give a damn about trees, the book said, though the black-bellied occasionally lounges in one. They are shy birds, so shy that they won't leave home, which is Mexico.

I looked down at my kill and sighed. Were these dull, bashful birds what I'd come 1,100 miles and spent a lot of money to hunt? I wondered whether my partner Jack Somers, somewhere out in the marsh to my left, was feeling let down too.

The sound of an engine at full fury wafted over the marsh. That would be our guide, Tony Pico, in his airboat. Then Ignacio touched my shoulder and gestured for me to get down.

"Don't tell me it's more of your pichiguilas?"

He shook his head.

"Patos, muchos patos," he said and went flat on his back in the tules. At first I thought he was in a pique from my reaction to his pichiguilas, but then I realized that from his position he could view the bowl of sky with no movement except that of his sharp snuff-colored eyes.

"Pintail-ees!" said Ignacio as a flight of ducks, swift and trim as a great spear, whizzed over me at good range.

My old Winchester, paced to pichiguilas, couldn't follow them. I fired twice and missed by a rod. I said the terrible things I always say when I miss like that. I said them in English, but Ignacio was so delighted by the style and tone that he asked me to repeat them, which I did a moment later when a squadron of widgeon went by like a cannonade. Widgeon don't fly in formation, but they fly fast, and I almost broke an ankle trying to come around on them.

I looked to the north, where all the ducks were coming from, and spotted more widgeon en route. They were coming in low and to my left over open water. I am singularly inept at low side-shots, and to avoid having to make them I sometimes pretend that I don't see the ducks. Not this time.

"Patos," said Ignacio as he pointed out the widgeon.

I fired at the leader, and tail-end Charlie lit on his back in the water. I expected Ignacio, my retriever, to leap up and fetch the bird, but Ignacio leaps only for pichiguilas; lesser ducks he marks down by the splash of their bodies.

That was the beginning. I don't remember the details of the next hour or two. It was a kind of fantasy. I was overwhelmed with ducks. I shot them high and low, right and left. When there was a lull of a few minutes Ignacio got off his back and went unerringly to every duck I'd dropped. He propped them up on reeds as decoys, then came back and lay down.

As I sat there wondering whether Jack was having any shooting, Tony Pico roared up to our blind, lifted his tin earmuffs so that he could hear, and said, "Your friend has run out of shells."

"Jack's shot four boxes? Already?"

Tony nodded and went skimming off over the lake to fetch more ammunition for Jack. I was a little unnerved; I'd shot only a box and a half.

The ducks resumed flying. Instead of trying to hit them all I began to pick my shots, and by the time I had my limit of 15 ducks I was dropping a bird with every two shells, which is very good for me.

Ignacio and I were eating my lunch when the airboat returned, this time with Jack in it. Never have I seen him so radiant; his face was an orb of joy.

"My God!" he kept saying. "My God, it was wonderful! My gun got so hot I couldn't hold it! This has got to be the greatest duck hunting I've ever had."

It may well be that he and I were having the best duck hunting in North America.

sunny slopes early and late in winter, when the grouse feed there on miniature "haw apples," shriveled dark-purple possum grapes, and acorns and other food found in this area. Later in the day the birds seek seclusion in the dense laurel thickets. If snow was on the north side of a hill, the men preferred to hunt the south side.

"A little later in the season," Chester said, "when there is more snow [an inch had fallen two days before] hunting will be better around here. Then the cold drives the birds down into the creek-bottoms."

We topped out into the sun now. Below us lay the brown meadow we were seeking, bordered by white birches and evergreens and broken by old stone fences. A farmhouse had once stood there, and a gnarled apple orchard remained.

"On a winter day like this the grouse come here to eat the greenbrier berries," Chester explained as we made for the orchard. "You be ready to shoot fast."

"Amen!" I thought.

Rex and the two spaniels found bird sign almost at once, near one of the low stone fences. But the grouse apparently was moving—and fast. The white setter alternately crouched to point, then darted gingerly in pursuit, with the other dogs close behind.

"You duck around to the far edge of the orchard," Chester instructed Ford. "We'll move in behind the dogs."

I followed Chester eagerly into the field of knee-high brown grass and brier tangles.

"There we are!" my host said as the dogs stopped moving.

We began to walk faster. The three animals were frozen close to a greenbrier tangle that spilled over the top of the stone fence. I could see the round blue berries hanging down from the brier vines.

We got to within about 40 paces of the point when Chester turned to me.

"Walk in and take the bird," he said.

I shook my head. "Your turn. I took the last point."

I had to force the words past stiff lips, I will admit. For here was a setting that was a grouse hunter's dream—right out in the middle of an open field.

My host shrugged.

"Okay," he said quickly. "You back me up."

Br-r-r-r! My gun had jumped to shoulder automatically at the sudden sound. But even as I felt the thud of the stock I heard the sharp explosion from Chester's 16 and saw feathers fly. Chester needed no back-up.

"Dead bird—fetch it, Rex," Chester called softly to the setter.

I helped Chester stuff the big cock into the rear pocket of his game vest. It looked as big as a frying chicken. Chester told me that he had weighed every bird he'd ever shot, and that the weights always fell between one pound 12 ounces and one pound 14 ounces. Twice in his life, he said as we walked side by side, he had killed two birds on the rise with two shots. And twice in his life he also had killed three rising



Let us Guide You FROM START TO FINISH IN TRAINING AND EQUIPPING YOUR DOG

Here's a must for you and your dog: "Training Your Own Bird Dog" by Henry P. Davis, Dog Editor of Sports Afield magazine. Only \$4.95.



FREE SHOULDER PATCH
This distinctive EMBLEM with any purchase totaling \$5.00 or more.

OTHER FINE BOOKS

You and Your Retriever by Ralph Cockendall (154 pgs.) . . . \$ 4.95
Hunting Dog Know-How by David Michael Duffey . . . 5.95
Gun Dog by Richard Wolters (150 pgs.) . . . 5.95
Wing & Shot by Robert Wehle (190 pgs.) . . . 8.50
Charles Morgan On Retrievers by Charles Morgan (168 pgs.) . . . 12.50
Bird Hunting Know How by David M. Duffey (192 pgs.) . . . 5.95
The Coon Hunter's Handbook by Whitney & Underwood (210) . . . 3.95
Water Dog by Richard Wolters (179 pgs.) . . . 5.95

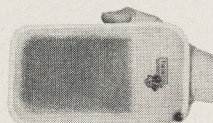
DOG HANDLERS JACKET—BRILLIANT WHITE



Here it is—the jacket you have seen the professional wear. Newly designed and now offered to all dog owners. In keeping with our policy of offering only the finest products, we have had this jacket made exclusively for us by Bob Allen's Gun Club. It is made of a top grade brand of 50% Kodel Polyester and 50% cotton. Your dog will have no trouble following your arm signals because the brilliant white color adds greatly to long range visibility. Special bi-swinging back permits easy arm movements for signaling and handling. Free swinging shell pockets keep lead or other training equipment handy. Special pocket supports for added strength. Small breast pocket with flap for whistle, cigarettes etc. Neatly tailored gun butt pad on right shoulder. Attention left handed hunters! Also available in the hard to find design with the pad on the left shoulder.

Small (36-38) . . . Medium (40-42) . . . \$19.95
and Large (44-46) . . . \$21.95
Extra Large (48-50) . . . \$21.95

NEW! SLICKER GROOMING GLOVE



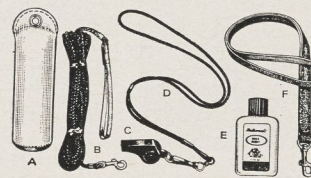
For easier, better grooming. The Slicker wire grooming brush in convenient glove form. Specify: Right or Left handed.

\$3.95 ea. 2 for \$6.95

Sporting Dog Specialties, Inc., Box 68, OL, Spencerport, N. Y. 74559

GUN DOG TRAINING KIT

SAVE \$1.50



REGULAR PRICE
A. Hand-made game-like TRAINING DUMMY (feels like a bird) . . . \$ 1.85
B. 40-FOOT POLY CHECK CORD for constant control . . . 3.25
C. Famous English "ACME THUNDERER WHISTLE" . . . 1.00
D. LANYARD keeps whistle handy without fumbling . . . 1.00
E. TRAINING SCENT makes him hunt the game you want. (NOTE: Specify pheasant, duck, quail or grouse.) . . . 1.35
F. 24" Latigo leather TRAFFIC LEAD . . . 3.00
Used while training dog to heel . . . VALUE \$11.45

NOW! Save by ordering the kit complete at only \$ 9.95



FLUORESCENT COLLAR

Protect your dog from being mistaken for game by others with this brilliant red collar. Reflects light at night. Specify length.

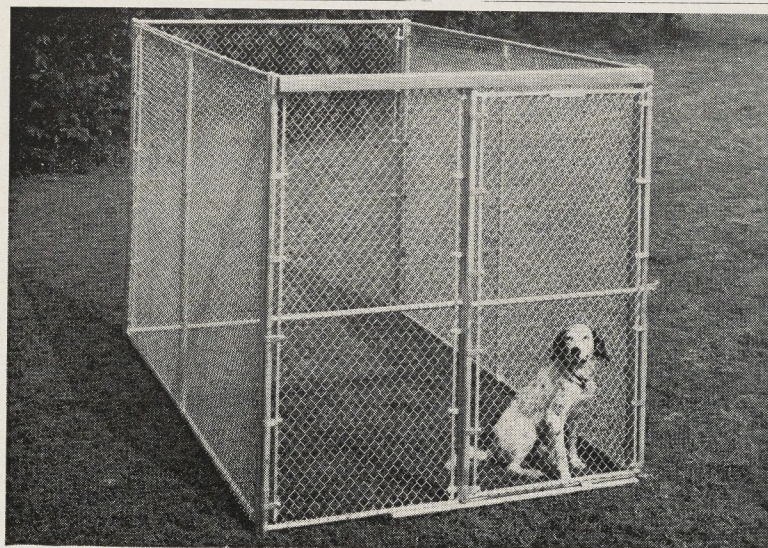
15", 17" \$1.50 ea. 2 for \$2.75
19", 21", 23" \$1.95 ea. 2 for \$3.75

FREE ALL NEW 44 PAGE 1970 CATALOG

Filled with dozens of new products providing all you need to professionally train your dog. Bigger and better than ever before! No hunter should be without one! Write for your FREE copy today.



Please include packing & handling charge with your remittance. Orders up to \$4.99 add 50c; from \$5.00 to \$9.99 add 75c; \$10.00 and more, add \$1.00. Save time and correspondence by including this fee with your order.



Would you offer your best friend less than the best?

Your companion . . . your best friend. And dependent on you for everything. Why not provide the best in a kennel run?

Only Bob Long offers you . . .

Slide Gates—prevent accidental escape and owner has complete control of opening.

Silk-N-Smooth® Wire Mesh—Bethanized wire gives smooth surface and prevents cuts and damage to coat.

1 1/2" Mesh—11-Gauge—eliminates chewing of wire, gives better protection and maintains a more attractive appearance.

You'll appreciate the easy installation . . . free standing, no footings . . . no postholes. Assembled or dismantled easily. Available also as multi-runs.

Call or write today for descriptive catalog including delivered prices.



BOB LONG Kennel Runs

Dept. 6002 Rt. 3 North, Gambrills, Maryland 21054, 301/723-0600

We were in Mexico near the city of Culiacán in the state of Sinaloa. On the broad coastal plain that slopes gently from the mountains down to the lower Gulf of California, most of the ducks of the Pacific Flyway spend the winter months. In November, December, January, and part of February waterfowl carpet the marshes of Sinaloa.

Lake Chiricahueto, where Jack and I were hunting, is the pintails' Miami. With the temperatures in the 80's, with no young to mind, and with no predators to worry about except the coyotes and wildcats in the tules, the ducks lead a life of tranquillity and repose. Food is bountiful and close: fields of tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, eggplant, and sugarcane surround the marshes.

Not even man is much of a bother to the waterfowl. Few Mexicans hunt ducks, and *norteamericanos* generally are not yet aware of Sinaloa's superlative hunting. The few Americans who do hunt on Chiricahueto are guests at the posh hotels at the tip of Baja California. Two or three times a week a half-dozen of them fly across the Gulf in private planes for a day's shoot.

Jack Somers and I were trying to find out whether a pair of ordinary gringos from California could hunt Chiricahueto without losing their minds, their health, and their shirts. It was a very near thing, but I think we found a way.

Long ago I lived in Mazatlán, Sinaloa's seaport, for a year. It was an intriguing sojourn, and I learned many things: the subtleties of quaffing tequila, how to order a band and a baritone for a serenade, how to harpoon a 2,000-pound manta ray. Of the duck hunting nearby, however, I learned nothing. Perhaps it was just as well. In those heady days of the Revolución every adult male in Mexico packed a gun. In the cities the firing was generally modest; in the hinterland it really crackled, and not much of it was at ducks.

Years later, in January 1969, I took my wife Betty and our three youngest children—Liz, Katie, and Jan—to Mazatlán. We went as I had gone 30 years earlier, by train. We found the Mexican trains to be clean, fast, air-conditioned, and popular. The only thing that hadn't changed was the fare. For the 1,000-mile ride from Mexicali to Mazatlán the first-class fare was less than \$15 per person. A lower berth was about \$8.

On the return leg of our family trip, as I lay asleep in lower berth four, I was awakened by American voices.

"Ice, señor!" one said. "Ice! You know—hielo? We've got twenty patos in this chest, and unless we get some ice on them you're going to have to evacuate the train before we get to Mexicali tomorrow."

The porter led the Americans to the diner for ice.

Next morning I spoke to the hunters, two tall men from San Diego.

"Ducks?" one said. "Man, in those big sloughs down around Culiacán there are ducks by the millions! Tre-



Brinkman

MFG. & FENCE CO., INC.



SINGLE RUN



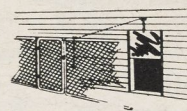
DOUBLE RUN



LIVESTOCK PENS

Animal Shelters
Kennel Runs
Police Dog Runs
Military Dog Runs
Motel
Multi-Runs (3 or more)

Residential Dog Runs
Veterinary Runs
Fair & Rodeos
Cat Pens
Livestock Pens
Fiberglass Shelters
Stalls



GUILLOTINE DOOR



SLOPING ROOF



MULTI-RUNS



Cages

FREE ASSISTANCE IN DESIGN **PORTABLE**

SEND FOR NEW CATALOG

NAME _____

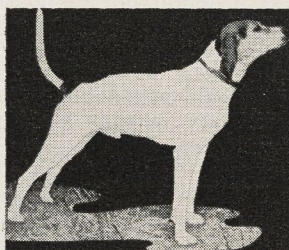
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BRINKMAN MFG. & FENCE CO., INC. Rt. 8 - Huntoon & Auburn Rd.
Dept. 50 Topeka, Kansas 66604

ARKANSAS COON HOUNDS Home of World CHAMPION

One of the nation's oldest, most respected kennels with more satisfied customers than any other.



A larger per cent of my dogs stand trial!

The ARKANSAS COON HOUND KENNEL is known for having the finest hunting dogs in the world.

Rugged Arkansas Coon Hounds
 for the most demanding hunter.....\$55
 Silent & Semi-Silent Cooners.....\$45
 Bob Cat Hounds (outstanding).....\$50
 Bear & Wild Boar Hounds.....\$50
 Trained Deer Hounds (all breeds).....\$40

TOP QUALITY RABBIT DOGS
 Beagles (the very finest).....\$50
 Hounds (trained & experienced).....\$35
 Squirrel dogs (all types).....\$30
 Comb. Squirrel & Rabbit Dogs.....\$30
 Trained Bird Dogs.....\$100

Buyer pays all transportation charges

50 DAYS TRIAL

When ordering your dog, or writing for free catalog, please give all details as to the type of game you will be hunting, the breed, sex, size and age of the dog you want.

Purchase price refunded if not completely satisfied.

JIM STRATTON, Owner
 Pea Ridge Hwy. Rogers, Ark. 72756

TO PLACE RUSH ORDER BY
PHONE CALL 501-636-2762

Top Beagle Gundogs

FROM THE HEART OF THE OZARKS
 World Famous for Ability, Style and Voice
 WIDE SELECTION ALWAYS AVAILABLE

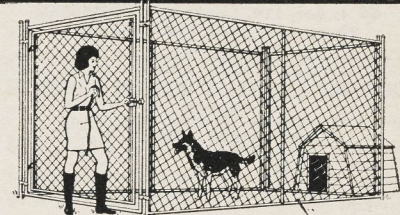
Young, started Beagles.....\$25
 Top Beagle Deer Hounds.....\$35
 Extra special, selected Rabbit Beagles.....\$40

HANDPICKED, CHOICE RABBIT BEAGLES
 "the very finest".....\$50

35 FULL DAYS TRIAL
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
 \$10 deposit, balance C.O.D. for fast delivery. By requesting C.O.D. shipment directly from ad you should be able to take to the field with your hound in less than a week after making the decision to order. Send your exact requirements with deposit. We will ship you only what you want! You have 35 full days to decide if we picked you out the right dog. Purchase price is held for you until dog stands trial. Customer incurs all transportation expenses.

OZARK MOUNTAIN BEAGLE FARM
 Alma 1, Arkansas
 Phone 501 GR 4-2645

HEAVY DUTY CHAIN LINK DOG KENNELS



Portable and semi-portable. Erected in seconds by anyone. With or without tops. Sizes 4' wide by 4', 5' and 6' high. Lengths variable and can be furnished up to 20' in single panel. 1 1/2" framework. Buy direct from factory and save 1/3. Compare prices with any on market. Free price list and brochure. Write today. Prepaid in 48 states.

CREST KENNEL COMPANY
 Dept. OL • 2200 South Valentia • Denver, Colorado 80231

SQUIRREL DOGS

All types, large, small.
Specializing in mountain type curs and feists.



30 full days trial in your possession. Purchase price refunded in full if not completely satisfied. Will train squirrel dogs on contract basis. Transportation fees not included. Write for full particulars, pictures, and references, or call 501/474-3354.

A-1 Kennels, Box 88, Van Buren, Arkansas 72956



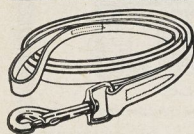
AMATEUR TRAINER Tells You How to Train Your Dog

A complete course in book form. Written by a trainer with years of experience. A practical, concise and thorough guide in the art of training, handling and correcting the faults of hunting dogs. Written so beginners can understand. Valuable information for experienced handlers. Very comprehensible. No long-spun theories. Only \$2.95 postpaid. Sold on a guarantee of satisfaction or your money refunded.



Train Your Dog by the Force System without using the Whip

Amateur Trainer, Box 459-B, McPherson, Kans. 67460



FREE CATALOG

Write for your free catalog of supplies for making dog collars and leashes, training scents and kits, hunting horns, dog whistles, dog bells, plus other items.

FINNYSPTS

370D Sports Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio 43614

COLLAPSIBLE DOG CAGES FOR STATION WAGONS



Sturdy 10 & 11 Ga. Bright Galv. Wire
All include Floor
20x24x18" High \$7.25
20x30x24" High 8.35
20x30x26" High 9.25
20x36x24" High 9.35
20x36x26" High 10.25
No. O.D.'s—Send Money—F.O.B. Milwaukee
Also rabbit hutchies & cages for pets. Free circular.

Kelpler Cooping Co., Dept. A.
3235 W. Burnham St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53215

The DOG-GONE-ISH LAWN CARE TOOL!

Lift out dog droppings easily. "Combing Action" does it. Length 28". Hdw. Handle; Guaranteed.

Send \$3.69; Postpaid to: E-Z SCOOP, Nel-Rich Products Inc., Box 23176, Dept. 0 Richfield, Minn. 55423.



Pat. No. 3310332

FULL CRY...the MAGAZINE of COON DOGS & HUNTING

Latest news and interesting stories about Coon and Tree hounds, Coon, Mountain Lion and Bobcat hunting. Wild Coon hunts, Water races, Field trials, Pictures, Training articles, Club news. Biggest, Oldest, Best Magazine of its kind. More than 100 pages monthly. Sample copy 40c. 3 months' Trial Subscription \$1.

FULL CRY-Box 190-OL Sedalia, Mo. 65301



CHIPSDALE LABRADORS

The Label of Quality

A fine group of young started dogs and pups. Chipsdale dogs are top in field, strong, eager workers.

CHIPSDALE KENNELS

RD 4, Box 119, Swanton, Ohio 43558
Phone Area Code 419 826-7946

EDGEWOOD KENNELS & HUNTING PRESERVE

Features

South's Finest Quail Hunting—\$30 per day.

Season: October 1-March 31.

FOR SALE—Top Bred Pointers & Setters. Hall of Fame Breeding.

Training 2,000 Acres—3 Full time trainers. Reasonable prices. Boarding-Individual Pens-5 Acre Play Lot.

P.O. Box 1406, Dalton, Georgia 30720
Phone 404-629-8154 Day 404-278-6926 Night
Fishing—Riding—Shooting All Year.



AUSTRAL DOG BOOTS

The established time-tested design used by Australian working dogs. Protect your dog fully! Soft sueded hide. Kangaroo laces. Adjustable to all sizes.

\$4.95

Set of four Post Paid
Add 45c for First Class/Air Delivery

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Send for our unique catalog!

AUSTRAL ENTERPRISES

Box 5033 Ballard Sta., Seattle, Wash. 98107

mendous shooting. Get your limit every time."

They always took the train, the hunters said; at 1½¢ a mile it was the only way to go.

At my daughter Anne's wedding in early February of last year I bumped into Jack Somers, an old friend of mine who manufactures reloading equipment. Over the years, he and I have hunted ducks and geese and pheasants at Tule Lake in California, fished for trout in Idaho and Montana, and shot doves along the Colorado River. Duck hunting seems to turn Jack on the most. He rents a pond in the San Joaquin Valley and hunts it two days a week all fall.

"I'd like to go shoot something," he said, sluicing down a meatball with champagne, "but all the seasons have closed."

I told him about the two gentlemen from San Diego who had got on the train without any hielos for their patos.

"Fourteen bucks first-class?" he said, his eyes lighting up. "Let's go."

To hunt in Mexico you need a tourist permit, a gun permit, a hunting license, and a military permit. These things cost a total of \$41 and ordinarily take a month or so to obtain. But my life in Mexico had taught me that there is always more than one way to do things in that admirable country.

We got our tourist permits and gun permits at the Mexican consulate in Los Angeles in less than an hour. We each were allowed to take into Mexico two sporting firearms of different gauges and 100 rounds of ammunition per gun. Jack registered his 12 gauge Model 1100 Remington automatic and his 20 gauge Browning Superposed; I signed in my aging 12 gauge Winchester Model 12 pump gun. I learned that we could get our hunting licenses and military permits at the border within a few hours.

"See what an old Mexico hand can do?" I told Jack. "I've already cut the red-tape time from thirty days to two. Stick with me and I'll make this trip a model of efficiency and parsimony."

Jack just nodded and added two bottles of pills to the pharmacy that he had already amassed for the trip.

Through Pollo Manuel, a Mexican friend of Jack's, we'd got in touch with Tony Pico in Culiacán. All we had to do, Tony said, was to phone him and say when we'd be arriving in Culiacán; he'd pick us up and take us duck hunting.

The morning train of the Sonora-Baja California Railroad leaves Mexicali at 11:20 a.m. Jack and I left our homes in the Los Angeles area (Jack lives in Brentwood; I live in Manhattan Beach) at 4 a.m. and drove the 200 miles to Mexicali in four hours. We figured we'd get our licenses and permits in a couple hours and be on the train with time to burn.

