

MEMORABLE

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

When we stopped in the last little town to buy groceries, tumbleweeds were rolling down Main Street. The wind blew harder as the day wore on. The waves were running whitecaps when we left the car and transferred to the boat, and the trip up the lake to my hunting camp was no fun. The boat pounded and the spray flew. But I said hopefully to Ed Zern, "It usually quits at sunset."

He answered, "Well, it's bound to

stop sometime—it always has."

I couldn't deny that. We finally got to camp and cooked our dinner. The sun went down, but the wind didn't. If anything, it blew harder as darkness fell. It was picking up sand now and pitching it against the walls of our tents like No. 9 shot.

Ed put his sleeping bag in the tepee. Mine was already spread out across the back of the big wall tent where we cooked and ate in bad weather. The

longer the wind blew, the more attractive bed seemed, and we turned in early.

Sometime during the night an extra-strong gust was too much for the ridge-pole of the wall tent. It broke, and the tent collapsed with a *swwhoosh*. I woke up, of course, realized what had happened, and reached out under the slack canvas to feel Rip, my pointer, lying on his pad close by. He was curled up tight as a sow bug, and if he knew what had happened, he didn't care. I pulled my

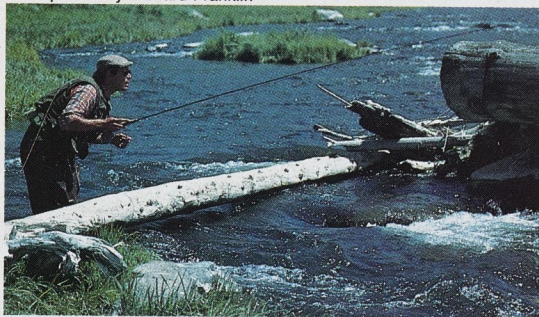


Illustrated by Chris Magadini

THE DAP DOES IT

BY AUSTIN JENNINGS

Angler in heavy brush photo by Hanson Carroll;
other photos by Richard Franklin



Hard-to-get trout can be reached when you resort to an age-old technique known as dapping.

The modern fly fisherman can wade farther and cast longer than ever before, thanks largely to a slew of high-tech gear. But even today certain trout remain beyond the reach of double-haul experts and premium tackle. Don't look to the far banks for these fish; often they will be found just underfoot, in places where streamside obstructions or fast water prohibit the normal presentation of the fly. However, an age-old technique—dapping—can put even these hard-to-get fish within your grasp.

Basically, dapping is fishing without casting. You carefully stalk within "a pole's reach" of a trout, extend the rod over the lie, and gently let the fly dust the surface. Simple, yes; but it is a highly effective tactic when done right.

Dapping is the perfect antidote when heavy cover prevents you from reaching a pool or executing a proper back cast; it's also highly effective when you spot a fish holding tight against the bank or drifting behind a rock in pocket water. I've also learned that many impossible-to-reach lies are home to big trout, and the thought of tangling with those brutes spurred me to hone my dapping skills.

Begin with the proper approach. Plodding, careless anglers deserve all the frustration they bring on themselves. Use stealth when you move into position and you'll be rewarded. For example, if you take the time to hunch up or kneel down and sneak up to the edge of the stream, then peer cautiously over the bank, you'll often discover big holdover and wild trout in lies near the bank. Trout like the cover these spots offer, as well as the lesser current. They also like the steady stream of land insects that tumble into the water.

While in college in New York State I used to fish the Beaverkill often. Hatches were excellent on the river, but I always looked forward to summer when I had broad reaches of water all to myself. Then I would experience some of the best angling of the year with terrestrials.

I took many fish with traditional casts, but some of the biggest holdover browns were taken by stalking along the hard-to-reach, steep shorelines and dropping flies over unsuspecting trout. Sometimes I would see two or three big browns cruising an eddy, and standing as still as a stone carving, I would wait until the largest fish swam within a rod's length of me. Then I would drop the ant or beetle onto the surface. A quick, confident rise was the usual response.

Long rods hold a definite advantage here. So equipped, you can stay farther back from the stream, which reduces the chance of spooking fish. *(Continued on page 116)*

The author, an experienced fly fisherman who specializes in terrestrials, is a longtime advocate of dapping.

CAMPS

OF ALL THE INGREDIENTS THAT COMBINE FOR A DELIGHTFUL CAMP, THE SETTING IS THE MOST IMPORTANT.

bag up around my ears and went back to sleep.

I woke up at daylight. The wind had stopped, but it would be an hour before the sun came up over the eastern ridge. I knew the entire camp would be a dreadful shambles. I went back to sleep.

Footsteps woke me the second time. Poor Zern was stumbling around outside in the cold, gray light of dawn. I could watch him by lifting the canvas. He was picking up pots, pans, plates, cups, and

everything else the wind could move. He went as far as the lake shore, 50 yards away, retrieving things.

I could think of no better place to be than where I was. I snuggled my head down a little farther and tried to go back to sleep, but my conscience wouldn't let me. At last, I called to Ed and asked him why he didn't build a fire. "I don't have any matches," he answered, "and I didn't want to wake you up."

What a gentleman! I felt like a heel. I crawled out, dragging my clothes with me, and put them on. Then I got a big fire going and while the shivering Zern thawed out by it I looked around. What a mess! It was worse than I had imagined. Tight boxes that I had thought were proof against bugs, dust, rain, and everything else were full of sand. There was sand in the food. There was enough sand in my ears to start a garden. Zern's tepee, fortunately, had withstood the gale, but the big tent was a sorry sight.

We got a pot of coffee going and then we had some breakfast and I sent Ed hunting. There were chukars, Hungarian partridge, mountain quail, valley quail, and even pheasants within a quarter mile of camp. I hoped he would become so engrossed in hunting that he would forget the night.

Then I went to work straightening up, cleaning up, and repairing the most desolate, woebegone, miserable camp I've ever seen. I finished the job by noon, when Ed got back, but I'll never forget the sensation as I stood there at 8 A.M. and surveyed the wreckage. It is memorable only because it was so thoroughly awful.

Later—from that morning on, in fact—this camp turned out to be delightful. The hunting was good and there was more of it than we could cope with. The scenery was magnificent. A covey of Huns walked past the tents each evening on their way to the lake for water. The days were sunny and warm. The mornings were as fresh and stimulating as only October mornings can be, and the evenings were all great. And one evening one of the most amusing things I have ever seen happened there.

Ed Zern, in addition to being funny, sings folk songs very well. We were in the wall tent after dinner with a snug fire in the little stove. Ed was singing and I was trying to accompany him on my harmonica—though my efforts must have annoyed him no end. But if the harmony was slightly off, the camaraderie was great. I was sitting on a boat cushion near the stove. Ed was on my air

mattress, leaning back against my rolled-up sleeping bag. Rip, on his pad, was lying beside Ed.

We did our best on a dozen songs ranging from "Home On The Range" to "My Bonnie Barbara Allen." Then Ed began to sing "Blood On The Saddle." Rip got up, gave him a reproachful look, walked over to the farthest corner of the tent, groaned, and lay down. I laughed. I howled. Tears ran down my cheeks. Zern had to laugh. The music session was over.

I have had many memorable camps, mostly in the West where the public lands and national forests are free to anyone who likes to live outdoors. My wife and I used to dream of building a log cabin on a mountain lake. No more. Our friends who have cabins are tied down, fettered by the responsibility of their property which they must maintain and protect. But we are free to go wherever our fancy chooses, and a thousand delightful spots are ours.

Fortunately, she enjoys camping as much as I, and we do a great deal of it—eight weeks during 1969, for example. And, believe me, discomfort is the exception, not the rule. If we were miserable, we wouldn't go.

Nearly all our camping is done in spots where we want to hunt or fish, though occasionally we pitch our tent in some pleasant place simply because we like to be there. And we can afford to spend so much time at it because I can work as well in camp as anywhere. In fact, I write better and get more done sitting under a tree in some pleasant spot than I do at my desk.

The heart of our outfit is a wall tent and shepherd stove, and what a comfort they have been! We love to sit in the tent on a wild November evening, a crackling fire in the little sheet-iron stove, and listen to the wind in the trees and the rain pelting on the roof. To be so snug and warm, with the elements doing their worst only the thickness of a sheet of canvas away, gives me a wonderful feeling of contentment I have experienced nowhere else.

Yet we seldom use the wall tent between the end of March and first of October. We (Continued on page 117)

The late Ted Trueblood left a legacy of columns written for FIELD & STREAM over nearly 30 years. This one, reprinted from March 1970, is part of a series to run intermittently.

—The Editors



**It will never
replace the bass
as everyone's
all-time favorite,
but if you're
looking for a fight,
look no further.**



Ron McAdow, founding father of the Riverside Fishing and Poker Club, and I were out on Sampson's Pond in southeastern Massachusetts trying to break the state's largemouth bass record. Ten years earlier, the record had been set on this same lake by a fellow named Walter Bolonis, who had hoisted in a 15-pound 8-ounce monster, thereby humiliating many Southern states whose largemouth records remain considerably smaller. Bolonis, however, most likely made his historic catch in weather that was much more suitable to the catching of outsized bass than was the October gale in which McAdow and I sat huddled in my boat. Neither of us was overly optimistic.

"I can accept not breaking the record on this outing," Ron screamed into the gale, "but I'd sure feel awful if we got skunked."

"Ron," I said, "the only way we're going to get skunked is if a small, black-and-white mammal approaches us with its tail raised and its front feet stamping."

"How can you be so sure?" shrieked Ron.

"I can be so sure," I yelled as a jolting strike shattered the ice on my rod, "because we're after bass, and that just about guarantees we'll catch some pickerel." Then I hauled the first of several large and savage pickerel over the gunwales. [Canadians, who mean walleyes when they talk about pickerel, should note that the fish referred to here is a member of the pike family, complete with awesome teeth and a pugnacious disposition. It is a fish of U.S. waters, often scorned, but a worthy opponent nonetheless.]

Most bass fishermen are familiar with the pickerel situation. You are out in one of those perfect, bassy spots, dragging something tempting through the weeds, when suddenly the universe explodes and utter havoc rules the moment. Water is splashing everywhere, vegetation

rains down like an overtossed salad, and you are sure the bass of your lifetime is about to have your thumb in its cavernous maw. But the fat, deep-bellied fish you had hoped for turns out to be a skinny, snakelike devil with the grin of a crocodile and the disposition of a cornered boar. Disappointment leaves its sour taste in your mouth. "The damn things are everywhere," you mutter as you toss the pickerel back.

Well, it does not happen that way to all of us. Some of us are actually as happy as raccoons in a bait-bucket when we hook a rampaging pickerel, and that is because some of us actually go after pickerel on purpose. Oh, sure, bass remain my preferred summer gamefish. They are certainly easier to deal with once hooked; they will hold still while you remove the hooks; they will not rip up your hand with their teeth and then drive the hook through your thumb; and they are easier to eat. You can fillet a bass and then eat it with the reasonable certainty that you will not soon be amongst the wounded in some hospital emergency room. But none of that makes pickerel any less attractive as a truly thrilling adversary at the end of a line. Even a relatively small pickerel can provide a battle worthy of a larger bass, and a big pickerel can make you laugh and shout and worry about your ability to get something like that into the boat.



Strangely, fishing for pickerel on purpose is entirely different from catching them when you are really after bass. It is like the old complaint about never being able to find a cop when you need one, yet they are all over the place when you just want to double-park for a second. When you are loaded for bass, it seems as though you just cannot keep the pickerel off your lure, but when it is pickerel you want, they become temporarily extinct.

I believe that syndrome is not imagined; pickerel, it seems to me after umpteenth years of fishing for both, are harder to catch than bass. It is not the initial

PICKEREL ON

T RUEBLOOD

(Continued from page 73)

like to live outdoors. I enjoy getting up on a chilly morning, starting a campfire, and then squatting close beside it to soak up its welcome warmth. We like to see the sun rise and set and watch the stars come out and listen as the sounds of day give way to those of night. Usually we put up a big canvas fly for shelter from sun and showers. Sometimes we sleep in the tepee, sometimes in the car, and sometimes under the stars. Even a tent's thin wall is insulation against nature's endless show, which is complete with sound and color—but without commercials.

Of all the ingredients that combine to make a delightful camp, the most important by far is the setting. The camp will take on the character of its surroundings. Possibly because I grew up in open country, I don't like to camp in a deep, dark canyon or in heavy timber. Such places soon become oppressive to me; I want to be able to look around. I like to camp in the edge of the trees with a meadow and stream in the foreground and a mountain in the distance.

For about ten years now, my wife and I have camped in such a spot for a week or so each summer. The fishing isn't very good because it is in the high country and high-elevation streams don't, as a rule, produce big fish. But the nights are delightfully chilly and the days delightfully warm. There are snowbanks on the ridge above and the wildflowers bloom in August. Lodgepole pines shade our camp during midday, yet we get early morning and late afternoon sun. Deer visit us every evening. I have done some of my best writing sitting at the camp table, looking across the stream and meadow and up the mountain beyond. And any day at 5 o'clock I can fold up my work, take my rod, and in an hour catch enough little, wild trout for our dinner.

Once we find a spot we like we have a habit of going back to it year after year. Old associations and the memory of other pleasant times contribute to our pleasure as much as the setting. For more than three decades we spent a week or more each year in what was probably our best-loved place of all. We fished for trout there in the summer and hunted grouse and deer in the fall.

Our sons, now grown, spent many happy days building little roads for their toy cars when we first took them there. When they were perhaps twelve and ten they pulled boards up into one of the trees with a rope and built a platform on which they loved to sit and read. It is still there.

We camped here on a bench overlooking a little river, close enough so its music was always present, yet far enough so it was not too loud. The view up the mountain valley toward the snow-capped peaks in the distance was the kind they put on calendars, especially when the aspens were golden in the fall.

The view across the river was nearly as inspiring. There were trees enough, yet we were not hemmed in.

But we didn't camp there last year. The greatest thing about this camp was a magnificent ponderosa pine that had already survived the vicissitudes of perhaps two centuries when we first saw it. Fire many years before had hollowed out and blackened one side of the butt, taking perhaps a third of the wood to a height of 10 feet. And since the wood next to the burned area was full of pitch, fools chopped into it for kindling, weakening the tree still more. Then came the beetles.

The old tree was dead, but standing, when we camped there last in November 1968. It fell that winter. We may not go back.

Our latest favorite, and already a memorable camp, is as different from this mountain setting as it could possibly be. It is a little, dry meadow near the head of a dry stream, not far from the Idaho-Nevada border. The surroundings would no doubt seem frighteningly desolate to a lot of folks. But Phil Fairbanks and his wife and my wife and I have camped there in late September to hunt sagehens and antelope for six straight years. We love it.

The country is a high plateau, gently rolling, covered with low sage, and so rocky you might hunt for half a day to find a spot where you could drive a tent stake. In fact, that was the reason we camped on the meadow the first time; there were no rocks on it. As far as you can see in all directions there is no house, no fence, no tree, and the road, strictly for 4-wheel drive, is so dreadful that only twice in six years has a car gone by.

Last fall, we spent the day before the season opened getting there. We had time to take some sagehen pictures and even got a few of a strangely unsuspicious coyote along the way; and just as dusk was falling, with camp made and dinner cooking, twelve antelope appeared on a nearby ridge, silhouetted against the evening sky. We watched them as long as we could still see.

We stayed there for a week. We didn't hunt hard. Sagehens are big birds and we couldn't possibly have eaten the number we might have killed. We explored some, driving out several new "roads" and learning more about the area. We loafed a lot, reveling in the simple fact that we were there. We had a couple of evening showers and some frosty nights, but we were prepared for both and they caused no discomfort. The days were sunny and warm.

The coyotes sang their wild, sweet, crazy songs for us each night, and as we were eating breakfast the last morning we got a thrill quite equal to seeing the antelope the first evening. A flock of sagehens, perhaps thirty of the magnificent birds, picked up off a nearby ridge and sailed directly over camp, not 10 yards above our heads, to light farther up the meadow.

Of such things are memorable camps made.

MAKE UP TO \$26⁰⁰ an HOUR

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

START YOUR OWN MONEY MAKING BUSINESS

Hundreds of FOLEY-BELSAW trained men have succeeded in this fascinating and highly profitable field...

You Can Do It Too! ... BE A

LOCKSMITH

Never before have money-making opportunities been so great for qualified Locksmiths. Now lucrative regular lock and key business has multiplied a thousandfold as millions seek more protection against zooming crime. Yet there's only one Locksmith for every 17,000 people! Train FAST at Home — Collect CASH PROFITS Right Away. You're in business ready to earn up to \$26.00 an hour a few days after you begin Foley-Belsaw's shortcut training. Take advantage of today's unprecedented opportunities in Locksmithing for year-round EXTRA INCOME in spare time — or full time in a high-profit business of your own. Hundreds we've trained have done it. So can YOU! All tools plus professional Key Machine given you with course. These plus practice materials and equipment, plus simple, illustrated lessons, plus expert supervision, plus business-building guidance will enable you to KEEP THE MONEY COMING IN! Ideal for retirement — good jobs, too.

SEND FOR EXCITING FACTS — NO OBLIGATION! PRO KEY MACHINE YOURS TO KEEP FREE

This machine can add up to \$200 a month to your income... it won't cost you a penny extra with your training.

FIND OUT ABOUT IT RUSH COUPON TODAY

There is NO OBLIGATION * NO SALESMAN Will Call - ever!

FREE FOLEY-BELSAW INSTITUTE 11147 FIELD BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO. 64111

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY-STATE-ZIP _____

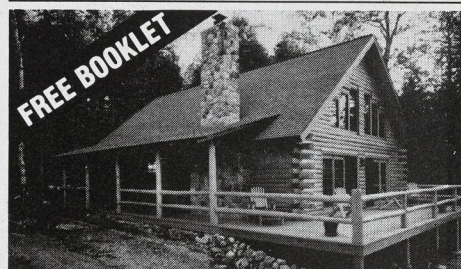
TELLS HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN LOCKSMITHING ALMOST FROM THE START!

FREE BOOKLET

KEYS TO YOUR FUTURE

SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY! 30 DAY NO RISK TRIAL ALL SPECIAL TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT INCLUDED

FOLEY-BELSAW INSTITUTE 11147 FIELD BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO. 64111



The Energy Efficient LOG HOME

Traditional full log or insulated log kits with up to R-40 roof system. Handcrafted Northern White CEDAR or PINE logs. Complete kits priced from \$9,900. Nationwide FREE DELIVERY. Dealerships available at no charge.

Order our new color Plan Book of 100 beautiful models.

MasterCard or Visa accepted. Call TOLL FREE 1-800-558-5812 In Wisconsin Call 1-800-242-1021

Send for the Free Log Home Lovers Design Booklet.

Greatwood Log Homes, Inc., Dept. FS47 P.O. Box 707, Elkhart Lake, WI 53020 Please send check or money order.

☐ \$6.95 Plan Book of 100 beautiful models (First class mail \$8.95)

☐ \$9.95 Dealership Kit with Plan Book

☐ Free Log Home Lovers Design Booklet

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (____) _____

Own Lot ☐ Building Date _____



Log Homes
Greatwood

DOWNRIGGERS

(Continued from page 82)

heavy drails, wire line, and other cumbersome tackle for deep trolling. Using such weighty gear not only made it difficult to control the depth of the lure unless it was being fished on the bottom, but it often meant having an extreme amount of fishing line out, or using tackle heavy enough to subdue a submarine.

Downriggers overcome all of these problems by removing the burden of going deep from the fishing line and putting it on an accessory product, which can take a lure to any depth desired. Furthermore, these devices can be used with light and ultralight tackle, so you can fish at any depth with tackle that taxes your skills a little more and provides extra enjoyment.

For many years downriggers were used only for trout and salmon trolling on the Great Lakes, which gave many the idea that the equipment was applicable only for deep trolling in big bodies of water and/or for pursuing salmonids. As downriggers became more popular, however, their application broadened. Now, many anglers realize that downriggers are useful for catching a wide variety of fish in both freshwater and saltwater; for deep, shallow, or intermediate depths; in big lakes, small bodies of water, and in rivers; and for bait fishing as well as trolling lures.

I have used downriggers to fish for brown, lake, and rainbow trout; steelhead; coho, chinook, and Atlantic salmon; striped bass; hybrid stripers; largemouth and smallmouth bass; walleyes; American shad; northern pike; and muskellunge. I have also caught such species as chain pickerel, yellow perch, white bass, and sheepshead inadvertently while downrigger trolling for other fish.

The various trout and salmon species may still be the primary targets of those who troll in lakes with downriggers, but striped bass fishing with downriggers has grown substantially over the past decade, and lately the devices have become a much bigger factor in walleye trolling. This is especially true on Lake Erie and other large bodies of water. A friend of mine who recently moved to northern New York is having a lot of fun catching walleyes up to 10 pounds from one of the Finger Lakes by slow-trolling shallow-running minnow-imitation plugs deep via a downrigger.

Downriggers are even influencing those who troll for muskies, which is saying a lot in this tradition-rich field. I put downriggers on my bass boat and used them to troll for muskies on the St. Lawrence River for the first time in 1979. There wasn't a single guide or private boat using downriggers on that body of water then. Last fall I observed that most of the local St. Lawrence fishermen were using one or more downriggers for muskie trolling.

Rivers, incidentally, are looming as the next frontier for freshwater downrigger use, especially small- to medium-size flowages where current is always present and such species as walleyes, bass, trout, steelhead, salmon, and shad exist. River backtrolling, in which a boat moves very slowly—it actually drifts—downstream, and at times remains stationary in the current, while lures are fished at 50- to 80-foot distances behind the boat, has potential for downrigger adaptation. In this technique, lures are usually fished in the channels and pools, where they waver in front of the fish for a much longer period than they would if cast and retrieved or if trolled upstream and away. Getting down to the bottom is usually a critical factor for success, and a downrigger can guarantee this.

In saltwater, downrigger usage is also on the increase. Early introductions were hampered by products that couldn't hold up in the salt, and by anglers who were reluctant to break with traditional fishing methods. But corrosion-resistant downriggers have proven to be highly

TROLLING/DOWNRIGGER INFO

■ Portions of this article were adapted from *The Art of Trolling*, a new book by Ken Schultz, published by Viking Penguin Books. Autographed copies may be obtained for \$14 ppd. from: World Angling Services, Dept. FS, R.D. 1, Box 20, Forestburgh, N.Y. 12777. The 256-page, illustrated book covers all aspects of modern freshwater trolling.

Cannon's Guide to Freshwater Fishing with Downriggers, published by Cannon, a leading downrigger manufacturer, and written by Tom Huggler, covers all aspects of downrigger trolling, with color and black-and-white photographs. The book is available at stores, or direct from Cannon/S&K Products, Dept. FS, P.O. Box 1001, Muskegon, Mich. 49443, for \$8.95 plus \$2 shipping.

functional, catching billfish, bluefish, salmon, grouper, king mackerel, dolphin-fish, wahoo, barracuda, weakfish, shark, and tuna. Some anglers are actually marveling about their results, as if a whole new world has been opened up to them.

That's how a friend sounded when he called one day last fall to say that he'd found a mother lode of bluefish off the New Jersey coast while he was using downriggers. Most bluefishermen jig, chum and fish bait, or troll multi-lured umbrella rigs with wire line. My friend said he spotted the blues about 35 feet deep on his sonar, and caught fish on a tube lure virtually immediately after lowering it on the downrigger weight. An experienced freshwater downrigger user, he said he'd never caught fish that handily on downriggers before. And that was the first time he'd used them in the salt.

Some saltwater trollers are having a wild time dropping big plugs down beneath downrigger weights (diving plugs run deeper than the depth at which the weight is set) and dragging them just above the lairs of groupers and jacks. In

fact, saltwater trollers are finding that they can go from catching small fish on the surface to catching bigger fish below the surface by using downriggers to get to ranges they don't ordinarily reach. Baitfishing with downriggers is probably done more in saltwater than in freshwater, and live, dead, and cut baits are all used. Billfishermen fishing the surface without success are finding it worthwhile to get down with both rigged baits and lures.

Downriggers are not complicated devices, and they are simple to use. Basically they consist of a large spool or reel, a cranking handle, a boom, a cable, and a pulley; a heavy lead weight that attaches to the end of the downrigger cable; and a line release mechanism that may be located on or near the weight or at any location on the cable. In use, the lure attached to your fishing line is placed in the water and set at whatever distance you want it to run behind your boat. Then the fishing line is placed in the downrigger release. Fishing line and downrigger weight are lowered simultaneously to the depth you want to fish. When a fish strikes your lure, the fishing line pops out of the release and you play the fish unencumbered by a heavy weight or strong cable. In other words, with downriggers you piggyback your fishing line to a heavily weighted non-fishing line, and the two separate when a fish strikes.

Downriggers come in manual or electric models. Many small boats have manual downriggers or started with manual models and worked up to electrics. Manuals come in small versions that clamp onto the transom or gunwales of boats or even into the oarlock receptacle, and some are available in either right- or left-hand-crank versions. Electrics are generally made for permanent and sturdy mounting locations, and some manuals are similarly mounted. Electrics are more expensive than manual downriggers, require a power source hookup, and are more prone to malfunction, but they are invariably preferred by veteran trollers because of their ease of use. Electric downriggers are raised and lowered by flicking a switch; manuals are hand-cranked up, and in some models are also cranked down (on some you can release clutch tension to lower a downrigger weight instead of hand-cranking it down).

Although you can often raise or lower a weight faster with a manual model than with an electric, with most electrics you can hit an automatic up switch that retrieves the downrigger while you are tending to other things.

The length of the boom, which carries the cable from the reel over the side of the boat, varies from short 1-foot arms to 8-footers, depending on the boat size and the need to spread out the weights to cover the greatest possible horizontal range of water.

Most downriggers have a line counter that measures the amount of cable that reels off the spool, indicating the depth of the weight. Some downriggers sport

How to Break 100 Straight



BOB RODALE

Going straight is easy if you have built-in talent. If not, you may have to chip and crack your first 100

Over the years I've broken quite a few 100-straight scores at skeet, and I will never forget one of them. I shot it on the day my wife almost died of spinal meningitis. We were at Rochester, New York, for the skeet Nationals, and the year was 1966. I was on the Pennsylvania five-man team that year, and Ray Corper and I were shooting together as a two-man team in the 250-target 12-gauge race.

The first day of the event went very well. Our team was down only two targets out of the first 500. Ray and I each broke our first 100 of the 250. We were scheduled to shoot our second 100 targets per man the following day at 4 p.m.

The next morning my wife became extremely ill. She had been running a slight fever for several days, but suddenly her neck and back were stiff, her fever was very high, and she could hardly stand. The doctor we consulted rushed her to the emergency ward of Genesee Hospital, where he told us she had meningitis. Ardie was one sick girl.

I didn't want to continue. There was no way to reach my teammates by phone, so I drove out to the club to tell them. They were sorry to hear about Ardie, but they urged me to shoot to keep my mind off her dangerous illness.

"You have your gun and shells, so why not shoot?" someone said.

Had I quit, both our teams would have gone down the drain. There's no way to put in a substitute. I finally agreed to shoot the match.

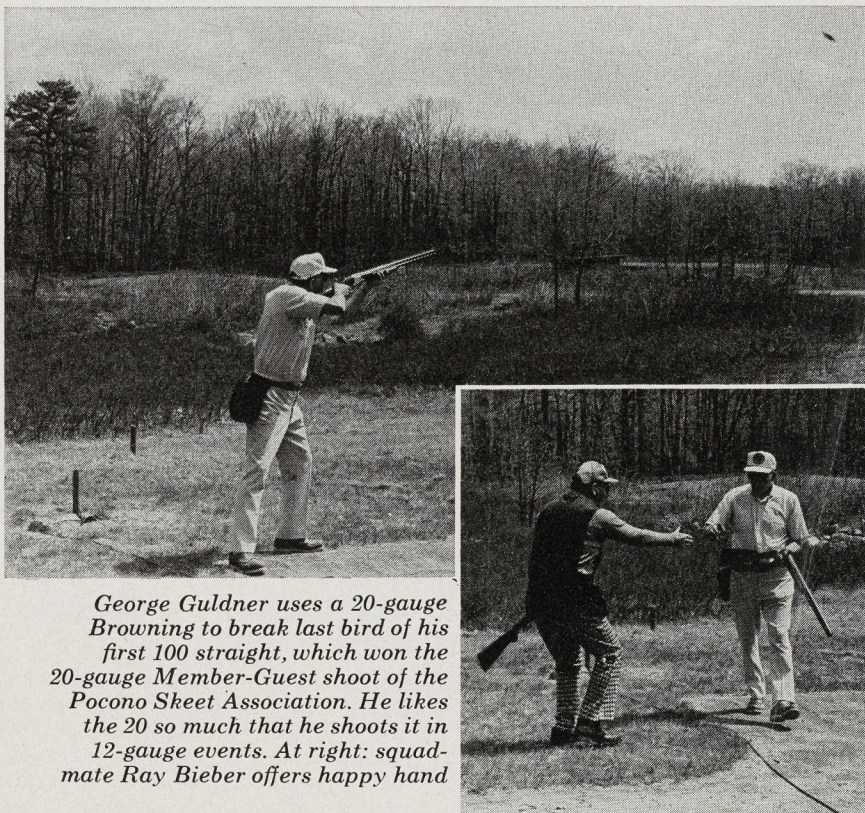
Not to make a long story endless, as Ray would say, I centered every target that afternoon. Never have I broken a smoother 100 straight. My mind was on Ardie, not the targets. My lack of enthusiasm was total, yet somehow each target disintegrated in a puff of smoke. My muscles worked strictly from memory, but they did the job.

My mind simply did not get in the way of my shooting that day. I never once thought about how to shoot, what lead to give a target, or when to pull the trigger. And I had no anxiety about my scores, because all my capacity for that emotion was focused on Ardie. It took a while, but she recovered.

You have to know the basics of

shooting to break 100 straight, and you also have to control your mind to prevent it from throwing you off. Competitive shooting is largely a mental game—a fact that surprises many people. Making the right physical moves is important if you want to break good scores, but to hit them all in a 100-target match, you also have to harness your mental powers.

Using your mind in the best way while shooting is surprisingly difficult. "Thinking" in the normal sense of the word can be the worst thing to do. The trouble is that there's no way to think at one time about all the things you must do to hit one clay target. If you focus your mind on one part of the job,



George Guldner uses a 20-gauge Browning to break last bird of his first 100 straight, which won the 20-gauge Member-Guest shoot of the Pocono Skeet Association. He likes the 20 so much that he shoots it in 12-gauge events. At right: squad-mate Ray Bieber offers happy hand

15

Ted Trueblood

All hunters and fishermen need things in which to put things. This is one answer to the problem.

Boxes



One time when I was on my way to the coast for steelhead fishing, I stopped at a cafe in Bend, Oregon, for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. While I was eating I overheard a couple of cowpunchers talking. Apparently it was a time for introspection, because one of them said, "My weakness is horses, women, and dogs." His statement always intrigued me because of the order in which he worded it. I never could figure out whether horses or dogs

were more important.

Like the cowpuncher, I also have several weaknesses. As far as horses go, I can take them or leave them alone. But I have others—boxes, for example. I am fond of boxes. Like all hunters and fishermen, I need things in which to put things, and boxes, in many cases, are the obvious answer.

I have been collecting and making boxes for as long as I can remember. There's a stack of them in my garage.

My wife occasionally looks at them and says I'll never use them all, but a man never knows when he might need a box. I started saving shotgun-shell cases away

The late Ted Trueblood left a legacy of columns written for FIELD & STREAM over nearly 30 years. This one, reprinted from January 1956, is part of a series to run intermittently.

—The Editors

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM NEWSOM



"This GMC is me."



"This GMC is me."



"This GMC is we."



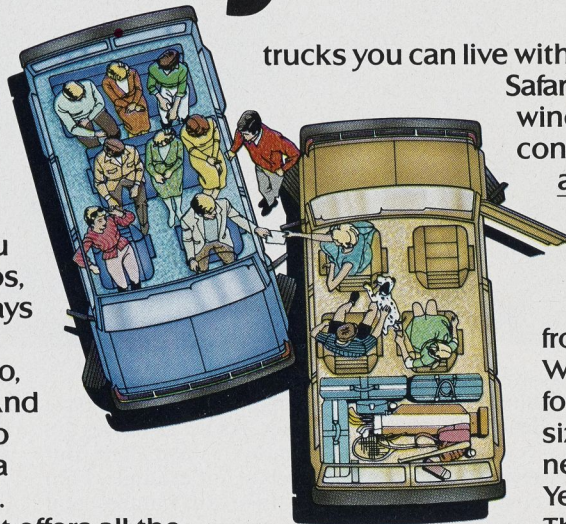
"This GMC is me."

Express yourself.

Introducing Safari from GMC. It's the van that's new-size outside, you-size inside. Its personality is your personality!

Safari's roomy interior lets you carry eight passengers (with optional seating) or up to 151.8 cu ft of cargo. Even tow up to 5,000 lbs, properly equipped. So Safari's always ready to go fish with you. Antique with you. Whatever you want to do, our new van will eagerly do, too. And Safari's sleek new size lets you slip easily through traffic or slide into a parking space, garage or car wash.

And because Safari's a GMC, it offers all the luxurious options you expect from the folks who specialize in



trucks you can live with. So you can dress up your Safari with plush interiors. Power windows and door locks. Air conditioning units for front and rear passengers. Add the powerful Vortec engine, the biggest V-6 available in a van.

Express yourself in a Safari from GMC. It's new. It's you. With more uses, more comfort, more fun than any new-size van yet. Look up your nearest GMC dealer in the Yellow Pages, under "Trucks." Then buckle up and head for a

look at Safari. See how fast you'll say, "This GMC is me!"

Vans shown with customized paint and wheels not available from GMC.



GMC

A truck you can live with.

back in the days when they were made out of nice, clean-grained wood with dovetailed corners, and I still have some.

Among the boxes which I use frequently—and which I think many other sportsmen might find useful—are pack boxes, boat boxes, grub boxes, camera boxes and, of course, tackle boxes. I even have a bottle box, but more of that later.

Now, it is a fact well known by all men who have suffered in a hot boat in the August sun or shivered in a December duck blind that nobody ever made a box exactly right, just as nobody has ever made a piece of string that was not 1 inch too short. That is why I started making and collecting my own in the first place. I always needed something a little different. I still do.

The evolution of my grub box is a good example. I started in the grub-box-building business by making one with shelves and drawers that sat on the running board of a car. The front was hinged at the bottom so that it swung out and was supported by a little leg to make a table. That was a handy box. You could stop beside the road almost anywhere, drop the front, and in a few minutes have a lunch ready. However, the car manufacturers put it out of business when they quit making running boards.

My next attempt was one that hung on the back bumper. I put a couple of iron hooks on the lower back side of the box so that I could set it on or off at will. There were handles on the sides, and the front, again, swung down to make a table. It had one drawer and several shelves and compartments, and it actually was pretty good except for one fault: it was too darned heavy.

When we made camp, I used to take this box off the back bumper and set it up inside the tent with the swingdown front at the proper height for a table. One time, after I completed this job, I wiped the sweat off my brow, looked at the box, and said to myself, "Never again." I left it right where it was.

My present grub box, which we've been using for about ten years, was an accident—I found it. I was in a stew to get started on a fishing trip when I happened to see a nice wooden box in the basement of the place where I worked. Nobody claimed it; so I fastened the lid with hinges and a hasp and put a handle on each end. I put a partition in the middle and attached a piece of lath to the lid with a hinge so that it would lie flat when the box was closed but support the lid when it was open.

That was a lucky evening: this box turned out to be exactly right. It is small enough so that I can handle it easily when it's fully loaded, and it's big enough to hold everything we need for a short trip. It measures 24x13x12½ inches. I had two nesting stainless-steel pans made to fit one compartment; we use them for dishpan and washpan. Our nesting cooking outfit—two kettles, stewpan, coffee pot, skillet, plates, and cups—fits inside the pans. There's also room for the bag of silverware, dishcloths, towels, soap, and some food. We fill the other compartment with grub.

Since this box turned out to be so nearly perfect, I'm going to make another just like it when it finally falls to pieces. Judging from its battered appearance, that probably won't be long.

Strangely enough, the only other box I have that turned out to be exactly right was also acquired more by luck than good judgment. It is my camera box. Since I spend a lot of time outdoors in all kinds of weather, I needed something that would keep my cameras dry and dust-free—and in our country it rains hard when it rains and the dust may be a foot deep when it doesn't.

Finally, just after the war, I stumbled across a stack of .50-caliber ammunition boxes in a surplus store. I bought a couple, took them home, and tested them. They were absolutely watertight, which meant they'd be dustproof, too, and were just the right size.

I glued a couple of Masonite partitions in one of them with duPont Household Cement. My 2¼x2¼ reflex camera in its leather case fits in one end. The 35mm miniature and the telephoto, also in their cases, fit in the other end. The middle division holds filters, an exposure meter, and enough film for a lot of pictures. By notching the two partitions I could even lay a compact tripod across them.

I gave this box a coat of aluminum paint so that it would not get so hot in the sun, and then tested it in the laundry sink. To my amazement and delight, I discovered that it was not only perfectly watertight, but would float fully loaded. This meant that I would be able to recover it in case it was ever spilled out of a boat—a distinct possibility on some of my trips.

I gave the other box a coat of aluminum paint and use it to carry flash equipment, bulbs, and extra film. Although it would not be such a loss if this stuff got wet, still it is comforting to know that it will be kept clean and dry, no matter what the weather. The final advantage of these boxes, slight though it may be, is that they are strong enough to sit on. Many times I've sat on them in a duck blind. With a boat cushion on top, one of them makes a pretty fair seat.

I've mentioned my pack boxes in this column before. They're 22½x15x11 inches, which is just about right either for manta (wrap with a packsaddle cover) for cargo packing or to drop into alforjas—packsaddle frames—if the packer uses sawbucks.

I made my boxes out of ¼-inch plywood, with quarter round in the corners, and fastened them with cemented nails. They'd have been better if I'd used screws and glue, but I was in a hurry.

Judging from the way they've lasted, one of my ideas was probably pretty good. I wanted them light—hence the ¼-inch plywood—and I figured they'd probably take more abuse if I kept them flexible. Consequently the lids are merely pieces of plywood attached with straps and tied shut with cord. I believe hinges and hasps, which would have made the tops rigid, would have been torn loose long ere this. For handles, I simply bored two holes near the top

of each end and tied a piece of rope through them.

We load these boxes before we leave home, and when we get to the spot where we transfer from car or plane to pack-horses, they are ready to go. At camp we empty them and stack them in the tent for a cupboard. Occasionally we use one of them as an extra grub box when we make a long camping trip by car or boat.

My boat box is mighty useful, too, although I intend to make another one, just a little different, if I can ever find the time. It came about in the first place because I wanted something in which to put shells, lunch, coffee pot or vacuum bottle, dry gloves and socks, and maybe a coat, when I was duck hunting. I use my canoe 98 percent of the time, and it didn't help any of these items to slop around loose on the bottom all day.

We soon discovered that this box was equally useful in the boat when we were fishing. It kept lunch, jackets, tackle, and other small items together, out of the way and out of the weather. Consequently we call it the boat box, although we also carry it in the car during bird season, again using it to hold shells, lunch, coffee bottle, and other items that are better off in it than on the floor.

This box is made out of ½-inch plywood, with brass corners to match the hasp, hinges, and handles. It is stronger than a young bull, but needlessly heavy. Also, I've decided, its 14-inch width is 2 inches more than necessary, although the 18-inch length and 15-inch depth are just right. I'm going to make the next boat box 2 inches narrower, with ½-inch plywood in the ends and ¼-inch stuff in the top, sides, and bottom.

One good feature of this box, which I'll retain, is the flanged lid, made by putting the box together first and then sawing through it 2 inches down from the top. It is easier to attach hinges and hasp on the flat surface thus provided. And the rim around the top keeps things from sliding off when we swing it out for a table and the ground happens to be uneven. The lid, of course, has a hinged leg, made out of an old towel rack, to support it.

I have a lot of other boxes I'd like to tell you about, but the ones mentioned, with one exception, are the best. That exception is my bottle box. Jack DeMotte, who knows my weakness for boxes, gave it to me for Christmas.

He bought a fifth of cough syrup and then built the box around it, using ¾-inch plywood. The corners are so perfectly fitted and tightly glued that you can't see the joints. He put a little nickel-plated carrying handle on the top, but didn't provide any way to get at the contents.

In order to retrieve them, I had to saw the box in two. It was such a pretty little box that I hated to cut it; so I waited until one evening when I had a desperate cough. Consequently my job of sawing and attaching the hinges and hasp, which were inside, was not so neat. Nevertheless it is a nice box to have, and it has been, on occasion, a real comfort.

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO SMOKE CUBAN-SEED HANDMADE CIGARS!

HANDMADES FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!

GIFT IDEA!
SEND CIGARS
TO A FRIEND



I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Silver Medallion Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of Honduras handmades, plus a nice selection of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

- “Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years,” one new customer wrote me the other day.
- “Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch,” wrote another.
- “Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas,” wrote H. E. O., of Columbia, SC
- “I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the sampler you sent,” said J. J. M., of Lincoln, IL

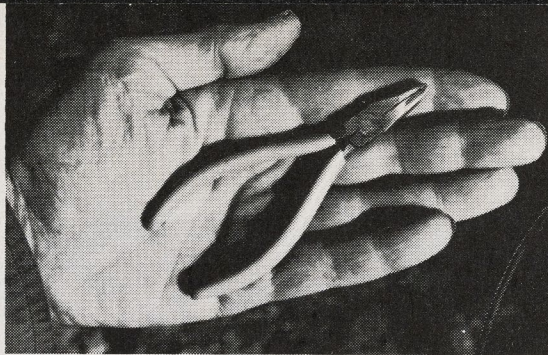
MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars—a special selection of Honduras handmades, vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only \$10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

To order, fill in and mail coupon to		B-362
THOMPSON CIGAR CO.		
5401 Hangar Ct., Dept B362, Box 30303, Tampa, FL 33630		
O.K., TOM! Ship me the Silver Medallion Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only \$10.90.		
<input type="checkbox"/> Check for \$10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 5% sales tax) <input type="checkbox"/> Charge \$10.90 to my <input type="checkbox"/> VISA <input type="checkbox"/> American Express <input type="checkbox"/> MasterCard <input type="checkbox"/> Diners Club		
Credit Card No. (Print all digits)		Exp. Date
name		
street		
city	state	zip
OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY		

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED
DELIVERY BY CALLING

TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559
IN FLORIDA, CALL 1-800-282-0646



Pliers for fly fishing should be small and light, with a good side-cutter. Below, bridge spikes make a handy and convenient support for a coffee pot or skillet over a fire

ODDS & ENDS

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

Every once in a while I accumulate bits of information that are worth passing on, but not one of which merits my entire allotted space. So this time I'll round up various subjects that have to do with hunting, fishing, or camping.

Legs for the coffee pot. I've made coffee or boiled the billy for tea hundreds of times over a campfire. I've used a dingle stick (a pole angled up over the fire with the butt stuck into the ground, or held firm by a couple of rocks). I've used grills of various sizes and designs. I've used rocks. I've even supported the coffeepot by hand, using a 4-foot stick with a fork at one end for a hook. Those times I was in a hurry or traveling light.

At the same time, I've used bridge spikes for tent stakes for about forty years. They're the best, and handy, when you travel by car, boat, or horse. You wouldn't carry them backpacking, of course. But usually I had them.

Then last spring I got a letter from Tom McGill of Rufus, Oregon. He wrote as follows:

"I wonder if you have ever used a gadget I was fond of and which my wife insisted was a necessity. I carried three bridge spikes about 12 inches long in the car—for five or six cars. They were compact and easy to keep clean.

"I shoved them into the ground by the fire in a triangle and left about half sticking up. The coffeepot sat on these three 'legs' and coals were raked out of the fire as heat was needed. The spikes could be pounded or shoved into the ground for leveling the frying pan or pot or for more heat. They worked with big pots or small."