Unfortunately, things didn't work out quite that way. Mexican hunting licenses are issued by the Department of Forestry and Wildlife, and the military certificate—which is the Mexican

army's permission to use sporting guns in Mexico—is granted by the commandant of the local military garrison. Getting these papers requires considerable running around. Jack and I got the papers in record time, but it was still four hours after the train had left. We checked into the Border Motel in Calexico.

We'd lost a day.

We were aboard the train the next morning when I asked Jack if he'd telephoned Tony that we'd be arriving the following morning at 6 a.m. He said he hadn't. I asked why.

"Because I don't know enough Spanish to make a Mexican phone call is why."

I explained our plight to a smiling Mexican woman who nodded when I asked her if she would make a telephone call for us at Benjamin Hill, Sonora, where Jack and I were to change trains. Either the señora wasn't as bilingual as I'd thought or she had other problems, because she disappeared into the ladies' room at the Benjamin Hill station and didn't come out until train time. Consequently, Jack and I arrived in Culiacán at 6 in the morning, and instead of going to Lake Chiricahue to with Tony we went to the Tres Rios Motel with a yawning cab driver.

Another day lost.

By rare coincidence Culiacán, the capital of Sinaloa, is the sister city of Manhattan Beach, my home town. I had letters of greeting from one of our city councilmen, Paul Garber, to friends in Culiacán. That evening Jack and I entertained some of them—Mr. and Mrs. James Macris and Dr. and Mrs. Luis Gerez—in our motel room.

During an emotional salute to international relations I swallowed three margaritas (a nutritious blend of fruit juices and the juice of the cactus, which is sometimes called tequila) and a midget taco, called a taquito. At 11 p.m. I became as white as a pike's belly and just as damp. After two hours of gastric violence in the bathroom I crept into bed. When I woke at 5:30 to go duck hunting with Tony Pico, I was aware of a malfunction in my chest. For years my heart had been going boom-boom-boom; now it was going boom-boom-pause-boom.

"That's not right," I told Jack. "Call the doctor, and start laying out my things."

Jack telephoned Dr. Gerez. Then he telephoned Tony Pico and told him not to bother, that Señor Riley had collapsed. By the time Dr. Gerez arrived, however, my heart was back to normal. I was mortified; I had got the genial Spanish surgeon out of his bed for nothing. I tried to get my heart to go boom-boom-pause-boom for him, but it wouldn't. The doctor understood.

"Tequila often does that to the pulse," he said amiably. "But what you've really had is a classic case of food poisoning from the taquito."

There went the third day.

"Sorry about that," I told Jack later.

"The old Mexico hand," Jack said and swallowed another handful of pills.

On Monday, the day we'd planned to be heading for home, Jack and I went duck hunting. We were picked up at the motel and driven 20 miles to Lake Chiricahuetto, where we finally met Tony Pico, a cheerful, slight, boyish-looking man of 32. Under the thatched roof of his camp we drank instant coffee and listened to a coyote howl in the tules. Then we piled into the largest of Tony's two airboats, a 21-footer, and scooted across to the blinds.

Most of the lake is an inch or two deep, and only airboats can cross it with ease. Tony and his partner "Pity" Salamón, a Mexican bush pilot with a fleet of six planes, had built the airboats a few months earlier. When they saw how well the boats worked they decided to build some duck blinds and go into business. They took out their first customers in December 1968. By February, when Jack and I were there, they'd had 250 hunters on the lake in less than three months.

"Next year," Tony said, "we'll have four airboats instead of two and one-hundred blinds instead of forty."

We paid Tony his standard fee of \$25 a day per hunter. For this we were picked up at our motel and taken to the lake. We were delivered to the blinds in an airboat and assigned a young man to pick up our birds. Shooting was superb because the constant airboat traffic between the blinds and camp kept the ducks circulating. When we had our limits we were brought in, our guns were cleaned and oiled, and our ducks were taken care of.

After we had rested and swallowed a bottle of Mexican beer, Tony took us in his jeep 30 miles to a place to shoot whitewing doves, which are so numerous in Sinaloa that they are considered pests (we counted 30 beans in the crop of one bird).

For hunters new to the Culiacán area a guide is necessary. And Tony Pico (full name Hector Antonio Pico Garcia) is one of the best.

I had shot three pichiguilas the first morning, and so had Jack. Tony confirmed in English what Ignacio had been trying to tell me in Spanish—that the pichiguala (also called the pichichin) may be a disgrace in the air but with orange sauce is supreme.

We sent four pichiguilas to the motel's chefs to prepare for our evening meal. I want to state clearly that pichiguilas are the toothsome ducks I've ever eaten. They feed at night, on corn if they can find it in the dark. Their flesh is almost as light as a chicken's, extraordinarily tender, and with no savor of the swamp.

I asked Marcelino, our waiter, how the chefs had cooked the pichiguilas.

"In two waters," he said, "throwing away the first."

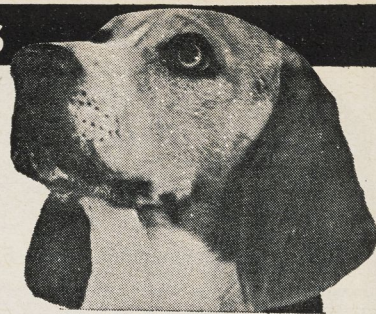
They'd *boiled* the pichiguilas.

What started in contempt ended in adoration. On our second morning of hunting I was after pichiguilas to take home with me. American customs allows each hunter to bring 10 ducks into California, and I wanted all 10 of mine to be pichiguilas. With that in mind I

Texas Hunting Hounds

PREFERRED & RECOMMENDED FOR YEARS BY HUNTERS EVERYWHERE

"Our Best" Rugged Texas Coon hounds	Males \$60 Females \$55
Outstanding Coon hounds, compare them anywhere "classy"	\$45
Combination Hounds, tree opossum, squirrels, coon	\$40
Cat and big game hounds (trained on Bob Cat)	\$45
Deer, fox, coyote hounds, All breeds "broke"	\$35
Wild boar and Javelin hounds, experienced, tough	\$50
Top Squirrel Dogs (large or small type)	\$25
Hound pups, select breeding, best hunting stock	\$25



60 days trial—FREE CATALOG

Our CLAYCO BEAGLES have proved themselves in looks, ability, and performance, year after year, from Alaska to Spain. Expert or beginner, you will share our pride in these Beagles.

CLAYCO Trained Rabbit Beagles	\$40	CLAYCO Trained Deer Beagles	\$40
CLAYCO Started Beagle Yearlings	\$30	CLAYCO Beagle Puppies	\$25

All shipments carry 60 days trial in your hands. Prices quoted include all shots and health certificates. Dogs are shipped in extra light airline crates reducing the buyer's shipping charges as much as 1/2 if unable to visit the Kennels.

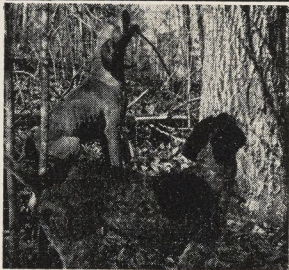
To order from ad send \$10 deposit per dog or full amount to reduce C.O.D. service charge. For "rush" shipment call A/C 817 Mobile Service Operator YR8-0435.

Free 1970 picture catalog (contains over 150 reference recommendations from new and old customers everywhere). CLAYCO KENNELS is a full time, full service kennel, offering modern contract training and boarding facilities.

CLAYCO HUNTING HOUND KENNELS
Henrietta, Texas 76365

A/C 817 Mobile Service Operator YR8-0435
or 538-4675 (24 hour phone)

STRAIGHT COONERS



Combination Hounds, Cat Hounds, Beagles, Rabbit Hounds, Small Squirrel Dogs, Fox & Deer Hounds. Write for FREE catalog & pictures. Reasonable price.

THREE WEEKS TRIAL

ROCKY MOUNTAIN KENNELS

James Wampler, Box 991, Cleveland, Tenn. 37311

Office Phone: 472-6766 or Mobile Phone In Hunting Truck



BAIER'S DEN KENNELS, Box OL, Peculiar, Mo. 64078

FINEST HUNTING TRAINING PROGRAM FOR BIRD DOGS & RETRIEVERS

Trained daily the old fashion proven way... patience and hard work on quail, partridge or pheasants (ducks for retrievers) with plenty of birds... actual field conditions. Special attention paid to developing staunchness on point, retrieving and hunting dead. All dogs broke to whistle. Monthly report with pictures on dog's progress. Clean, modern cement kennels in heart of Missouri quail country. Training \$50 per month includes board. Write today for FREE folder, or phone 816-758-5234. Pups and started dogs for sale.

No limit
Quail Shooting
Season Oct. 1-
Apr. 1.; 1100A.
Hunting Preserve.
All facilities
including Dogs.



HUNTING HOUNDS

Coonhounds, \$45. Combination Hounds, \$40. Old Coonhounds, \$40. Small or large Squirrel dogs, \$30. Trained Fox Hounds, \$35. Good Deerhounds, \$35. Beagle Hounds, \$35. Cat Hounds, \$45.

Write for Catalog and Pictures Free. Long trial.

William McCann

TENNESSEE COONHOUND KENNELS
Cleveland, Tenn.

Box 1212

37311

SOOPER DOOPER — POOPER SCOOPER

To Clean Dog Pen or Yard

A practical & hilarious gift for anyone who likes to keep yards & dog pens clean, healthful. Easy, pleasant to use. Ruggedly built with strong plated steel scoops & lacquered handles. Only \$5.95 postpaid. Send check or money order now for early delivery. If not happy, return in 10 days for full refund. No C.O.D.'s please.

SCOOPER CO.

Box 22115L

Indianapolis, Ind. 46222



Hunting Dog

Exciting new monthly magazine. True stories, articles, advice about your favorite dog: Coon-hound, Fox-hound, Beagle, Bird-dog.

☐ 1 yr. \$5.75 ☐ 2 yr. \$11.00 ☐ 3 yr. \$15.00
Add 50c per yr. for foreign subscriptions.

Name

Address

City/State

Zip

Hunting Dog, Box 33C, Greenfield, Ohio 45123

POINTING DOG TRAINING TRAP

TRAIN YOUR BIRD DOG THE EASY WAY

Release trap easy to use with Quail or Pigeons. Fine for retrieving lesson.

Ideal way to prevent gun shy pups. Steady the older dog before season starts. Galvanized. Guaranteed. Detailed instructions. \$7.95 each, 3 for \$20.00. Postpaid. Write for free catalog showing our live catch quail, pigeon, and animal traps.



JOHNSON'S • WAVERLY 19, KENTUCKY 42462

LABRADORS

Bigstone Kennels, breeders of 9 Field Champions, including 1952 National Retriever Champion Bigstone Hope, offer puppies with the background to become Field Champions or Gun Dogs supreme. BEST ALL-ROUND hunting dog. Puppies that will naturally retrieve from land or water at 2 to 3 mo. Priced at \$60 & up. AKC reg. Safe delivery & satisfaction guaranteed. Air shipment to your nearest airport. Get your order in now for early delivery. Correspondence invited. Write or call. Telephone 348-6379 (area code 612). FREE INFORMATION.

BILL ROOK, Rt. 1

Beardsley, Minn. 56211

SPORTSMEN—

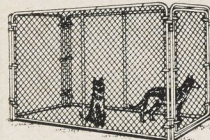


We offer fine hunting hounds out of the Midwest; Acclimated and broke to winter conditions and hunting.

OUTSTANDING

Coonhounds, Fox hounds, Squirrel dogs, Beagles, Bluebirds, Black & Tans, Redbones, Walkers, others. All at reasonable prices. Long trial allowed. Free Picture-folder and prices. Write.

OKAW RIVER FARMS, Dept. F-5
Cowden, Illinois 62422



PORTABLE DOG PENS

Easily erected, heavy duty chain link and pipe construction. With or without covers. 4' x 4' x 6' and larger. Guaranteed — Freight Prepaid on orders of \$100.00 or more — with advance payment. Write for prices and brochure.

AMERICAN FENCE CO.
400 E. Roosevelt - Phoenix,
Arizona 85004 or 3205 E. 85th St. — Kansas City, Missouri 64132

OUTSTANDING GUN DOGS

HUNTERS, I have a large selection of well trained pointers & setters from 2 to 5 yrs. old, medium, wide & close rangers, that's a pleasure to hunt over. Priced reasonable. Trial allowed. REGISTERED PUPPIES, pointers & setters, popular blood lines. (In business 30 yrs.)

BILL A. MOORE, Sesser, Ill. 62884, Ph. 618-625-3491



HOUND MEN!

Read the leading National Tree Hound Magazine about COON-HOUNDS. Preferred by coon hunters. Stories, breed news, coon hunts, field trials, shows. The Best—Over 100 pages monthly. 12 issues \$4. 3 months trial period. \$1.00. Box 211-A Sesser, Ill. 62884



BIRD DOGS

Chandler Kennels, one of the largest in the business, offers to you for your selection over 100 top trained POINTERS, SETTERS & BRITTANIES. These dogs are all registered out of top blood lines. We guarantee all our dogs as advertised to suit you, the hunter. Also puppies & started dogs.

Call, write, or come by:
CHANDLER KENNELS, P. O. Box 1011, La Porte, Tex.
Phone 713-471-4023 **Hollen Chandler - Owner**

BRASS OR NICKEL SILVER NAME PLATE

FOR DOG COLLARS, KEY TAGS, ETC.
LIST OF MANY SIZES & SHAPES FREE

SOLID BRASS	NICKEL SILVER
40¢ EACH - 3 FOR \$1	50¢ EACH - 3 FOR \$1.25
8 FOR \$2.00	6 FOR \$2.00
20 FOR \$4.00	15 FOR \$4.00

WILL-RO PRODUCTS CO.
3567-16th St., Wyandotte, Mich. 48192

STAMPED WITH
YOUR CHOICE
4 LINES 3/32 TYPE
MAXIMUM LETTERS
20 PER LINE

BRASS
40¢ EACH
3 FOR \$1.00



OUTSTANDING AKC REGISTERED GERMAN SHEPHERDS.
PUPPIES \$60 & UP.
EXCELLENT BLOODLINE.
QUALITY DISPOSITION.
COMPANION OR GUARD DOG
FOR HOME OR BUSINESS.
ALL DOGS GUARANTEED.
—CARLSON'S KENNELS—
RT. 1, BOX 54, Summerville,
Oregon 97876
503-534-2815 Brochure-25¢

He Barks! He No Barks!!

Anti-Bark Bridle

Stops Barking and neighbors' complaints. Easy on dog. Practical muzzle for dogs at large. Insurance against killing sheep and poultry. Made in 3 sizes, each adjustable. Name breed wanted for. Price postpaid—\$1.25. Extra large Dogs over 60 lbs.—\$1.50. Send for FREE Catalog. **WARNER PROD. CO., Dept. L, Baldwinville, N.Y. 13027**



DON'T HIT YOUR DOG!

If your pet litters your clean floor or lawn
HOW DO YOU PICK IT UP?

Don't stoop with papers or napkins. Finally it is here. The only type of its kind. The Revolutionary Home or Lawn Litter Scooper. Especially designed for lawn or home. Not a plastic, but custom steel and wood. This is a necessary household item. Only \$3.95 P.P.

Dealers welcome. Pat. Pend.

DANTES PRODUCTS

P.O. Box 333 East Brunswick, N.J. 08816

cunningly selected a different blind, one with a six-foot-square wooden platform situated six feet above the water. When I stood up on it I looked like King Kong on the Empire State Building. Ignacio stayed below on his back, listening for the splash of falling ducks.

I am probably the only hunter in the world who is able to select a blind under an air corridor used exclusively by spoonbills (shovelers). I think that only spoonbills used it because only spoonbills are dumb enough to fly over a platform holding an armed man in full view.

The sky over me was full of spoonies. I shot several before I realized that I had to save room for some pichiguilas. I ceased firing and waited for the airboat to come by and rescue me from Spoonbill Alley. We waited an hour; Ignacio wove himself a hat and learned some English from me, and a hundred spoonies went by.

When Tony finally nosed his airboat up to the blind, I yelled, "Take me to your pichiguilas!" and jumped in.

Tony told me that pichiguilas, being shy and retiring, are where you find them.

"How about pintails instead?" he asked. I agreed, and we took off for the section of the lake that is favored by pintails. I filled out my limit in 10 minutes, winding up with an invigorating double.

Back at camp I found Jack munching pills—amoebicides and antibiotics—as he prepared to eat a tortilla with refried beans.

"Any pichiguilas?" I asked.

"Nope, but take a look at these babies." With his foot he nudged his pile of 15 gadwalls, pintails, widgeon, and spoonies. "My God," he said, "wasn't it great out there?"

It had been great, especially so after the dreary duck hunting we'd had in California recently (the state's 1968 duck kill was off 39 percent).

Had our trip been a success even though we'd wasted three days through ignorance, incompetence, and a bad taco? I think so. We'd spent twice as much time and twice as much money as we'd expected, but now we know how to do it right.

This time we started getting our licenses in August. In September we hunted doves, whitewing and mourning, in Sonora. In October we hunted the thousands and thousands of valley quail that inhabit the hills below Ensenada, Baja California. Then, in December, we pungled up the \$14 for the train ride to Culiacán, for ducks and the white-fronted geese that are there at that time. Maybe we'll go back in February.

Also we have learned to call ahead and to avoid degenerated taquitos.

And so, my head filled with dreams of a six-month hunting season, of big limits, of a wide-open country, I warmed a tortilla on the campfire's ashes. I filled it with refried beans, called frijoles. I love refried beans; they are Mexico's contribution to haute cuisine. And I dearly love the pichiguila boiled in two waters. **THE END**

A SPOILED LION

(continued from page 75)

the kill and, to my surprise, took time to stop and relieve herself. Now with an empty stomach, she was ready to show us a thing or two, even if she did have a few missing toes, including one that was still sore.

She headed for Cooney Canyon, a place of high bluffs and deep crevices. Here she went off the rim into a real rock jungle that made for slow trailing. By the time we got down and across the canyon and started up the other side, which had southern exposure, the snow had melted off and Old Smarty's tracks and scent had gone with it.

I ran her a dozen times or more in the next five or six years, and during that time I caught several other lions whose trails she had crossed while I was trying to catch her. Sometimes it seemed as if she were a kind of Judas who deliberately steered me into other lions, knowing she would get away.

So Old Smarty was getting quite old. She had outlived my top dog, Old Minnie Bell, and now at the head of my pack was one of Minnie's puppies, Squeaker.

It was last May when I drove to the back side of my ranch to check some feed troughs for my cattle. I had taken the day off from my official duties with the Game Department. I was not hunting, but Old Squeaker was with me.

At the last trough a little heifer with a big bag was doing a lot of bawling. This behavior might mean any of several things. Maybe her calf had fallen into some old assessment hole and could be rescued. Assessment holes are dug 10 feet deep when a claim is first made on a mine. As the years pass these holes gradually fill up so that they are not very deep.

But when I saw some crows fly up out of the head of a little canyon, my hopes fell. Crows are real tattletales. Whenever something happens, they are the first to know. And they never keep anything to themselves. They shout it to the world, and they are not very particular about what they fuss over. They will put on just as big a show over a newborn calf as they will over one that has been killed.

Old Squeaker was already halfway down the little canyon by the time I decided to go. He savvies crows. Before I made it down he had circled the kill, picked up a trail, and left in a dead run.

"Whatever he's after was laying up with the kill," I said to myself.

I got to the bottom, and the sign was easy to read. It was my calf, all right, and a lion had killed it. A telltale circle of pine needles with which the lion had covered the calf after eating her fill was raked up in a big round pile. But the calf was no longer covered by the needles. Some coyotes had found it and drug it out and down the canyon and then had eaten nearly all of it.

I figured that Squeaker had taken after a coyote and that he would soon be back. About 30 minutes later he re-



The three "scare" decoys prepared by Cadieux. They didn't scare worth a darn; ducks looked them over and accepted them as cousins

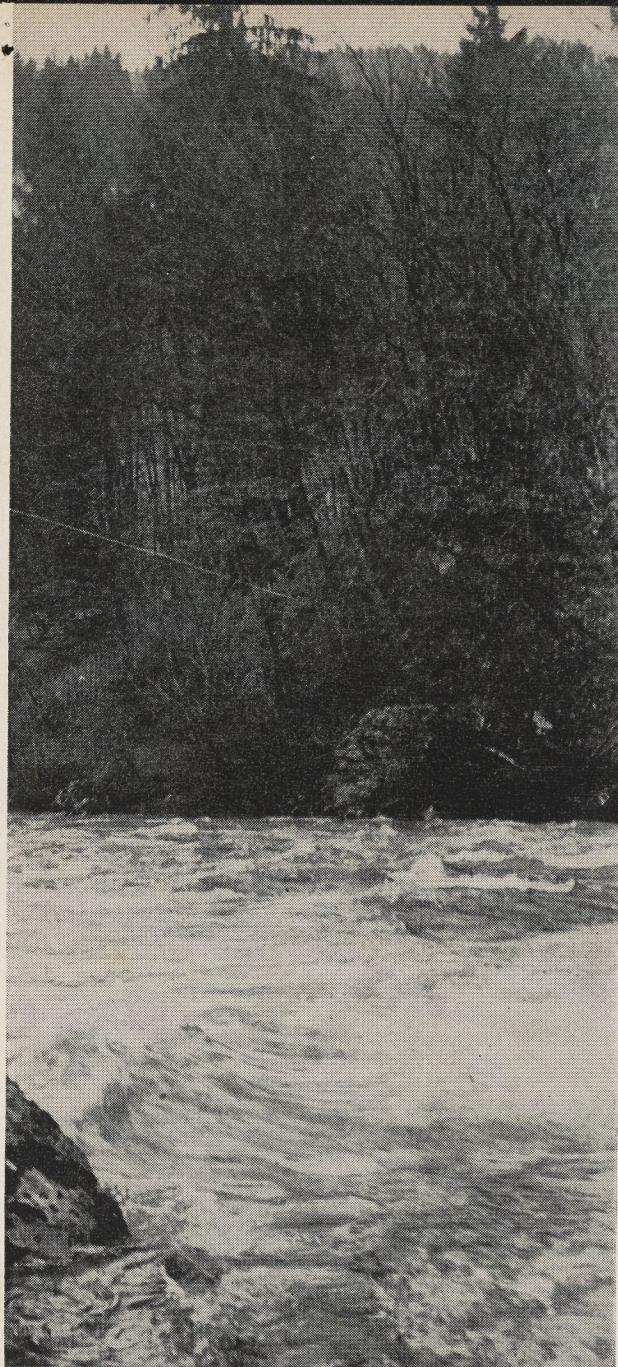
The Things That

They are naturally trusting, and their curiosity helps the gunner. Even when they spot something queer among decoys, they want to come in and see what it is

CAN a duck tell its brother from a decoy? Is it easily deceived, or should a decoy look pretty much like the real thing? Naturally, that's pretty important to gunners; so I decided to make a test, with wild ducks as the judges.

I had three decoys—Gus called them "scare ducks"—mixed in with my twenty-seven good decoys. One of the test blocks was painted a bright, shiny red and white, like a barber pole. The second was completely white, except for the word "Fake" painted in black on its back. The third was a Christmas-tree decoy, zebra-striped in red and green!