So I tried the spikes. They're the



Angler Ron Ostrom makes use of an old suitcase to carry waders and rain gear. All other trout equipment is compactly stowed in a wooden box, left

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

A full-page advertisement featuring a cowboy on a horse. The cowboy is wearing a white cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt, and a yellow vest. He is holding the reins of a dark brown horse with a white blaze on its face. The background is a vast, open landscape with rolling hills and a blue sky with scattered clouds. In the bottom right corner, there are two packs of Marlboro cigarettes: a red pack for Marlboro Red and a yellow pack for Marlboro 100's. Several cigarettes are shown standing upright next to the packs.

Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79



TOUGH FORD VANS.

Out front in design and gas mileage.

Ford vans are built tough. 1980 models can take up to 2,300 kg (5,070 lbs.) of payload—more than last year on most models. They're built for spacious comfort. Out-front engine design means plenty of move-around room for driver and passengers.

Above all, they're built for long-run economy. 1980 Fords have the best gas mileage estimates of any van. Plus an estimated

highway cruising range that's *hundreds* of miles longer than others.

For comfort, payload, fuel economy—look into 1980 Ford vans. Ask your Ford Dealer about Ford's Extended Service Plan—and ask him about Ford's no-cost 36-month limited corrosion perforation warranty, a warranty that excludes exhaust system components. See your dealer for full details.

Best mpg ratings

18

EPA EST*

26

HWY. EST*

Standard 4.9L (300 CID) Six with optional overdrive transmission.

Longest estimated range

722

EST. MILES*

1,043

EST. HWY. MILES*

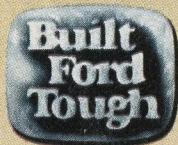
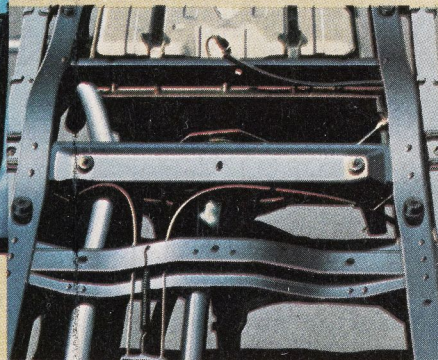
Std. 22.1-gal. tank plus opt. 18-gal. auxiliary tank on 138-in. wb. Total: 40.1 gals.

*Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than estimated. California estimates lower.



Easy comfort! There's loads of room inside. Plus options like tilt steering wheel and Captain's Chairs that swivel and/or recline.

Tough frame! Ford vans have body-on-frame construction, cushioned by rubber mounts. And tough Twin-I-Beam suspension.



More Ford vans are on the road today than any other make.

(Based on cumulative registrations as of 7/1/78)

FORD

FORD DIVISION



best. They can be set close together for a small pot and farther apart for a big one or a skillet, high or low as required, and it's easy to get your cooking utensil precisely level by pushing or driving the high spike a little farther into the ground. Levelling a grill with four legs is much more difficult. Finally, they're compact. I carry my coffeepot in a canvas bag in car or boat, with cups, a spoon, tea, and coffee inside the pot. From this time on there will be three bridge spikes in that bag. (I buy them in a hardware store; most any one will have them.)

Fly fishing pliers. Back in the early Thirties, I fished with Ernest Anderson, a fine angler who taught me many helpful things. One of them was the usefulness of a tiny pair of side-cutter pliers that he carried in his fishing vest. He didn't even own a conventional angler's clip because, he said, "I tie my own flies so I never have to poke head cement out of the eyes. Aside from that, the pliers do everything the clip can do and many things it can't do."

Almost every bass fisherman keeps a pair of pliers in his tackle box, but few trout anglers carry them. Yet I find my "trout pliers" equally useful. With them I cut monofilament—or a hook if I need to. I use them to smash down the barb in case I forgot to do it when I was tying the fly, and to tighten knots—pulling only the short ends of monofilament that will be cut off, of course. The long strands are easy to hold.

If a hook gets bent out of shape, I use the pliers to bend it back; and if the point needs sharpening, my pliers make holding the fly much easier. They also make it easy to remove a deeply embedded hook without injuring the fish. On top of all that, little, odd jobs turn up from time to time. I use my pliers often during a day's fishing.

It isn't easy to find good, small pliers. Those I carry now while fly fishing are the Diamalloy No. SN54 with the needle point ground back to a width of 1/8 inch and tapered to a wedge shape—better for all of my uses and they don't poke a hole in my pocket.

Company books. Some of the most interesting reading on my crowded shelves is provided by what I call "company books," in some cases published privately and now perhaps impossible to replace except for a lucky find in a used-book store. Some are

loaded with historical pictures and the drawings that preceded photographs. Every one is a valuable reference.

Suppose, for instance, that I need to know when and how smokeless powder was developed and, later, came into general use. It's all there in *DU PONT: The Autobiography of an American Enterprise*. This book was published in 1952 on the 150th anniversary of the company and distributed by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Or suppose I want to know the first cartridge loaded with that smokeless powder and what rifles shot it? I find in *WINCHESTER The Gun That Won The West* that the cartridge was

fascinating reading and are valuable references include *The Remington Historical Treasury of American Guns* by Harold L. Peterson, published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York, in 1966, and a slim little book on John M. Browning, the world's greatest gun inventor, copyright 1959 by the Browning Arms Company. One more I use occasionally for reference is, surprisingly, *It All Adds Up*, written by Edwin Darby and published in 1968 by the Victor Comptometer Corporation. I'm not exactly an adding machine addict, but because the Victor Corporation bought, Daisy, Heddon, and the Bear Archery Company the book is handy.

When did Jim Heddon whittle out the world's first bass plug? According to *It All Adds Up*, in 1889, and by 1892 he was selling the original Dowagiac Minnow, named for the Michigan town where he manufactured bee-keeping equipment. I know an oldtimer who still calls any bass plug a "Dow-Jack."

My latest company book, and the most exhaustive of them all, is *A History of the Fish Hook* by Hans Jorgen Hurum, first published in Norway in 1976 and a year later in English by A & C Black Ltd., 35 Bedford Row, London, WC1R4JH. It is, as you might guess, a history of O. Mustad & Sons, but more than that it is a wonderfully well researched story of the fish hook from Day One until now.

Fish hooks were used by Stone Age man 20,000 years ago. Some hooks that old have been found in Moravia in central Czechoslovakia but, unfortunately, few hooks of bone or of wood, which was also used, have survived. There were stone hooks and gorges (I found an obsidian gorge in one of the now-dry lake beds of southwestern Oregon). The gorge, as well as hooks of bone or wood or shell, have been used until recently in primitive countries.

Next came copper and later bronze, first used in the Middle East for making hooks. This was 2,000-3,000 B.C. Then came iron—and so on until the present. The development was slow, as with most useful things we now take for granted.

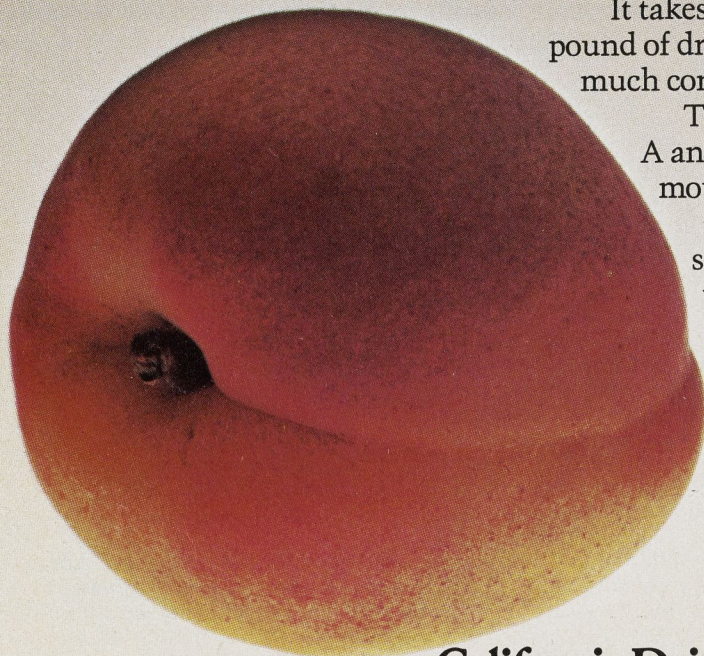
The book is a handy reference—if I need to check a term used in describing modern hooks, it tells me. For example, what's the difference between a kirbed and a reversed point?

the .30 U.S. Army for use in the newly adopted United States service rifle, the Krag-Jorgensen. (And a grand old rifle it was, with perhaps the smoothest bolt action ever built and a side port for loading so you didn't have to draw back the bolt for this job. The .30-40 Krag, as it came to be called, was a splendid game cartridge, too, with a reputation for clean, one-shot kills. I shot a deer or two with it in the early days of my hunting.)

The cartridge was first listed in the Winchester catalog for 1894 along with the famous high-wall single shot, which was chambered for it and many other cartridges. This book was written by Harold E. Williamson and published by Sportsman's Press, Washington, D.C. in 1952.

Other company books that provide

The only thing we remove is the water.

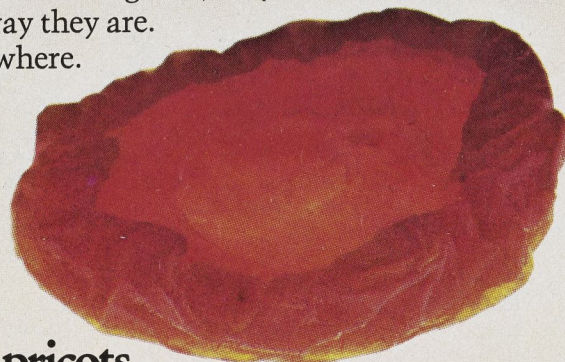


It takes six pounds of fresh apricots to make one pound of dried fruit. That's why dried apricots have so much concentrated flavor and nutrition.

They're naturally sweet, loaded with Vitamin A and C, and go anywhere from table top to mountain top.

Dried apricots are great for pies, cakes, sauces, breads, jams, pastries and a lot of other wonderful things. Or, they're delicious just the way they are.

Anywhere.



California Dried Apricots.

They taste good. They're good for you. And you can take them anywhere.

Write for free dried apricot recipe leaflet. California Apricot Advisory Board, 1295 Blvd. Way, Walnut Creek, Ca. 94595.

If you hold a hook by the shank, eye down and bend up with the point toward you, a kirbed hook's point is toward the left, a straight bend hook's point is parallel to the shank, and in a hook with reverse bend the point angles to your right.

Ready kits. Most of us need more time. When you get right down to it, time is all we have—and the older we get, the faster it goes. So anything we can do to save time is worth while; the less time it takes to get ready, the more time we have to fish.

There was a day when my tackle box was a paper bag. Then for a while, since I had only fly tackle, I carried all I owned, save my rod, in a creel. I fished with flies for both trout and bass and when I used bait I fished it on fly tackle, too. When I started bait casting I bought a tackle box.

As time went on and other kinds of fish began to harass me, I had to have more tackle. I still do; it's an endless process. But changing the contents of a tackle box each time I fished for something different was time consuming and eventually I began to segregate my tackle in several boxes, all ready to go.

At present I keep smallmouth bass and channel catfish gear together in one box because both inhabit the Snake River near my home, and during a day on the river I might fish for either or both. Similarly, another

box holds my most-often-used large-mouth bass and crappie tackle; they occur together in most of the waters I fish for them. A third box has the things I usually need in a day's trout fishing—except for waders, wading shoes, and rain jacket. They're just drifting around. But one day last winter, fishing for trout with Ron Ostrom, I noticed that he had a bet-

**Dreaming of fall
hunting season?
Read Elk
With A Bow
in August F&S**

ter idea. He keeps his wading and rain gear in an old suitcase; all his trout tackle in a separate box. I'm looking for an old suitcase.

The idea of "ready kits" is a time saver anywhere it can be applied. When I start on a trip I don't have to raid the bathroom; a second razor, toothbrush, and similar items are in a kit, ready to go. My camp box is always loaded. In it I keep coffeepot, kettles, skillets, griddle, knives, forks, spoons, cups, and plates for four, plus such essentials as coffee, tea,

sugar, salt, and pepper.

Dog water. The area where I do most of my upland hunting is usually hot and powder dry during the first month of the open season. Many of the plants are aromatic, and the rabbit brush is coming into bloom. Thanks to the dust, pollen, and odorous brush, after a dog has hunted for an hour he would do well to scent a billy goat, much less a chukar. When it's hot and dusty, dogs need water often, but the nearest spring may be a mile away.

For years I carried water in bottles and canteens, with little pans from which a dog could drink, and now I think I've finally found the lightest satisfactory combination—a plastic bottle and a 6-inch Tupperware bowl. Together they weigh just 5 ounces—that's less than a single quail—and they ride comfortably in the game pocket of my hunting vest. They won't break. There are all sorts of plastic bottles, but the one I like best once held ammonia and has a capacity of 3½ pints, though I seldom put that much water in it.

I suppose that if I live to be 100 I still won't know all I'd like to know about hunting, fishing, camping, and the outdoors. But you know what? Learning is a big part of the fun. I hope I never grow too old to learn. And I'm sure there will always be new things, helpful or interesting, that I should have known but had not yet discovered.

Conservation

Friends of Animals and the Draft

BY GEORGE REIGER

The more they try, the farther out in the Twilight Zone they get. This time the Friends of Animals has toppled Cleveland Amory's Hunt the Hunters Club from its winner's spot in the Bad Taste Joke competition. Honors now must go to Mac Overmyer, a "research associate" for the Friends of Animals who has written a letter addressed to President James Earl Carter sarcastically suggesting that many social ills would be cured if he drafted every hunter.

Copies of Overmyer's letter have been sent to college newspaper editors in various parts of the country to reinforce local draft resistance. In his cover note, Overmyer states that "with such great reserves of troops [American hunters sent overseas], American college students could get back to being students. Deer and rabbits could get back to being wild animals. And I could get back to sleeping late on Saturday mornings without being rudely awakened by some fool with a shotgun in the woods near my home."

Following is some of the wit and wisdom contained in Overmyer's letter, slightly shortened, but with none of the "lucid" parts removed.

Dear Mr. President,

In troubled times, it is not often that a humble God and government fearing citizen can advance a suggestion that would save the nation the companion inconveniences of war and the draft. I leap to the opportunity.

Consider first the draft. It is very difficult to get our nation's youth to register for the call-up, primarily because war has gotten a lot of bad press over the past several centuries [sic] and secondarily, there are a number of more attractive alternatives facing our young men and women, the foremost of these being other young men and women.

As a result of their natural disinclination to hide behind trees and rocks to shoot at living things, the nation's youth generally resist the concept of war by adopting the impractical ethic that killing things is

immoral. This results in their spending a lot of time in Canada or burning draft cards and university buildings. Finding them and calming them down to get them registered is a bureaucratic headache as I am certain you will recall. And once found, there are the problems of clothing them, feeding them, and showing them which end of the gun to point in the right direction.

There is a solution.

Draft hunters.

Unlike youth, these people are a well-armed, ready and willing lot, unburdened by troublesome moralities and eager to display their manhood by dashing off to the kill as it were. By dint of fortune there just happens to be 15,000,000 hunters registered with state game commissions, exactly the supply you estimated would be necessary to make a respectable showing in the next war, conflict or international disagreement. Most of these are also dues-paying members of the National Rifle Association or the National Wildlife Federation. Since both groups are just across town from your place, the Secretary of the Army could pop over to either organization dressed in a double knit suit and pose as a magazine salesman. They would give him their mailing lists before you could say light at the end of the tunnel. . . .

A few minor obstacles would have to be overcome. Military vocabulary would have to be revised. The terms "combat" and "sniping" would have to be stricken from Army manuals and replaced with "sport." The enemy would have to be termed as "game." Casualties would have to be called "trophies." Likewise, our troops, snipers and machinegunners would have to be called "sportsmen."

The two greatest problems would be supplying them with ammunition which they tend to use in excessive quantities and keeping battlefields free of beer cans and general litter.

Follow through on this idea and I guarantee the nation's youth will support you. Even hunters should be eager because for once in their lives they can honestly brag that they are

engaged in a true "sport" facing an animal that shoots back. What could be more fun for them?

Your humble God and
government fearing servant,
Mac Overmyer,
Research Associate
Friends of Animals, Inc.

Overmyer's letter is more an example of the general silliness that infects much of the anti-hunting movement than a matter of serious concern, and as such, should probably be ignored. But it hits a sore-spot, one that can't help but cause concern.

Earlier this year, a university demonstration against the draft received considerable publicity because of a sign carried by one of the students. Amidst a cluster of placards declaring "We Won't Fight for Exxon" and "Draft Beer, Not Students" was one carried by the twenty-year-old organizer of Princeton Against Registration and the Draft (PARD), Mark Waren, which proclaimed: "There Is Nothing Worth Dying For."

I can't describe the pity and shame I felt when I saw the picture of the ranting crowd with Mr. Waren up front clutching in both hands his testimony to nothingness. The shame I felt was because I attended Princeton, and although I have sometimes argued about the meaning of one of the school's mottos, I am also proud that we were indoctrinated with the concept: "Princeton in the Nation's Service."

But my sense of pity for Mr. Waren is more profound and lingers. Since all living creatures, including man, die, it seems self-evident that the opportunity of life is to find a metier, a purpose in living, which makes inevitable death meaningful. Such a death may come in bed after a life of public service, or such a death may come on a battlefield in defense of those ideals that make genuine public service possible. But to imagine there is nothing worth dying for, how pitiful, how lonely.

Each citizen of a democracy should be as well versed in his responsibilities and duties to the commonwealth



Hardy's 'Gore-Tex'.

pockets, and a concealed zipped breast-pocket on the left-hand side. This is under the storm-flap and can be used without the need to undo the main two-way heavy plastic zip.

Storm-cuffs, a padded storm-collar, and a press-studded throat tab complete the weatherproofing features, apart from the detachable hood; and this, with draw-strings and a wire strengthener, is so good that anyone who is slightly claustrophobic might find it too much. But in snow and rain it is a boon, and especially so to wearers of spectacles.

The material is green, soft, and, while not rustle-free, it is, unlike some materials, very quiet when the wearer moves. The seams are welded, and Hardy's virtually issue a challenge to anyone to pull them apart! The jacket can be machine-washed.

An excellent garment, it comes in chest sizes 34-48ins and costs £69.50 (including £1.50 postage and packing).

● *From The House of Hardy, 61 Pall Mall, London SW1.*

☆ ☆ ☆

A TORCH may be anathema to the angler fishing on into the dusk, but there is no denying its use when the time comes to pack up, especially if a tortuous path has to be negotiated back to the car. Pifco's new heavy-duty lantern is made for the job; it's waterproof, too, and it floats.

It is a big, rugged lamp, but not unduly heavy — it weighs just over 2 lb, more than half of which is accounted for by the six-volt battery. The body is of what is described as an 'ABS material' — 'plastic' will do here! — and it is well-balanced, so that it is level when carried 'at the trail'. The hands sit nicely around the handle

and the thumb falls readily on to the waterproof press-button switch. The lamp stands four-square on a large base and if it is left lying about in daylight its colour — bright red — should ensure that it does not go unnoticed.

The lamp's coverage at close-quarters is good, but its real virtue is its powerful beam. On test it penetrated to at least 150 ft before obstacles cut it off — hence the path-finding recommendation. The reflector is 4½ in diameter, and the bulb a 5.2v pre-focus. It is an excellent lamp, to be carried in any angler's car or included as fishing-hut equipment. Its price is £5.75.

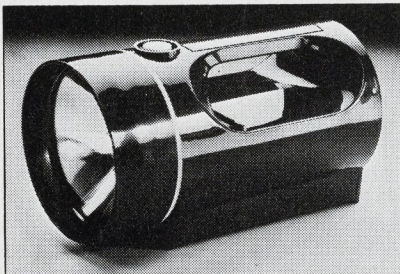
Incidentally, anyone having one should not tamper with the pinhole in the end of the casing. This may appear to be a potential source of a leak in a waterproof lamp, but it is fact covered by an internal membrane impervious to water but pervious to any gas given off by the battery.

● *From Pifco stockists.*

☆ ☆ ☆

THAT OLD FAITHFUL of the Irish loughs, the Volcano Kettle, has made a comeback, but under a new name — the Kelly Kettle. Made in Ballina, not far from the shores of Lough Conn, it is in much the same style as the original — best described as a double-skinned aluminium cylinder with a conical hole through its middle. The cylinder holds the water and a fire of anything that is to hand — twigs, dry grass, paper, fragments of wood, and, well, almost anything dry which may be found on the banks of river or loch . . . — is lit in the central hole. The base needs to be tilted on a piece of stone to provide a draught, but when the fire takes hold there is no doubting how the original kettle got its name. The fire is refuelled through the top hole and about two pints of water can be boiled in four to five minutes.

The kettle is about 12 inches high and 6 inches in diameter. It has a spout with cork (which must be fitted only loosely or left off altogether when water is being heated), a carrying handle, and a chain (by which the cork is attached) which serves to tilt the kettle to pour the water. The kettle tested showed some sight leakage at the base, but this apparently sealed itself after a little use. It was also without the base which the original



The Pifco lantern.

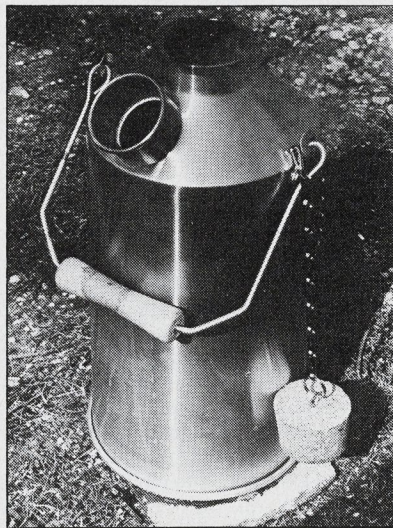
Volcano had and in which the fire could be started. However, a separate base is now available. Needless to say, the usual precautions with an outdoor fire need to be taken with the kettle, and it is best used on the beach of the water being fished.