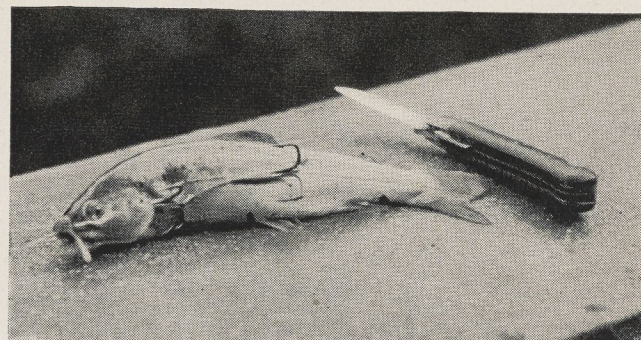
My setup was exactly the same as Gus's in all other respects. Both of us were in a channel of the Missouri River; we had our decoys spread in the same positions and in the same depth of water. Gus's decoys were all good cedar and balsa blocks, carefully painted with suitable decoy paints. All of our decoys, we knew,



in the Sava River, tributary of the Danube



Stanley Medai of the U.S. holds 12-pound huchen, 34½ inches long. Far left is 35-pounder taken from the Sava

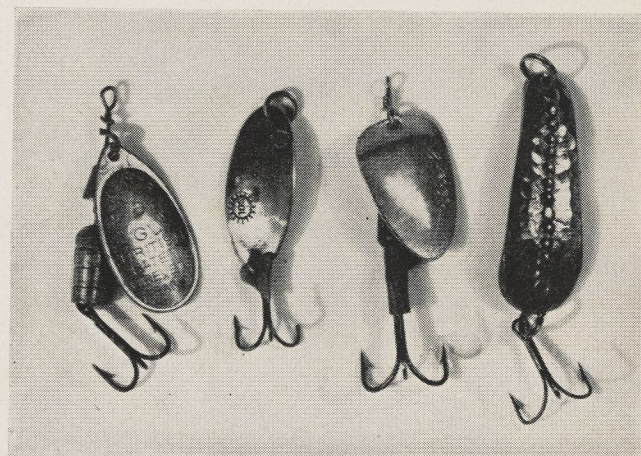


Favored bait for hard-fighting *Salmo hucho* is an 8-inch trout trussed with stout line and bristling with ganghooks

West Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania and Yugoslavia.

How large is the huchen? Records show that a 104-pounder was wrested from the Danube near Vienna more than eighty years ago. No one remembers the gear that was used. But it has been strongly suggested that this hero among anglers must have used a 5-pound trout for bait and a steel cable and winch to land the prize.

I have personally plied the huchen waters of Germany and Yugoslavia, and the best I have been able to do was hook, land and release a few 8- to 10-pounders. Others who work Europe's spring-fed streams for browns, rainbows and brooks have creelred an occasional huchen and rushed to the nearest photographer with their "world-record trout." Usually such a catch is made during the summer months on a small spinning lure or on a sloppily cast bucktail or streamer that got sucked into a swirl while the angler fought a snarl. Normally, the big huchen start to feed with the first cold (Continued on page 121)

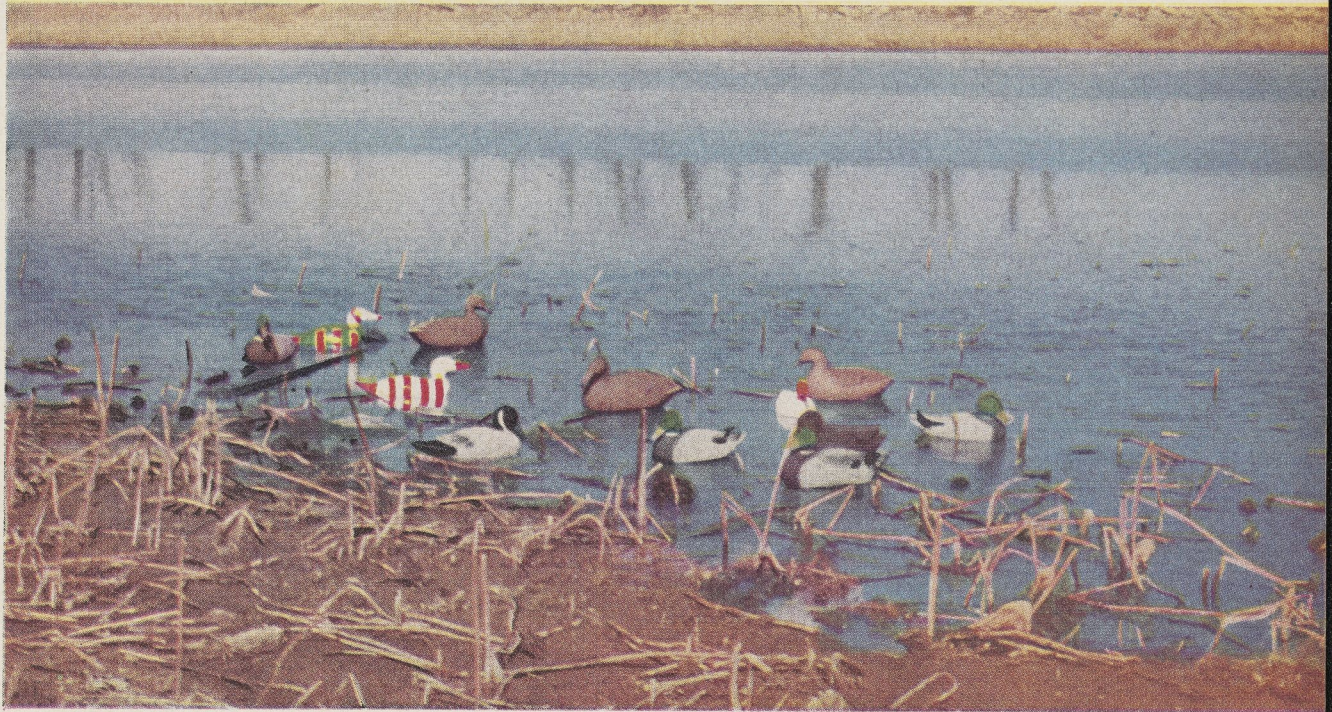


Good huchen lures, left to right: French Mepps, German Sol, French Virex and Swiss Blek. Top season is winter



Geese are wary; it takes convincing decoys to lure them—such as these inflatables

Below: It's most important to set out duck decoys in a place where it seems natural for fowl to come down and rest



Will Fool Ducks !

By CHARLES L. CADIEUX

would lure ducks—except my three freaks, and about them we were going to find out.

The test came in the form of a quartet of baldpates. They swung sharply over my spread, hesitated for a split second, then flared off and headed for Gus's layout. They cupped wings and glided around, then let down their landing gear. Gus raised up and touched her off. He dropped two birds.

Twenty minutes or so later, a flock of bluewings came skimming downriver, saw my spread, turned as if on strings, swung around the outside perimeter of the decoys, passed behind the blind and came in to land, right among my blocks! A young drake swam directly up to the red-and-white decoy. He gave it a thorough once-over, turned around for a second look—kind of a double-take—then went on about his business. Evidently he accepted the new species without question. The flock stayed among the blocks for five

minutes, showing no signs of nervousness. Why not, I thought; teal are always easy to decoy. I stood up and flushed them. I wanted bigger meat on the table.

A few small groups of baldpates and redheads moved down the river, ignoring both spreads. Then mallards came into sight. Flying slowly along the edge of the channel, they obviously were looking for a spot to set down. They swung to my decoys and circled twice, losing altitude. Two of the hens lit first, one right alongside the zebra-striped block. Then the rest came in and got their feet wet. A pair of drakes straddled the decoy labeled "Fake" when they lit.

When the whole flock was in, I stood up. The air was full of hurrying wings and it was a simple matter to pick two drakes.

All day long it was the same story. Gus got shooting; so did I. The three scare decoys definitely did not spoil my shooting. I came to the (Continued on page 98)



I popped up and got the nearer bird of a decoying double

Ace in the Hole

By JOHN O. CARTIER

**The cornfield crow plays a mighty shrewd game with the gunner,
but we figured out a way of mousetrapping him and his kin**

WE HAD the decoys out and were just about organized when a crow hollered back in the brush somewhere. We plunged into the blind, but not quickly enough. The crow saw us and promptly kicked up a high-pitched chatter. Evidently his buddies didn't believe him. From the southwest two black spots materialized into hedge-hopping targets and our pleading calls pulled 'em right in.

And when you've got 'em fooled they come in close, if you let 'em. We let 'em because a crow is tricky enough in the first place, and with a high wind going he can dodge circles around anything that flies. We waited tensely until the incomers were about twenty yards away, then popped above the blind. Two mighty surprised crows learned they had company and hit the accelerator. One dived for the ground, the other went up and out. The high one smacked into John

Gleason's pattern of chilled 8's and fell away from a cloud of drifting feathers. I got my 12-gauge pump, caught on a twig as I tried to catch up with the low one. Not so with Lawrence Godin; one shot to get warmed up and a second to bounce old Jim into the winter-flattened cornstalks. A good start.

Shotgunning from a pit blind is a bit unusual in Michigan, but most effective when it comes to crows—probably because most crows feed in the middle of open fields where they feel reasonably safe. Regular brush blinds won't work because they stand out like the flags of running deer. But a hole in the ground with some cornstalks and dead grass and straw around the edges doesn't look much different from the field itself.

There are shooting advantages, too. You can see a long way in every direction, and if you spot your

NOW!

IT'S THE

REDFIELD

**BEAR
CUB**

Scope

Now Redfield produces the scope that gives hunters the greatest possible accuracy and dependability! For several years we have wanted to have such a scope to match our famous mounts. Extensive analysis by our technicians and thorough field testing by our hunting experts proved that *one* scope—THE BEAR CUB SCOPE (formerly Kollmorgen)—offered more "wanted features" than any other.

Redfield Bear Cub 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ X, \$54.⁵⁰ 4X, \$64.⁵⁰ 6X, \$82.⁵⁰

Check these exclusive quality features:

Self-aligning optics: Cross hairs always remain centered.

Rugged backlash-free dial adjustments for perfect accuracy.

The brightest, widest field of view.

Hard coated lenses—anti-fog treated.

Exclusive "Tuf-Coat" black finish prevents scratching or discoloring.

Scope is compact, lightweight, weatherproof.

REDFIELD GUNSIGHT CO. 1319 South Clarkson, Denver, Colo.

America's leading manufacturer of scopes—mounts—sights.

See your dealer or gunsmith or write for free folder.

**Thrills Come Fast When You
CALL FOXES, COYOTES**



AND OTHER PREDATOR GAME
WITH FAMOUS
PIED PIPER CALL!



Amazing PIED PIPER CALL brings 'em in close! Imitates rabbit's distress scream... brings up foxes, coyotes, bobcats and wolves. Effective over a mile distance, works day or night—any season! PROVED IN ALL PARTS OF U. S. Usually brings game within shotgun range!

GET IN ON THE FUN NOW! Order a PIED PIPER from this ad, start enjoying exciting hunts in your favorite locale, as thousands of other sportsmen are doing.



ORDER TODAY

A. L. LINDSEY
P. O. BOX 543-C BROWNWOOD, TEXAS

GOKEY BOOTS

for every outdoor need!



Over 50 styles of fine boots and shoes for sportsmen and women.

SPORT
OXFORD

10" LACE BOOT

10" PULL ON BOOT

GOKEY BOTTE SAUVAGE

World famous Botte Sauvage is made-to-measure. Lightweight yet tough. True moccasin construction with handstitched vamp. (in regular and snake-proof models)

Get Gokey Boots only by writing for measure blank and Free GOKEY SPORTSMAN catalog of boots, clothing and other fine sports equipment.

GOKEY CO. DEPT. FS ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

NEW—WILD GAME COOK BOOK

More than 350 exciting recipes how to change wild game and wild fowl into tempting dishes. Also secrets of barbecue, stuffings, gravies, sauces, dressing game. Only \$1.

PIONEER PRESS

Dept. FS, Harriman, Tennessee.

**3" MAGNUM
AUTOMATIC**

WINCHESTER MODEL 50
REMINGTON MODEL 58

10 gauge performance with 12 gauge gun. Handles new 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. 3" shells—all 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " shells without any adjustments.

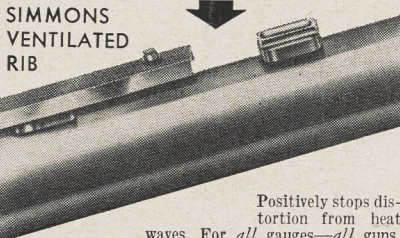
Complete conversion on your:

Winchester Model 50\$30.00

Remington Model 58\$30.00

Conversion on other models

Send for complete information in new free catalog.



Positively stops distortion from heat waves. For all gauges—all guns.

SEE YOUR FAVORITE DEALER



SEND FOR SIMMONS
FREE GUN CATALOG

Dept. M 504 E. 18th St., Kansas City 8, Mo.

**THE THINGS THAT WILL
FOOL DUCKS!**

(Continued from page 61)

conclusion that ducks are not Einsteins; they fall for some corny tricks.

The results shouldn't have surprised me. I've seen bluebills decoy to an artistic spread of the gallon cans that were used for bootleg spirits in prohibition days! The cans had no heads—nothing but a coat of dull-green paint. And I remembered a time we hunted canvasbacks on a partly frozen lake in northern Minnesota. A trace of snow was mixed with a stiff north wind. There were lots of birds flying, hurrying south ahead of the final blizzard that ended the duck season in Canada. They came low, shooting over the gentle slope of the hill like jet-propelled planes. They didn't flare when they came to my spread—which included sixty canvasback decoys, each one carved from cedar and painted with care and patience. They didn't flare; they just added a few knots and went on over as if they had a hot date in Chesapeake Bay and two hours to get there.

A quarter of a mile south of us they slowed to one-third speed. Then they did an abrupt 90-degree turn, swung behind a row of bushes and plopped down like your brother-in-law at dinnertime. The string of decoys behind that row of rushes was 100 percent effective—not one flock passed it by.

I watched in green-eyed amazement while the four guns in that blind filled out, then went to see their spread. They had over two hundred decoys out—two hundred jugs with a broad band of white painted around their middles to imitate the "canvas" back of the big divers.

Why did the cans pass up good decoys and go for the jugs? A thing like that could drive a man to the jug himself if he didn't do some studying and comparing of the two setups. I figured they had passed up my spread because it was too close to an exposed shore, in water too shallow for their liking and exposed to the wind. But when they saw the string of rushes forming a windbreak, they figured it was a good place to rest. They were sure of it when they saw two hundred of their "friends" already there.

There was nothing wrong with my spread—it was just in the wrong place. I was dumber than the ducks.

Some excellent duck decoys I use are made of inflatable heavy rubber. They are very realistic, balancing and floating just right. They work! But so do jugs, tin cans and foot-long chunks of waterlogged fence post. So the question is, Should you get by with crude imitations or obtain the best? It all depends on your point of view and the kind of hunting you do.

There is an esthetic satisfaction in using decoys that look like ducks to your eyes. There's a pride of ownership that is worth a lot. But besides the pleasure you derive, there are other considerations.

You can buy folding cardboard decoys for as little as three for a dollar. You can spend as much as \$4 apiece for blocks; that is what my favorite rubber inflatables cost. You can make your own of wood or cork. You can buy decoys made of rubber, cedar, papier

.222 TACKDRIVER

Q. I have a K 10 on an Apex Baby Bull gun. At what range should a fellow sight in for crows?
J.E.H. (Ontario)

A. The Apex Baby Bull gun I have myself is a tack-driver, will shoot a half inch most any day in the week. I ordinarily load it with 21 grains of 4350 powder and the 50-grain Hornady, zero with its target scope 1 3/4 inches high at 100, figure I'm dead on at 200, hold on a chuck's backline at 250, and about 4 inches higher than that for 300-yarders. No advantage for the .222 in going down to bullets lighter than 50 grains because extremely light bullets, despite high muzzle speed, don't buck wind nearly as well. W.P.

SMOOTH-FACED PAD

Q. Any information that you can give me relative to treating the surface of a rubber recoil pad to eliminate drag against clothing will be appreciated. Have tried shellac and find that it cracks and crumbles off. Would a well buffed application of floor wax or shoe polish do the job or would they have a tendency to be sticky, or is there something better than either? This would be used for a skeet gun.
W.H. (Delaware)

A. The English cover shotgun buttplates with ultra-thin leather glued on smooth and tight. To the best of my knowledge there is no better system for taking the stickiness off rubber pads. I think a local cobbler could handle the problem O.K. W.P.

.300 WEATHERBY

Q. I am thinking of buying a 300 W.M., but I see in his catalogue that most of the loads for the 300 are up around 53,000 to 55,000. Generally speaking is this considered to be on the safe side? Most of the loads for my '06 and .375 are below 50,000 and I am wondering if the W.M. is just an overloaded 300 H&H.
E.K. (Ohio)

A. Generally speaking, in magnum brass, operating pressures at 55,000 pounds are not really excessive, although of course case life is extended by keeping the loads under 50,000. The standard factory .270 is loaded to 52,000 to 56,000 as a regular thing.

I have a .300 Weatherby Magnum which has killed a lot of major game for me, using 180 grain bullets at 3250 over 79 grains of 4350. It has never given me the slightest difficulty—definitely a marked improvement over a standard H&H in terms of delivered velocity. W.P.

SHORT AND HANDY

Q. I found my rifle too long and awkward in the brush last fall. What sort of rifle would I have should Herter's stock my Remington .722, .257 caliber, in a Mannlicher type made from French walnut? I had planned to have the barrel cut to 22 inches.
C.D. (Arizona)

A. Personally, I would have no rifle used in hard hunting, especially in timbered areas, with more than 22 inches of barrel length. The only piece of mine that gets much hunting use that is any longer is my .375 Weatherby which is only 23 inches.

The Mannlicher-type stock is fine and dandy, handy and pretty, but it is not as likely to be as steady, as little subject to wood warpage from weather change, etc., as is the more conventional sporter design. W.P.

6 MM. TWIST

Q. Next summer I plan on having a custom varmint rifle built up for long distance crow work. But as yet I have not made up my mind as to what 6 mm., standard or wildcat, it should be. I have been told that twist has a great deal to do with the rifle's ability to be accurate. The heaviest bullet I plan on using will be the 90 grain Speer, so what twist would give the best results?
J.P.B. (Kansas)

A. For a 6 mm. for varminting, figure on a 1-in-12 twist if you will not be shooting bullets heavier in weight than 90 grains or 100 grains if less than one inch in length. For reloading, you should consider one of the steep-shouldered cases, steeper-shouldered and longer in the neck than the standard .243 Winchester, in the interest of brass life. Actually, the standard .244 Remington chambering does very well indeed. If you want to improve on it, then look into the .240 Page Super Pooper, which is a fire-formed version of the .244, chambered by Fred Huntington of Oroville, California. With this item, we are getting well over 3200 ft. seconds with 100-grain bullets, corresponding performance with the 90-grain at almost 3400. W.P.

New J.C. Higgins

MODEL 66

Automatic shotgun



\$12 DOWN ON SEARS
EASY PAYMENT PLAN

\$119⁹⁵

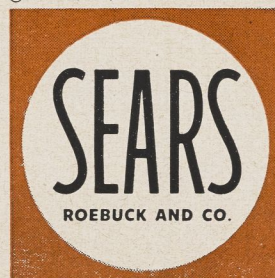
COMPLETE WITH RIB AND CHOKE!

New gas operation tames recoil

You have to shoot it to believe it! Gas operation cuts 12-gauge recoil to that of 20-gauge or less. You'll get more game, too, because smoother gas operation lets you get off faster, more accurately aimed second and third shots. Shoots any standard 12-gauge shell interchangeably without adjustment. Custom features like the adjustable compensating choke and ventilated rib would cost you \$40 more if installed separately.

Plain barrel model, **104.95** With rib only, **109.95**

© 1958 SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.



Buy at your nearest Sears Retail Store, or order from Sears Catalog at your Catalog Sales Office or from home.

Available in Canada at Simpsons-Sears Ltd. at higher prices

FREE! 1958 J. C. Higgins GUN BOOK at any Sears Retail Store or write Sears, Roebuck and Co., FS, Dept. 139, Chicago 7, Ill.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

mâché, styrofoam, fiberboard, balsa or plastics. Some are heavy; some are light. Some last for one or two hunts; others you'll bequeath to your son when you hang up your gun. How to choose? Consider these points:

Will your decoys be used in rough or icy water? If so, skip the cardboard, papier mâché and styrofoam. They won't stand the floating ice or rough treatment.

Will your decoys be carried a mile or two on your back? Will you have to put them out and take them in every day? Then avoid the heavier wooden and plastic ones. Use the cardboard, styrofoam or inflatable rubber types.

Is a prospective decoy frostproof? Are the colors deep, or will surface chipping remove them? Does the block roll excessively in the water? Does it tack realistically in the wind when anchored?

And, naturally, what does it cost? Is it economical to buy the cheapest ones, when the most expensive will last a lifetime? Pick your decoys according to your particular needs and desires, not according to the price tag. You'll spread that initial cost out over hundreds of happy days in the duck blind, and the cost per day will become insignificant.

My duck hunting is of two completely different kinds. Usually I hunt on a sandbar in the Missouri, with a permanent blind. We've got over two hundred decoys there. They are mostly cedar and balsa handmades, about 90 mallards and 110 divers. We also have about 40 coots—made of styrofoam because they are used only in early season when the river is not so hard on them. Coots help to make a setup attractive to teal and pintails, early migrants.

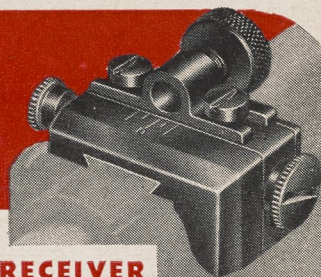
Each decoy has a 6-foot tether, which connects at 4-foot intervals to a long line secured to a stake in the sandbar. The other end is attached to a heavy anchor. Twelve decoys are on each long line. This arrangement makes it possible to walk a dozen decoys into the current by making one trip out, pulling the anchor. By wading up, down or across the current before dropping the anchor, I can arrange almost any possible setup. It takes only ten minutes to place two hundred decoys, once you have the first setup made.

This layout, with its large number of durable decoys on ready-anchored strings, is intended for fast water, water with floating debris and, later on, floating ice. It is not easily moved from location to location.

For travel hunting, I carry two dozen of the new inflatable decoys in one gunny sack. The total weight isn't enough to make you leave your thermos and shells till the next trip. When ready to use them, I can blow each up with two puffs and set them out in nothing flat. With this spread, I've had good shooting on the sandbars of the Platte River, the mud sloughs of North Dakota and the clear lakes of Minnesota. These inflatable blocks keep their shape even if they spring a leak, although none of mine have lost any air yet. They're balanced to ride beautifully on the water and are effective, too, in cornfields, because they are king-size and can be seen farther. They are the best bet for a lasting set of easily portable blocks.

How about geese? How good do geese

REDFIELD



NEW!

THE "SHARPSHOOTER" **.22 RECEIVER** *Quickly Detachable!* **SIGHT**

- Attaches to dovetail groove on receiver
- Positive positioning windage and elevation adjustments • Rugged—Streamlined.

Now, for the first time, an easily installed sight that does not require drilling or tapping! Precision adjustments for secure, exact positioning. Makes your .22 a real "Sharpshooter." **\$4.45**

See your dealer or gunsmith or write for free folder.

NEW!

Quick-Switch MOUNT

Moves to Absolute Zero position every time!