The kettle is not intended as a water-carrier, but as any Irish gillie will tell you, tea is always best made with lough water.

The Kelly Kettle is priced at £10, plus £1.75 postage and packing. The base is £3.50 extra, a total of £15.25.

● *From the Kelly Kettle Company, Newtown, Cloghans, Ballina, Co Mayo, Republic of Ireland, or, in this country, from Rectory Farm-house, Eydon, Daventry, Northamptonshire NN11 6PP.*

☆ ☆ ☆



Kelly's Kettle.

FOR THOSE who like a little extra warmth even when the chill days of spring are past, McHardy's of Carlisle have introduced a thermal waistcoat. Following the design of their moleskin waistcoat reviewed in the November, 1980, issue, but with wider tabs holding the 'D'-rings and a better 'Velcro'-fastened flap to hold a rod, the waistcoat is in a pleasant green material and has a warm lining. The price is £23.50.

McHardy's latest catalogue quickly reveals itself as one of the best catalogues available to the game-fisherman. It spans nearly 300 pages, and the first 84 are devoted entirely to the needs of the fly-dresser and the angler who buys his flies. Hooks by four different makers are listed.

Anglers tired of fly-boxes made of synthetic materials would be interested in McHardy's attractive range of wooden fly-boxes at prices from £3.85 to £8.85.

The catalogue costs £1 (including 35 pence postage).

● *From McHardy's of Carlisle, South Henry Street, Carlisle, Cumbria.*

Keeping warm for the springers

WITH THE EARLIEST Irish rivers open on New Year's day and the first Scottish waters when the year is less than a fortnight old, if our inaptly-named spring salmon-fishing is likely to test anything more than an angler's patience, it is his ability to endure the worst that our climate can throw at him. It behoves him to go well-prepared to withstand frost and snow, rain and gale.

In this respect he is more fortunate than his forebears. The thermal efficiency of his clothing rather than many layers can be the answer to the problem of keeping warm. A case in point is ABU's 'Thermo' jacket and trousers.

Made for ABU by the Swiss company which developed the material to combat winter in the Alps, the garments are intended to be worn as underwear. The material could be described as 'laminated' — an inner layer of knitted cotton, an outer one of water-repellent nylon, and a middle one of polyester wadding, all double-stitched to give it a quilted appearance. Despite the water-repellent outer skin, ABU claim that the material can 'breathe', and that perspiration is dispersed.

Certainly when a 'Thermo' suit was test-worn during a day's boat-fishing, when a strong northerly wind



Barbour's 'Northumbria'.

threatened snow, no discomfort was experienced in this respect, and the warmth of the garments was unquestionable. They are light, fit snugly with elasticated cuffs and ankle-bands, and have good zips. They can be machine-washed. The 'pullover' jackets come in chest sizes 42-48 ins and cost from £26.25 to £31.50 according to size. The trousers are with waist sizes from 32-40 ins at the same prices. They may not be cheap, but their life should be long, and profitable in terms of comfort.

● From ABU stockists.

☆ ☆ ☆

NEXT, the shirt — and good fishing shirts are rare these days. Even in the manufacture of men's clothing, fashion trends often have become more important than sensible design. A mail-order firm with its priorities right from the angler's viewpoint is Outdoor Warmth of Wimbledon. They sell a 'chamois' shirt — 100 per cent cotton — which is all that a fishing shirt should be: warm, comfortable, generously cut, and made to last. Long sleeves and a button-up collar make the shirt 'midge-proof', and the two breast pockets and the long tails are other worthwhile features.

The shirt costs £16.95 (£1.50 extra for tall sizes). It is available in all adult sizes from small to extra-large. It is, however, a mistake to order a size larger than your normal fit 'to be on the safe side'. The navy-blue version is perhaps too workaday a colour to appeal to anglers, but the forest-green blends well enough with the angling scene — certainly it should not disturb the fish.

● From Outdoor Warmth, PO Box 59, Wimbledon, London, SW19.

☆ ☆ ☆

OVER THE SHIRT, the jacket, and anyone with a preference for oiled and waxed cotton will find Barbour's new Northumbria jacket unbeatable. It's a real heavyweight as coats go, and perhaps not as 'sticky' as some of similar material. It's a long jacket — 34 to 39 in according to size — and not for wading in. But worn over thigh-waders, for bank-fishing, it offers a comforting 'overlap'. The double-ended heavy brass zip means that it is

ABU's
'Thermo'
suit.



also suitable for boat-fishing wear, the lower zip being partly opened to allow the jacket to spread over the thighs.

The standard lining is a wool/polyester tartan, but studs are provided for an additional warm-pile lining. Studs are also there for an optional hood. Adjustable storm-cuffs and lined hand-warmer pockets add to the comfort, while a zipped wallet-pocket accessible under the front storm-flap, with no need to unzip the jacket, makes for convenience. Other pockets are two outer drained and stud-fastened waist-level pockets, and two large inside pockets with detachable and washable linings. It is an extremely warm and weatherproof garment.

The price is £58.58 for all sizes. Lined or unlined matching trousers are also available.

● From Barbour stockists.

☆ ☆ ☆

IF A LIGHTWEIGHT coat is preferred, then Hardy's new 'Gore-Tex' foul-weather jacket could well be the choice. Test worn during this winter's first gales and snow, it showed no sign of betraying the claim that it is completely waterproof and windproof. The material is another of those laminated space-age creations — an outer fabric of polyester cotton, the 'Gore-Tex' membrane which gives it its name, and then the lining.

The mind boggles when one is told that the membrane has nine billion pores per square inch, and that while these are too small to allow water droplets in, they are large enough to allow molecules of water vapour out, so that perspiration disperses and the wearer remains dry and warm. But it seems to work.

Pockets are good and capacious, comprising two zipped hand-warmer side pockets behind two large pouch



EXPERT TIPS FOR HUNTING TRIPS

Little things always mean a lot—but especially when you are out in the woods, miles from sporting-goods stores

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

Photographs by the Author

NAMPA, IDAHO

■ One by one the stars blinked out. The first pale wash of dawn climbed slowly up the eastern sky. The pine trees, black sentinels of the silent woods, stood in bold silhouette against the growing light. And on the ground, a few yards from the open tent, a tiny flame flickered and grew bright as it curled hungrily around the dry slivers Jim was feeding it.

The day of days was upon us. It was the day for which we had waited so long and for which we had made so many plans. The deer season was now open.

I sat up in my sleeping bag to pull on my shirt and jacket; the air was sharp. Al was still snoring. Tom was standing on his bed, pulling up his pants. I could see him dimly in the half light of the growing fire that was reflected from the walls and ceiling of the tent.

He bent over, picked up one of his boots, then, standing on the other foot, pulled it on. But, teetering on the unstable footing of his air mattress, he began to lose his balance and stepped down hard. I heard a crunch. He said, "Ohoooooh."

It was a sick sound, dying away toward the end.

I said, "What's the matter?" Something was very wrong.

He sat down quickly, pulled off his boot, and poured the contents into a cupped hand. There was the tinkle of glass. He sat staring at his hand a minute. Then he said, "My glasses!"

"Your glasses?"

"Yes. Last night I figured with four guys sleeping in one tent I'd better find a safe place for them. So I put them in my boot. My God!"

Only three of us hunted deer that opening day. Tom spent it driving home and back to camp, 300 miles round trip, for the old glasses he had kept when his prescription was changed.

Sitting around the fire that evening, we got to talking about the many little things that could make or break a big-game hunt. Tom's glasses were a prime example. He was helpless without them. But it could have been worse. Suppose we had packed or flown into the back country somewhere. Then it would have been impossible for him to go home for another pair. "Never again," he vowed, "will I go hunting without spare glasses. And they'll be in a stiff case

Earlier he had come across a mostly empty half pint of bourbon in his shell box. It carried the improbable name "Christopher Columbus." His mother had bought it to treat a calf for colic, and had some left over because the calf died. Paul had stashed it in the shell box and had forgotten it was there.

That single swallow was just beautiful. In that weather it was really medicinal.

Slightly thawed inside, we shifted locations, setting up for the second time off a point of reeds jutting into the big bay. By now it was snowing hard. The marsh looked ghostly and visibility was poor. The first flock of canvasbacks took us by surprise and we got only one. In less than an hour, though, we had our quota of two each. Redheads and bluebills were also flying. By mid-afternoon we each had our four-duck limit plus two bonus bluebills.

As you would expect, divers are the bread-and-butter targets of open water. But you can also connect with puddlers. Besides the diver ducks mentioned above and goldeneyes and bufflehead, I bagged blacks, mallards, baldpate, green and blue-wing teal, and pintails last season. Many were mixed bags. Here's a typical logbook entry: "Oct. 16—Flats—Floating Blind—Windy, Cloudy, Good!—Two dozen sighted—Score: 1 blue-wing teal, 2 redheads, 1 black."

Early hunting is best in small bays. Later on, bigger water is more productive. I think the sky-busters have a lot to do with this. Their antics chase the ducks farther and farther from the marsh as the season progresses. Finally, the ducks wise up and stay in the middle of sizable bays where they can spot danger a long way off. When you hunt these same waters, they will buzz your decoys often [Continued on page 119]

Floating blind gives excellent results out in open, and shallow, water. Wadable depth also simplifies retrieving.



▲ The author's basic camp items, reading from top left: roll of plastic sheeting; block and tackle; backpack; ditty bag for toiletries; hatchet; candles; flashlight; spare glasses; clock; slingshot; gun-cleaning kit; spare laces; nails; wire; pair of pliers; whetstone; spare pocket knife; compass; fire-starter tabs; waterproof match case; and fishing tackle.

so I can toss them into my duffel and forget them."

At the time, I didn't wear glasses. Now that I do, I realize how vital Tom's were to him and, remembering his experience, I make it a firm policy always to take along an extra pair. I haven't needed them so far, but on every trip the knowledge that I have them is a comfort.

Al mentioned another item that deserves a spare—your knife. "I was camped on Black Warrior Creek," he said, "and killed a nice buck off around the mountain to the West. About a mile. When I walked up and felt for my knife to dress him I discovered it was gone. I'd lost it. I guess the snap had come undone while I was going through some brush—I'd gone through plenty of it that morning—and it had fallen out of the sheath. I didn't have a thing. Not even a pen knife.

"I started for camp on the double, hoping I'd meet another hunter on the way. But, of course, I didn't. My partner was out hunting in the other direction. No use going after him. I got to camp and went through everything. We didn't even have a butcher knife. I finally took the package of razor blades out of my shaving kit and dressed my buck with them. Let me clue you: double-edge blades are a mighty poor substitute for a knife!

"Ever since, I've made it a practice to have a spare somewhere in the outfit. One extra for two men is enough. And it could be an old pocket knife. Anything. But it's always there."

Jim chimed in. "I carry something more important than a knife. This could save your life—a waterproof match safe!"

Al snorted. Jim bristled up. "Let me tell you. Maybe it didn't save mine, but maybe it did, too. I think it did.

"I was hunting on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. December. One of those late-season, fly-in deals. Not a house within a hundred miles, of course.

"We landed at Mahoney Bar. There were a lot of guys camped at the air strip, all hunting west of the river. After one day, I decided to try the other side. I had an extra pair of shoes and a change of clothes and there's a good ford over to the old cabin at the mouth of Cougar Creek. I waded across, changed, and started hunting downstream.

"I saw a lot of deer, but they were all a long way off on the big, open slope above the river. About two o'clock I got fairly close to a little bunch of does—it was still a long shot, though—and decided to try it. I crippled one of them. She took off around the mountain with one leg flopping and I went after her. You know how far a deer can go on three legs? There's no limit.

"She kept running around the mountain, always just a little out of range, and I kept after her. It got later and later. Finally, she went into a patch of brush in a gully. I made a sneak up another draw and over the top of the hogback and killed her at 50 yards.

"By this time, it *was* getting late. The days are short in December. I dressed her out and dragged her down the hill to the river—it was like pulling a bag of oats off a barn roof, the country is so steep—and then I began to do a little thinking.

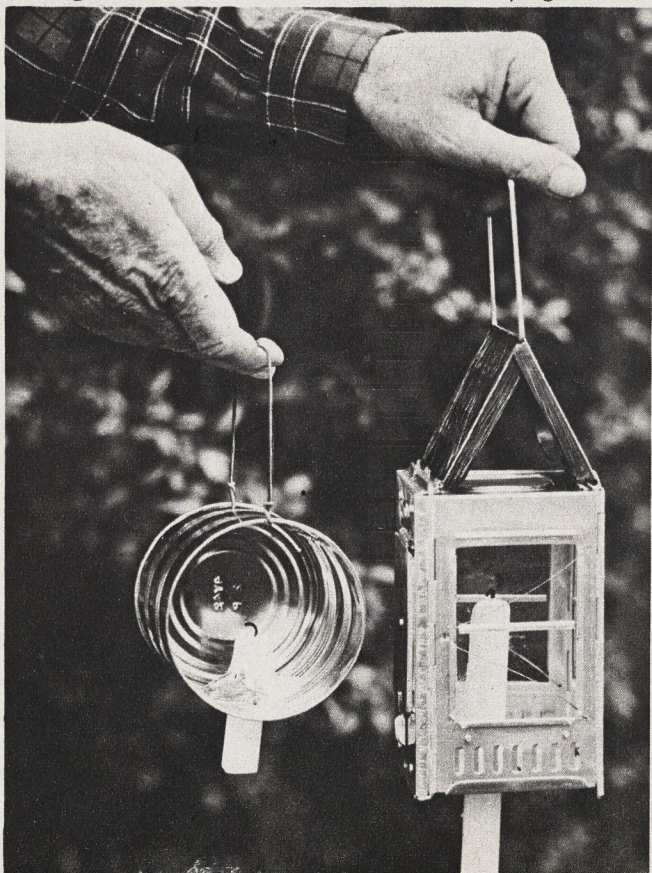
"The sun was already down and it was cold. If I started back the way I'd come, I'd never make it to the ford before dark. There was no moon and the country was too rough to travel in the night. I knew I'd have to sleep out. But the trail was across the river, on the Mahoney Bar side. If I got to the trail by dark, I'd be OK.

"I walked back and forth looking for the best place to cross and finally decided I could make it through the slick at the foot of a big pool. I started over and did all right to about halfway. But the main channel was on the west side. By the time the water was up around my belt, it was too late to turn around. I couldn't do it. The river was pushing me downstream. I had to walk with it to keep my feet. I got scared as hell. I grabbed the rifle off my shoulder and started using it for a staff. Then I slipped.

"I don't know what happened next. I was bouncing along and bumping into rocks and fighting the current. I guess I was under about as much as my head was above water.

"I finally crawled out. I was 200 yards downstream. And believe it or not, I was still hanging onto my rifle like a goddamn life preserver! It was a bad

Candles often can save the day—used either in compact folding lantern, or in tin can with wire carrying handle.



EXPERT TIPS FOR HUNTING TRIPS



Sling shot can provide welcome change-of-pace meat for camp, and it eliminates need for game-spooking gunfire.

deal. I was beat. I could hardly climb the bank. And, Jesus, it was cold. I just laid there, once I was out of the water, and it seemed like only seconds until my clothes were frozen stiff. I pulled myself together. I *had* to do something. There was a pile of driftwood right above me and I made for it.

"I fumbled up a pile of dry pine needles and a bunch of twigs. Then I dug the match box out of my pocket. My hands were so numb I couldn't open it. I took the end in my teeth and twisted the barrel between the heels of my hands. Got it loose, by God! Then I got a match out and held it in both hands to scratch it on a rock and get it lit. My fingers were no good at all.

"Well, the pine needles took. I don't know what I'd have done if they hadn't. Then the twigs got going. I kept dragging sticks out of the pile of drift and feeding the fire and pretty soon I had one you could have seen for 20 miles.

"I stood around the fire until my clothes were dry. Took my shoes off and dried my socks, too. Then I felt my way up to the trail and took off for Mahoney Bar. It was a long way; I don't know just how far, but I remember crossing White Creek and Bacon Creek and if you know the country you know that's a fair hike—in daylight! But I made it all right. Got in about midnight.

"Now I contend that if I hadn't had dry matches I would have died from exposure. I'd as soon go hunting without my gun as without a waterproof match box!"

Our campfire discussion went on. Tom said, "There are lots of little things that could make or break a hunt—a gun-cleaning kit, for one. Jam your rifle barrel into the mud or snow and you're done for un-

less you have some way to clean it out. Or a compass, especially in new country. And along with the compass you ought to have a map. These are things that might save your life, too. So could fire-starting cubes. If the weather had been wet, Jim never would have got his pine needles going without one."

I put in a pitch for candles. "The stub of a candle is a good fire starter," I said. "And maybe a candle isn't the best light, but it's the only one that's completely fool proof. You can use it in camp or you can make a candle lantern out of a tin can and use it on the trail."

Then I told the boys about the time candles saved a trip for me. Four of us had flown to Chamberlain Basin to hunt elk. The landing strip was 30 miles from the nearest road; we packed out another ten with horses.

The packer unloaded our camp outfit, food, and equipment, agreed to come back in a week, and rode away. It was a bright, crisp October day. Half an hour after he left, I emptied a pack box and set out our gasoline lantern and the gallon of fuel for it. And half an hour after that, the glass jug exploded. The sun shining on it had expanded the gasoline.

Of course, carrying gasoline in glass was a mistake; it should have been in a metal container. But there we were, with only enough fuel in the lantern for a few hours. And hunting elk you *have* to leave camp before daylight in the morning. You usually cook dinner after dark in the evening, too. Without a light of some kind we would have been out of luck. Fortunately, we had brought along a dozen candles—just in case—and they got us by.

The boys mentioned many other small items upon which the success of a big-game hunt might, in one way or another, depend. A pair of pliers, a roll of wire, and a few nails. Somebody remembered an alarm clock—how are you going to get up and be ready to leave camp at daylight without one? And a sharpening stone. All you can cut with a dull knife is yourself.

Some of the things brought up didn't seem important to me at the time, but have proved themselves since. Iron sights, for one. Somebody, I forget who, said, "We've all got scopes on our rifles. That's fine. But, personally, I wouldn't go out of camp unless I had iron sights, too. A scope can fog up in rain or snow. Or you could fall on your gun and knock the scope out of alignment. Without iron sights, you've had it."

The rest of us scoffed at him. We'd all been using scopes a long time and none of us had ever experienced any difficulty. But last year in New Zealand his point was proved.

Peter Barrett and I made a too-long, one-day hunt for tahr in the steep, high country of the South Island with Rex Forrester and Arthur Urquhart. Darkness found us coming down off a mountain to the river bar where the horses were waiting to take us back to Arthur's camp.

It was steep. It was so steep that we made a lot of

the descent on the seat of our pants. The face of the mountain had a series of sharply sloping, grassy benches, separated by drop-offs. In the lead, Arthur probed down over each of them carefully with his staff. If he could touch bottom, we dropped down. If he failed to feel the next bench below, we felt our way around the one we were on until he could.

When we were possibly halfway down, I caught my foot in a vine as I was easing down over one of these ledges. I fell onto the bench below and the rifle, which was on a sling, flew off my shoulder. It sailed off the bench and lit with a clatter on a pile of rocks some 30 feet below. We followed and finally found it by crawling around on our hands and knees until somebody felt it.

We got to camp at 12:30 a.m., made a dent in a bottle of Scotch, ate some bread and butter, and hit the sack. Next morning, the first thing Pete and I did was to take a look at my poor rifle. It could have gone through a rock crusher. Then we set up a target to check the sight. The bullet struck 25 feet off at 50 yards!

After studying the damage, we decided that the scope itself was all right but that the mount was bent. And we had no way to fix it. Fortunately, I had iron sights. We removed the scope and I shot a group with them and discovered they were unhurt. In fact, they were exactly on at 200 yards, the range for which I had adjusted them before starting the trip. But for them, my hunting would have been over.

Later on the same New Zealand trip, I had another odd experience. For years, I've carried an extra pair of boot laces in my duffel. They weigh next to nothing and they often provide a piece of strong cord when you need it. But this time I used them in my shoes.

We were hunting with Allen Bradley and Herb Taylor on the Whitestone River, also on the South Island, and one day we hiked up it about 11 miles. I've no idea how many times we forded the stream—possibly once each mile, which would have made a total of 22 crossings during the day's hunt. And, of course, on this kind of deal the only thing to do is to plunge in and wade across. If you fiddle around trying to keep your feet dry you never get anywhere.

By the middle of the afternoon, my boot laces started coming apart. I don't know why; I'd never had this happen before. But by the time we got back to Allen's camp that evening I had three or four knots in each of them. It was a comfort to have a new pair.

Another thing that's always in my kit, no matter where I go, is a flashlight. I wouldn't know how many times it has been useful—even essential. Of course, I've forgotten it a few times. Not once when this happened did I fail to need it badly, even if only to take a little walk outside the tent at night when we were camped in snake country.

And here's something else that could save your life—a hatchet. There was a time when I carried a belt knife. Now I depend on a pocket knife with two good blades for all light work and carry a hatchet, too. It's far better for quartering big game than any

knife. In addition, I know that if I had to sleep out—maybe with a broken leg—I could always cut wood and build a fire, no matter how rough the weather. I could make a shelter and that might be quite important, too.