- Provides low scope mounting • Hardened pin and bushing hinge positively will not loosen with repeated use • Scope is detachable.

Here is the most rugged, accurate two-position mount ever made! Redfield's Quick-Switch Mount is an entirely new design, far advanced over all other similar type mounts. Now, in a split-second, you have instant choice between scope or open sights! **\$14.50**

REDFIELD GUNSIGHT CO. 1319 South Clarkson, Denver, Colo.

America's leading manufacturer of scopes—mounts—sights.

WHAT? \$1.50 for a Gun Lubricant!

Why you can buy oil for twenty-five cents a can! Yes . . . and you can buy a gun for two bucks if you just want to make a noise. But, if you are a man who knows and loves guns, you know the value of getting the best protection that money will buy. Anderol gives you that protection . . . with the same type lubricants Anderol engineered for jet age weapons systems, aircraft, missiles and the earth satellite. Anderol protects 10 times longer . . . gives 100 times better protection against corrosion . . . with perfect lubrication from —50°F to 300°F. They'll never gum or evaporate. They are the finest gun lubricants on the market today!

The Anderol Lubri-Kit (a plastic tube of oil and one **\$1.50** of grease) is only

If not available at your dealer's, send \$1.50 for each postpaid kit.

Send \$1.00 for Manual on Cleaning and Preservation of Firearms.

LEHIGH
CHEMICAL COMPANY



Dept. FS-9, Chestertown, Maryland
"Anderol leads all in Synthetic Lubricants"



EVEREST SCOUT PAK

Carry all loads . . . even big game. 30 ozs. of comfort and rugged flexibility. Same design as Everest Conquest Pak.

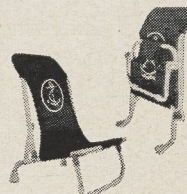


EVEREST ASSAULT PAK

Internationally acclaimed. The ultimate in functional PAK design. Converts to contour camp chair or deer stand.

SPORT REST CHAIR

Conforms to your back for comfort . . . foldaway for easy storing. New Crew Seat style in blue duck with anchor emblem.



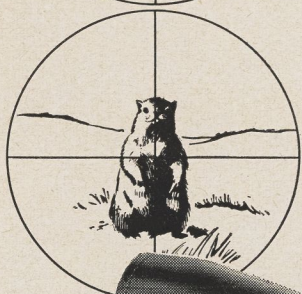
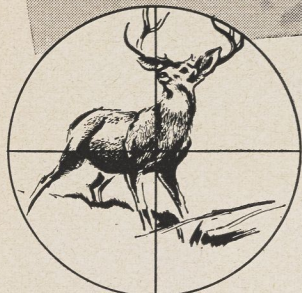
The HIMALAYAN PAK CO tag is your assurance of quality. Using only the finest canvas, fittings and lightweight metal alloys, HIMALAYAN products are engineered to exacting specifications.

For the "outdoorsman" in any situation . . . HIMALAYAN products are always light, always strong, always compact . . . Internationally first in portable design.

See your sporting goods dealer or write:
HIMALAYAN PAK

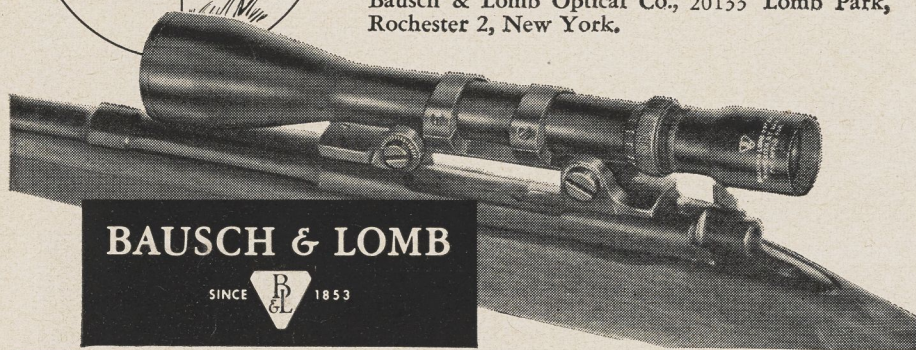
Dept. FS-9 807 Ocean View Ave.
P.O. Box 1647 Monterey, Calif.

ONE SCOPE for All Hunting



Big game or varmint... open plains, brush country, mountainous terrain... *whatever* you are hunting, *wherever* you are hunting, the BALvar 8 is the *ideal* rifle scope. Provides instant choice of powers from 2½× to 8× for any shooting condition—any game. Wide field at low powers for scanning or tracking moving targets—high powers for positive identification and accurate distant shots. BALvar 8 is rugged—won't knock out of zero... *dustproof* and *fogproof*. Treat yourself to a BALvar 8 for real hunting pleasure. \$99.50 list—10% down on Time Payment Plan.

FREE MANUAL • "Facts About Telescopic Sights" (G-165) 96 pages of facts including specifications for the complete line of B&L sights. Write to: Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 20133 Lomb Park, Rochester 2, New York.



BAUSCH & LOMB

SINCE 1853

New!

"STRATOLINE" DECOY

by Carry-Lite

At last — here's the decoy designed for *high-flying ducks*! It's Carry-Lite's new wide-back "Stratoline" decoy, with greater stability and greater realism as well as greater visibility! There's no substitute for "Carry-Lite" durability, light weight and easy handling, and not all light weight decoys are "Carry-Lite". Insist on seeing the "Carry-Lite" name molded into each decoy, next time you buy!

MOLDED CARRY-LITE PRODUCTS
Division of Pulp Reproduction Co.
3000 W. Clarke St., Milwaukee 45, Wis.



New Wide-Back Design



WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Husqvarna

LIGHTWEIGHT
only 6 lbs. 6 oz!

Perfect balance, superb accuracy and "heavy gun" performance. Finest Swedish steel with improved HVA Mauser action. Sporting style European Walnut stock with built-in cheek rest. Write for literature on this and other Husqvarna hi-power rifles.

\$147.50
at better
dealers

TRADEWINDS, INC. P.O. BOX 1191 TACOMA 1, WASH.

GUNSLICK KITS

IN STURDY STEEL

New!

Everything needed to keep guns "factory-new!"
Cleaning Rod, Tips, Brush, Solvent, Gunslick, Patches, Oil. REMOVABLE tray and pans. Shotgun Kit \$3.50, Rifle Kit \$3.25, Pistol Kit \$3.00. IDEAL GIFT! At Hardware or Sporting Goods Dealers.

Gunslick Laboratories, Inc., Dept. FS-9, ONALASKA, WIS.

MODERNIZE YOUR GUN WITH Franzite GRIPS

IMPROVE YOUR SCORE

Franzite Grips are positively unbreakable—most durable made. Offered for Colt, Smith & Wesson, Hi-Standard, Ortgies, Luger, Mauser, other domestic and imported guns. Wide choice of smart designs in Ivory, pearl, walnut onyx, agate, black and also target, staghorn and carved grips. Low prices! FREE NEW CATALOG.

SPORTS, INC. (MFRS.) 5501 Broadway, Dept. D-9, Chicago 40, Ill.

decoys have to be? I've seen snows and blues decoy to goose wings stuck in chunks of frozen mud up in the James Bay country. I've seen them come to paper napkins near Devils Lake in North Dakota. Near Chamberlain, South Dakota, I saw an expert goose hunter who used mounted geese—not imitations, but the real thing preserved by a taxidermist. They worked, but they're hard to store and carry and they definitely are not rugged. What the mice can do to them is a sin. These mounted geese drew the big honkers over the pits—but so did the full-bodied fiber decoys in the next field. A mile away, hunters were having just as good luck using pressed-paper silhouettes.

Near Ponca, Nebraska, goose decoys made from tire segments are both popular and effective. Nail a rough-sawn neck and head to the chunk of tire that serves as a body and you're in business. You can paint the decoys if you want to, but the plain rubber works just as well. Most of the hunters in that area paint the neck and head a solid, dull black, and don't attempt to imitate the live bird's head colors.

The most realistic goose decoys I ever saw were set out on a gravel bar in the Platte River. Two hunters crawled half a mile on their bellies to get to the blind because their binoculars told them that four Canadas were in with the decoys. When they reached the blind, they were surprised to find it occupied. They exchanged a few cuss-words with the occupants, then advised them to shoot the four Canadas that had joined the fifty decoys. That got a laugh. The "live" birds were inflated-latex decoys with carefully molded legs and feet. They'll defy inspection to within ten feet!

But do they need to be that good? Cardboard silhouettes sold commercially are so closely imitative of the real thing that eagles have been known to dive on them, and timber wolves have stalked them.

Are geese as dumb as ducks? Could I get by using a scare decoy in with the others in a good spread? I decided to find out. The first scare decoy was a goose with a bright-red circle five inches across painted on its side. I used a silhouette, as I didn't want to spoil the finish on any of my more expensive decoys. The red-spot goose was placed with forty others in a stubble field where geese had been feeding. It was a dark morning with a bit of a drizzle.

They came out to feed around eight o'clock—about sixty blues and snows. They swung the layout and then pitched in and landed. We killed four. Evidently the white geese were like blondes—beautiful but dumb. Or so I thought!

The next time we tried the red-spot goose, the sun was shining and colors showed up better. The Canadas came out earliest, headed right for us. At three hundred yards they smelled a rat. They flared up and away, talking it up with that alarm note in their honks.

Then the blues and snows came out. They came much closer, but were still out of gun range when they flared away. I never did succeed in bringing any species of geese—even the stupid snows—in to that spread with the big red spot showing. To prove my point next day, I substituted a plain decoy for the red-spotted one and shot geese out of the same flocks that had passed us up.

Other goose decoys were doctored in other ways to test the wariness of the big ganders. A spot of bright red as big as a quarter would tip off the Canadas. It took a much bigger spot to warn the blues and the snows. We didn't test enough whitefronts to find out how they rate in wariness. But we do know that the bright red spot was a warning to all other geese.

A goose painted half Canada and half snow didn't scare either species, although the sight of a Canada with his stern portion completely white stopped a few of my hunting partners.

It is my belief, and I admit I have little proof, that ducks will come to anything that even remotely resembles other ducks, unless they have been alerted by shooting just a few minutes before. They are naturally trusting, and their curiosity helps the hunter. Even if they spot something queer, then want to come on in and see what it is.

On the other hand, geese are naturally suspicious of any spread, no matter how realistic. They are even suspicious of real flocks of geese. I've watched flocks coming down the Missouri from Elk Point to Sioux City and seen them switch from side to side of the wide river channel like a broken-field runner. They were moving to *avoid* flocks of decoys, not to look them over! They shied away from flocks that were alive, too.

I also believe that geese look over each and every one of your decoys. If one of them spots anything that seems queer to him, he says so! And the rest of them leave with him.

What kind of goose decoys do you want? It boils down to the kind of hunting you do. On our stubble-field setup we have about seventy full-bodied fiber blues and snows. Scattered among them are two dozen cardboard-silhouette blues and snows. Over on the other side of the pit, and aloof from the plebeian blues, we have fifty full-bodied aristocrats—the greater Canadas—and a dozen Canada silhouettes. The noisy blues and snows are seldom allowed near the more dignified Canadas in nature; so avoid mingling them in your decoys. My pride and joy, one dozen full-bodied whitefronts, complete the picture by feeding sedately along the edge of the flock of Canadas.

That's a nice setup. It pulls geese. It also weighs the better part of a ton and takes a full day to set up. But we place it only once a year and then leave it.

Once in a while geese start ignoring our neck of the woods entirely and begin to feed out on the other side. So we do a little prospecting. Maybe we find a big flock feeding undisturbed in a cornfield until dark. We have a good bet for the next morning.

We arrive just twenty minutes before legal shooting begins. That's enough time; we're traveling light. My partner lugs two pieces of rolled-up canvas out into the field, spacing them about thirty yards apart. While he is doing that I set up two dozen silhouettes that I carried under one arm on the trip out from the car. Then the two of us blow up the inflatable Canadas that were rolled up in the canvas. We set out everything, crawl under the canvas for a blind and we're in business—in less than twenty minutes.

Don't sell those silhouettes short when you plan on decoying geese. Be-

Franchi

WORLD'S LIGHTEST AND FINEST AUTOMATIC SHOTGUNS

WITH CHROME PLATED BORE



20 GA.
5 lbs. 2 oz.

12 GA.
6 1/4 lbs.

12 GA.
MAGNUM

A graceful streamlined beauty, incomparably light in weight, the Franchi Automatic is furnished with chrome lined barrels, chrome plated breech block and carrier, rustless anodized receiver, all-weather stock finish, gold-plated trigger, and an automatic cut-off; each is an exclusive feature of the Franchi line.

With hollow-matted or ventilated ribs at slight extra cost. In three grades.

May also be had in the fabulous 12 gauge MAGNUM chambered for three-inch shell. All parts completely interchangeable.

STANDARD GRADE
only \$148.00

NOW! 12 GA. MAGNUM
With pad. only \$148.00



AT YOUR
LOCAL SPORTING
GOODS DEALER
OR WRITE DIRECT TO

STOEGER ARMS CORPORATION

45-18 Court Square

Long Island City 1, N. Y.

GOING PLACES

RED WING



SPORT BOOTS

RED WING SHOE COMPANY
121 MAIN STREET, RED WING, MINN.
Salt Lake City, Utah • Dallas, Texas

with NEW

Traction Red

WEDGE CREPE SOLES
(NON-SKID... SELF-CLEANING)

A-I-I-V-E with Comfort
Light as a Feather • Rugged as a Bear
and featuring the Original "Sweat-Proof"
Leather Insoles



Bean's Goose Decoy



This extra large Cork Goose Decoy will make a very attractive addition to any stool of Black Duck or Mallard decoys. One or two Goose Decoys set out along with the regular decoys tend to make the birds less wary. Length, 22"; width, 9 3/4"; weight, approx. 4 lbs. Made with patented removable head. Price each, \$9.10 postpaid. Set of 6, \$52.00. Write for Fall Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 319 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. of Hunting and Camping Specialties

the look of high adventure!

10-X BUSH COAT



Smartly styled after coats worn by hunters in darkest Africa. Great for upland game, trap and skeet shooting, golf, doghandling, fishing, leisure... anything, everything. Reeves Heatcote poplin with suede butt pads. Bi-swing back, center vent. Desert tan. Matching detachable game bag available. Models for ladies, too. A rugged, handsome coat you'll wear and wear. At better dealers now.

Write for free catalog!

10-X Manufacturing Company
409 E. Second St., Des Moines, Iowa

89 out of 100* hunters are sure to **GET DEER** in COLORADO



*the **HIGHEST** success
ratio in the nation!

There's another bumper muley crop fattening in the lush forage in high Colorado this year. A second record moisture year has made the hills and valleys greener than ever, and sparkling Colorado Climate—the magic ingredient—is producing tastier, bigger deer and elk.

Come to this beautiful wilderness on big, broad, scenic highways and camp in the perfect Colorado autumn . . . or rough it "smoothed out" in a first class motel, hotel or dude ranch.

Then line your sights on a trophy and squeeze the trigger. Your kill will score you in the highest success-ratio state in the Union, where 89% of the hunters filled out last year.

More than 114,000 deer and nearly 10,000 elk fell in Colorado last year, and some lucky hunters brought home a trophy bear without the cost of an extra license. Get your share of half-a-million deer and elk now fattening for you. Send now for complete regulations . . .

BRING YOUR FAMILY . . . they can enjoy the splendor of a golden Colorado autumn . . . fish, ride horseback, see ghost towns, rodeos and gold mines while you get your big game!

Find out about the
BIGGEST big game state . . .
CLIP AND MAIL COUPON
TODAY!

SPORTSMAN'S HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE
108 State Capitol, Denver 2, Colorado

Send me free big game packet . . .
7 folders on regulations, seasons, highway
map, guide and outfitter list, autumn events,
hotel and dude ranch accommodations.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

HUNT COLORADO—Big game heart of the nation

sides being very light and inexpensive, they are easily stowed and packed in the trunk of your car. They're effective in wet weather, as they do not absorb water. Don't worry about their disappearing from the goose's sight when he is directly above them. Evidently only one or two decoys go out of sight at one time, and his attention is constantly diverted by another that, from his angle, appears full-bodied. The silhouettes' drawback is that they are hard to handle in a high wind, and impossible when she's blowing a gale.

For geese, as for ducks, I lean toward the inflatable heavy-rubber decoys. They are expensive, running to \$9 per copy, complete with legs and feet. But since they'll probably last longer than you will, they are economical enough. And they come close to combining the lightness, ease of handling and portability of the cardboard silhouettes with the durability, naturalness and floating qualities of the full-bodied balsa and cork geese.

You can make your own silhouettes of wood or, better yet, of galvanized sheet iron. You can construct the full-bodied ones, too. Or try that tire stunt. It makes a good decoy.

I used to say that birds must be stupid to be lured by decoys. Then it happened to me. I was driving to the city when I saw a tall, statuesque blonde thumbing a ride. Feeling that this lovely vision would provide some good company, I pulled over and opened the door. She said, "Thank you for stopping. I hope you won't mind giving my brother a ride to school." Her kid brother bounced out from behind a hedge into my car. She went back into the house. I had a feeling that I'd been decoyed!

LUCKY HAT FOR SHEEP

(Continued from page 57)

Park. We packed a string of horses with sufficient grub and gear to make a snug camp. Ed found he had forgotten his hunting cap; so when we went jingling up the trail toward the sheep country, he was adorned with a white ten-gallon Stetson. And thereby hangs a tale.

The first morning of the hunt, we tied up our horses at the upper edge of a beautiful mountain park. It was just under the crest of a high ridge that overlooks a huge, steep-walled basin at the head of the South Fork of the Castle River. I knew this country well, for I had been riding through it ever since I was a kid. After twenty-odd years as a guide, my favorite method of hunting is to find a good spot for looking and let the game do the walking. This method has brought many a fine trophy to bag. And, of course, it is kinder to leg muscles and boots.

Ed had taken some good-natured ribbing about his flamboyant headgear, and I couldn't resist remarking, "You're sure in tough shape for a sheep hunt! You wear your hat, and the rams will see you for miles. Take it off, and they'll spot your bald head shining in the sun twice as far. You'd better crawl under a clump of brush before you peek over this ridge."

"Just wait and see!" Ed grinned. "This bonnet is lucky."

We split up when we left the horses. I went straight up to the crest of the ridge while Ed quartered away along its side before topping out. When I came

"I told you nothing beats the **Scotch** DUCK CALL"

Makes anyone an expert.

*PAT.
2782558



JUST
SHAKE
IT

Now! Even the amateur can call ducks like a pro. Simply shake or depress Scotch call and it produces the most natural, authentic tones you've ever heard. There's nothing like it! Fully proven. Only \$7.50. If your dealer can't supply order direct.

WRITE FOR HUNTERS FOLDER

SCOTCH GAME CALL COMPANY

13721 Brush St., Detroit 3, Michigan

DEER HUNTERS. USE DEAD SHOT!



YOU CAN'T MISS WITH DEAD SHOT!

None of the deer family can resist the attractive and pleasant odor of **DEAD SHOT**. Buck deer are especially attracted, and every deer is moved your way when he gets the fascinating scent of this fine and proven lure. You will find **DEAD SHOT** Deer Lure easy to use. A few drops on your cap is all that is necessary. A deer can be taken with every bottle. Guaranteed.

FREE New Booklet "How to Hunt Deer". Write for yours **TODAY** or send \$1.00 for Sample Bottle. Enough for entire season.

BIG MOUNTAIN SCENT CO.
Richmond Furnace 19, Pa.

HUNTERS-LOOK! DEER-PAK

4-OZ. — 600 LB. PAT. PEND.

TEST, DRAG AND PULLEY AID!



DEER-PAK — Drag, polyethylene glove and pulley aid fit in pocket, made of diamond back red nylon, all metal parts anodized aluminum.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

R. J. PRODUCTS CO. P. O. BOX 2 DETROIT 20, MICH.

YOUR GUN MADE CLEAN AS A HOUND'S TOOTH **HOPPE'S No 9**

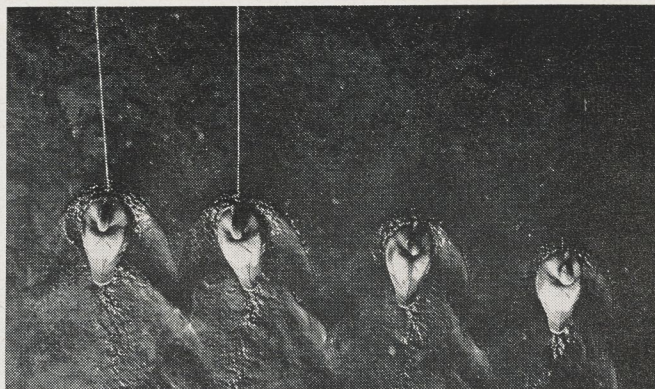


Removes all primer, powder, lead and metal fouling. Guards against moisture and rust. At all sporting goods dealers. Send 25¢ for generous trial bottle. "Gun Cleaning Guide" Free on request.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2310 N. 8TH STREET, PHILA. 33, PENNSYLVANIA



FIELD & STREAM SEPTEMBER 1958



Duck's eye view of decoys anchored with monofilament line (right) and regular mason's line. Note also the "V" around each decoy because it's in fast water, giving impression of a duck swimming

◀ Don't set decoys too close together—ducks group in a bunch when alarmed. Leave plenty of room for the mallards to drop in among the stool

Tricks to Take River Ducks

By Bernard Kreh

HUNTING ducks on the thousands of small streams and rivers throughout the country has an attraction that bay and ocean shooting has not, though it is much more difficult. It requires a new and sometimes unusual technique. Sharp-eyed mallards, pintails, and black ducks fly about looking for some of their own kind and a place to rest for the day. Coming in rather high as a rule, they slowly circle the decoys and cast a suspicious eye at the entire layout. Anything out of the way and they're gone.

New techniques introduced

In recent years river ducks have become more and more elusive and harder to deceive over decoys, so we decided our system of hunting needed an overhauling.

Our decoy anchor lines were made of heavy twine, some dyed, others a glaring white, and some after much use took on an unobtrusive color. River

BERNARD KREH, Frederick, Md., is an outdoor columnist who hunts frequently in Western Maryland.

beds differ in color from one section to another, and even within 100 yds. on the same stream. If we wanted to hunt several places, we eventually had to have anchor lines dyed to match the river bottoms. Otherwise, ducks flying overhead sighted these contrasting strings and invariably flared away.

The better answer came on a fishing trip on the upper Potomac River in the Appalachians. The water there is clear and the smallmouthed bass feed like trout, taking a great deal of their food from the surface. But we found it necessary to fish with very thin monofilament leaders to get these fish to strike.

We reasoned that if fish underwater were fooled by invisible leaders, why not ducks in the air? Our first 20-lb. monofilament was sometimes snapped by heavy blocks of drifting ice and debris. With 40-lb.-test monofilament there has been no trouble. The problem of how not to tip off the ducks with noticeable anchor lines was solved, on any kind of bottom.

Another requisite for successful decoying is the art of camouflage. Con-

cealed in a blind of native cover, the hunter wearing camouflage clothing stands a good chance of getting a shot. A face mask allows the hunter to look directly at the ducks scanning the decoys, and the lower part of the mask conceals the hand holding the duck call. The fact that he can watch circling ducks every second aids immeasurably.

Crow decoys are useful

When we go duck hunting on the river now, we consider crow decoys as important an item of our equipment as our duck calls. We set crow decoys, only 3 or 4, in a tree or on a river bar near the duck blinds. Approaching ducks seem to be reassured when they notice the crows sitting nearby, and drop in with less hesitation.