Every hunter worthy of the name has a personal kit somewhere in his duffel. It will vary from man to man and what I have in mine is not necessarily what you should have in yours. But for what it's worth, here are the contents of the little buckskin bag I've carried for many years:

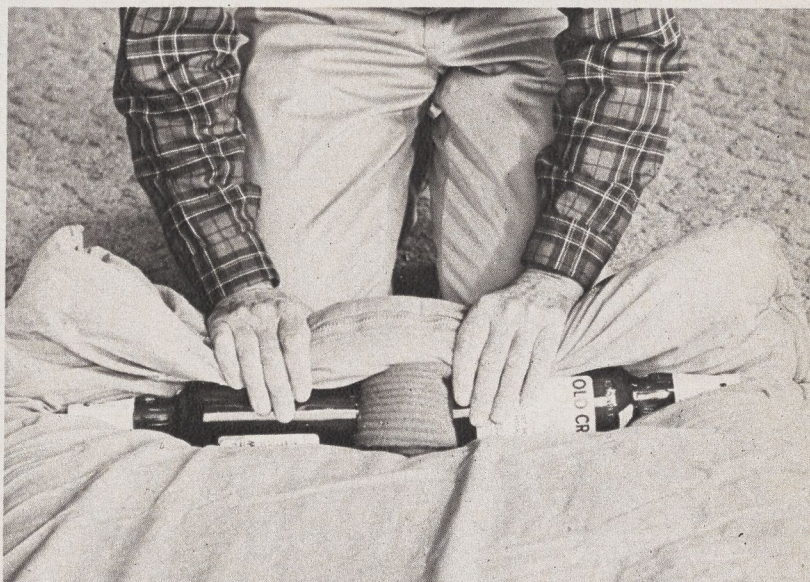
A metal (unbreakable) mirror, razor, extra blades, brushless shaving cream (it doesn't dry out in the wind), tooth brush, small tube of paste, and a one-ounce bottle of oil for after shave and hair dressing. Also, comb, soap, towel, and a small jar of deodorant. I carry my sewing kit—a needle shoved into a cork around which is wrapped five or six feet of strong thread and a couple of buttons—here, too.

In this same buckskin ditty bag, my medicine kit occupies a small package. It contains half a dozen Pepto-Bismol pills, half a dozen milk of magnesia pills, a small tin of aspirin, a Terramycin prescription, and a dozen 7½-grain capsules of dicalcium phosphate, calcium gluconate, and viosterol. These prevent the agonizing cramps with which I once suffered. A small roll of gauze bandage and a roll of adhesive tape complete the list.

The things I've mentioned so far, I consider essential. You might want to add to the list or delete some items you could get along without. At any rate, there are others that I think of as not exactly necessary, but nice.

One of these is fishing tackle. A mess of fish occasionally is a welcome change in the menu of any big-game camp—besides, I like to fish. My outfit doesn't take up much space, however. It consists of a few yards of line, a couple of [Continued on page 97]

The surest way to pack whisky is to roll it into sleeping bag, where it is protected from chance of breakage.



BOMBSHELL of the BRUSHLANDS

BY GEORGE HEINOLD

Illustrated by Larry Barth



wouldn't hunt big game without one, although a man could get by. Mine is red—might prevent my getting shot sometime—and in it I carry my lunch, hatchet, camera, a length of nylon rope, the stub of a candle for fire lighting, rain gear in that kind of weather, and any other odds and ends that would otherwise bulge my pockets and hamper my walking.

The sack itself weighs 14 ounces. Maybe that's weight I could get along without. But believe me, you can carry ten pounds on your back far, far easier than you can carry three dangling from your belt and crowding your pockets.

If you're hunting anything bigger than deer, a block and tackle with 100 feet of 1,000-pound-test nylon rope is almost a necessity. Even with deer, the blocks save a lot of lifting and straining. Larger game should be skinned, quartered, and hung as soon after it is killed as possible.

How do you remember everything? There are different systems. I used to make a check list, write down all the various items, then check them off as I packed. This is still a good idea, especially if you're making your first trip.

Any more, however, I don't find a list necessary. Instead, I clear off a table in

the basement at least a week in advance. I put everything I plan to take on this table. Occasionally I check it over and when I think of something else I put it there at once. When the time comes to pack, a final survey of the table makes me feel quite safe.

Now we come to whisky. Doc Jones and I were planning a trip with Austin Smothers, an old Salmon River savage, and we worked down the list to whisky. The weather was warm and we'd been deciding which food items we should pack with ice. I said, "Well, whisky will keep."

Austin was shocked. "It won't keep a week," he exclaimed. "Not unless you hide it!"

This is something to remember. If you go with outfitters or guides or stay at an established camp with other hunters, take twice as much whisky as you think you'll need. Help will be available instantly, whenever you break a seal.

And for this kind of setup it isn't a bad idea to take pints, rather than fifths or quarts. It seems to be a rule among the stalwart men of the woods that when they sit down with a bottle, that bottle must be empty before they arise.

Packing whisky is one of the most critical jobs of all. You can't be too careful, and one of the safest ways is to roll it in your sleeping bag. I learned this the hard way.

A former friend and I were going to Deadman's Gulch one time and I put the whisky in my duffel bag. The bag was on the back seat and I thought it would be all right. But the road was rough. The bastard hit a hell of a bump that threw the duffel up against the roof. Then it fell back to the floor with a sickening crash. Every bottle broke.

We slammed to a halt and tried to salvage all we could by shoving a dishpan under the bottom of the car where the precious fluid was trickling out, but the alcohol had dissolved the stickum that held the floor mat down and the result was undrinkable.

It was a dry camp. The best I could do was to spend the rest of the ride to our destination chewing on my underwear, handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, and one wonderful jacket that absorbed the stuff like a sponge. This is how the term, "Chewing the rag," originated. It provided the only glow on an otherwise bleak trip.

—Ted Trueblood

The Varminter's Supreme Challenge

[Continued from page 46]

well move now. Probably nothing else will come here. We'll drive a mile or two and find another spot. I'd like to see later on if we can't call up a cat."

We carried our equipment to the pickup, hidden at a distance in the brush, and started off along a rough ranch trail. Actually I am not much of a bow hunter. I fiddle with archery as a target pastime in my backyard, and have missed a few varmints and big-game critters here and there. I had gone to the Burnham brothers' diggings at Marble Falls, Texas, where they are rather famous as animal callers and engaged in the manufacture of various calls, both mouth-blown and tape, to find out how much they knew about bow-and-arrow hunting for callable predators such as coyotes, foxes, bobcats, and perhaps even mountain lions.

I had been on a couple of these expeditions, and had become convinced that this was the ultimate in tricky, challenging hunting. As a long-time gun hunter, I realized that the problems of hunting with a bow are illimitably more complicated. Add to that the wariness and high intelligence of the predators, and to that the trick of calling them to you close enough so that every once in a while you might put an arrow into or through one, and—well—you've got a challenge that just won't quit.

The Burnhams, too, have hunted with guns all their lives. But for a number of years now they have been doubling in strings. They had done a lot of this unique hunting, and they had managed

to skewer a few coyotes, foxes and several bobcats. They felt, as I did, that this was the greatest stuff ever.

"When you get bored with all the rest of it, this is still exciting," Murry said. "Only the hunters who've done it both ways can fully realize."

Now as we drove along seeking a new calling stand, Winston said, "Heck, we could easily have killed all five of the coyotes that came up back there . . . if we'd been using rifles. The longest shot wasn't over 100 yards."

I was not carrying a bow. I was trying for action pictures of this expedition. Carefully the boys picked out another spot where we could all be well hidden and yet see out to watch for our targets. Great consideration must always be given to precisely where the archers will hunker down. If an archer must get to a standing position to draw his bow, almost invariably the close-in animal will see the motion and will be gone before he can get off an arrow. Obviously, an arrow cannot shoot through any brush or even tall grass without deflection, which adds one more handicap.

"This time," Winston said, "I'll set up the recorder here at the end of this open flat. Murry, you go up the edge there to intercept anything that comes in from the brush. That way it'll be watching toward me."

This scheme has worked for them several times. It requires a still day, however, else it is difficult to space the hunter and caller to avoid the animal getting the scent of one or the other. I went with Murry, and presently the wail of the tape was pouring over the endless expanse of cactus and thornbrush. Almost immediately a big coyote popped out of the brush at the edge of the clear space. It

came belting down past Murry and me, the sound of its pads hitting the baked earth easily heard.

The range was a bit too far, but I could see that Murry was going to try. He raised one hand to his lips and made a quick squeaking sound on the back of his hand. The coyote, racing past, intent on the sound of the caller, hauled up in a swirl of dust and paused, ears cocked, suddenly confused. Coyotes are among the most intelligent and keen of all wild animals. But they don't stay confused very long. Ever suspicious, they get the hell gone and then try to figure what happened.

The instant the animal stopped, Murry drew his bow and let fly. It was utterly amazing to see that coyote dodge. I'd guess the arrow was traveling somewhere between 100 and 200 feet per second. But the sharp old dog saw it instantly, dodged aside in the fraction of a second of flight, arched its back and leaped straight up. The honed blade sliced fur from its belly. It hit the ground all but turned wrong side out, running. It wasn't even scratched. But it had had, believe me, a mighty close call.

Later we sat in the shade of the pickup, having a cold drink and eating a sandwich. Midday calling is usually not so good as early and late, especially when the weather is hot. Both forage animals and predators take a siesta then. We discussed the many advantages of this unique sport.

"What we like about it is, anybody can do it, any old place," Winston explained. "There are getting to be a lot of places where you can't shoot a rifle. Too crowded. But you can shoot a bow. And a bow is quiet. Varmints like foxes, especially, are found pretty commonly right on the edges of cities, even."

The mainstays of the extremely popular varmint-calling sport, as most hunters

power. Yet gun lovers refer to them as if to the Holy Writ. Most of them, alas, are full of wind. As we have seen, muzzle velocities for magnum cartridges are taken in 26-inch barrels but rifles furnished have 24 and even 22-inch barrels. Velocity figures for cartridges of the .270—.30-06 class are taken in 24-inch barrels presumably—but today almost all rifles for such cartridges come from the factory with 22-inch barrels.

So let us see what happens with factory ammunition in those 22-inch factory barrels. (This is going to make .30-06 lovers scream like so many catamounts!) In a pre-1964 .30-06 Winchester Model 70 featherweight with a 22-inch barrel, the Remington factory ammunition loaded with the 150-grain bronze-point bullet gave an instrumental velocity at 60 feet of 2,816 foot-seconds. I added 50 foot-seconds for muzzle velocity to get 2,866. Federal .30-06 ammunition with similar bullets produced 2,832 instrumental, 2,882 muzzle. This is a far cry from the 3,000 foot-seconds often claimed. In the same rifle and with the same Potter chronograph, Winchester factory ammunition with 180-grain soft-point bullets produced a muzzle velocity of 2,596 and Remington ammunition loaded with the 180-grain round-nose soft-point Core-Lokt bullets produced 2,590. These figures with the 180-grain bullets are about 100 foot-seconds below the traditional 2,700. However, a handloader with a good .30-06 can come fairly close to 2,700 in a 22-inch barrel with 51 grains of No. 4320, 50 grains of No. 4064, or 46 grains of No. 3031.

In a 22-inch .270 barrel the Remington factory load with the 130-grain bullet gave a muzzle velocity of 3,122, the Federal 3,094, and Western 3,046 (published factory figure is 3,140, remember). With 150-grain factory loads a 22-inch barrel .270 usually shows about 2,800 or close to it.

The .270 does better with slow-burning powders than the .30-06 because of the greater constriction between body and neck. For example, the .270 does very well with No. 4350 and No. 4831 with the 130-grain bullet . . . but such slow powders do not give much advantage in the .30-06 until they are used with bullets

weighing about 200 grains. With the lighter bullets in the .30-06, slow powders are a handicap. It is impossible to put enough No. 4831 behind a 150-grain bullet in the .30-06, for example, to get much more than about 2,700 in a 22-inch barrel.

A widely used .270 load is the 130-grain bullet with 62 grains of No. 4831. Pressures with this load with any bullet or primer are little over 50,000 pounds per square inch, yet velocity in a 22-inch barrel runs 3,120–3,150, depending on the rifle. About the same velocity can be produced with the 130-grain bullet in a 22-inch barrel with 56–57 grains of No. 4350.

The new slow-burning Norma No. 205 powder offers interesting possibilities to the .270 handloader who feels he must squeeze every last foot-second out of the cartridge. For example, 60 grains of No. 205 gave 3,100 in a 22-inch barrel with the 130-grain bullet and it looked as if another grain or two of powder could be used. The 150-grain bullets pushed by 58 grains of No. 205 left a 22-inch barrel traveling at 2,900. With the same bullet in front of 58 grains of No. 4831, velocity is generally around 2,850 in a 22-inch barrel, but with some lots of powder and in some rifles with 24-inch barrels 58.5–59 grains have produced around 3,000. Anyone who wants to use the .270 to shoot end-to-end through a moose can load the 170-grain Speer round-nose bullet and get 2,700 in a 22-inch barrel with 56 grains of No. 4831.

It is the constitutional right of all free-born Americans to be authorities on game management, feminine beauty, foreign policy, how to coach football teams, the instruction of the young and the efficiency of various cartridges. Writers who have never shot so much as a varying hare with a .270 feel competent to pass judgment on it. I quote from a couple of books:

"The .270 is often compared to the .30-06 on one point or another in an attempt to prove its superiority and while it may have certain features that are perhaps more desirable under certain conditions, it just isn't up to the .30-06 on a myriad of other points. Probably the best .270 big-

game load is the Dominion 160-grain Kling-Kor soft-point at 2,800 f.s. muzzle velocity."

One hunter and rifle nut who had used both the .270 and .30-06 on three continents for two generations and on several hundred animals wrote the author of the book and asked him to name a dozen or two of those myriad points of superiority and also to tell him precisely why the 160-grain Dominion bullet was superior on big game to others. The author couldn't think of any of these obvious points of superiority offhand.

The author of another book decided off the cuff that the 150-grain .270 bullet was a "much better" killer than the 130 grain. He said not why.

The .270 is an outstanding cartridge and one that certainly has the stuff for any of the world's soft-skinned nondangerous game—and also under the right conditions and with the right bullets, for soft-skinned dangerous game.

The big bores use heavier bullets and so do some of the new magnums. Some of the new magnums also produce more velocity—particularly in barrels that are not supplied by manufacturers (and in the pages of the ballistics tables). But the magnums and the big bores also kick more, weigh more, have more muzzle blast. They are more difficult to shoot accurately.

Big game is killed by putting properly constructed bullets (those which expand but do not disintegrate and give a relatively wide wound channel combined with sufficient penetration) in vital areas and NOT by foot pounds of energy, foot seconds of velocity, fancy cases, gold-plated bullets or anything else. If a bullet is not in the right place the hunter is in trouble and if it is he does not need a powerhouse. No cartridge manufactured can be depended on to anchor game with broken legs or gut shots.

The .270 with its flat trajectory and high velocity in barrels short enough to be handy and portable, with its good accuracy in light rifles, and with the good accuracy made possible by its light recoil, is one of the best cartridges ever devised to enable the hunter to put the bullet in just the right place. —Carlos Wolfe

Expert Tips for Hunting Trips

[Continued from page 67]

coils of leader material, one or two small spinners, a few hooks, and half a dozen flies. I carry the whole works in a typewriter ribbon box and it has often supplied everything I needed to catch trout in the small, high-mountain streams of the West. I cut an alder pole on the spot, of course. In the pike and walleye country of Canada, a few spoons and a hand-line would serve just as well and would be just as compact.

In many of the places where we hunt big game the grouse season is open at the same time. I've killed grouse with my big-game rifle and with .22 rifles and pistols.

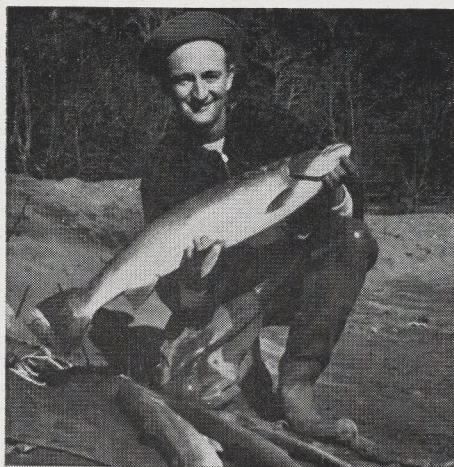
(The latter are illegal in Canada.) But I don't like unnecessary shooting, even .22 shorts, in the area where I may be trying to get a chance at an elusive elk. Instead, I prefer my bean flipper, or sling shot.

You may think that killing a grouse with one of these boyhood weapons is beyond the skill of the average man. Nonsense! You can buy a good one and by the time you've shot up a bag of marbles in practice you'll be accurate enough. Grouse in the back country are seldom wild; you can usually get within ten feet of them. And if you take along some ball bearings or lead balls for ammunition you don't have to hit a bird in the head to kill it, either. A body shot will knock it off its perch and then you can wring its neck. Grouse goes mighty well in a big-game camp, too.

Ordinarily your guide or outfitter, if

you hunt with one, will provide such essentials as food and shelter. And, of course, it isn't the purpose of this article to discuss major items such as your gun, clothes, and sleeping bag. But there is one thing your guide probably won't supply and it will have a hundred uses. That is a sheet of clear plastic, sold under various trade names by lumber yards and building supply stores. A piece .004 inch thick, ten feet long, and eight feet wide, weighs 1½ pounds. It will serve as a poncho, make a shelter against rain or snow, keep your bed dry when you have to sleep on damp ground, and keep the rain off your game after it has been quartered and hung up. And it's cheap; you can afford to cut it up or to throw it away after one trip.

Perhaps a small pack sack should have been included among the essentials. I



he
played it
SAFE
with a
SUNSET
LINE!

He knew his line would hold when this big steelhead struck. He carries Sunset line as fish insurance, knows from long experience he can depend on it to hold. Every inch of every Sunset line is guaranteed to meet or exceed label strength, to be in perfect fishing condition. **You**, too, can depend on Sunset — every time. There's a **specialized** Sunset line for your type of fishing.



FREE!

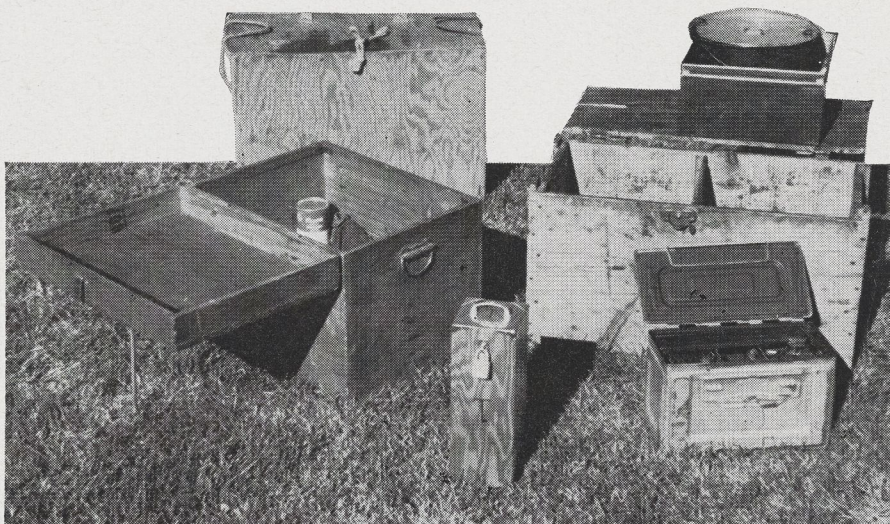
Write for big color catalog "LINES WITH A PURPOSE," Sunset Line & Twine Co., 2019 Jefferson St., Petaluma, California.



sunset
fishing lines
PETALUMA, CALIF.
FLORENCE, ALA.

Ted Trueblood

has a weakness for boxes.
Here he tells why and describes some of his more useful ones



Just a few of Ted's boxes. Bottle box, center foreground; behind it, left, grub box; left, rear, pack box; right, rear, boat box; right, front, camera box and seat

ONE TIME when I was on my way to the coast for steelhead fishing, I stopped at a cafe in Bend, Oregon, for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. While I was eating I overheard a couple of cowpunchers talking. Apparently it was a time for introspection, because one of them said, "My weakness is horses, women, and dogs." His statement always intrigued me because of the order in which he worded it. I never could figure out whether horses or dogs were more important.

Like the cowpuncher, I also have several weaknesses. As far as horses go, I can take them or leave them alone. But I have others—boxes, for example. I am fond of boxes. Like all hunters and fishermen, I need things in which to put things, and boxes, in many cases, are the obvious answer.

I have been collecting and making boxes for as long as I can remember. There's a stack of them in my garage. My wife occasionally looks at them and says I'll never use them all, but a man never knows when he might need a box. I started saving shotgun-shell cases away back in the days when they were made out of nice, clean-grained wood with dovetailed corners, and I still have some.

Among the boxes which I use frequently—and which I think many other sportsmen might find useful—are pack boxes, boat boxes, grub boxes, camera boxes and, of course, tackle boxes. I even have a bottle box, but more of that later.

Now, it is a fact well known by all men who have suffered in a hot boat in the August sun or shivered in a December duck blind that nobody ever made a box exactly right, just as nobody has ever made a piece of string that was not one inch too short. That is why I started making and collecting my own in the first place. I always needed something a little different. I still do.

The evolution of my grub box is a good example. I started in the grub-box-building business by making one

with shelves and drawers that sat on the running board of a car. The front was hinged at the bottom so that it swung out and was supported by a little leg to make a table. That was a handy box. You could stop beside the road almost anywhere, drop the front, and in a few minutes have a lunch ready. However, the car manufacturers put it out of business when they quit making running boards.

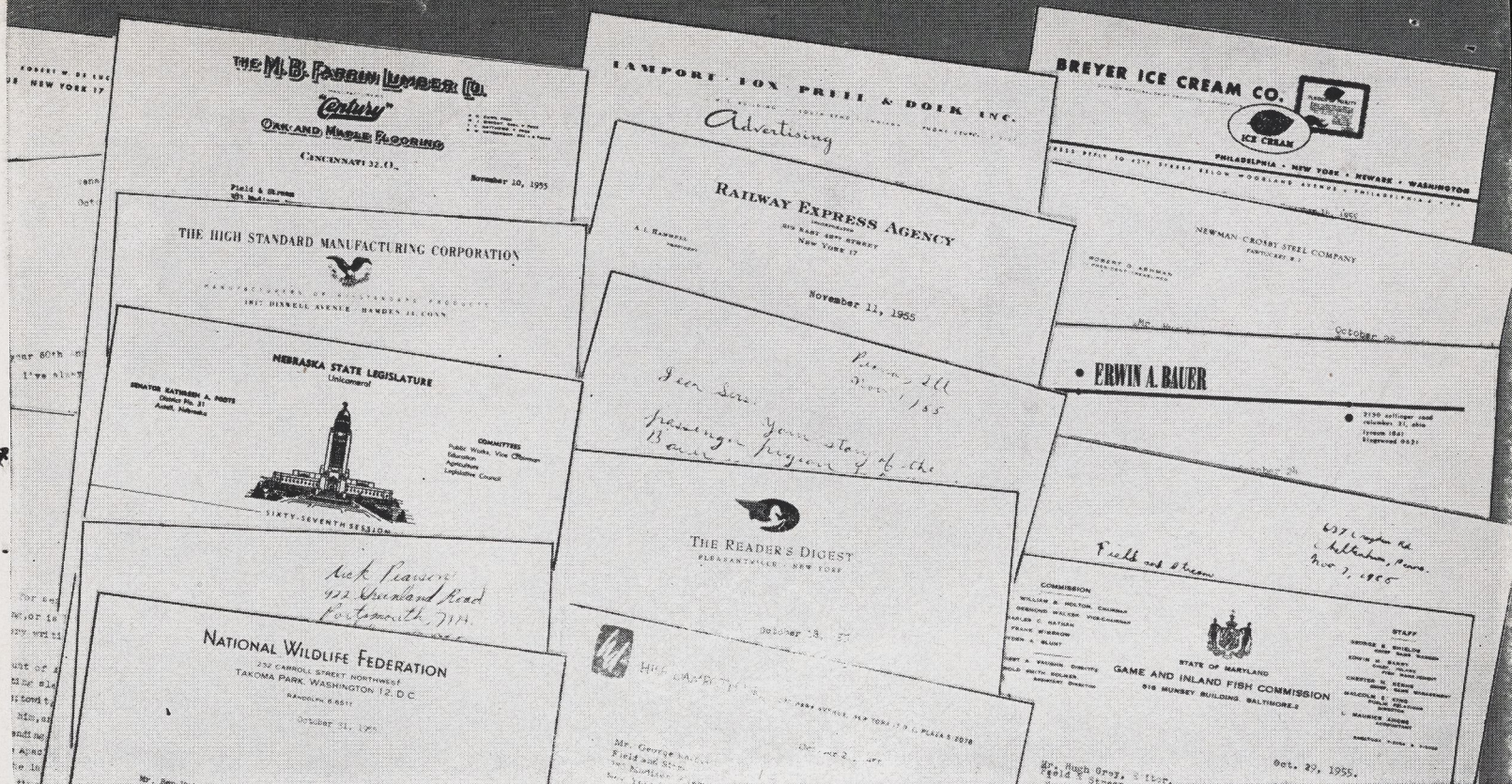
My next attempt was one that hung on the back bumper. I put a couple of iron hooks on the lower back side of the box so that I could set it on or off at will. There were handles on the sides, and the front, again, swung down to make a table. It had one drawer and several shelves and compartments, and it actually was pretty good except for one fault: it was too darned heavy.

When we made camp, I used to take this box off the back bumper and set it up inside the tent with the swing-down front at the proper height for a table. One time, after I completed this job, I wiped the sweat off my brow, looked at the box and said to myself, "Never again." I left it right where it was.

My present grub box, which we've been using for about ten years, was an accident—I found it. I was in a stew to get started on a fishing trip when I happened to see a nice wooden box in the basement of the place where I worked. Nobody claimed it; so I fastened the lid with hinges and a hasp and put a handle on each end. I put a partition in the middle and attached a piece of lath to the lid with a hinge so that it would lie flat when the box was closed but support the lid when it was open.

That was a lucky evening: this box turned out to be exactly right. It is small enough so that I can handle it easily when fully loaded and big enough to hold everything we need for a short trip. It measures 24 x 13 x 12½ inches. I had two nesting stainless-steel pans made to fit one compartment; we use

(Continued on page 82)



SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PLENTY OF GUTS

Congratulations! The 60th Anniversary issue is magnificent! Plenty of guts and a real traffic stopper on looks.
ANDY JONES *The Reader's Digest*

EISENHOWER PITCH

My sincerest compliments to all on the Anniversary issue of FIELD & STREAM.
The Eisenhower pitch was a real good one.
LAWTON CARVER *New York, N. Y.*

GRATEFUL TO F & S

The 60th Anniversary of FIELD & STREAM covers a scope so broad it is amazing. Back in our boyhood, shortly after the turn of the century, we saw a world of game along the Louisiana and Texas gulf coast—at times it was cloudy with ducks and geese.

The market hunters with their slaughter, made deep inroads toward the destruction of wildfowl, it is true, for little gain—as jacks (Wilson's snipe) sold for \$1.00 a dozen and ducks did not bring a whole lot more, maybe \$2.00 to \$5.00. So we've been told by other hunters. The rapid depletion is brought home more readily when one considers that many of those fellows were crack shots, seldom missed. When a zigzagging jack darted up, it might, to all intents and purposes, just as well have flown into their coat pocket.

As a boy, and since, I often killed all the ducks we could use, but never sold one. When it happened that I shot into a flying bunch and got more than we could use, we gave them to the neighbors. The greatest evil was potshooting, but most hunters of that day, I think, did not realize that increased population and gunning pressure would eventually deplete, if not destroy, one of the nation's most valuable resources.

We should feel grateful to FIELD & STREAM, and all other workers in this field, who have given so much of their time and effort in an attempt to correct this shameful condition.

Congratulations!
CLIFF OVERMAN *Port Arthur, Texas*

MADE HISTORY LIVE

Congratulations upon your tremendous 60th Anniversary edition of FIELD & STREAM. You have not only made history, but you have made history live again. We, at Evinrude, certainly appreciate the opportunity to be represented in this outstanding issue.

ELDON ROBBINS *Evinrude Motors*

PROUD ACHIEVEMENT

Please accept my warmest congratulations on the 60th Anniversary of FIELD & STREAM. You have a wonderful publication that has served its readers and advertisers in the field exceptionally well. The magazine industry should be proud of your achievement. And, incidentally, your 60th Anniversary issue is a wow!

May FIELD & STREAM have an even more successful future.
GEORGE J. HECHT *Parents' Institute, Inc.*

FIRST MAGAZINE

The Anniversary number of FIELD & STREAM is very attractive, and we are all much pleased with it, especially, of course, that Zane Grey is represented. He wrote for FIELD & STREAM even before any of his novels were published, and it seems to me that it was the first magazine to which he submitted any of his early fishing stories.

LINA ELISE GREY (Mrs. ZANE GREY) *Altadena, California*

PICTURES INTRIGUE

I have just read the November issue, and the old pictures intrigue me. I cannot help but comment about the caption under the picture of the bear on the Rambler car. I think you are dead wrong about the scenery being something made up in a photo studio. Of course, you saw the original photo, while all I had to look at was the magazine print, but that picture is as genuine as any could be.

The first time I saw the cut-over north country was in 1916, and this picture was probably taken about 1910 or before. At that time there were countless thousands of acres in northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan that looked exactly like this picture, even to the fire-blackened stub at the side of the road. The second-growth pines are about twenty years old, and the tall pines were left by the virgin-timber lumberman because they were not worth cutting. I think the picture is very genuine.

C. R. HOWARD *New Richmond, Wisconsin*

GREAT CONTRIBUTION

We would like to congratulate all the officers and the staff for the perpetuation of the ideals of conservation.

We are very happy to see so many of our members making a great contribution to this end. We wish FIELD & STREAM continued success.

OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SALUTE TO "BUCK"

I have been a regular reader of FIELD & STREAM since 1916, and have earned my living writing about fish and game since 1930. I still think that Nash Buckingham is tops on wildfowl stories, and the one reproduced in this issue is no exception.

JACK (PINTAIL) LILLINGTON *Vancouver, British Columbia*

After reading the November issue from cover to cover, there is little else that I could say but congratulations for an outstanding issue as well as 60 years of service to American outdoorsmen.

I was particularly interested in Nash Buckingham's classic duck story as well as the historical pictures of early American hunting. Your November magazine is truly an issue which should be enthusiastically received by sportsmen and kept in their libraries for at least the next 60 years.

WILLARD T. JOHNS, JR. *Pennsylvania Game News*

GOOD REFERENCE

We wish to congratulate you on your 60th Anniversary issue. We believe that it is a remarkable one in the field of outdoor writing. It will be put in our files after the personnel have had their chances to thumb through it, which we know they will do extensively. It will make a good reference periodical to hunting and fishing in the past years in this country.

JOHN HEWSTON *North Dakota Game and Fish Department*

COMPLIMENTS ILLUSTRATIONS

May I compliment you on the illustrations which promote the interest in each one of the articles or stories. They are well done.

L. F. WEYAND *Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co.*

AT THE TOP

Of the many sports and outdoor magazines that come to us, for timely interest in hunting, fishing and other outdoor activities we rate FIELD & STREAM at the top.

This issue is especially appreciated by the writer because you have combined an average lifetime of outdoor living within its covers. Authors like Zane Grey, Cobb, Dufresne, Ford, etc., are still like old friends to many of us who are young at heart, yet more than a little gray around the temples.

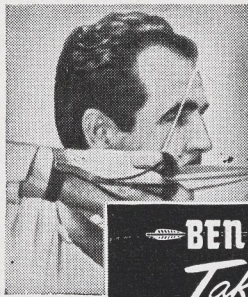
PAUL RAMSEY *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

THE WORLD'S FINEST BOWS
enthusiastically approved by
THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARCHER

Howard Hill

Author of "Wild Adventure" and "Hunting the Hard Way"

"For power, speed and endurance, nothing compares with their superb performance!"



Exclusive Take Down feature is fool-proof.

Here is Archery's greatest improvement, a Bow you'll be proud to own and use.

BEN PEARSON
Take-down
FIBER
GLASS BOWS



Try this lightning-fast, silken smooth beauty. Feel the light weight, ease of handling, tremendous cast and strength. A size for every need.

- #302 — 5 Ft. (Take Down, 2' 7 3/4"); draw weights, 20 to 35 Lbs. \$11.00
- #304 — 5' 4" (Take down, 2' 9"); draw weights, 30 to 75 Lbs. \$19.50
- #306 — 5' 6" (Take down, 2' 10 3/4"); draw weights, 35 to 85 Lbs. \$27.50

See our complete line of Archery tackle and equipment at your dealer or order direct.

BEN PEARSON INC.

Dept. FS-1 Pine Bluff, Ark. BP-22

Have Fun, Entertainment ... IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING SKILL

The Real "McCoY" of Home Shooting Sets! WITH THE EXCITING New BENJAMIN TARGET PRACTICE OUTFIT

Now you can enjoy hours of Target Shooting with the new BENJAMIN TARGET PRACTICE OUTFIT. Contains all the gear you need for setting up a Pistol Range in Basement or Outdoors, including the Famous BENJAMIN SUPER CO₂ ROCKET GAS PISTOL with 2-Stage HI-LO JET POWER for shooting BENJAMIN H-C PELLETS, bulls-eye Bell Target, 100 Paper Target Inserts, 5 Standard Size CO₂ (Soda) Cartridges, Sample Supply of BENJAMIN H-C PELLETS, and Instruction Sheet. A PERFECT GIFT!

No. 262-T BENJAMIN TARGET PRACTICE OUTFIT, Cal. .22 \$17.95

No. 267-T BENJAMIN TARGET PRACTICE OUTFIT, Cal. .177 \$17.95

SENSATIONAL NEW
Cal. .177 or .22
BENJAMIN SUPER CO₂ ROCKET GAS PISTOL with 2-Stage HI-LO JET POWER
HARD HITTING — ACCURATE
SAFE — NON TOXIC — PRACTICAL
ECONOMICAL — CONVENIENT.
EASY TO OPERATE — NO PUMPING OR FLINCHING.
Get 50 SHOTS from each 10¢ STANDARD SIZE CO₂ (Soda) CARTRIDGE. Up to 3/4" penetration.
RIFLED — Shoots .177 or .22 Benjamin H-C Pellets and Darts. For TARGET and SMALL GAME.
BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO., 878 BARRY ST., ST. LOUIS 4, MO., U.S.A.

MAKE YOUR OWN Spinning LURES
DESIGN AND ASSEMBLE ALL KINDS OF LURES AND SPINNERS. IT'S FUN AND EASY... AND YOU SAVE MONEY. COMPLETE KIT INCLUDING STEEL WIRE, PEARL, CUT GLASS, BRASS AND FLUORESCENT BEADS, SPINNERS, CLEVELISES, SPRINGS, ETC. ABOUT 100 PIECES FOR \$1.25. INSTRUCTIONS INCLUDED. ORDER BY MAIL.
BIG FREE CATALOG
FINNYSPOITS
2665Z Monroe Toledo 6, Ohio

Special FISHING LINES
150 Ft. .020 Stainless Steel ASSORTED 150 Ft. 125 Ft. 200' 10 or 20 lb. T. 150' 50 lb. Test 50' 200 lb. Test 175' 35 lb. Test 125' 75 lb. Test 25' 450 lb. Test
Above lines available in longer lengths. Send check or money order. We pay postage.
MAC MILLS Dept. A-1 Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

Punching off the safety, I shouted to Tom. He didn't hear. I swung into position and tried to pick up a lead. Coming downwind, the two birds were as hard to track as the brief flash of a falling star.

Finally I caught up with and passed the trailing bird. I fired as it was nearly overhead and learned in that split second why we had missed our earlier shots. The lead bird tumbled like a block of rock salt, a tiny puff of feathers speeding away as he tumbled. The wind was doing weird things to our shot string. Instead of leading my bird, I should have been trailing him. But I soon discovered that wasn't always the answer. Sometimes the shot string was pushed far downwind. Other times it would hit pockets of less resistance and follow a normal path.

That variation produces the toughest kind of shooting. Tom learned this in a hurry too. He missed a cackler that was in ideal range and followed this up by failing to scratch a pair of snows that were almost too close for good shooting. He brought first blood when a monster snow came hurtling downwind to his portside. On one of those right-to-left swinging shots he took his lead and punched off a single shot. The goose squealed thinly, jumped, and came hurtling down in a pinwheeling mass of flapping wings. It was dead when it hit the ground.

From there on the action was too fast to remember in detail. While I watched upwind Tom searched the sky downwind—and there was rarely a moment when we had no target approaching. But the shooting! We had to switch from birds traveling like skyrockets to others having great difficulty in moving into the wind. That sort of thing tests the skill of any shooter. Time after time we missed what appeared to be cinch shots. Nor were we alone. All up and down the hastily formed firing line we saw hunters pounding their guns in disgust after missing "easy shots." But despite that, birds were dropping regularly.

I picked up a single heading my way and traveling so low that he'd have to gain altitude to clear a tall fence. While he was still well out I fired and missed. My second shot caught him. He whistled overhead and thumped into the stubble a good fifty yards behind me. He was flapping his last as I ran out to pick him up. Tom rapped into another snow goose and it tumbled down, bouncing like a white beach ball five feet into the air and showering feathers into the wind.

When shooting time was up that night at 4:46 P.M., we counted the bag. The two of us had knocked down eight snow geese, two cacklers, and two specklebelly geese. We were totally happy.

Five different times I have made the 800-mile round trip into Warner Valley, praying on each occasion for the kind of weather that Tom and I found that windy day. In an average season such storms will hit only once or twice. Being there at the right time is a matter of luck. Lacking such weather, you hunt from high ridges or from a blind with a spread of decoys. And that type of shooting is, of course, the acid test of your skill. But for sheer, wild, heart-pumping action there are few things that will top a day in Warner Valley when a storm howls in.

TED TRUEBLOOD

(Continued from page 12)

them for dishpan and washpan. Our nesting cooking outfit—two kettles, a stewpan, coffee pot, skillet, plates and cups—fits inside the pans. There's also room for the bag of silverware, dishcloths, towels, soap, and some food. We fill the other compartment with grub.

Since this box turned out to be so nearly perfect, I'm going to make another just like it when it finally falls to pieces. Judging from its battered appearance, that probably won't be long.

Strangely enough, the only other box I have that turned out to be exactly right was also acquired more by luck than good judgment. It is my camera box. Since I spend a lot of time outdoors in all kinds of weather, I needed something that would keep my cameras dry and dust-free—and in our country it rains hard when it rains and the dust may be a foot deep when it doesn't.

I started looking a long time ago, and tried various camera cases and gadget bags, but none was designed for the kind of treatment I gave it. The dust always sifted in, and none would keep the contents dry when it sat out overnight in a hard rain or got accidentally dunked out of a boat.

Finally, just after the war, I stumbled across a stack of .50 caliber ammunition boxes in a surplus store. I bought a couple, took them home and tested them. They were absolutely watertight, which meant they'd be dustproof, too, and were just the right size.

I glued a couple of Masonite partitions in one of them with DuPont Household Cement. My 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 reflex camera in its leather case fits in one end. The 35mm. miniature and the telephoto, also in their cases, fit in the other end. The middle division holds filters, an exposure meter, and enough film for a lot of pictures. By notching the two partitions I could even lay a compact tripod across them.

I gave this box a coat of aluminum paint so that it would not get so hot in the sun, and then tested it in the laundry sink. To my amazement and delight, I discovered that it was not only perfectly watertight, but would float fully loaded. This meant that I would be able to recover it in case it was ever spilled out of a boat—a distinct possibility on some of my trips.

I gave the other box a coat of aluminum paint and use it to carry flash equipment, bulbs, and extra film. Although it would not be such a loss if this stuff got wet, still it is comforting to know that it will be kept clean and dry, no matter what the weather. The final advantage of these boxes, slight though it may be, is that they are strong enough to sit on. Many times I've sat on them in a duck blind. With a boat cushion on top, one of them makes a pretty fair seat.

I've mentioned my pack boxes in this column before. They're 22 1/2 x 15 x 11 inches, which is just about right either to manta for cargo packing or to drop into alforjas if the packer uses sawbucks. They're pretty crude because I made them myself—as usual, I was in a hurry, too—but they've been bucked off, rolled on and smashed into trees by nonconformist horses and mules, and they're still doing the job for which they were intended.

The time was when you could find

shot flared the birds my 12-gauge could reach out for them. I picked out a bird, heard a sharp crack from Tom's 20, and squeezed off a round.

Nothing happened. Those snows were still hanging there in the air, less than thirty-five yards away, like a group of captive balloons. I turned to Tom. "What happened?" I asked. "We didn't even scare them."

"Did you lead your bird?"

I nodded. "I gave him a small lead—not much because they're so darned close. How about you?"

"Yeah," he answered, "I led 'em. Just about right, I thought. Let's try another one. They're still out there."

We eased back into position and sighted in again. Yes, I said "sighted in." It was like being on a rifle range. For all practical purposes we were shooting at stationary targets.

The birds hung there in the air like a banquet-hall chandelier. We had to figure out how much our shot was drifting with the wind. Almost simultaneously we fired again. Not a feather stirred on those inviting targets. But our hearts sank as the flight flared up, caught the wind, and went screaming away. At the same instant the thousands of birds in the stubble rose like a giant cloud, whirled into the air, and dropped again roughly a hundred yards away downwind.

Our final two shots had alarmed them. We were heartsick. Now they were safely out of range and our chances of popping off the newcomers had evaporated. Clyde just grinned at our downcast looks. "Back to the truck!" he said. "I know just the spot for us now. We'll surround them!"

We made another wild dash across the field, pulling up on the lee side of another drainage ditch bordering the field where the birds had landed. As we began working our way up the ditch the half mile or so necessary to get into shooting position, we could see other hunters arriving on the scene. Then snow began to fall, cutting visibility still further.

Although Warner Valley is vast, the bulk of the birds were concentrated in this one area. Norm Minnick, who manages the grounds for the Oregon State Game Commission, had watched the storm develop and had accurately guessed where the shooting would be best. So he had sent out two assistants, Walt Cavanaugh and Bob Ramsey, to bring in the other hunters, while Clyde Long came for us.

Maybe that sounds unusual, but it's not. Minnick, Ramsey, Long, and Cavanaugh take a personal interest in the fortunes of every shooter who enters their domain. They'll sketch maps of the region, point out the spots most likely to produce and, when a good blow comes along, round up every gunner on the grounds and try to spot them where the action is hottest.

On that particular day—a Monday—this wasn't a big chore—only thirty-three hunters were registered at the checking station. There were birds enough on the wing for five times that number.

About halfway toward our destination, which was midway up the ditch and directly opposite the main body of the birds, I paused to take a breath. Glancing to the east, I saw two snow geese jump out of the field. They were headed downwind directly over me.

FIELD & STREAM JANUARY 1956

you don't baby a Cadillac



IT'S ALL FUN . . . NO WORK

Put it in, hang the motor and go. Pound it in rough water. Beach it on gravel or stone. No paint to scuff, scratch or chip. No wood to gouge, splinter or rot. A Cadillac is light, fast aluminum . . . virtually indestructible, and requires no up-keep. It gives you more go per h.p., handles like silk, and can't sink. It's the boat that outperformed 12 leading makes six ways in independent tests. If you want a boat that gives you more time on the water, lasts longer, costs much less through the years . . . compare. You'll want a Cadillac. See your dealer today.



Cadillac
SWEETEST BOAT AFLOAT

Write for free literature on Cadillac's complete line of aluminum, molded plywood, molded plywood, cedar strip and fiberglass boats.

CADILLAC MARINE & BOAT CO.
110 Seventh Street, Cadillac, Michigan

AIROLLERS roll your boat ashore on a cushion of air!

Airollers—almost frictionless, large canvas-rubber lined cylinders are inflated to a low pressure by mouth. Rolls even heaviest boats over rocks or soft sand with no damage to hull or paint.

Outboard Airoller . . . boats to 700 lbs. . . . \$9.95 each
Standard Airoller . . . boats to 1200 lbs. . . . \$15.00 each
"Super Tuff" Airoller . . . boats to 1800 lbs. \$20.00 each
Cruiseroller . . . boats to 3000 lbs. . . . \$37.50 each

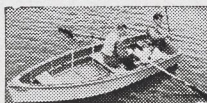
the AIROLLER Co.

18 Broad Street
Guilford, Conn.



At Your Dealer or Write
for Descriptive Folder

FOR BETTER BOATS BUY OZARKA BOAT KITS



Exclusive laminated oak ribs and stem... preformed, precut. Simple to assemble. Assures very strong exact-contour hull.