If the crow decoys are placed on a gravel or sand bar, no feet are necessary. An easy way to hang the decoys in a tree is to screw a threaded hook in the back of the decoy. Five ft. away, a crow looks ridiculous hanging from a branch by a hook in his back, but move back 5 yds. and the many tree limbs

After the horn maker had scraped, filed, cut, bored, and plugged his horn, he was ready to polish it with pumice and oil. After that was done, he had a horn of sparkling white or light-colored body and a contrasting dark sculptured neck. Now the horn was ready to receive whatever decoration or identifying insignia it was to bear.

The great historian Francis Parkman, describing provincial troops at Lake George in 1775, wrote "at their sides were slung powder horns, on which in the leisure of the camp, they carved quaint devices with their jackknives".

Some professional engravers undertook the making of map-horns and horns with intricate designs, but their number was small. The majority of horn decorations were applied by their owners. Occasionally one man would be found to possess above-average talent, and his friends, with the inducement of a jug of rum, would persuade him to engrave their horns.

The professional horn makers used a graver, but the jackknife plus a needle in a stick for fine lines were the only tools employed by the average owner-maker.

Quite frequently the horns were dyed saffron or amber. This toned down the whiteness and made the horn less conspicuous when worn in enemy territory, and also provided a pleasing patina.

After the designs and inscriptions had been drawn on and cut in, a colored dye might be used for some of the lines, but the lines were usually rubbed with mineral oil and soot or gunpowder dust to preserve them and give greater contrast.

All this is a rather simple process, and now that old and genuine powder horns have become valuable, unscrupulous opportunists have tried their hand in the manufacture of new-old powder horns with eighteenth century dates. The danger of fraudulent reproduction plagues all collectors.

There are varied claims regarding the cultural values of the powder horn in our American heritage. Some think it is enough that these heirlooms were used by our pioneers in the defense of their homes and persons against wild beasts, savage Indians, and oppressive rule from other nations. Others think the decorated powder horns have contributed much to an understanding of primitive art in America. Still others believe powder horns have provided a vehicle by which our general knowledge of the people who founded our country is enriched—that engraved powder horns bring us intimate messages from the hand and heart of early-day America. ■



1960 BSA Jamboree Rifle Program

THE 5th National Boy Scout Jamboree was held on July 22-28 a few miles north of Colorado Springs, Colo. The National Rifle Association was invited to organize and supervise the rifle shooting program which was part of the Jamboree Field Sports.

Over 50,000 Scouts and adult leaders attended the 5th National Jamboree. More than 30,000 participated in the rifle instruction and shooting. This was undoubtedly the largest shooting event ever conducted and the work could not possibly have been accomplished without the unselfish and enthusiastic cooperation of NRA members and instructors.

To accommodate the Scouts, the rifle program planning started at NRA Headquarters more than a year before the Jamboree. Volunteers were requested to supervise, plans were made to have 2 complete instruction and shooting facilities installed. Each range area was complete in itself.

During the Jamboree, Scouts were registered, given 25 minutes of instruction, shown the film "Trigger Happy Harry", and then went to the range and fired under supervision. After firing, each Scout was given his scored target, his Jamboree Qualification Card, and printed material to aid him in continuing to shoot when he returned home. Troop Winner Badges were available to each Jamboree Troop Leader to award the Scout in his Troop who made the highest score.

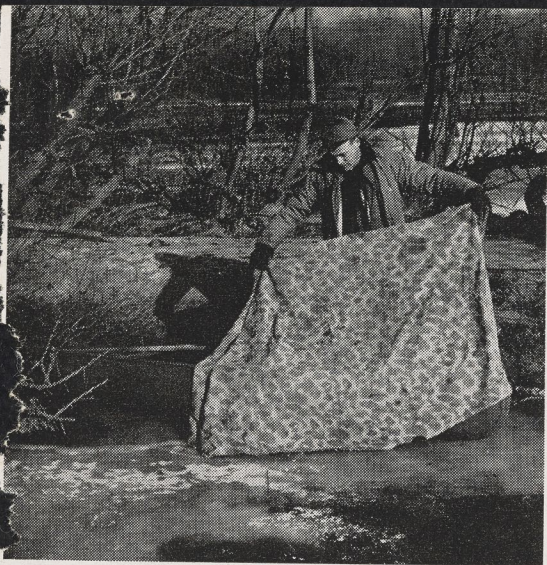
The 2 range areas on the Jamboree site were widely separated so Scouts could take part with minimum travel. Each range area pro-

vided for the instruction of as many as 600 Scouts simultaneously and had four 25-target ranges, separated by earth berms and therefore usable separately. Range construction was of the safety type, using a 4-ft. wide shelf forward of firing line and about 16" above ground level, under which the rifle muzzles were kept at all times. The firing line was covered.

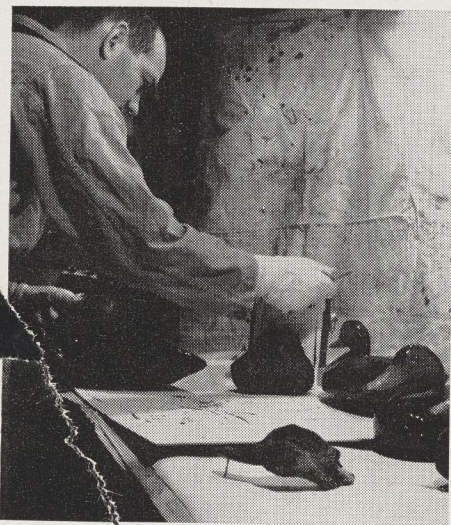
Forty-four civilians, almost all NRA Certified Instructors, traveled to the Jamboree at their own expense to assist wherever needed in the program. BSA provided tent quarters, NRA provided the meals. Approximately 140 Service personnel were provided, the majority from Ft. Carson troops and the 9th Infantry Division, and including about 40 West Point Cadets.

Every man connected with the Jamboree Rifle Program worked to the fullest to make it a success. Without their assistance it could not have been conducted. To each of them the sport of shooting owes a sincere "Thank You". As a result of their efforts, 30,763 Scouts participated in this truly American sport.

The Jamboree this year was the third at which the NRA has been responsible for planning and conducting the rifle shooting activity. In 1953 at Santa Ana, Calif., 11,094 participated; in 1957 at Valley Forge, Pa., the number was 21,199; and this year a total of 30,763 participated, for an aggregate of 63,056 Scouts who have chosen to receive marksmanship and safety instruction and to fire on the range as a part of their Jamboree experience. ■



Covering boat or canoe with camouflage canvas and then throwing leaves on top makes the craft melt into surroundings



Painting the feathers on some decoys. In center foreground is a preserved head of a black duck being used as a model

Crow decoys are also needed for river duck hunting. Placed in nearby trees, they aid in luring ducks to the gunners



give the impression he is sitting on one of them.

Another camouflage trick that has paid off for us is hiding the boat. Ducks dropped into swift water must be retrieved quickly before they are lost. This necessitates keeping the boat near the blind. Old burlap bags draped across the boat and several handfuls of leaves and grass thrown over the entire boat seem to make it melt into the background, even when viewed from only a few yards away.

Four or 5 seasons ago, there were so many ducks on the rivers in Western Maryland that in certain sections the flocks looked like a hatch of giant prehistoric insects. We started the season with high hopes and plenty of shells. A week later we still had the shells and little hope of using them. The ducks often approached to within 100 yds. or so, but not close enough for a shot. We were at a loss to determine the reason the ducks would not come in.

Finally we managed to bag a few of the local black ducks. At home I removed the whole skins and, knowing a little about taxidermy, preserved them. Now we mixed flat finish paints until we had colors identical to the colors of the ducks' feathers.

Made lifelike decoys

We laid out the 'tanned' duck skins and 4 or 5 colors of paint. With a variety of brushes, we painted the wooden decoys and surprised even ourselves in achieving a good resemblance to the natural duck skins. When we finished, the decoys looked lifelike enough to quack.

Incidentally, most duckers know that the shine on plastic, rubber, or wood decoys can easily be removed by light rubbing with a pad of steel wool.

Early the next morning we set out the newly decorated decoys, and as the sun rose to burn the thick fog from the river, we sat in our blinds listening impatiently for the whistling sound of wings. They soon came—4 native blacks. Remaining silent, we just watched as they circled twice and dropped in. There was no reluctance or indecision; they simply looked over the decoys and decided this was to be their home for a day.

Few living ducks on the water remain motionless for long. A decoy sitting on calm water looks just like a decoy. If put in a part of the river where some current or a riffle exists, it appears more active. The current causes a small "V" to break around the front of the body. It then resembles a swimming duck. If the anchor strings are lengthened, the decoys perform even better, swimming to and fro on the water with

the whims of the river current.

In putting out decoys, some hunters throw them and they strike the water with a splash. On the river this is a fatal mistake in cold weather. The fresh water freezes into a shiny glaze, which warns every river duck he had better stay away or else end up just as cold.

Friendly persuasion

A Chesapeake Bay duck hunter showed me a trick in his blind, built among tall shimmering reeds, that has put more than one duck in our bag when everything else failed. Ducks that circle decoys at least once are anxious to come in and need a little friendly persuasion. A few handfuls of small pebbles thrown in the water among the decoys will often convince suspicious flyers that some of their kinfolks are 'on the feed'. To disguise his movements in tossing small stones, the old ducker has a 6" hole in the lower corner of his blind. Bending over, he could throw the pebbles among the decoys without any visible movement.

Following is a method some river shooters have found deadly, early in the season. Donning chest-high waders, the ducker wades into a shallow section of the river where ducks normally feed. He sets out his decoys and finds a nearby rock to hide behind. With no blind, gear, or boat in sight, the ducks drop in readily. As the weather turns colder this type of hunting tapers off. Few men can take to the water when it nears the freezing point.

Shooting pressure and size of the river determine the number of decoys to be used. On a small river, up to 150 yds. wide, 8 or 10 decoys are usually enough. On larger rivers, 12 to 18 decoys will do nicely. But let the hunting pressure get heavy and 2 or 3 times this number may be needed.

Build blind before season

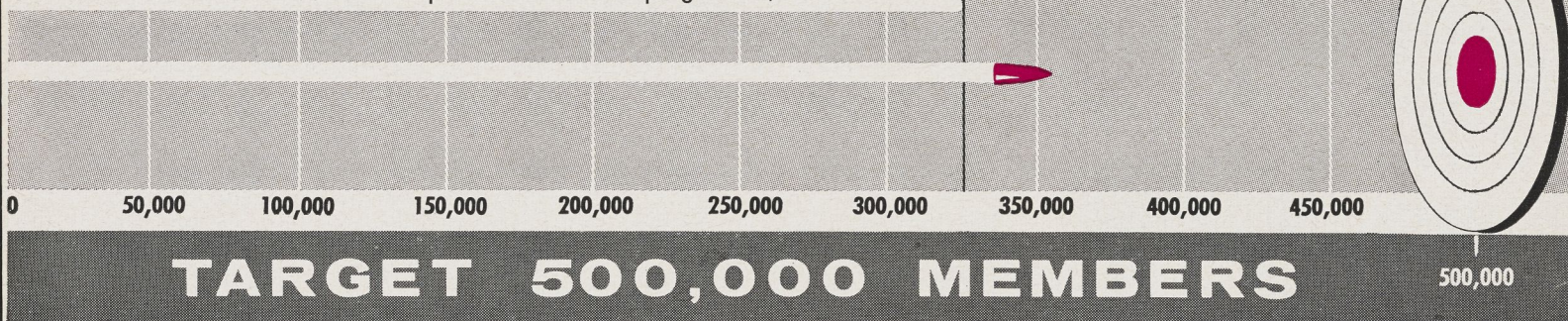
You hunt ducks in the fall and winter, but where to build your blind should be decided in the summer. Ducks are like big bass, trout, and many animals. They prefer to hang out in certain spots. Locate these before the season starts, build the blind, and be ready before opening day.

We never set up a blind on a bend in the river. Ducks flying up or down a stream cut across many bends. It is better to locate a blind along the straight sections of the river.

Crow decoys, monofilament anchor lines, lifelike decoys, good use of camouflage, and careful attention to details have put more ducks in our game bags. The successful ducker will make use of these ideas and invent more of his own. ■

BUILD NRA!

Current membership—358,000
Membership at start of campaign—325,000



NRA Membership Benefits Shotgunners



NRA Shotgun Club-Champion Medal

FOR rifle and pistol shooters the benefits of membership in the National Rifle Association are well established. The question often arises, "What are the NRA membership benefits for shotgun shooters?"

Sportsmen with an interest in shotguns will find excellent coverage of their subject in *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN*. Typical articles are: "Skeet and the Beginner", "Shotgun Training Over Water", "The Chukar Partridge", "The Game of Trapshooting", "Trapshooting Fundamentals", "The Turkey . . . A Great Game Bird", "The 1960 Skeet Championships", and "The 61st Grand American". In addition, descriptions and performances of new shotguns and exploded-view drawings of currently used shotguns appear frequently in *THE RIFLEMAN* along with articles on patterning the shotgun, shotshells, and shotshell reloading. Articles on hunting, game management, club activities, and gun safety also carry pertinent information for the shotgun shooter.

Every sportsman, including the shot-

gun enthusiast, has a vital interest in firearms legislation. Through NRA membership he will keep up with proposed anti-firearms laws and have the opportunity to voice his opinion on the effect of such laws.

There are numerous individual membership services that have a special appeal for the scattergunner. The NRA has Firearms Information Service specialists fully qualified to help him with problems and questions related to shotguns and shotgun shooting. The new NRA Shotgun Qualifications will add spice and enjoyment to clay-bird shooting practice. A 24-page booklet on Shotgun Sports is sent free to any NRA member on request. Through exhibits at the NRA Annual Meetings, the NRA Book Service, and NRA club

activities, a shotgunner can round out his activities.

Hundreds of NRA-affiliated clubs throughout the nation offer facilities for skeet and trapshooting. Provisions for patterning shotguns and sighting-in shotguns with slugs prior to hunting seasons are made by NRA clubs. The Association makes available to all of its clubs an annual shotgun club-champion medal and shotgun qualification awards. Other programs such as turkey shoots, rifle and pistol competition, and social activities are offered by NRA clubs.

Our invitation—"No matter what your interest in guns, you belong in the National Rifle Association"—applies to shotgunners as well as all other gun-owning sportsmen.

New NRA Services in 1960

New programs, as well as membership growth, have been part of Build NRA progress in 1960. This year we have seen the advent of:

- The NRA Hunters Information Service to inform members where, what, and when to hunt.
- New NRA Hunters Awards for elk and bighorn sheep. (Awards previously announced were whitetail deer, mule deer, and antelope).
- An NRA Sighting-In Day for hunters in cooperation with affiliated clubs.
- An NRA training and qualification program for police.
- A 25-ft. Shooting Program, ideal for limited space shooting and family activity.
- Two handbooks especially compiled for NRA members: *NRA Illustrated Hunters Handbook* and *NRA Illustrated Firearms Assembly Handbook*.
- New feature in *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN*, "Game Management

News", of interest to all outdoor sportsmen.

Just announced by the National Rifle Association Program Division are the NRA shotgun qualifications. Members can fire for shotgun qualifications over regular trap and skeet layouts or with the aid of inexpensive foot and hand traps. Certificates are issued at no charge to NRA members who successfully break the required number of clay birds for Marksman, Sharpshooter, Expert, and Distinguished ratings. Medals, lapel pins, and brassards depicting qualifications earned may be purchased at a nominal cost. Full particulars on NRA Shotgun Qualifications may be obtained by writing to the National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Ave., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. ■

Puddle Ducks Are Smart

By RAY CAMP

It takes a brave man to say that puddle ducks rate higher than divers.

But here's a gunner who has hunted them all—and cites chapter and verse

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

WHEN you make the statement that puddle ducks are smart you'd better be ready with an answer to the question it is certain to bring forth: "Who wants smart ducks? The stupid ones are hard enough to hit."

Maybe there's a better approach to a discussion of puddle ducks. But what? No matter what you think up to emphasize the superior qualities of these birds—as opposed to divers—someone is certain to come along with a chip on his shoulder and offer to debate the matter.

Claim the puddlers are faster, and up steps a Chesapeake regular with a yellowed clipping from this magazine that lists the flight speed of waterfowl. "See what that says? The canvasback is No. 1, up or down wind—even if a teal does seem to be jet-propelled."

Point out that the flavor of an Arkansas mallard is the closest thing to ambrosia in the web-footed world, and up steps an Outer Banker, his soft drawl vibrating indignation. "Back in the days of market gunnin', suh, a pair of Currituck cans brought five dollahs from the Baltimoh epicures. An' in those days five dollahs was real foldin' money, suh."

Emphasize the wariness and tricky qualities of the species whose legs are located a respectable distance forward of the rudder, and up steps a burly denizen of the second-largest state, who intimates that your extremely limited wildfowling experience apparently has never led you to Texas. "Even a smart Yankee would come out second best if he tried to match wits with a Rio Grande redhead. And a redhead's legs are wa-a-ay back."

A friend of mine, although convinced that the Anatinae (nondiving ducks) were the real challenge to the sportsman, put the black duck at the top of the list. On one occasion, in the presence of a Fuligulinae (diving ducks) specialist, he hinted that there was some question as to the sporting characteristics of an individual who shot divers.

"Why," he pointed out, "it takes a diver at least a hundred feet to get off the water, and he wouldn't make it then if he didn't push with his feet."

The diver enthusiast replied acidly. "I can understand your feeling in this matter. But, you see, we shoot our ducks in the air."

Actually, there is much to be said for the various forms of diver shooting—especially when no other form of wildfowling is available. And you must admit that a man who is willing to rig out from 75 to 100 decoys on very long lines (and pick them all up afterward) certainly deserves something for his time and effort, even if it is nothing more than a few scoters.

This shooter, whether in a blind, breakwater, or open-water scooter, has recourse to one tolling method denied the puddle duck shooter. If the birds threaten to pass his rig he can always pull them in by a quick wave of his hat or a kick of his boot if he happens to be in a boat. What would happen if he tried this device with puddle ducks is not even an interesting speculation.

Anyway, comparisons are odious. What we're all interested in are the delights offered mankind by such clean, fast, wily, and succulent waterfowl as teal, black ducks, mallards, gadwall, wood ducks, baldpates, and pintails.

Among shooters, the wildfowler occupies a distinctive position. In him, unquestionably, atavism is more deeply rooted; he is much closer to the elemental concept of Man, the Hunter. His pulse is stirred by sounds unknown to other hunters: the whisper of wings overhead, the rustle of wind in the reeds, the lap of water. He crouches in a blind that is a true ambush, and as the moving lines of waterfowl approach his limited horizon, he knows something of the breathless awe that affected the first hunter.

All waterfowl present a challenge. But when you hunt teal you tell yourself that no duck could possibly surpass this small, feathered projectile that can go from an easy glide into a twisting, erratic turn or a blurred, towering climb that the eye can barely follow, let alone the gun. The cinnamon teal that keeps the western gunner on his toes is fast and wary, but he seems to lack something of the dash of his blue- and green-winged relatives of the flyways.

Inevitably, when I think of teal, I recall one of Nash Buckingham's incomparable tales. A jump-shooter was being poled through an open marsh when his guide snapped a quick "Mark, teal!" Bringing his gun to his shoulder, the shooter cried "Where?" Barely a second



Harold Hayes and Ralph Koenig flush a francolin near an Ohio pond

African Alien

By ERWIN A. BAUER

The Erckel's francolin is fairly

new to our shores, but he

shows great promise of becoming as

Americanized as the ringneck

OVER the years, wildlife technicians have scoured every corner of the earth to find new game birds and provide better shooting for us. And among their most promising candidates is an explosive chocolate-colored buzz bomb known as Erckel's francolin.

All told, some fifty species of francolins are found in Asia and Africa, nearly all of them fast fliers and tough targets. But most of those brought to this country have failed to survive. A few—the gray and the black francolins of Asia—have been getting some attention by wildlife authorities in Utah. So far, though, only the Erckel's shows great potential, at least as a shooting-preserve bird, and perhaps he'll become as Americanized as the ring-necked pheasant and the Hungarian partridge.

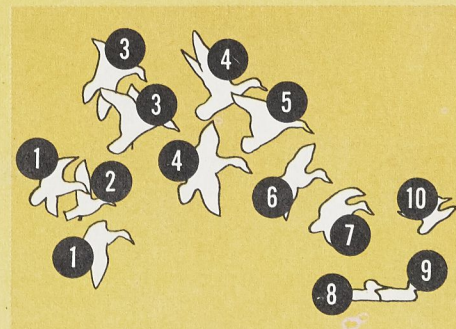
The busiest breeders of Erckel's francolin are two businessmen, Harold Hayes and Ralph Koenig of Dayton, Ohio. They're pictured above hunting in Cairn Covert, near Morrow. On my trip with them I was soon convinced that here is an exciting brand of shooting and a delicious white-meat bird for the table.

Hayes and Koenig started about four years ago with several breeding pairs from Abyssinia, where the birds thrive in a fairly dry and mountainous habitat. Fed on a rich diet of Ohio grain and weed seeds, they proved much more prolific and easier to raise than pheasants, which have long been established in the state. They nest for six or seven months of the year; a single hen has laid almost three hundred eggs in one season. And the chicks are hardy in extremes of temperature.

Erckel's hold well enough for pointing dogs, though they often run like ringnecks. In flight they're unpredictable. When flushed, a bird may zoom straight up and then swing back over the hunter's head. Or he may weave a crazy, low-level flight—barely skimming the cover.



Mountain birds originally, Erckel's thrive on mid-western farmlands. And they're a treat on the table



1. BLUE-WINGED TEAL MALE
2. BLUE-WINGED TEAL FEMALE
3. BLACK DUCK
4. MALLARD MALE
5. MALLARD FEMALE
6. SHOVELER FEMALE
7. SHOVELER MALE
8. WOOD DUCK MALE
9. WOOD DUCK FEMALE
10. GADWALL FEMALE

Shallow-Water Ducks

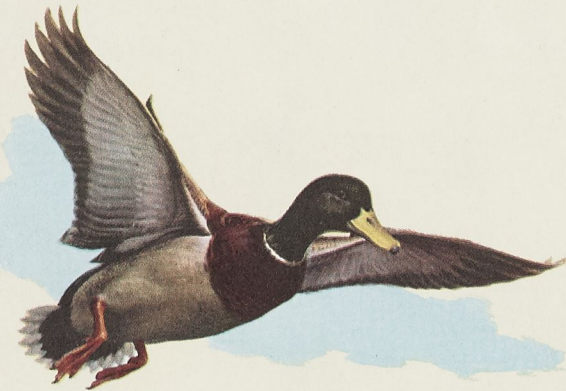
PAINTED BY C. E. MONROE, JR., FOR THE FIELD & STREAM SERIES

NORTH AMERICAN GAME BIRDS

11. GADWALL MALE
12. BALDPATE MALE
13. BALDPATE FEMALE
14. CINNAMON TEAL FEMALE
15. CINNAMON TEAL MALE
16. GREEN-WINGED TEAL FEMALE
17. GREEN-WINGED TEAL MALE
18. WIDGEON MALE
19. WIDGEON FEMALE
20. PINTAIL MALE
21. FEMALE

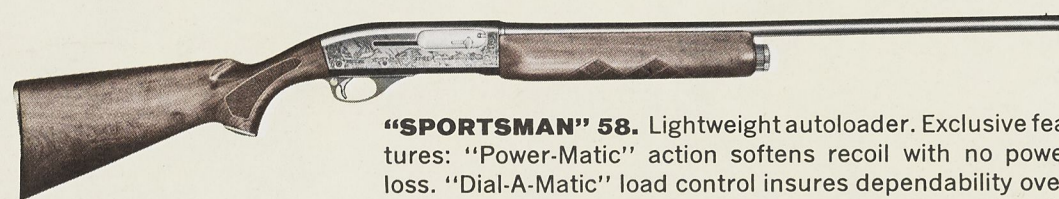


THERE'S A REMINGTON GUN FOR EVERY HUNTING NEED!