27 MODELS—A BOAT FOR EVERY NEED

Send 25c for the famous Ozarka catalog. Shows everything from prams, rowboats and outboards to cabin cruiser.



OZARKA, INC. 116 Borden, Woodstock, Illinois

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGED BOAT KITS

World's largest line! Over 200 boats: Kits, Formed-Hulls, Semi & Custom-finished! All types: Prams - Cruisers! Easy to build! Flyingstern, Tredonic bottom, Bulkhead construction!

Send 25¢ for KIT CATALOG

52 pages! Includes Victory Series, hardware, paint accessories, Fiberglass! Send \$1.00 for Catalog Plus "Boating Handbook". DEALERS-AGENTS INQUIRE

BOAT PLANS & PATTERNS Frame-Pac Kits

World's largest selection: over 200 plans, full-size patterns, frame-pac kits! Designed strictly for amateurs! All types: prams, kayaks, racers, runabouts, catamarans, houseboats, cruisers - inboard-outboard 6-40' wood-plywood-steel! Send 25¢ for PLAN CATALOG Catalog PLUS "Boatbuilding Handbook" \$1.00

CUSTOM-CRAFT - BUFFALO 7, N.Y.

BIGGEST VALUE FOR FISHERMEN!

ALUMINUM OR STEEL



WRITE! FREE 1956 CATALOG NO. 11

Seamaid ALUMINUM BOATS

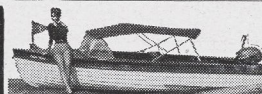
SEAMAID MANUFACTURING CO.
Kendallville, Indiana

FIELD & STREAM CALENDAR FOR 1956

Beautifully illustrated and packed with information—a calendar every sportsman will be delighted to own. Only \$1. Send check or money order to:

FIELD & STREAM, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

BoaTop AND WINDSHIELD!



"Convertible" style, protection! Folding BoaTops from only \$44.50. Plexiglas "wrap-around" windshield, as low as \$28.50. At marine dealers. FREE CATALOG!

NELSON A. TAYLOR CO. GLOVERSVILLE 3, N. Y.

nice wooden boxes for this job, but since the war wooden boxes have gone the way of running boards and a lot of other useful things. I made my set of four out of 1/4-inch plywood, with quarter round in the corners, and fastened them with cemented nails. They'd have been better if I'd used screws and glue, but, as I said, I was in a hurry.

Judging from the way they've lasted, one of my ideas was probably pretty good. I wanted them light—hence the 1/4-inch plywood—and I figured they'd probably take more abuse if I kept them flexible. Consequently the lids are merely pieces of plywood attached with straps and tied shut with cord. I believe hinges and hasps, which would have made the tops rigid, would have been torn loose long ere this. For handles, I simply bored two holes near the top of each end and tied a piece of rope through them.

We load these boxes before we leave home, and when we get to the spot where we transfer from car or plane to packhorses they are ready to go. At camp we empty them and stack them in the tent for a cupboard. Occasionally we use one of them as an extra grub box when we make a long camping trip by car or boat.

My boat box is mighty useful too, although I intend to make another one, just a little different, if I can ever find the time. It came about in the first place because I wanted something in which to put shells, lunch, coffee pot or vacuum bottle, dry gloves and socks, and maybe a coat, when I was duck hunting. I use my canoe 98 percent of the time, and it didn't help any of these items to slop around loose on the bottom all day with wet ducks and decoys and whatever rain or snow collected there.

We soon discovered that this box was equally useful in the boat when we were fishing. It kept lunch, jackets, tackle, and other small items together, out of the way and out of the weather. Consequently we call it the boat box, although we also carry it in the car during bird season, again using it to hold shells, lunch, coffee bottle, and other items that are better off in it than kicking around on the floor.

This box is made out of 1/2-inch plywood, with brass corners to match the hasp, hinges, and handles. It is stronger than a young bull, but needlessly heavy. Also, I've decided, its 14-inch width is two inches more than necessary, although the 18-inch length and 15-inch depth are just right. I'm going to make the next boat box two inches narrower, with 1/2-inch plywood in the ends and 1/4-inch stuff in the top, sides, and bottom.

One good feature of this box, which I'll retain, is the flanged lid, made by putting the box together first and then sawing through it two inches down from the top. It is easier to attach hinges and hasp on the flat surface thus provided. And the rim around the top keeps things from sliding off when we swing it out for a table and the ground happens to be uneven. The lid, of course, has a hinged leg, made out of an old towel rack, to support it.

I have a lot of other boxes I'd like to tell you about, but the ones mentioned, with one exception, are the best. That exception is my bottle box. Jack DeMotte, who knows my weakness for boxes, gave it to me for Christmas.

He bought a fifth of cough syrup and then built the box around it, using 3/8-inch plywood. The corners are so perfectly fitted and tightly glued that you can't see the joints. He put a little nickel-plated carrying handle on the top, but didn't provide any way to get at the contents.

In order to retrieve them, I had to saw the box in two. It was such a pretty, little box that I hated to cut it; so I waited until one evening when I had a desperate cough. Consequently my job of sawing and attaching the hinges and hasp, which were inside, was not so neat. Nevertheless it is a nice box to have, and it has been, on occasion, a real comfort.

CONSERVATION

(Continued from page 25)

visits, residents of the Southern States made nearly 7 million, the North Central over 3 million, and the Eastern States another 3 million. This national problem is a local problem almost anywhere you go.

And here's another thing: with very few exceptions, the only streams where national trout fishing remains to be enjoyed are among the 81,000 miles of rivers that course these forests—especially in the Rockies and westward. Elsewhere trout is becoming more and more a pastime of put-and-take. But not for years has an eroding bank on a national forest stream been stabilized, nor a deflector installed to desilt a spawning bed, nor a tree planted for the special purpose of shading a meadow stretch. All of which means that the capacity of much of this water to renew its own trout population is slipping.

In the last session of Congress another attempt was made to have a small portion of Forest Service income (income, remember, and not appropriation) set aside for the benefit of campers, fishermen, and hunters. It got nowhere. The Budget Bureau opposes earmarking of revenues for special purposes and, of course, has a point. That, however, is all the more reason why somebody in a high place should get a move on—provided there's any interest up yonder in making our natural resources serve fully. What legislative approach will be made this time no one as yet is certain; but whatever it may be, a lot of you lads who would have no place to go were it not for national forests had best get busy.

And while my blood pressure is where it is, let me remind you that some capable Washington observers are predicting that requested appropriations for flood control will total a billion bucks this time. The great bulk of that will go to Army Engineer projects, and this means more high dams. Almost every high dam is going to drown out wildlife habitat that can never be replaced. Some new sport fishing will be made available for a time; but if precedent holds, a lot of it will promptly go to pot because of lack of know-how or funds for management.

So if we don't rock the Capitol dome when the recreational possibilities of our national forests are neglected, maybe we deserve to stay home and spend the summer transplanting petunias.

Do you remember your Congressman's name? His address is Washington, D. C.

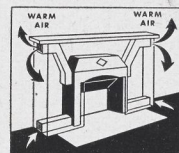
Build Your Camp for YEAR-'ROUND Use...



with this

FIREPLACE that Circulates Heat!

With a Heatilator Fireplace you can enjoy extra weeks of camp life in late fall, winter and early spring. The Heatilator Fireplace actually circulates heat to every corner of the room—even to adjoining rooms—for snug comfort in chilly weather.



WILL NOT SMOKE! The scientifically designed unit assures smokeless operation. Puts no limit on mantel design. Adds little to fireplace cost.

DAMPER SEALS AIR-TIGHT! New Pressure-Seal Damper keeps out cold downdrafts and wild life when camp is not in use.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET! Contains complete information about the Heatilator Fireplace.

HEATILATOR INC., 491 E. Brighton Ave., Syracuse 5, N.Y.

HEATILATOR® FIREPLACE

Check the Kind of Body You Want

... and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas



Just tell me, in coupon below, the kind of body you want—and I'll give it to you SO FAST your friends will be amazed! "Dynamic Tension," my easy, 15-minute-a-day method, will make your chest and shoulders bulge... your arms and legs surge with power... your whole body feel "alive!"

FREE BOOK 32 pages on how "Dynamic Tension" changed me from a 97-pound weakling into "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"—and how I'll prove it can change YOU too. Mail coupon NOW!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1371, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the Kind of Body I want: (Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid— | <input type="checkbox"/> Powerful Arms, Legs, |
| <input type="checkbox"/> in The Right Places | <input type="checkbox"/> Grip |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest, | <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist, Hips |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shoulders | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Sleep. More |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ (please print or write plainly)

CITY _____ STATE _____

NEW BENJAMIN SUPER CO₂ CARBINE — \$16.50

HI-LO JET POWER
Cal. .177 or .22



New Benjamin .177 or .22 CO₂ ROCKET Gas Pistol with HI-LO JET POWER.....\$15.00

IDEAL FOR TARGET & SMALL GAME
SAFE — ECONOMICAL — ACCURATE
CONVENIENT — PRACTICAL — NON TOXIC
EASY TO OPERATE—NO PUMPING—NO FLINCHING.

Get 40 SHOTS from each 10¢ STANDARD SIZE CO₂ (Soda) CARTRIDGE. Up to 3/4" penetration. RIFLED—Shoots Benjamin H-C Pellets and Darts.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO. 802 MARION ST., ST. LOUIS 4, MO., U.S.A.

MIRACLE TOMATO Yields 2 BUSHEL To a Vine



Now—You can grow the world's most amazing Tomato right in your own garden and get from 2 to 3 bushels of delicious, ripe tomatoes from every vine.

BURGESS CLIMBING TRIP-L-CROP

TOMATO grows 16 to 20 feet high. Huge, meaty, solid fruit, wonderful flavor. Some weigh as much as 2 pounds each. Unsurpassed for canning and slicing. Blight free—drought and disease-resistant. Grows in any garden. Outyields all other varieties.

TRIAL PACKET 10c

Postpaid. Order Today
3 Packets for 25c

Write for FREE complete
Catalog listing many unusual
Seeds, Plants and Bulbs.

BURGESS SEED & PLANT CO.
171-B. Galesburg, Mich.

ANNUAL SALE

SAVE 20% to 40%!

All United glasses are Achromatic, Color Corrected, therefore Sharper, Clearer, Crisper! Prices include leather case and straps.

10 POWER \$19.95

Palm size yet full 10 Power. Perfectly balanced.

6 Power \$12.95 7 Power \$14.95

5 oz. 6 oz. 6 oz. 6 oz.

6x30 4x6 in. 15 oz. 390 ft. field

All purpose. Reg. \$34.50

7x35 5x8 in. 20 oz. 375 ft. field

Very popular. Reg. \$45.50

7x50 7x7 in. 32 oz. 375 ft. field

Day & Night glass. Reg. \$49.50

8x30 4x5 in. 15 oz. 390 ft. field

Concent'd power. Reg. \$39.50

12x50 6 1/2 x 7 in. 27 oz. 260 ft. field

Center focus. Reg. \$67.50

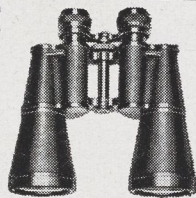
15x65 8 1/2 x 9 in. 51 oz. Center

focus. Just received \$59.50

United Binocular Co., Dept. ARS-2302

9043 So. Western, Chicago 20, Ill.

Dealers Wanted! Write for Wholesale Catalog.



Use 30 Days
At Our Risk.

If not satisfied return
for full refund. Made
in Japan. Add Fed.
tax. Cash orders ppd.
C.O.D.'s require \$2.00
deposit.

GUNS LOOK NEW AGAIN

New, better formula. Beautiful job, even on guns blued with acid-boiled process, caustic soda, parkerized. Removes grease, penetrates rust, leaves satin blue-black finish. Takes minutes, not hours. Thousands of repeat orders every year. **\$1.00 Kit** includes 4 oz. bottle Gun Blue, cotton, steel wool. Ask dealer or write for folder.



C. S. VAN GORDEN & SON EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

FURS

WE
TAN THEM
YOU
WEAR THEM

Send us your skins to be tanned and made into chokers, neckpieces, coats, robes, and rugs. Manufacturing of leather jackets and gloves. Fur tanners, buckskin tanners, taxidermy.

Free Catalog
ROCHESTER
FUR DRESSING CO.
291 Broad Street
Rochester 4, N. Y.

READY CUT HOMES

\$2150 AND UP DIRECT FROM MILL

YOU SAVE the items which help make today's building cost expensive: high labor cost, contractor's profit and overhead, insurance, architect's fees. Cut-to-Fit eliminates usual lumber and material waste, also costly mistakes. Anyone can assemble. Simple, easy-to-follow plans furnished and each part numbered. Complete with all lumber, roofing, nails, glass, hardware, paint, doors, windows. Freight paid. Low-cost plans sold separately if desired. 57 Homes and Floor Plans.



INTERNATIONAL MILL & TIMBER CO.
Dept. FS-16 Bay City, Mich.

A HUNTER MAKES HIS MARK

(Continued from page 33)

of us camped near a secluded little spring a few miles from the Mexican border. As shooting wouldn't begin till noon, we lazed around all morning, with Rhu and Grover trying to top each other's tall tales.

When finally it came time to shove off, Rhu and Grover elected to hunt northeast of camp; so Jim and I struck out in the opposite direction. To the eye, the country was all very much alike—the rugged little hills dotted with stunted oak, bear grass, and maguey; the deeper arroyos and wide canyons coated with juniper, oak, and runty piñon. However, even though the forage seemed as good in one place as in another, the game, for some unaccountable reason, was pretty well bunched on our side of the hills. Just out of camp we began seeing fresh deer sign. Jim and I decided to separate and work the ridges as we pushed on to higher ground.

Within minutes after my son left me I got one of the luckiest breaks of my life. I booted two nice bucks from their beds, and as they bounded away in wild flight, scarcely fifty yards distant, I drew down on the larger and brought him down with a neck shot. I was hoping the other critter would veer off toward Jim, but he plunged into a thicket and disappeared.

Jim, who'd seen my buck go down, came over on the double. He helped a little as I dressed my kill, but mostly he just watched, seemingly making a mental note of every move I made. When I'd finished, he grinned. "Sure glad you got yours first," he confessed. "Bet I can dress my own now!"

We hung my prize in a clump of oaks and resumed the hunt. Before long, though, we began drifting around toward camp, Jim hunting every inch of the way. And when we plopped down on the clean sand of a deep, wide canyon to take five, he sat with his back against a scaly-barked piñon and riveted his eyes on the adjacent mountainside. I was stretched out beside him, on the verge of dozing, when he startled me with, "I see something—way up near the top!"

I blinked the drowsiness from my eyes. The slope was well blanketed with oaks, and the shaded object that Jim pointed out—almost half a mile away—looked like a granite boulder. But I've seen all too many boulders and stumps suddenly turn into game; so I just watched and waited silently. Lucky I did. Abruptly the object moved. Then, as if to reward our patience, the thing began step-stopping, step-stopping across a small opening, as only a wary white-tailed deer can! The real payoff came, however, when the animal halted momentarily and lifted its nose to test the mountain air. When its head came up, the evening sunlight lit up its rack like a Christmas tree.

"A buck, sure 'nough!" Jim's voice sounded as though he was desperately trying to swallow his heart.

"Yeah, but a long way off," I reminded him. A lot can happen when a traveling deer is spotted that far away, and I didn't want the kid to get his hopes too high. Still I guess they were high as they could get.

"He'll come on down," Jim announced, as if that were the only direc-

tion in which the animal could travel.

Presently I began wondering if the kid hadn't instinctively made a very shrewd guess. As the buck catfooted along he followed the very crest of the little ridge, stopping occasionally to test the faintest vagrant breeze. I've known crafty old tom turkeys to travel the crowns of ridges all day long, able to spot danger on all sides, and the wily buck seemed to be pulling the same stunt. But the ridge the cagey rascal was traveling would deliver him almost to our feet!

When the buck entered a patch of brush, Jim and I edged over to a bit of cover and lay flat on our bellies. The kid eased his gun into firing position, dug his elbows into the soft sand, and waited—and waited. After several long minutes had passed with neither of us spotting a patch of buckskin, a slight shiver of apprehension rippled through Jim's body.

I'd just about decided the animal had given us the slip when I caught a fleeting glimpse of him. He was barely 250 yards away! He'd pulled a fast one. By sticking to the heaviest brush, he'd wormed his way down without once exposing his hide. And he continued to take full advantage of every bit of available cover; the oaks thickened abruptly and he was again lost to sight.

Jim and I exchanged disconsolate glances. The lower reaches of the ridge were well blanketed with greenery, and the brush-hugging buck was perhaps gone for good. But hope dies hard in a deer hunter. Neither of us moved so much as a little finger. It was well we didn't. Suddenly Jim's eyes lit up; a restrained grin flitted across his face.

Then I heard a faint noise and caught on. Something was easing up the sandy-floored canyon, and that something was undoubtedly the slow-motion buck! Jim's keen ears had located him right off. We had the wind on him, but the buck seemed somehow to sense that trouble lurked nearby. He would take a few hesitant steps, then stop for a full minute before again easing forward.

There are those who insist that a deer's eyesight is none too good on stationary objects. Maybe, but there are notable exceptions. Jim's buck, at least, had no need for specs; just as we spotted his shadowy form in the deep tangle of brush, his head snapped up and his large eyes seemed to be counting the freckles on our noses.

Then the rascal did something I've known many puzzled animals to do—he took a couple of dainty steps our way, even though it brought him well into the open, jerked his head a notch higher, hoisted his flag—

"Shoot!" The word bounced out of my mouth of its own accord.

Jim shot—and the buck spun on his heels and was gone!

As we got to our feet Jim gave me a dirty look. "He mighta come closer if you hadn't made a noise!"

Actually, I'd seen the buck's muscles bunch and his body tip slightly for a quick getaway; so it had been a case of now or never. But I didn't explain; unless I missed my guess, Jim had scored a direct hit. He had—on an inch-thick sapling ten feet this side of where the buck had stood!

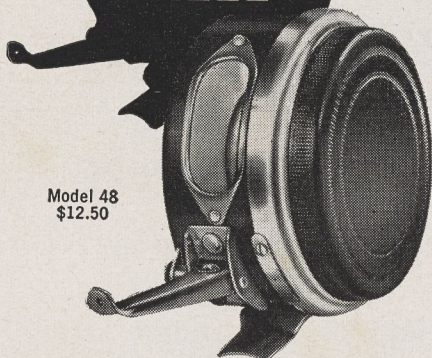
When Jim saw the neat round hole in the twig, he clapped a hand to his forehead in despair. Then he heard the tinkle of dislodged pebbles at the base

They go
Together

BALANCE
BETTER CASTING
MORE FISH

AND A
**MARTIN
REEL**

Model 48
\$12.50



And you get them all with a Martin Automatic. There is a Martin Flywate in a size and weight to balance *your* rod and line. And every fisherman knows that only with a balanced outfit can you get the distance, accuracy and control that will place a fly in the right place and the right manner consistently to reach and raise more fish.

Be a better fisherman. Use a Martin Automatic and get:

- **Dependability and Durability** that means you spend your time fishing—not fussing with your reel.
- **Easy Take-down** for cleaning or oiling without tools and no screws to lose.
- **Free Stripping**—even when fully wound—and all the other features resulting from Martin's 75 years of reel-making experience.

Ask your dealer about Martin Spinning and Bait Casting Reels, too. Coupon below.



Model 38—\$12.50

Other Models
\$8.95 to \$30.00



*A Better Reel makes
a Better Fisherman*

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REEL CO.
600 Martin St., Mohawk, New York
Please send me complete details on
MARTIN REELS.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



When space is limited and cramped, duffel bags stow easily and compactly

Bag and Baggage

By TED TRUEBLOOD

There are bags suitable
for nearly every item you'll
need in camp or on the trail

AFTER considerable misgivings, I devoted this space in the January 1956 issue to the subject of boxes—pack boxes, grub boxes, tackle boxes—the various kinds of boxes needed by every man who hunts or fishes. To my surprise, I got more letters about that article than any other I can remember. Made bold by its success, I'm going to discuss bags—duffel bags, ditty bags, kit bags, reel bags, tent bags, water bags, game bags, rubber bags, stove bags, pot bags, knife-and-fork bags, wader bags, decoy bags, plastic bags and bag bags. (You may need a bag to hold the bags!) I'll leave out pack bags, since I discussed packs here last September.

Most experienced outdoorsmen carry duffel bags. Why not a suitcase? Admittedly, one is better in a plane, train or automobile, but a suitcase is miserable on a packhorse or in a canoe. Just about the surest mark of a tenderfoot is carrying a suitcase into the back country.

It is a law of nature that if your duffel bag opens only at the top, whatever you want will be at the bottom. Consequently, a very popular duffel bag—possibly the best for most uses—has a strong zipper along one side. Look for good heavy canvas, strong carrying handles midway of the side, both ends permanently closed, and a full-length

zipper that opens everything to view.

Despite the natural law just cited, my favorite duffel bag opens only at the top. It is rectangular in shape and made of tough, waterproof canvas. Midway along one side is a carrying handle. A leather thong through eyelets at the top closes the bag. Two buckle-adjustable straps are attached to this thong, and they snap onto D rings at the lower corners of the bag. This arrangement gives me a pack bag.

On the opposite side there is an outside pocket eleven inches square and two inches thick. A flap over it closes



This type is almost a must. It holds a vast amount of gear and, with its straps, makes a serviceable backpack

tance that lend an added luster to the unvarnished fact.

The Old Man said he blamed whisky and open fireplaces as much as anything else for the decay of probity. Also, he said no outdoor man ever touched his peak performance for tall stories before he was 40-plus. "Lies," the Old Man said, "are like whisky. They go down better after having been aged in the wood."

I came up in a little town where the expansive yarn would have made a Paul Bunyan blush. I couldn't have been more than 6 when I heard the one about the bird dog who was so stanch that he froze to death on point, and when the thaw came the next year his master found a skeletal dog still standing a covey of skeletal quail. And of course there was one character in our town who was such a smooth and adept thief that he slid into a house one night and stole a lamp so fast that its owner kept right on reading after it was gone.