REMINGTON SHOTGUNS

—lightweight, fast,
natural-pointing



"SPORTSMAN" 58. Lightweight autoloader. Exclusive features: "Power-Matic" action softens recoil with no power loss. "Dial-A-Matic" load control insures dependability over a wide range of loads. Quick-Change Barrels. Beautifully inscribed receiver. 3 shots. In 12, 16, 20 ga. From **\$139.95***



MODEL 870 "WINGMASTER." Quick-Change Barrel feature is an original with Remington pump-action shotguns. Double action bars keep pump stroke velvet-smooth. 5 shots. In 12, 16, 20 ga. From **\$89.45***

Also available in new 12 gauge "Brushmaster" grade having 20" open bored barrel, rifle sights for use with rifled slugs and buckshot, plus recoil pad. **\$109.70***



MODEL 878 "AUTOMASTER." Classic value in a feather-weight autoloading shotgun. Self-adjusting "Power Piston" automatically selects right amount of gas to work action with minimum recoil. Handles all standard length 2¾" loads. Quick-Change Barrels. 3 shots. In 12 ga. only. From **\$118.25***



MODEL 11-48. This streamlined autoloader is available in a greater variety of gauges than any other autoloading shotgun in the world: 12, 16, 20, 28 and 410 ga. Light and fast. Quick-Change Barrel feature. Top of receiver matted. Up to 5 shots. From **\$127.95***



REMINGTON BIG-GAME RIFLES

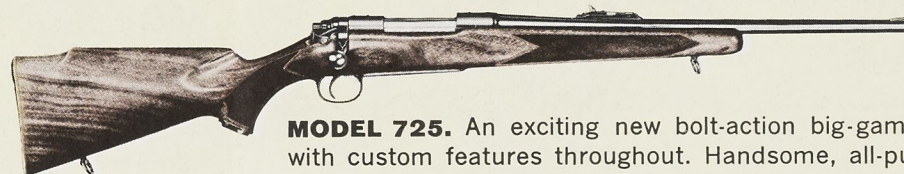
—in three
popular actions



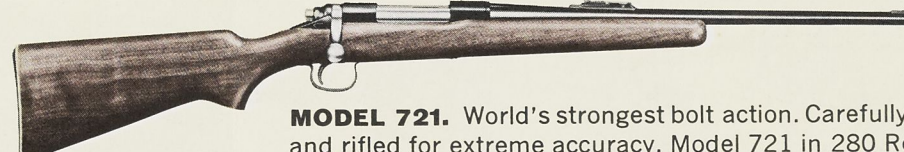
MODEL 742C "WOODSMASTER" CARBINE. The world's fastest-shooting autoloader has a new 18½" barrel for quick action in heavy brush. Full accuracy and power. "Power-Matic" action. Inscribed receiver in ADL grade. 5 shots. In powerful 30/06, 308 calibers. Also available with regular 22" barrel in 280 Remington, 30/06 and 308 Win. From **\$138.50***



MODEL 760C "GAMEMASTER" CARBINE. With a new 18½" barrel, the world's only slide-action big-game rifle keeps every bit of its famous power and accuracy. Five shots in 280 Remington, 30/06, 270 Win. and 308 Win. Also available with regular 22" barrel in these calibers as well as 35 Remington. From **\$119.35***



MODEL 725. An exciting new bolt-action big-game rifle with custom features throughout. Handsome, all-purpose Monte Carlo stock. Hinged floor plate. Finely checkered. In 222 Remington, 280 Remington, 30/06, 243 Win. and 270 Win. Also available with muzzle brake in 2 new big-game calibers: 375 H&H Magnum and 458 Win. Magnum. From **\$139.00***. Magnum calibers **\$310.00***



MODEL 721. World's strongest bolt action. Carefully bored and rifled for extreme accuracy. Model 721 in 280 Remington, 30/06, 270 Win. and 300 H&H Magnum. Model 722 similar to Model 721 in 222 Remington, 222 Remington Magnum, 243 Win. and 308 Win. From **\$101.25***



REMINGTON 22's
*Built like big-game
rifles to perform better
for shooters of every age*



NYLON 66. Structural-nylon and ordnance-steel design gives new 22 caliber Nylon 66 unsurpassed autoloader accuracy. Weighs only 4 pounds. Chip-proof, warp-proof. 3-point barrel bedding. No lubricating. Can be single-loaded. In Mohawk Brown or Seneca Green. Capacity: 15 long rifle cartridges. **\$53.95***



MODEL 552 "SPEEDMASTER" CARBINE. This popular Remington autoloader is lighter and faster than ever as a carbine. Hits hard, shoots straight. Can be single-loaded for shooter instruction. Available with 25" barrel, too. Holds 20 short, 17 long or 15 long rifle cartridges. **\$55.95***



MODEL 550 AUTOLOADER. A long-time, fast-firing favorite. Shoots short, long and long rifle cartridges with no adjustment. Mix them up, drop them in the tubular magazine, fire away—they'll go through smoothly without a jam. Magazine holds 22 short, 17 long or 15 long rifle cartridges. **\$49.85***



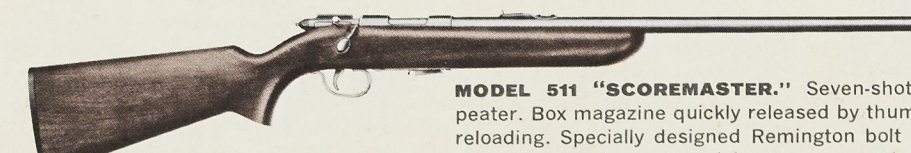
MODEL 572 "FIELDMASTER." The smoothest slide-action 22 ever introduced. Gun can be single-loaded—an important feature for shooting instruction. Also available in Crow-Wing Black or Buckskin Tan lightweight models with "Sun-Grain" stock. Holds 20 short, 17 long or 15 long rifle cartridges. From **\$56.50***



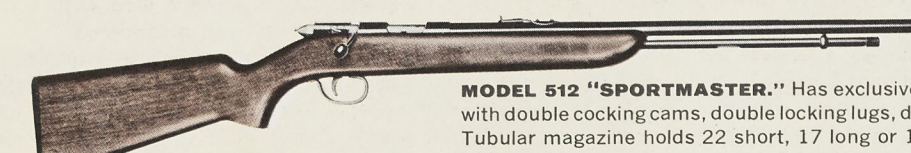
MODEL 514 "BOYS' CARBINE." New gun has scaled-down stock and 21" barrel. Perfect for young shooters . . . an ideal "first gun." Handy rotary thumb safety has indicator showing red when "off." Loaded cartridge can be removed from chamber without being fired. Single shot. **\$19.65***



MODEL 510 "TARGETMASTER" CARBINE. Compact, new 21" barrel model brings you all the power and shooting precision of the regular 25" barrel. Extra-easy to carry and swing. Safety goes on automatically when rifle is cocked. Shoots short, long or long rifle cartridges. **\$25.75***



MODEL 511 "SCOREMASTER." Seven-shot bolt-action repeater. Box magazine quickly released by thumb catch for fast reloading. Specially designed Remington bolt helps keep rifle accurate. Receiver grooved for 'scope mounts. Handles short, long and long rifle cartridges. **\$34.95***

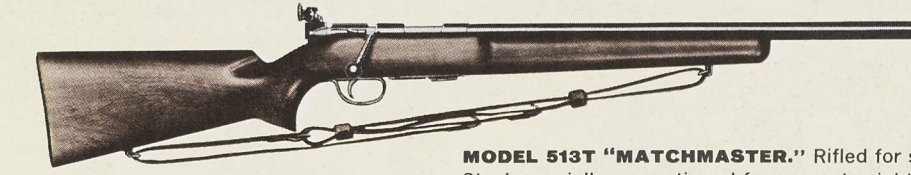


MODEL 512 "SPORTMASTER." Has exclusive Remington bolt with double cocking cams, double locking lugs, double extractors. Tubular magazine holds 22 short, 17 long or 15 long rifle cartridges. **\$39.45***

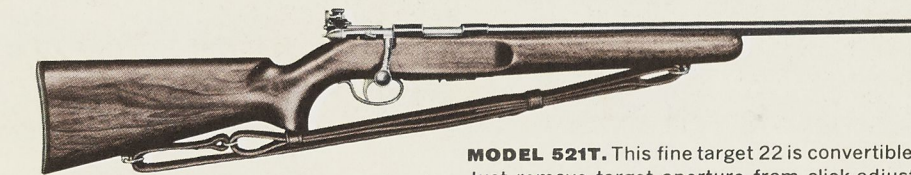
—and don't forget
REMINGTON MATCH RIFLES
for winning scores



MODEL 40X "RANGEMASTER." A 22 caliber precision target rifle that is fast becoming the leading choice of tournament winners. Exclusive accuracy controls include built-in barrel-bedding adjuster, adjustable trigger, increased distance between 'scope blocks. Single shot. 22 long rifle only. From **\$139.75***



MODEL 513T "MATCHMASTER." Rifled for superb accuracy. Stock specially proportioned for accurate sighting, steady holding. Heavy 27" barrel. Adjustable trigger. Redfield front and rear sights. 1¼" leather sling, adjustable swivel. 7 shots. Box magazine. From **\$66.45***



MODEL 521T. This fine target 22 is convertible to a hunting rifle. Just remove target aperture from click-adjustable micrometer rear sight and you have a fine hunting peep sight. Complete with sling strap and adjustable swivel. 7 shots. **\$59.95***

Remington DU PONT

"Sportsman," "Speedmaster," "Wingmaster," "Automaster," "Woodsmaster," "Gamemaster," "Fieldmaster," "Sportmaster," "Scoremaster," "Rangemaster," "Matchmaster," "Power-Matic" and "Dial-A-Matic" are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and "Brushmaster" and "Sun-Grain" are trademarks of Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont. *Prices subject to change without notice.



FREE!

Send for your copy of the new Remington catalog of fine guns. Write: Advertising Department FS, Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

had passed, but the guide's response was a tribute to the bird: "Too late now, boss."

To many, it is the puddle duck's agility, alertness, and suspicious wariness that make so worthy an antagonist. Usually when a flight of divers comes in to a rig of decoys you can mentally select your first and second birds and often drop them with a quick one-two. When a bunch of puddle ducks comes in, you'd better concentrate on getting the first one. Then you can look around for a second target, and if you are quick, and can change pace, swing, and lead rapidly, you may get it.

The redhead of the Rio Grande may be wary and tricky, but anyone who has shot pintails along the Outer Banks of North Carolina, especially from one of those stilted monstrosities known as a reef blind, will present the Oscar for these characteristics to the long-tailed duck. These reef blinds are permanent, and pintails feed all around them before and after the season. But after the opening-day fusillade they are extremely alert. Singles, doubles, and bunches circle high and wide—usually several times—before deciding to drop in on the decoys. And when they do come in they are ready for anything at any second. For me, nothing can match the thrill of watching a towering pintail, his long, thin neck stretched out ahead and his long, sharp tail behind. He is a blurred, swollen arrow. I tell myself—afterward—that this bird is really too beautiful to kill.

Often, when pintails have just about decided to come in to the decoys, they make one fast pass just outside the rig. Then, if things look right, they go into a curving, upward swing downwind, with a sharp turn and a flare-

out. Too many impatient reef-blinders are unable to withstand the pressure of that first, wide pass. When the flight, still intact, is rapidly disappearing into the blue, you tell yourself they wouldn't have come in anyway. The sprig looks closer than he is because of his elongated shape and size, and you can bet that the first pass outside the decoys is also outside magnum killing range.

The true black-duck enthusiast will never admit to the superior wariness, agility, or challenge of any other species of waterfowl. And he'll bridle when anyone else ascribes a finer flavor to another duck. Years ago a member of a duck club where I was hunting read from an ancient book a tribute to the epicurean flavor of the now-extinct heath hen. The response of another member was typical. "Well," he said, "since the heath hen is gone, it's certainly fortunate we still have the black duck. I can't conceive of a bird with a finer flavor. That writer must have been prejudiced."

Whether you seek him in the open coastal waters or the marshes fringing inland lakes and streams, the black is well worth the effort. The most challenging form of shooting, I believe, is from the open-water scooter. The innate caution of the bird seldom gives the shooter a chance to touch off when he is about to settle in to the decoys. Though eager to join others of his kind, the black duck does not permit eagerness to sway his natural suspicion. He will circle wide several times and decide the decoys look like friends. But before dropping in to join them he takes another look at the large floating object, the scooter, and decides the company isn't worth the risk.

At this point the shooter (Continued on page 99)



Ed Monroe sketches wildlife near his Connecticut home

Meet the Artist

THE Reconstructed Rebel pictured above had an auspicious beginning: he was born in a town called Huntsville, in northern Alabama. Duly christened Charles Edmund Monroe, Jr., he spent his early years learning some basic facts from his elders—that man's natural destiny is hunting and fishing, and that you can't trust Yankees, who burned Huntsville in 1862. Now he lives in that citadel of the Yankees, Connecticut, but if he has any plans of retribution he hasn't disclosed them.

Early in life two wonderful things happened to Ed Monroe. He discovered a magazine called *FIELD & STREAM*, and he was given a single-shot Daisy air rifle. Ed says

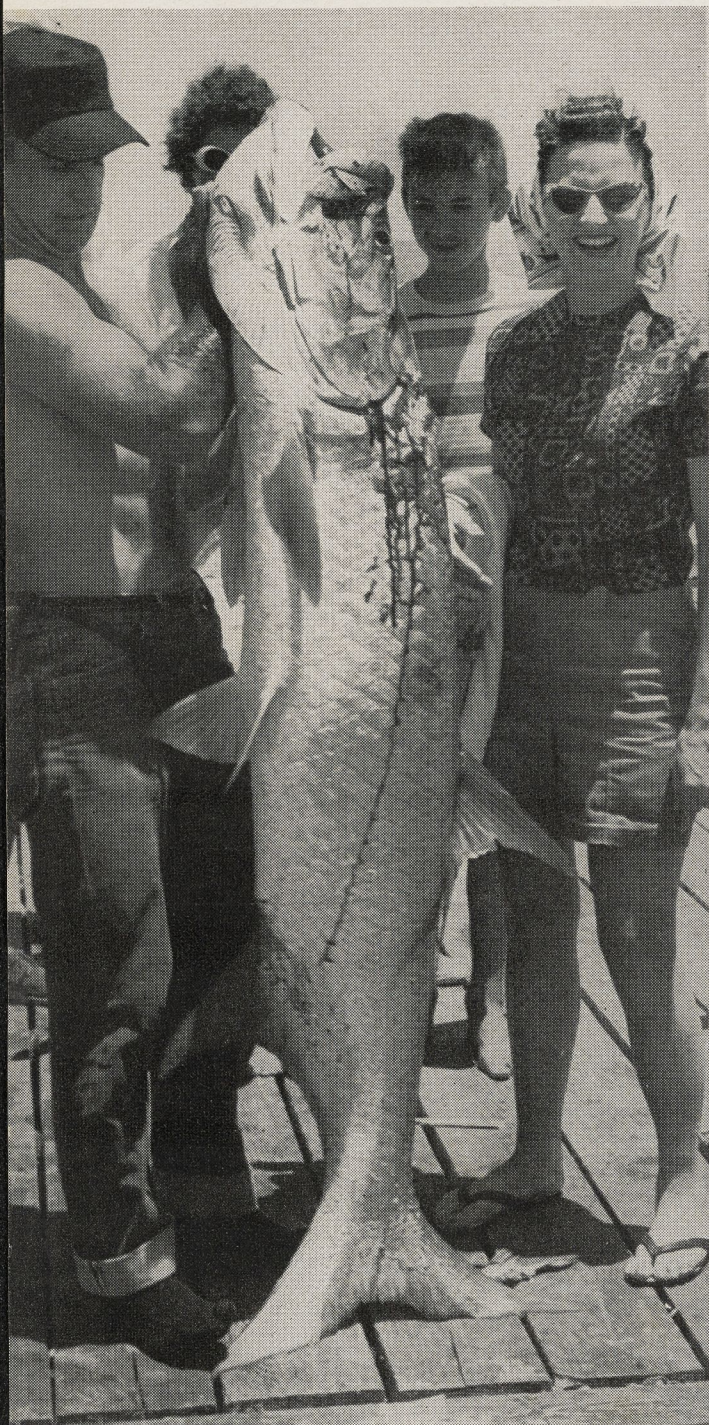
the Daisy loading technique was simple. He filled his mouth with BB's and spat one into the barrel whenever it was needed.

Ed's first trophy was a costly one; with one shot he ended the career of a neighbor's bantam rooster. The neighbor, being in a commanding position, put a price of 25 cents on the banty. Ed's dad paid the idemnity, but he also grounded the Daisy for two months—a lesson that the boy took to heart.

Thus properly started as a sportsman, Monroe grew up with a consuming interest in fishing and hunting. He also displayed a great deal of artistic talent, which, in time, won him admittance to Brooklyn's famed Pratt Institute, where he studied painting under noted illustrators of the day. He graduated in the same class with Bob Kuhn, also destined to become a *FIELD & STREAM* stalwart.

When World War II came along, Monroe served with the Army in the Philippines, but even there he managed to get hold of every issue of his favorite magazine. He also started his own war of nerves by bombarding Art Director Hermann Kessler with a continuous stream of letters and sketches. Upon his discharge he went straight to Kessler's office with a portfolio of his Pratt Institute paintings, none of which contained a single bird or beast. Hypnotized by this approach, Kessler and Editor Hugh Grey gave Monroe a story to illustrate, and his first work appeared in *FIELD & STREAM* in 1946.

Ed Monroe now lives on a farm in Bridgewater, Connecticut, with one wife, two children, two dogs, two cats, and one horse. He is an enthusiastic waterfowler and has shot at least males of all the species portrayed in the accompanying painting, with the lone exception of the cinnamon teal. And he hasn't given up on that.



Leonard McAfee holds a tarpon that's bigger than his wife

TARPON in the hole!" yelled Frenchy. I saw a flash of silver as the fish swam along the pier, then my bobber, thirty feet below me, plunked under. When I felt my line tighten I reared back, slugging home the hook. The tarpon took off, fast as fury, not toward the open Gulf of Mexico as I'd hoped, but down along the pier, angling in to it.

"Keep him away from those piles!" someone shouted. "Tighten your drag."

I twisted the star tighter, slowing the speeding tarpon. When it was only about three feet from a razor-sharp, barnacle-clad piling, I snubbed it for keeps. Immediately, the tarpon burst out of the water, shaking, twisting, curling in an S as only a tarpon can, its silver scales glinting,

The Grandstanders

By HANK BRADSHAW

Pier fishermen aren't supposed to catch tarpon. But they do it in Texas—
and then hell comes to a quick boil

its big square mouth gaping wide. Out came my hook, and it and the bobber flew back like bullets toward me. The fish was a memory.

Dejectedly, I walked over to sun-browned, wind-wrinkled Frenchy, the oil-well driller who is dean of the tarpon fishermen on the county-owned Horace Caldwell Pier at Port Aransas, Texas, a T-shaped affair facing into the Gulf of Mexico. In three days of fishing there, I had learned that Frenchy always sits where he sat then—on the outside end of the bench, the throne awarded to him by the others because he caught more tarpon than anyone.

"What'd I do wrong?" I asked.

Frenchy grinned. "Your hook just hit that rock-hard front jaw of his and didn't sink," he replied. "Git in here." He made room beside him. "Sit beside me. We gotta git you a tarpon; we'll make a salt-water fisherman outa you yet."

I climbed in beside Frenchy, suddenly feeling pretty important. With Frenchy's invitation, I knew I had been pledged to what is undoubtedly one of the most exclusive fraternities in Texas—that of the regulars who sit in the grandstand above the tarpon hole.

From now on, I—a fresh-water fisherman from the north who had never even seen a tarpon until this June trip—would be privileged to sit on the rail bench at the pier's T-shaped end. Until now I had been standing at a less desirable place along the rail near the tarpon hole, the only area close to the pier where tarpon are likely to be caught. Now all I had to do was learn to handle a tarpon as well as other fraternity members—for instance, Linda Hamel, a 16-year-old girl who had caught ten. Then I would be initiated once and for all into the group.

Besides Frenchy and pretty Linda, the grandstand membership consisted of a wool buyer, a Navy laundry chief, a groceryman from Oklahoma, a part-time shark fisherman, a wealthy man, and a pest exterminator. Some

"They want only bucks," said Walt Powell, "and they'll go for broke trying for a set of horns."

Walt had come down out of the scrub oaks to join Proc and me at the jeep parked near the edge of the meadow. He had collected a nice little 4-pointer. Then, in the fading light, other hunters began showing up, until all were present and accounted for. Not one of them had killed a buck. They piled into the jeep for the lift across to the old ranchhouse, and griped bitterly about their luck.

"No deer—just tracks," one of the hunters grouched.

"Old tracks, too," grunted another.

Walt held his fire until we'd had a swig of Thermos-bottle coffee on the rickety porch. Shadows of the Siskiyou Mountains had spread across the bottomlands and were reaching for the old ranch buildings when the first deer came out of the brush, where we'd been hunting all day, and stole cautiously into the alfalfa field, blending among the cattle and safe behind the NO SHOOTING signs. More followed and buried their noses in the green coolness. They were still coming when the sun went down and we couldn't see them any longer.

Walt started to say something, then changed his mind. There wasn't any need.

Puddle Ducks Are Smart

(Continued from page 55)

proceeds to tie himself into a knot. He tries to raise to a sitting position, raise the gun, twist from the hips, and shoot—all at the same time. One—or possibly two—of these contortions might be accomplished simultaneously, but not all four. The result is a frightened, overwary black duck and a disgusted gunner.

Some years ago I embarked on a black-duck expedition with a friend who devoted much time to training his retrievers. As a result, he usually had a capable dog to bring back his ducks. This time he explained that the retriever he'd brought was young and not finished, but it showed great promise.

We rigged out on one of the tiny, rocky islands on the margin of Long Island Sound and were disposing ourselves in a natural rock blind when a bunch of blacks came in. I had not yet loaded, but my friend was ready and he dropped two of the birds right in the decoys. One was a cripple, so my friend leaped over the rocks and ran for the water's edge, loading as he went and shouting for the dog. He was in the water when he saw the retriever grab his parcel of lunch, race to the end of the island,

(Adv't.)

ALBUQUERQUE

The Healthiest, Sunniest Climate In All America



THERE IS a broad ribbon of highway that begins in the heart of Chicago and winds for 2000 miles to its terminus in exciting Los Angeles. This ribbon is mighty 66—the most famous, the most legendary highway in the U. S. Millions of Americans have followed it to the West, coursing through the plains of Illinois and over the hills of Missouri, biting off a piece of flat Kansas and driving over hundreds of miles of equally flat Oklahoma and Texas. Gradually the scenery begins to change. Texas begins to roll; distant hills become higher. Then, suddenly, one emerges into "The Land of Enchantment." New Mexico's wonders erupt in a blaze of color and majesty. The mighty mountains thrust themselves, tree-topped, into the unimaginable blue of the sky. Dust and smoke have vanished from the air and the lungs drink in great delicious draughts in heady delight. If it is wintertime there will be snow capping the mountains and you may see skiers gliding down their slopes. If it is spring or summer or fall, the unhumid, unspoiled air touches the skin softly and the feeling of well-being is nowhere else equalled. **But winter or summer—it is almost certain that the sun will be shining in New Mexico—the sunniest, healthiest state of all 50!**

And then, when you think this incredibly beautiful land couldn't possibly have more to offer, great 66 brings you to the pass in the Sandia mountains and there below you is the Queen herself, **Albuquerque.**

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter—the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing an unprecedented business and investment boom—the record which shows that one lives longer, that health improvement is almost miraculous—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live, and hundreds of thousands of others will be following in the immediate years ahead.

Consider, then! Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty is a cosmopolitan city of more than 260,000 people which has grown **800% in 30 years.** Founded in 1706, the population of Albuquerque as late as 1930 was only 36,000. Then things began to happen. The incomparable climate and the staggering beauty began to draw Americans to the Big Sky Country. By 1950 there were 97,000 Albuquerqueans. And in the next 10 years, to 1960, this quaint Southwestern town rocketed to the status of a major city—

the 7th fastest growing city in the U.S.! Professional estimates of Albuquerque's future vary. But the most cautious guess is more than 500,000 by 1970; and far more many experts predict that by that time **Albuquerque may reach a population of one million.**

This is a city of modern shops and Conquistadore history; of gleaming new schools and semi-tropical foliage; of health and peace... and yet spilling over with opportunity. This is Albuquerque, a city with a future as bright as the sun that bathes it 360 days a year.

It is no wonder, then, that the valleys that surround Albuquerque—green valleys of prosperous farms and great ranches—are now being converted into communities to fill the demand of a growing Albuquerque. One of these valleys is **Estancia**; and here, in our opinion, is located the most exciting offer of homesites being made in the entire Southwest—**THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES.** Were one to imagine this Valley 39 miles from Phoenix, or from Tucson, or from San Diego, the cost of an acre could be as high as \$10,000 each. **Yet an acre in THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES—39 miles from Albuquerque—is only \$395 complete, payable \$10 down and \$10 a month!** It is only because Albuquerque has only recently been "discovered"—because Albuquerque is only now in the very beginning of its inevitable huge growth—that these Ranchette sites can be offered at such a low price! **THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES lies directly on Rt. 66—little more than a half hour from the heart of the city.** Its natural beauty, the picture-frame of the mountains, the color springing from the fertile soil, its calm and peace will enchant you. A **VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTE** is near enough to Albuquerque to be benefitted by the advantages of a great city, yet just far enough away to be purchased **today** at a price you can afford! **For that is the nutshell of it—the price today of a Ranchette in the Valley of the Estancia will be impossible to duplicate a few tomorrows from now.**

Let us send you our thick four color portfolio absolutely free of charge. In it you will find maps, full color photographs, statistics, the answers to your questions about the Southwest. **Remember this portfolio is FREE** and places you under no obligation whatsoever. No salesman will call—only the mailman. Get your free portfolio by writing **VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES, Dept. N-9D, 2316 Central S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.**

WYOMING

MEDICINE BOW LODGE

One Of The Best Deer & Antelope Areas In The United States

SINGLE & MULTIPLE DEER AREAS. Rates include meals and lodging. Arrangements made for guide, transportation.

Antelope: Sept. 1 to Oct. 15, Area #14.
Deer: Sept. 15 to Dec. 31.

Saratoga, Wyoming

Write for Folder.

Tel: 7-4791

MOOSE HEAD RANCH

Informal, hospitable guest ranch in beautiful, historic Jackson Hole and Grand National Park. 33 miles south of Yellowstone. Ideal for families. Cool climate, fine food, modern accommodations; all outdoor recreation, plenty of riding, fishing, big game hunting—accommodations for ladies while the men folks hunt—fun for everyone. Summer Season, May 15-Nov. 1. Hunting, Sept. 10-Nov. 10. No antelope in this area. Elk licenses limited by state, sold out by March 1st in 1960. References required. For information, rates, phone Jackson Exchange—029R3, or write FRED J. TOPPING, Jackson Hole, Elk P.O., Wyo.

MINNESOTA

PETE'S CABIN BOATS



on Basswood Lake for your vacation and fishing trip. Bass, walleyes, northerns, trout. Write for rates.

JAKE & JIM PETE
Ely, Minnesota

MONTANA

LITTLE DRY HUNTING CAMP HUNTING PARADISE IN THE HEART OF THE DEER AND ANTELOPE RANGE, AREA 71

Experienced Guides
15 miles West of Cohagen, Montana

Write or call:
W. J. COIL

Cohagen, Montana

Tel: 435-2123

CANOE TRIPS



We furnish everything for a thrilling vacation along the Quetico-Superior wilderness canoe trails. Grumman aluminum canoe, complete camping outfit, best of food, all for only \$6 a day per person. Partial outfits if desired. Special help for beginners. Write today for free canoe trip planning kit, color folder, map, food and equipment lists, rates. Telephone: Ely 790-R.

Border Lakes Outfitting Co. P.O. BOX 569-F, ELY, MINN.

CANOE COUNTRY OUTFITTERS



Seek wilderness adventure in the Quetico-Superior Canoe Country! Grumman aluminum canoes, tents, sleeping bags, packsacks, axe, cook kit, and choice of food to suit your taste, only \$6.25 per person per day. Complete, personal service. Superb fishing! For free colored booklet, map and food list, write to BILL ROM, Canoe Country Outfitters, ELY, MINNESOTA
Tel: 800

WISCONSIN

Wilder-Nest Lodge

On MOOSE LAKE

Modern housekeeping cabins completely equipped. FISHING AT ITS BEST. Boat furnished with each cabin. Sandy, safe beach. Children's playground. Golf course nearby. All activities available. For reservations, write:

PETE & MARY JOHNSON

Rte. 4, Box 187 Hayward, Wisconsin
Hayward phone: 590F-1-5

You can advertise in these Where-To-Go and property columns and reach 5 million sportsmen. For details, write: C. Palmer, FIELD & STREAM, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

HUNT WYOMING TROPHY MULE DEER

- 4-day deer hunts . . . \$140.00
Includes 5 nights lodging in our modern Lazy B Motel, meals for 4 days, horses, guides and transportation. Shooting guaranteed.
- Seasons Sept. 10-Dec. 15. Non-Resident License \$20.00
- 8-day PACK-fishing trips into Teton Wilderness Area.

For information write or call:

DICK TAYLOR

Licensed and bonded outfitter and guide

BOX 401

AFTON, WYOMING

DEER-ANTELOPE-ELK

Colorado-Wyoming Border
Hunt both States! Sept. & Oct.

TWO BARS SEVEN RANCH

Thousands of acres of safe, private hunting. Abundance of game. Fine hunting equipment & service. Excellent accommodations. Non-hunting guests enjoy ranch activity & western environment. For details:

Write: TED & PEGGY SCHAFFER Tie Siding, Wyo.
Phone: Virginia Dale, Colo.



DEER-ELK-ANTELOPE

We have over 300,000 acres of the finest hunting territory in Central Wyoming. Hunts running from Sept. through Dec. 15. 10-day deer, elk and antelope hunt in Oct. Whitetail hunting through Nov. TROUT FISHING SUPREME during summer. References exchanged.

JAY A. WARD, Licensed & Bonded Guide & Outfitter
Box 389, Douglas, Wyoming

and consume it rapidly. Dumfounded, my friend just stood knee-deep in the water and let the wounded duck swim off.

The mallard, a close relative of the black and covering a wider range, does not seem quite so wary and is inclined to decoy more readily. He is also more easily deceived by a capable caller. Most shooters think of the mallard as a bird of the Mississippi flyway, although probably no duck has a wider distribution. But mallard shooting and mallard calling are fine arts in the Mississippi region. The flooded pin oaks attract the birds, but without a good caller to lure them down through the overhead screen the bags would be a lot lighter.

Fortunately there is no shortage of mallard talkers. By the time a boy is ready for kindergarten he is able to carry on a conversation with these ducks, with or without artificial aids. All this does not make the mallard any easier to hit, however, and it still takes a really good man to make anything like consistent doubles. Or singles.

When it comes to wariness, the baldpate, which occasionally gets his proper title, widgeon, is close to the top of the list. Like the gadwall, he's so wary that a lot of fairly active Atlantic coast shooters rarely see one. In the past fifty years, both gadwall and baldpate seem to have shifted in numbers to the Pacific flyway, although the baldpate is still found in fair numbers from the Chesapeake south. On a dozen occasions I've met New Englanders who had shot gadwalls and didn't know what they were, and one or two could not identify their baldpates. The gadwall is, of course, an early migrant, which accounts for some of his unfamiliarity to northern shooters. Both species seem to follow the coastlines down, then spread out once they reach the warmer states.

On occasion I have had baldpates circle a rig several times in the course of a day but never come within range. Often as many as a dozen bunches would come close enough for positive identification but refuse to join the decoys. In all instances there were no baldpate decoys, but when these birds do decoy they seem to find teal, mallard, or black duck sets suitable.

When I was a youngster on Barnegat Bay, baldpates were fairly plentiful, and most of the clubs had decoy sets. The old baymen mastered the whistling call, some of them using an empty shell with the primer punched out to get the proper lilting tone. This undoubtedly did as much

RHINELANDER

Free Colorful
VACATION GUIDE

Write

BETTER RESORTS ASSOCIATION
Rhinelander 4, Wisconsin

PHEASANT HUNTING

DOG TRAINING—Sept.-Apr.



You'll enjoy yourself more at Blonhaven—shooting under natural hunting conditions. Beautiful, fast-flying pheasants awaiting your marksmanship. Guides & dogs available.

Reservations needed & accepted now.

BLONHAVEN HUNTING PRESERVE

Milton Junction, Wisconsin

Phone 4062

MUSKIES * May to November

World-Famous Musky Fishing . . . Walleyes, Northern Pike, Bass, Panfish in profusion.

Free 42-page Illustrated Sawyer County Resort Guide - 200 Resorts.

SECRETARY, BOX 106, HAYWARD LAKES RESORT ASS'N.

HAYWARD, WISCONSIN "MUSKY CAPITAL"

ALASKA

KODIAK!

Hunt the world famous KODIAK BEAR this fall or spring of '62. Inland Mountain Camps—well equipped and the most experienced guides on Kodiak Island. AIR MAIL or WIRE for information.

ALF MADSEN

Box F-925 Kodiak, Alaska

CURTIS FAREWELL LAKE LODGE

August & September Hunts for MOOSE, SHEEP, CARIBOU, GRIZZLY & BLACK BEAR, plus

October Hunts for Prince William Sound BROWN BEAR, GLACIER BEAR & GOATS.

CUSTOM fishing trips, June & July.

BOB CURTIS, Box 1, Farewell, Alaska

ALASKA GAME HUNTS

BROWN, BLACK, GRIZZLY BEAR DALL SHEEP, GOAT, MOOSE, CARIBOU

Best Camps, Scenic Beauty Photography, Gold Mining

Experienced Registered Guides

JERRY WILLETS

AIRMAIL BOX 484 Kenai, Alaska

ALASKA FALL HUNTS

In The Brooks Range

Where Game Is Plentiful

SHEEP, MOOSE, CARIBOU, BEAR

Experienced Guides, Best of References.

A limited number of bookings available for Aug. and Sept.

SPECIAL FISHING TRIPS ARRANGED ANYTIME

Wire or Airmail JIM McCONNELL

GUIDE & OUTFITTER Kotzebue, Alaska

KODIAK BEAR

Hunt bear this spring and fall of 1961 from one of Kodiak Island's finest hunting camps. Enjoy good Alaskan hospitality and hunting with well experienced guides. For information, wire, write airmail or call KWA-97, Terror Bay.

KRISTJAN HELGASON & SON

GUIDES & OUTFITTERS

Terror Bay Kodiak Island, Alaska

Box 546, Kodiak Alaska

QUEBEC

"BACK OF BEYOND" NORTHMOST CAMP IN WILDERNESS QUEBEC

LACS A LA CROIX-MENTON FISHING & HUNTING CLUB Moose, Oct. 7-16. Brook Trout up to 9 pounds. Lake Trout up to 12-15 pounds. Pike up to 23 pounds. All native fish. Bear, Wolves, Brochure.

MEMBER QUEBEC OUTFITTERS ASSOCIATION

PETER SCHOCH, Mgr.

Laterriere, Quebec, Tel: ORient 8-2248

BASKATONG LODGE & CABINS Fishing and Hunting Resort

Boarding and lodging. Housekeeping cabins, hot and cold running water, showers. Sandy beaches. Guides, boats, gas, food, ice. Fishing tackle and licenses available.

JACQUES LACOSTE

Grand Remous, County Gatieneau Quebec, Canada Tel: La Croix 7 Ring 2-4

Sportsman's VICTORIA LODGE Paradise 4 miles from Gracefield, Que., Gatieneau Co.,

on shore Lake Victoria, 60 mi. N. Ottawa, R. 11. 14-bedroom inn, dining room; 11 camps, running water, shower, bath, electricity (Am. plan), Accom. 65. Tavern, modern grill room. Numerous lakes provide good fishing for speckled & lake trout, pike, dore, bass. 1600 acres excellent hunting grounds for deer, bear, partridge. Leaflet with rates, full details on request.

IRVIN BROOKS, Prop., Gracefield, Que. Tel: 37 BEST FISHING. MAY & JUNE

ROD FISH & GAME INC. CAESAR & HORSESHOE CLUBS PARENT REGION

Wonderful fishing for Speckled, Lake Trout, Dore & Northern Pike. Excellent Moose hunting. Bear and Birds in abundance. Modern accommodations, American and Housekeeping Plans. For information and reservations, wire, write or phone WE 5-6336.

D. STEPHEN PELTON, MGR.

386 Murray St., Montreal 3, Quebec, Canada

to pull the birds in as the decoys themselves, for often, when called, they would come in to mallard decoys. Parts of the West Coast still seem to have plenty of both baldpates and gadwalls, but for some reason they have acquired an unpalatable flavor in some areas. The best baldpate shooting I had in recent years was in Oregon, but the first two birds we killed were inedible. They had more of a dead-fish flavor than a Barnstable coot. One of the guides attributed it to a salmon-egg diet.

Florida still offers good baldpate shooting in some areas, and I was surprised to find the birds quite plentiful on Andros Island in the Bahamas, where they responded readily to both pintail and black-duck decoys.

The only populous member of the *Anatinae* lacking a good following of gunners is the shoveler, and the few I have eaten disclosed the reason. This duck apparently will eat anything it can find in shallow water and swallow. I have rarely hunted an area, except for New England, where I failed to find a few shovelers, although they are not inclined to decoy unless you happen to have shoveler blocks, which few shooters have. There seems to be quite a concentration of the species in the northern California coastal areas, but I have yet to meet a native son with any enthusiasm for shovelers. Nor have I. Once I spent a half hour on a Wisconsin lake watching four of them feeding, and their diet explains their flavor. All four gulped down small frogs, minnows, and assorted insects, and they rooted in the muddy shallows like a bunch of feathered pigs.

I can recall no shoveler ever coming in to decoys; those I have killed simply passed within easy range of the blind. Even on days that could be classed no more than fair I have passed up easy shots at these ducks, preferring to take a chance on filling a limit with more desirable species.

The wood duck, if more plentiful, would be as high on the sporting list as any puddler, and not merely because it is one of the most beautiful birds in the country. When a wood duck is shot it is generally by accident; either the bird happens to pass within range or cuts in over the decoys and is mistaken at a quick glance for a teal. It's the only duck I have ever seen that could give a snipe lessons in zigging and zagging, and I have seen a pair zip through a clump of thick trees that seemed impassable for sparrows.

Like teal, wood ducks migrate early, so few northern shooters get



GO FOR GAME in an AVION TRAVEL TRAILER

Get back into the bush where hunting's best. Avion's aircraft-type construction takes rough trails in stride. Lifetime guaranteed, too. You'll live like a king with running water, heat, lights . . . many optional self-contained conveniences. This fall go in an Avion and bag your fill of fun. We'll send a FREE CATALOG and name of your nearest dealer. Just write.

AVION COACH CORPORATION Benton Harbor, Mich., Dept. A

NOW SPECIAL FAMILY RATES

June 15-September 15

Spend a relaxing vacation in one of Canada's best fishing & hunting reserves. Nicely-furnished log hskpng. lodges on scenic private lakes. Outstandingly good fishing. SPECKLED & LAKE TROUT & DORE. Spring mattresses, refrigerators, kitchen facilities, gas cooking, lighting. Sanitary toilet. (If desired) linens \$1.00 per person per week & excellent food \$5.00 per person per day. \$75 minimum for lodge. If more than 3 persons, \$25 per week per person; no extra charge children under 7. Aluminum canoes, boat supplied. Guides available.

CHARLIE'S HUNTING & FISHING CLUB Ferme-Neuve, Labelle County, Que., Canada Member of Quebec Outfitter's Association, Inc.

Fishing WHITEFISH LODGE Hunting 65 Mi. N. of Ottawa 17 lakes, accessible by car, boat, surround beautiful lodge. Excellent LAKE TROUT fishing in famous Whitefish Lake. BLACK BASS, N. PIKE, WALLEYES also plentiful. Main dining room and 11 moderny-equipped cabins with hot water. Excellent food, ice, maid service. Shower Bath. Boats provided. Experienced guides, outboard motor available. Free folder. Telephone: Gracefield 631R2-1. Enjoy our September Fishing. ADELARD & GASTON LAFRENIERE, WHITEFISH LODGE, Near GRACEFIELD, QUE., CAN. MAY 1 —\$45 per person per week— NOV. 1

HUNTING & FISHING ANTICOSTI ISLAND

Aug. 16 to Sept. 12—Salmon, Sea Trout & Deer. Sept. 12 to Oct. 3—Sea Trout & Deer. Boat from Gaspe

ANTICOSTI DIVISION P. O. BOX 69, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

SPECKLED TROUT

LA BARRIERE FISH & GAME CLUB

In the Laurentians caters to America's finest sportsmen & offers the best speckled trout fishing in its many lakes & streams. Deluxe accommodation in main lodge & cabins. Experienced guides. Excellent cuisine.

Pat Quinlan, 4700 Prince of Wales, Montreal, Que. Tel: HU 9-2167

May 1 McKEEBY LODGE Nov. 1 on famous WHITEFISH LAKE, Quebec

Unexcelled Lake & Speckled Trout, Bass, Pike, & Walleye fishing. 17 lakes to choose from. Eight large cabins with hot water and modern conveniences. Excellent food. Experienced guides, outboard motors available. Rates, \$45 per week per person; includes cottage, board, boat, ice, and maid service. Located 70 mi. N. of Ottawa. Write for free folder.

Enjoy our May-June Trout, Pike & Walleye Fishing. McKEEBY LODGE, Whitefish Lake Phone Gracefield 631R34 Gracefield, Que., Canada

TAMARAC HUNTING RESERVE ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST HUNTING SPOTS HERE'S SHOOTING AT ITS ABSOLUTE BEST

Complete accommodations. For more information, write:

TAMARAC INN

Att: Jacques R. Berube

Clova, Abitibi, Que., Canada

Tel: 20

ONTARIO

W A W A WILDERNESS AREA FLY

To one of our outpost camps for as low as \$40 per person per week & up. Package plan MOOSE & BEAR hunts. Wawa, Ontario, can now be reached via Hwy. 17 north from Sault Ste. Marie for a distance of 150 mi. For brochures etc., contact,

WHITE RIVER AIR SERVICES LIMITED

Wawa, Ont. Can.

Tel: ULster 6-2530

LAKELAND LODGE

GATEWAY TO THE LAND O' LAKES

Finest Fishing in Northern Ontario for Small Mouth Black Bass, Gray and Salmon Trout, Wall-eyes (Dore) and Northern Pike.

SPRING fishing for Lake Trout and Wall-eyes unsurpassed. Excellent meals and accommodations. Inner spring mattresses. Outfitter for Canoe Trips to Virgin Lakes. Reliable Guides. Plane service available. Housekeeping Cottages fully equipped.

Good Automobile and Railroad to Lake Wapnapitae.

Write for Folders—Map—REFERENCES.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Rioux, Skead P.O., Ontario, Canada

(Telegrams should be sent to Sudbury, Ontario, Canada)

MANITOBA

Fly to GODS RIVER LODGE

Deluxe accommodations. American Plan Only. 365 miles north of Winnipeg, Manitoba—800 miles north of Minneapolis, Minn. Accessible only by Seaplane.

Brook Trout, caught daily, 3 to 6 lbs. Lake Trout, 10 to 40 lbs. N. Pike, 10 to 30 lbs. Walleye, 3 to 6 lbs. Dry fly fishing for Brook Trout, and Whitefish, best July & August.

All expense weekly rate from Winnipeg per person—\$555.00. Only few vacancies left for this season. Make tentative reservations now for 1962.

Superb Canada Goose Hunting at our outpost on Hudson Bay at York Factory. For information phone our representative: Paul Zanewich, Winnipeg, JUstice 2-4937.

Write to: **RUMINSKI BROS.** P. O. Box 714, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

ONTARIO

CENTURY LODGE

OSBOURNE BAY

EAGLE LAKE

TROPHY MUSKIES

LARGE NORTHERNS

WALLEYES

MOOSE BEAR

DEER

Remote new modern only camp on the East End of 70 mile long Eagle Lake, accessible only by boat or plane. **TROUT BASS DUCKS MOOSE**

We fish where others fly in. Unspoiled wilderness hunting with 95% success in 1959-60. First class equipment, good food, guides. American plan only. Century Lodge, Ernest Schussler—Vermilion Bay, Ontario, Phone 290.

FISH A DIFFERENT SPECIES OF GAME FISH

Each Day For A Week
This year visit the beautiful and outstanding

CHAPLEAU LODGE

Box 307F, Chapleau, Ont.

for an outstanding fishing vacation
Write for color brochure. Family Rates, Package Plan

MANOTAK

210 MILES NORTH OF INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINN.

LODGE Perrault Lake (Lac Seul Area) on the new Red Lake Road

CANADA'S FINEST FISHING AND HUNTING—



Musky Walleyes Trout
Bass Northern
Moose Deer
Bear Ducks

covering hundreds of square miles of wilderness lakes. The comforts of home in the unspoiled excellent single beds—large lounge and dining room, fine foods—competent guides, safe, roomy boats, canoes and motors—owner-operated—sensible rates. Charter plane service available—Radio Telephone.

Write King Johnson, Manotak Lodge, Box X, Perrault Falls, Ontario.

SENSATIONAL MOOSE HUNTING

LAKE SUPERIOR NORTH SHORE GAME PRESERVE OPEN FOR HUNTING

First year (1960) 100% kill. We fly you to our outpost camps and take care of everything. Write for further information to:

SUPERIOR AIRWAYS LTD.

FORT WILLIAM

25 Years Serving Northern Ontario

ONTARIO

Bellman's

CHARLESTON LAKE SHORE COTTAGES

Fish in nature's surroundings for LAKE TROUT, N. PIKE, S.M. & LARGEMOUTH BASS. New, completely equipped fishing cottages, all conveniences at a price you can afford. Charleston Lake with a shoreline of 129 miles is located 10 miles from 1000 Island Bridge. Fishermen and families for a complete vacation, phone or write for reservations NOW! **MARIAN & WALT BELLMAN**, Oct. 30-May 1: 2401 Birch St., Easton, Pa., Tel: BL-8-7777. May 1-Oct. 30: R.R. 4, Lansdowne, Ont., Can., Tel: 159R3.

GOOSE BAY CAMP

Lac Seul

Record NORTHERNS, WALLEYES & TROUT
L.H.K. Cabins & Amer. plan. Overnight trips on LAC SEUL & the ENGLISH RIVER. Good equipment. Hydro-electricity, running water. Competent Guides. Minnows. Trailer court.

C. LANGFORD

P. O. Address

Ear Falls, Ontario

EAGLE LAKE'S SOUTH SHORE CAMP

only camp on south shore of famous Eagle Lake offers

RECORD MUSKIES - WALLEYES

NORTHERNS - TROUT - BASS

Outposts on Virgin waters

American Plan Only—For Literature Write **WALTER E. PIERCE—VERMILION BAY, ONT.**

Phone via "Norwesto" Kenora

Trout, Bass, Walleyes, Pike Deer, Bear, Birds ASHAGAMI LODGE

and our Kukagami Outpost

Open for
SPRING BEAR HUNT & EARLY FISHING

Tops in comfort for the sportsmen and women, home-cooked meals, good beds. Many lakes to explore. Write or wire.

R. DeSHANE, Crerar, Northern Ontario

an opportunity to add one to the bag, despite the fact that they breed in a number of the northern states. Since they are tree nesters, any natural cavity or protected hollow, from ten inches to fifty feet above the ground, will keep them happy. This should cut predator losses, hence it is surprising that the wood-duck population should have dropped as sharply as it has.

A few shooters insist that if the flight speed of a wood duck could be properly gauged, the canvasback would no longer hold the record. However, the can is still able to cut the air at around 70 miles per hour, so it remains a serious contender.

Big River . . . Big Fish

(Continued from page 32)

with weather-beaten stumps jutting out of the murky water and willow limbs whipping against the current. Here we anchored.

"Going to work this eddy over good," my new friend said. "Always a bass or two hanging out here."

I looped on a green-and-yellow Super Sonic, hoping it might resemble a carp minnow; I knew the holes had plenty of carp in them. My friend snapped on a crippled minnow—sinker type and dark in color. On about my tenth cast I saw a heart-quickenning swirl just as I pulled the plug out for another try.

My next retrieve was about halfway in when a fish nailed the lure hard. I applied pressure as his first charge arrowed straight toward a snag. A greenish 2½- or 3-pounder rolled above the surface in a half-hearted leap. Twice more I snubbed stubborn runs toward sunken hazards before leading the gasping fish up to where I could reach over and get a firm lip hold and hoist the tired scrapper into the boat.

As so often happens, my catching of that first bass seemed to rile others. On his next cast my boatmate tied into a strong fish, one bigger than mine, that bucked the current, leaping clear of the water three times. The bass was only lightly hooked, but my friend boated it.

We continued down the river, fishing the slow runs, pools, and eddies, and especially the spots where willows and brush slowed the current. We lost lures and we lost fish, but when we beached the boat just before mosquito-infested dusk, five fat bass weighted down the stringer. My companion figured action had been kind of slow. I thought it was good.

There are plenty of black bass in the brushy sections of the river, although fishing for them is about as

Game Pouch

Dear Editor:

I read with great interest the article which appeared in the January/February issue, "Shooting Partridges in the Plains of Uruguay" by Stuart Williams. I am an avid reader of Williams' articles which appear in various publications, so please do not think that I am "nit-picking" or trying to pick a bone with him. I truly admire and enjoy his fine writing and fascinating accounts of shooting in various exotic locales. However, as much as I enjoyed reading his latest piece, there were several things that I felt needed clarification.

First of all, the South American *perdiz* (Spanish for partridge) is not a partridge. It may look like a partridge, fly like a partridge, even taste like a partridge, but a partridge it is not. South America does not have any birds of the partridge family. Perhaps the confusion comes from the Spanish name of *perdiz*. Whatever the case, the bird in question is a tinamou, a bird of the ratite family group. The closest relative of a tinamou is the ostrich! There are more than 50 different varieties of tinamou scattered throughout Central and South America. The two species described in Williams' article are possibly the most common species found in the southern cone, the plains area of South America (mostly in Paraguay, Uruguay, and northern Argentina). I have had a lot of experience with hunting these birds—not in Uruguay, but in the sparsely populated country of Paraguay, very close to Uruguay where Williams hunted. The smaller tinamou's correct name in English is spotted tinamou. However, throughout South America this bird is simply called *perdiz* in Spanish. The larger bird, which Williams calls *martineta* is actually called *perdiz colorada*, the red partridge. The correct English name for this bird is red-winged tinamou. You can see the reddish tint of wing feathers on this bird, both in your published photo as well as the photos that I sent you. However, I am sure Williams is simply calling this bird by the name which he heard in Uruguay. In many parts of South America, this particular bird is erroneously called the *martineta*. The real *martineta* is



Brandy and I with a morning's bag of perdiz. Note the cap I am wearing... a Wing & Shot cap.

a bit larger, and has a top knot similar to a valley or Gambel's quail of North America.

I have hunted the very same birds that Williams describes, every weekend, from April through August, for several years. In other words, I made around 100 sorties in the field for *perdices* from 1986 to 1988. I think I know a little something about these fascinating birds. Each hunt was always conducted in the morning, and lasted only about two hours at the most. I had a self-imposed limit of 12 birds per outing and established my own hunting season lasting from April through August (roughly equivalent to October through February in North America). I did this because Paraguay has no hunting season or a bag limit. If I wanted to, as some Paraguayan hunters, I could have shot 40 to 50 birds per day. I mostly hunted alone or just with my wife, Jo. Occasionally I went out with some of my friends, but always hunted separately, since they own pointing dogs, and my dog Brandy is a springer.

I am now assigned to Ecuador, where the type of *perdiz* shooting that I experienced in Paraguay does not exist. There are *perdiz* here, but the terrain and the hunting conditions are completely different. I miss the fantastic *perdiz* shooting that I had in Paraguay. However, all is not

lost. Ecuador has some of the greatest dove and duck shooting that I have ever experienced.

Nick Hahn
Consul of the
United States of America
Guayaquil, Ecuador

Dear Editor:

I'm an avid reader of *Wing & Shot* and aside from the fact that I am an outdoor writer, *Wing & Shot* holds me spellbound. I am curious, however. On page 32 of the March/April issue there appears a story by Jack Pine on Ontario grouse hunting. In that photo on page 32 there is shown two hunters both wearing brush pants faced with green. Where in the world can you buy brush pants like those two hunters are wearing? And what company makes them? Late January and February rabbit hunting here in Iowa always finds me in the briar patch and thorn bushes. That stuff tears human flesh to ribbons. Kindly advise me where one can obtain brush pants like those pictured.

Blaine Kloppenborg
Webster City, Iowa

Jack Pine says those green faced brush pants are manufactured by Remington, and any sporting goods store which sells Remington shotguns and hunting gear should be able to get them for you.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy my new subscription to *Wing & Shot* and in particular the article on woodcock in the May/June '89 issue.

I'm a member of Pheasants Forever, a DU sponsor, Quail Unlimited Atlantic Salmon Federation, Ruffed Grouse Society, plus about 10 or 12 more organizations, but woodcock is my great love.

I've written to many magazines that I have subscribed to and have never ever received a reply. Can you help me with information on how or where to contact other woodcock devotees or organizations devoted to woodcock in the U.S. and Canada? Somewhere there is a kindred spirit.

Dick Hartmann
7100 W. Territorial Rd.
Camden, Michigan 49232

Here's your letter and maybe you'll get some response from other Wing & Shot readers.—Ed.

THE PART I REMEMBER

by Charley Waterman

FASHION DEPARTMENT

Iwould rather not hunt pheasants with a man wearing pink pants. I am sure it makes no difference to the pheasants but it interferes with public relations.

When Red bought his brush pants I guess the light wasn't quite right in the store and it wasn't until we had reached hunting country that we noticed the pants had a decided pink cast. It was a touchy business anyway, our pheasant country being located where the ranchers took a dim view of those who fritter away their time with shotguns and bird dogs. It was essential that we make the proper impression in asking permission and we concluded that a

rancher starting a hard day's work in jeans would not be receptive to a hunter wearing pink pants.

"I'll ask permission wherever we go," I said firmly, since my costume included snagged duck pants, a felt hat with a greasy band and boots that had seen better days. This was fine with Red for the time being, and after the pants were laundered they lost their pink tint.

The proper clothing for permission asking has caused me endless study. Red, who was raised on a ranch himself, probably smeared his new bird pants with dust and grease before their first washing. This would not be as self-conscious as the friend of mine who dragged his new



hunting vest behind his pickup before using it.

One of the best permission askers I know of is partial to blue bib overalls when the chips are really down and has learned to rub one toe in the dirt while making his request. Even an irritated housewife who has entertained a steady procession of hunters all day finds it hard to refuse him as



TRAVEL

Shooting PARTRIDGES on the Plains of Uruguay

by Stuart M. Williams

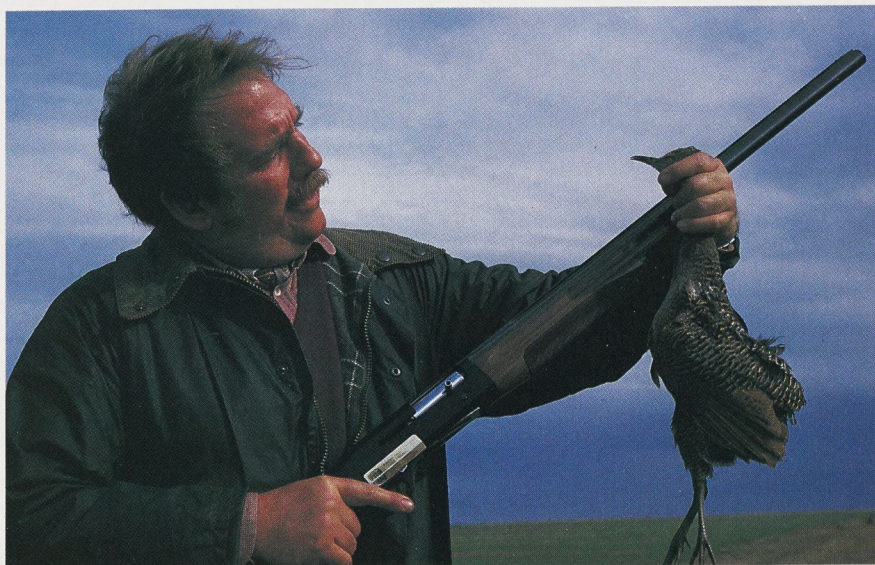
All over Europe shooting over dogs is pretty much a thing of the past. "Dogging" cannot provide enough shooting to be interesting to shooters or profitable to shoot organizers. The one exception to that rule in Europe is Scotland, where a few estates still offer shooting for Scottish grouse over superb springer spaniels. These few estates are the exceptions to the rule. Otherwise, all serious interest in bird shooting throughout Europe is focussed entirely on driven shooting.

Happily there is one other place outside the U.S. where shooting over dogs still thrives, and even gets better every year. That place is Uruguay.

Uruguay is the smallest South American country. Bounded on the north by Brazil and on the south by Argentina, Uruguay is a country of fertile plains. Grazing of cattle and sheep are the primary economic activity, but in some areas there are large acreages cultivated in corn, soybeans, sorghum, wheat, and clover. Many fields lie fallow. It is in those areas that the partridges thrive.

There are two common species of partridges in Uruguay. These are the common *perdiz* and the *martineta*. The *perdiz* is a drab brown bird about twice the size of a bobwhite. Its coloration makes for perfect concealment in its usual habitat, but when it gets out in short clover or wheat grass—as it often does—it may be readily seen. It gets up with an explosive takeoff that will unnerve the coolest gunner—unless he has been forewarned by a dog, of course.

The *perdiz* does not hold as well



George Winter shows off a martineta, which is much larger than the common perdiz.



The outfitter, Luis Brown, backs up a stylish pointer as it makes game.

as the bobwhite, nor does it run like the blue quail. Once a dog points the bird, it will almost invariably try to walk away from the dog and the hunter. Sometimes it will walk slowly and sometimes rather rapidly. Sometimes it will walk straight ahead, sometimes it will try to sneak off to the side, and sometimes it will try to outflank hunter and dog and get around behind them. It will almost never flush readily after it has been pointed. Hunter and dog must

put definite pressure on the bird to make it fly.

That means that a very staunch dog is not really suitable for *perdiz*. The dog must be willing and able to creep forward as the bird moves. The hunter must take his cue from the dog, always moving just behind the dog upwind and encouraging it to move forward. If the dog is overly staunch and reluctant to creep forward with the bird, the hunter must take the initiative and move out ahead of the dog. That will in turn encourage the dog to move forward and put pressure on the bird to fly.

Seen here is the elegant carriage that takes guests out to shoot partridges each morning at the wonderful Estancia Santa Emilia.



A few affectionate moments with the dogs after a successful shoot.

Photos by the author.

When the bird does fly, the hunter must be prepared for it to get up almost anywhere. Sometimes it might get up almost between his legs, and sometimes it might get up 40 yards out. Sometimes it will get up well to the right and sometimes well to the left, and sometimes even behind the hunter. The element of surprise adds a sporting dimension not encountered, say, with flushing pheasants or bobwhites.

Once the bird has been shot (or missed), the hunter must be prepared for follow-up birds. Seldom will two perdices flush simultaneously, but frequently they will flush in succession, sometimes a minute or more apart. Doubles are common, but triples unusual. If hunter and dog hit a hotspot they can get into a succession of six to eight or more flushes. I have been in such hotspots several times in Uruguay and Argentina, and have never seen anything in the world of shooting over dogs to equal it.

The perdiz requires surprisingly little cover. I have hunted them in fields of wheat grass and clover that were only a few inches high. They distinctly dislike high, thick cover except for roosting. They always feed in low, fairly sparse cover. This will come as a great surprise to hunters whose entire upland shooting experience has been limited to bobwhites and pheasants, ruffed grouse and woodcock.

The other species of partridge in Uruguay is the martineta. The martineta is slightly larger than our ruffed grouse, has a somewhat lighter coloration, and blasts off with such explosiveness and rockets away with such speed that it leaves many a cool, experienced gunner fusillading the air in total futility. For this reason Uruguayan hunters consider the martineta a much more sporting quarry than the perdiz, and some of them pursue the martineta exclusively. Due to the heavier gunning pressure on the martineta most estates impose a limit on the bird, but no limit on the perdiz. It dearly loves boggy country. Slogging through all that mud and water is very laborious business indeed, reminding me of hunting snipe in the peat bogs of Ireland.

Martineta are most active in the last half-hour of daylight, when one might see 8 to 10 flushes in succes-

sion. Like the perdiz, the martineta loves to move out ahead of the dog when pointed, sometimes flushing at the outer margin of gunning range. The martineta is one of the world's great game birds.

A good shooter who can *walk*—and I emphasize the last word—can normally expect to bag an aggregate of about 25 birds in a morning's shooting. Generally most estates offer partridge shooting only in the morning or afternoon, because most hunters cannot walk a full day. The other half of the day is devoted to some very hot-barrelled shooting at big slate-gray pigeons or at doves as they come in to roost in the large groves of tall eucalyptus or poplar trees.

For many years I used to say that I had never seen a really good bird dog south of the Texas-Mexico border. I am delighted to say that on my first day of partridge shooting in Uruguay I had to eat my words. In fact, during the course of my stay in Uruguay I shot over some of the finest dogs I have ever shot over anywhere. All of them were pointers except for one ageless and indefatigable Brittany. A specialist in hunting martinetas, it was affectionately known as the Swamp Rat. All of the pointers are descendants from field trial champions imported from the United States during the past twenty years.

The circumstances of my first partridge shooting trip to Uruguay were quite grandiloquent. Doug Larsen, director of South American programs for Fish and Game Frontiers, and I were staying at the ranch house of the vast Estancia Santa Emilia. The Estancia Santa Emilia is owned by an expatriate American couple, George and Janet Winter. They have decorated the vast main living room, the dining room, the tea and coffee room, the breakfast room, and all the bedrooms with impeccable good taste. The walls are adorned with colorful weavings from the Andean countries and the floors with luminous old Shiraz and Tabriz carpets from Persia. A large fire in the fireplace of each bedroom greets each shooter as he returns cold and wet in the evening. The hand-hewn cedar woodwork throughout the palatial home retains the fragrance of the day when it was cut. In the courtyards lemon trees bend under

the burden, of bright yellow fruit. The whole effect is, in the words of T.S. Eliot, "rich and modest." Like the devil in the book of Job, I have "wandered up and down the earth and walked to and fro in it" on hunting excursions, but seldom have I stayed in a hostelry so magnificent as the ranch house of the Estancia Santa Emilia.

On the first day George Winter, Doug Larsen, and I set out in a splendid horse-drawn carriage. The carriage has room for a driver and an assistant up front, and four hunters in back. It was resplendent with leather upholstery, polished brass fixtures, and newly painted yellow spokes on the wheels. Did anyone ever set forth on a hunt in a more magnificent conveyance? I doubt it.

Doug, George, and I were joined by Luis Brown, a long-time resident of the United States, who holds an MBA from the Wharton School of Finance, and who gave up a successful business career to establish River Plate Wing Shooting, the company that organizes all the wonderful wingshooting in Uruguay. Luis also offers fantastic duck shooting.

We rode merrily along in the morning sunlight, surveying the rich, rolling countryside for five and a half miles. Then we got down and split up into teams, each with a pair of grand pointers. George Winter would serve as my dog-handler and Luis Brown would serve as Doug's dog-handler. We would hunt back to the ranch house. The carriage would follow us with extra ammunition, drinks, snacks, and raingear.

George unleashed two big, elegant pointers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent. The Duke of York was clearly more aggressive and tended to work farther out. He made game almost immediately, and the Duke of Kent backed him up. "Go right in behind the dog and flush the bird," George encouraged me.

This bird was not about to flush readily, however. It kept running ahead, then to the right, then to the left, the dogs continually moving up on it, readjusting their points. When it had run about 100 yards, it got up at about 30 yards distance and I put it down with finality. The Duke of York took off with a gallop and fetched it. Within 100 yards the dogs were again locked up on point. This bird was more cooperative; it

exploded almost underfoot. I counted to three and then dropped it on the grass amidst a balloon of feathers.

This pattern kept up all morning. The dogs would make game about every 200 yards, and then it would require about 100 yards of pressure tactics to make the bird fly. We hunted through wheat grass and clover and weed fields and marshes. At last we espied the ranch house hidden behind a grove of large poplar and eucalyptus and willow trees. After five miles of trudging it was a welcome sight indeed. It had been as satisfying a morning of bird shooting as I had enjoyed in a long time.

At lunch we celebrated the Homecoming of the Happy Blasters by feasting on great slabs of succulent steak washed down by a fruity, full-bodied red wine. Then it was off to a well-deserved siesta.

In the evening we banged away at big blue-rock pigeons coming in to roost in the tall eucalyptus trees. I fired four boxes of shells as fast as I could reload my gun.

In the ensuing days Luis Brown moved Doug Larsen and myself from *estancia* to *estancia* across the flat face of Uruguay. We started in the far west and finished in the far east, almost on the border of Brazil. Each day there were new dogs and new doghandlers and new friends to be made. The terrain and the birds remained the same. The size of the bags would not compare with what we might have got on a duck or dove shoot there in Uruguay or in Argentina, but the stately dogwork provided a deep, satisfying delight such as no other kind of shooting can provide.

Uruguay is neither a large nor an important country. Few Americans have heard of it and many fewer can locate it on a map. Its days of obscurity may be numbered though, because it is one of the great wing-shooting countries of the world.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION:

Further information on wing-shooting in Uruguay may be had from Fish and Game Frontiers, Box 161, Wexford, PA 15090; (800) 245-1950.

The easiest way to get to Uruguay is to fly to Buenos Aires, Argentina on Aerolíneas Argentinas and then take the one half-hour flight across the

River Plate to Montevideo, Uruguay. Aerolíneas Argentinas has frequent flights to Buenos Aires from New York, Miami, and Los Angeles. Aerolíneas has transported many hunters to Argentina and Uruguay and is quite solicitous of their special requirements.

The season for partridge shooting in Uruguay is May through August. This is also the season for shooting ducks, doves, and geese in Argentina—the best shooting of its kind in the world—and a trip to both countries may be easily arranged.

Guns may be temporarily imported into Argentina and Uruguay with little complication. Fish and Game Frontiers makes all arrangements.

Since shooters will routinely walk five to six miles per day over some rough terrain, a light, highly portable gun is recommended. Because the birds may get up far out, a 12 gauge gun with a modified choke is probably the best combination. I used the new Benelli Montefeltro Super 90 semi-auto, a light gun with superb handling qualities, and I was quite well pleased with it. □

NOW AVAILABLE . . . WING & SHOT caps in camo or blaze orange.



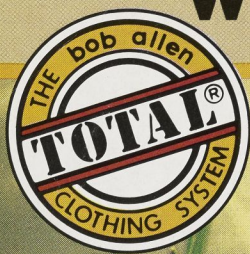
Both the camo and blaze orange caps have an open mesh back. These high quality caps are only \$5.95 each. Please add \$2.00 for shipping and handling.

Iowa residents add 4% sales tax.

Canadian customers, please pay with a Canadian Postal Money Order payable in U.S. funds.

The Stover Publishing Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 35098
Des Moines, IA 50315

WHEN THE WEATHER CHANGES



IT MAY START OUT COLD AND RAINY — BUT WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT?

Packing for a hunting trip always poses problems! You never know exactly what kind of weather you're going to run into, and invariably you wear or bring the wrong clothing.

I fought that problem for years and finally solved it a few years ago, not only for myself, but for all you hunting friends. Our TOTAL CLOTHING SYSTEM® is on the leading edge of modern clothing technology and is far more versatile and complete than some of the similar "systems" offered by imitators.

We now have six different jacket liners that will zip into ten different coats in our line. The liners are all suitable to be worn as outer garments, and most of them are reversible, so they can be worn either way.

We now have ten different coats into which our six liners may be zipped interchangeably. Imagine the many combinations that are possible with this system. Now when you pack for a hunting expedition you take along only the coats you need, plus whatever liner you feel may be necessary. If you start out on a cold morning with a warm liner and then the sun comes out and the day warms up, all you need do is remove the liner, put it in your game bag, and you're comfortably dressed for the rest of the day.

The only thing wrong that we've found with my TOTAL SYSTEM® is that it is a little complicated to understand. That's why in this year's catalog we're devoting so much space to an explanation of how it works. On the page facing this one, you'll see the six liners and the ten coats illustrated.

This isn't the end of the TOTAL SYSTEM® — as we design and build new garments, we'll provide the zippers, so that your garment will always be interchangeable and give you the wonderful versatility that only my TOTAL SYSTEM® offers. And, I assure you that before an item is placed in our line it is thoroughly field-tested by me, our people, and my TEST STAFF of over 150 active sportsmen.

Good shooting!

Bob Allen

BOB ALLEN

bob allen® • 214 S.W. Jackson Street • Des Moines, Iowa 50315 • (515) 283-2191