As to dogs, I certainly do not care to say whether I am an accurate witness on the prowess of some of the beasts I owned. I think it highly unlikely that any dog of mine ever pointed a live bird with a dead bird in his mouth and one foot pinning down a cripple, but wouldn't it be lovely if it were as true as it sounds when I tell it?

Sometime, when you've got a minute, remind me to tell you of the white-tailed deer I once shot in Carolina. The hounds coursed it through a friend's back yard. I shot it, and its dying leap carried it through the door of the smokehouse, and when we got inside it was hanging there, its horns caught on a hook.

Yr. Ob't Sv't BOB RUARK

THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY

The boy was Robert Ruark himself. The Old Man was his grandfather, his teacher, guide, companion, and lifelong idol. In the days when the woods were full of game and the ponds and streams were jumping with fish of every kind, the two of them hunted, stalked, and fished for the wildlife of their beloved North Carolina.

From his great wealth of experience and his immeasurable love for the out-of-doors, the Old Man always had some gem of wisdom to pass on to the young Ruark, whether they were following a run of blues, stalking a large and evasive buck, or sitting in the chill of the early dawn waiting for the broadbills and mallards to come in.

This is one of America's great writers at his finest, writing about the things he knows and loves so much, in a book that will capture the imagination of every sportsman. Drawings by Walter Dower. \$4.95

Dept. FS

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, INC.,
383 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

In the 1958 FIELD & STREAM FISHING CONTEST

(fresh water ... open)



Garcia TACKLE WINS MORE FIRSTS...than any other make...



1st place FLORIDA BASS

Ambassadeur
REEL

1st place SMALLMOUTH BASS

Mitchell 300 REEL

1st place NORTHERN PIKE

Ambassadeur
REEL

1st place WALLEYE PIKE

Mitchell 300 REEL

1st place RAINBOW TROUT
(Eastern)

Mitchell 300 REEL

1st place FLORIDA BASS

Ambassadeur
BRAIDED FISHING LINE

1st place BROWN TROUT

PLATYL
MONOFILAMENT LINE

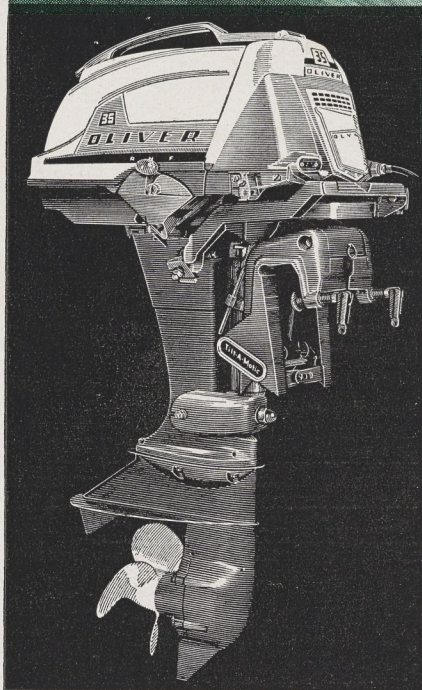
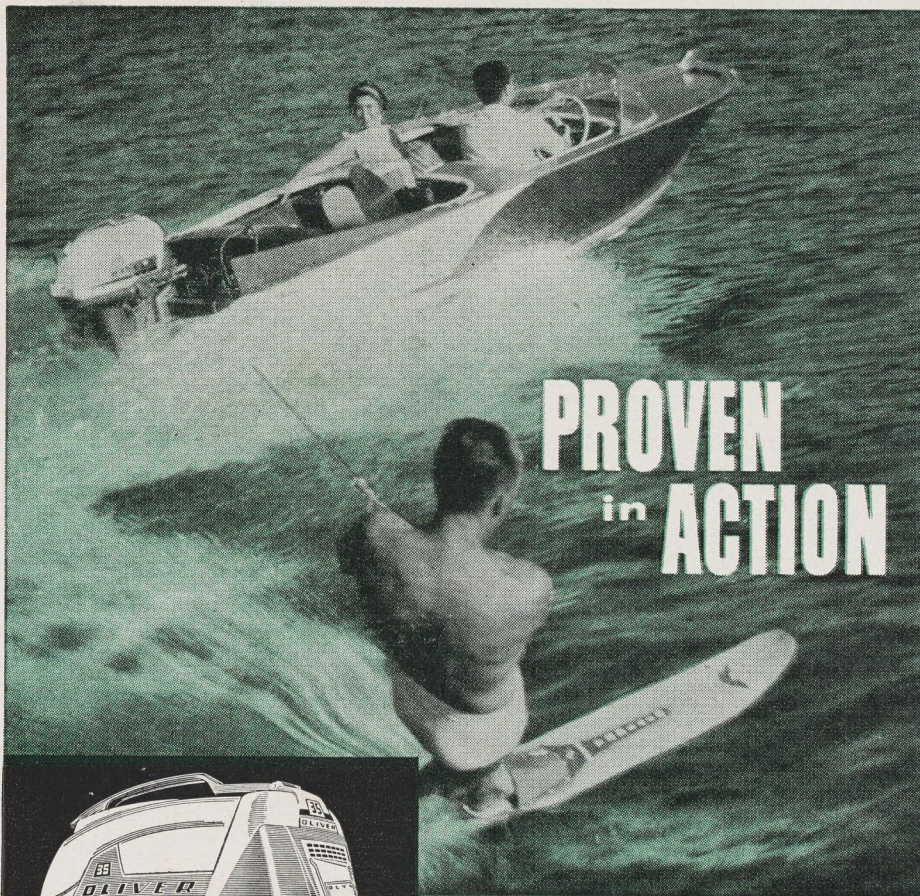
1st place FLORIDA BASS
**COMPANION
ROD**

Again...as in past years...more 1st place honors go to
GARCIA TACKLE than any other make. Proof that, when it
comes to fishing, you can rely on GARCIA...
the WORLD'S FINEST FISHING TACKLE.

the Garcia corporation

268 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

OLIVER 35 hp* for '59



OLIVER EXCLUSIVES

- Magneto Alternator
- Dura-Drive Lower Unit
- Automotive Type Valves
- Tilt-A-Matic Adjustment
- Mix-Matic Fuel Tank
- Tilt-Up Locking Lever

See the new 1959 Oliver 35, 16 and 6 hp motors at the New York, Chicago and San Francisco Boat Shows.

OLIVER

OUTBOARD MOTORS



110 S. McCAMLY STREET, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
Division of The Oliver Corporation



BAG AND BAGGAGE

(Continued from page 19)

melted paraffin, shaking off the surplus, and quickly shoving the meter, which I had previously wrapped in waxed paper, into place. As soon as the paraffin hardened, the case was shaped to fit.

There are four outdoor aids that I sometimes wonder how we got along without in the old days: liquid detergent, which lightens the task of camp dishwashing immeasurably; paper towels and aluminum foil, each of which has a hundred uses; and plastic bags. I could write a list as long as a bell rope of the uses for plastic bags.

Our favorite bakery seals each loaf of bread in a plastic bag, and it stays fresh about four times as long as one wrapped in waxed paper. We use these bread bags for sandwiches when we're fishing or hunting. They keep a lunch clean, fresh and dry should it get dunked or rained upon.

On a trip where we carry an icebox, we clean our fresh vegetables and put them in plastic bags. They last much longer. Fresh meat, fish or small game stays dry and keeps better if you put it in plastic bags before you lay it on the ice.

Washing dishes is always one of the last chores before breaking camp, and the wet dishcloth is no problem if you put it in a plastic bag. A side of bacon won't grease everything with which it comes in contact if you enclose it in a plastic bag, though you should take it out to air each night; otherwise it will mildew. A plastic bag approximately 18 x 24 inches makes a good seat when you're deer hunting in wet weather, and you can carry the heart and liver to camp in it without getting yourself bloody. I use one about the same size to protect my camera when I'm taking pictures in rain or snow.

Plastic bags in various sizes and weights are available in most grocery stores. An assortment doesn't cost much, and it is one of the handiest things a man can have on almost any kind of trip.

Judging from the number of waterbags you see suspended from eastern cars, most tourists are familiar with them. I've used them since I was 10 years old, and I think they're badly overrated. In an arid climate a good waterbag will keep water cool, but an insulated picnic jug and a chunk of ice will keep it cold.

If you must have a waterbag, choose one of tightly woven material. Soaking it swells the fibers so that the outside stays barely moist. Evaporation keeps the contents cool. A completely watertight bag is no better than a hot-water bottle; however, many bags drip too freely and go dry just about the time you need the water.

They tell me if you rub soap on the outside of your kettles before you cook over an open fire you can wipe the soot off with a rag. I don't expect to live to be more than 100, and life is too short for me to soap and de-soap all my utensils every time I cook. The better solution, if you want to prevent them from blackening everything in your outfit, is to pack them in canvas bags of appropriate size.

I have a griddle bag, a skillet bag, a bag that fits the largest kettle of the nesting outfit (I separate the inner ones with scraps of paper), coffeepot bag

Be careful of gas-gobbling heavyweights! For a pleasingly low fuel cost, a high-compression Oliver 35 furnishes brawny speed and load-carrying capacity... ideal for skiing, cruising and fast runabout service. The Oliver 35 at its standard price includes many features that others do not offer even at extra cost! And it's been proven in action for peak performance! Write for complete information on Oliver 1959, 6, 16 and 35 hp motors.

*OBC Certified @ 4500 rpm

JOHN ROBERTSON of Tampa says: "Our Oliver 35 performed with 100% dependability... Pulling me on one ski non-stop for 50 miles, it used less than four gallons of fuel per hour!"

JIM ROE of Wheaton, Ill., says: "We use two Oliver 35s to power our 19' cruiser. There's no hesitation when we shove the throttles forward, and we've been pleasantly surprised at how seldom we head for the gas dock."



Cutlery won't wander if you keep it in a sack. And covers prevent pot and griddle from soiling other gear

with strap and buckle. Inside the top of the bag, just below the eyelets, is a sleeve sixteen inches long made of a lighter material, also waterproof. It's closed by a pucker string. The sleeve makes the bag virtually watertight, and it can be used as an extension to increase capacity.

This bag has served me well on many a hard trip. It is suitable for plane, train or boat, and when the time comes it becomes a pack bag.

I once made a float trip with a fellow who had a duffel bag of clear plastic. It had two obvious advantages: it was perfectly waterproof, and he never had to fumble around for anything he wanted, because he could see the contents. It seemed plenty tough, and I would certainly get a couple like it if I knew where to find them. The only possible disadvantage is that you could never hide a jug from your companions. There are no secrets in a plastic duffel bag.

About ten years ago my wife did two things that ultimately made a great improvement in the bag situation of the Trueblood family. She sent off a tremendous bundle of deer and elk hides that had been accumulating for years and had them tanned, and she

bought a sewing machine that would sew leather as well as cloth. Now we have leather bags.

The boys have buckskin marble bags and I have buckskin reel bags, but my favorite of all is a buckskin ditty bag. My wife made it by sewing together two pieces eight inches wide and twelve inches long, rounded at one end. On the inside of one she sewed a $1\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strip of light doeskin. This made a pocket for my toothbrush. I punched a couple of holes, half an inch apart and an inch from the top, and attached a thong with which I tie the bag shut.

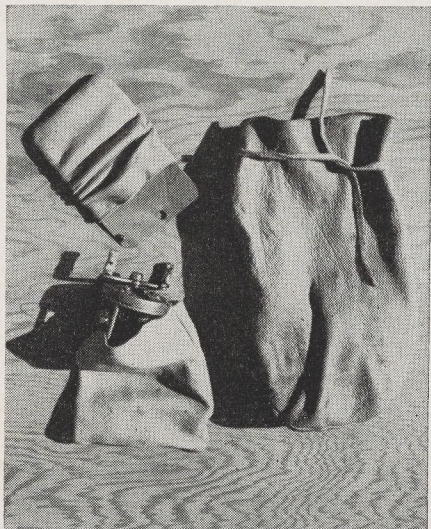
This ditty bag holds all the personal effects I need, whether I expect to be gone two days or two months—razor, blades, toothbrush, comb, towel, a cake of soap in a plastic bag, needle and thread, aspirin, Merthiolate, a few bandages and a steel mirror $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches. The mirror is protected from scratches in a tight-fitting doeskin sleeve—a mirror bag, no less! On an easy trip, where weight is no problem, I take shaving cream and toothpaste; on a hard trip, soap and salt substitute for them.

A mirror, incidentally, is a good thing to have along, especially if you are alone. You can shave without one, but if you happen to get something in your eye, a mirror, even if it is only an inch square, is beyond price.

Since the Truebloods have buckskin, doeskin and the tanned hides of both cow and bull elk available, we can select leather of appropriate thickness for any purpose. Heavy leather makes the best reel bags because it protects them from bumps and scratches while keeping them free of dirt and grit. A bag that measures $5 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, spread out flat, is about right for a $3\frac{3}{4}$ -inch fly reel or a standard-size casting reel. Reel bags—all buckskin bags, for that matter—should be made inside out. Then when you reverse them the seams are concealed.

Buckskin, of course, is very soft and thus ideal for most purposes. But it was far from ideal in the belt-type exposure-meter case we made. The case was so limp that I couldn't get the meter out of it. I corrected this by dipping all of the case by the flap in

(Continued on page 20)



Tan some buckskin, then have your wife sew it into bags for mirror, reel and miscellaneous small items



Your ditty bag, holding personal gear, slips into outer pocket of backpack, where it's always handy

You'll catch more fish with
GENUINE **AMERICAN** MADE

WRIGHT & MCGILL

EAGLE CLAW HOOKS
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"THEY HOOK AND HOLD"

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

WRIGHT & MCGILL

GENUINE **EAGLE CLAW HOOKS**
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

They Hook and Hold

The special bend of Eagle Claw Hooks places the point in the direct line of pull, giving positive, quick hooking.

No. _____ Size _____

TRADE MARK

Eagle Claw—Reels

Extra Sharp Claw Shaped Point

BAIT HOLDER

PLAIN SHANK

Eagle Claw Hooks have the point in direct line of pull, giving quick sure hooking qualities. Made from special drawn steel wire with uniform spring temper, points are ground extra sharp.

Don't risk the success of your fishing trip by using inferior hooks. Eagle Claw Hooks cost a few pennies more, but are much more dependable.



SEND 10c FOR 1959 CATALOG
64 pages of tackle and fishing tips

Name.....

Address.....

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

WRIGHT & MCGILL CO.

Box 518-39A, Aurora Sta., Denver 8, Colo.

and a bag that encloses the wire grill when I pack it. Obviously, these bags are not necessary when the cooking outfit is packed in a box. It's when I take one or two items separately that I bag 'em.

One warning: if you start using such bags, make them loose. You will get filthy trying to force a black kettle into a bag that fits tight. My coffeepot bag, which gets the most use because I seldom go anywhere without a coffeepot, is 11½ inches wide and 13 high, with a drawstring. The pot is 6 inches in diameter and 8½ inches tall.

Knives and forks are a nuisance to pack. I put them in a denim bag that I tie shut with an attached string. Here again, making a bag too small is the most likely error. After several tries I finally settled on one big enough to hold all the eating tools, plus the camp knife in its sheath, pancake turner, can opener, cooking spoons, pliers and a whetstone. In camp, I wash the first big tin can we empty, put the contents of the bag in it, and set it on the table.

The larger items of camping equipment, such as tents, stoves and tables, usually come from the store in cardboard boxes. The only thing more abominable in the woods than a cardboard box is a paper bag. You don't really need a cover for a gasoline camp stove, but to keep soot and ashes off everything else in your outfit you should have a bag for your wood-burning stove.

A canvas bag around your rolled-up tent will prevent tears and chafed spots when you carry it in car or boat or on a horse. On a hard trip where your sleeping bag will be exposed to dust, sand, rain or flying spray it needs some protection besides its own cover; a watertight canvas bag is the answer. Never trust a packhorse with a sleeping bag unless it is protected by canvas.

Whether you make or buy bags for these purposes, be sure they're big enough. You may have to roll your tent when it is half wet and half frozen, for example, and then you'll never in the world get it into a bag that fitted snugly when the tent was new.

I carry my decoys in canvas bags made for the purpose. They're 32 inches wide and 36 high, and you'd be surprised how much easier it is to fit the decoys without tangling cords and anchors than it would be in something smaller.

In rural areas you can buy seamless cotton bags that are woven tight enough to hold such small seeds as alfalfa and clover. They're handy for many purposes. I carry my waders in one, for example, and stand on it while I'm changing from shoes to waders or back again, thereby keeping my socks clean.

When we go elk hunting, we take a supply of game bags. Made of muslin, they're big enough—approximately 3½ x 5 feet—to protect a quarter of elk or an entire deer from flies and dirt. Two hunters need ten if they expect to kill both elk and deer.

My reflector baker is in a bag and my primus stove has its bag. Rubberized fabric bags keep film and camera dry on boat trips. I carry my outboard tools in a little canvas bag. And if by this time, you're beginning to think that Trueblood likes things in the bag, you're right!



You got a problem, cousin?...



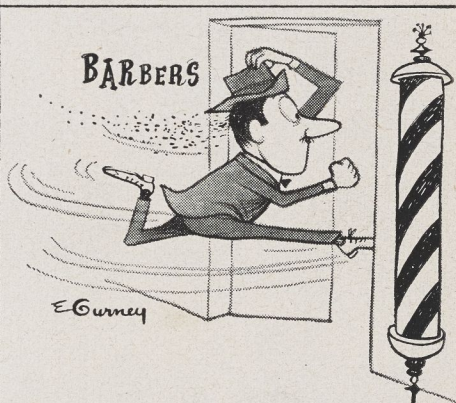
Do folks call you "snowflake" 'cause you... always slosh around knee-deep in dandruff?



And you can't find your way home... 'cause falling dandruff blurs your vision?



And your head is always flaky?



Is that your problem?...It's time to...

run to your barber and buy a bottle of Stephan's

Nobody knows your dandruff problems like your barber. That's why he recommends Stephan's Dandruff Remover Hair Lotion. Stephan's removes loose, flaky dandruff. In fact, Stephan's is so effective, your barber insists on selling it exclusively. Ask your barber about a take-home bottle of Stephan's today. No problem, cousin.

SOLD ONLY BY BARBERS

Stephan's

DANDRUFF REMOVER HAIR LOTION



without oil for normal hair

with oil for dry hair

Stephan Distributing Corp., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

MORE FISHERMEN WEAR TOUGH U.S. FLYWEIGHT

than any other boot!

HERE'S WHY

1. Knee and ankle reinforced to resist snags. 2. U. S. "Tuff-Toe" construction. 3. Patented no-bind crotch cuts to fit leg length. 4. Adjustable leg harness. 5. Deep-cleat sole. 6. Extra-sized heel. 100% leakproof — factory-tested under water. Best fit for greatest comfort.



For men, boys and women. InsulAir® or regular. Snug ankle or regular. At better sporting goods dealers. For information write

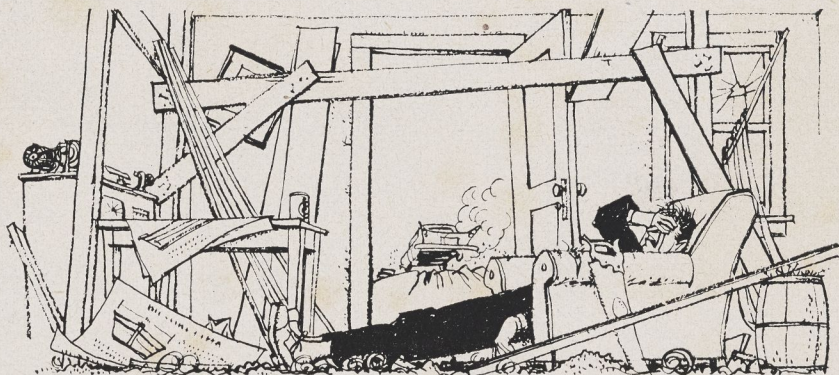


**United
States
Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER
OF SPORTING FOOTWEAR



Cousin Sid's Shipwreck



The members of the Lower Forty, with an eye on Florida, build a seagoing craft to rival the Hesperus

By COREY FORD

THE rasping of saws and thudding of hammers assailed Cousin Sid's startled ears as he returned to his camp on Pleasant Lake after several days in Boston at the annual High School Principals Convention. His front yard was filled with the cars of his fellow members, he noted in bewilderment, and an emergency meeting of the Lower Forty Shooting, Angling and Inside Straight Club seemed to be in progress inside. He skirted a huge pile of fresh plywood, climbed over several rolls of tar paper and calking material stacked beside the entrance, and pushed open the door. His jaw sagged. "Wh— what's going on here, fellows?" he gasped.

The interior of the camp was a scene of utter confusion. Sawdust and shavings were knee-deep around the room, a portable power lathe had been screwed onto the mahogany top of his television set, and blueprints and technical plans were spread out over every inch of table space. Doc Hall was cutting up a 12-inch oak plank, using an arm of Cousin Sid's best leather chair for a sawhorse, and Judge Parker, on his hands and knees, was busily nailing a full-scale paper diagram onto the living-room floor.

"Just in time, Sid," he shouted, "to start cooking supper. We've been working so fast all day we haven't had anything to eat."

Cousin Sid stifled a moan as Colonel Cobb and Mr. MacNab propped a two-by-four on end while Uncle Perk, balancing atop the bookcase, spiked it securely to the ceiling. "Would somebody tell me," he pleaded, "just what you're building?"

"It's a do-it-yourself boat," the judge said casually, resuming his hammering. "We decided this was the most convenient place to assemble it, particu-

larly since you forgot and left your camp key hanging on a nail in the woodshed. How about some supper?" "But the lake's still frozen over," Cousin Sid stammered. "Why do you need a boat in such a hurry?"

"We're taking it down to Florida," Doc Hall explained, absently sawing halfway through the leather arm of the chair as he turned his head to speak. "Mr. MacNab has donated the use of his hearse—"

"At a slight fee to cover the wear-r-r and tear-r-r," Mr. MacNab interposed quickly.

"—and we'll strap the boat on top and drive down to the land of sunshine for a little tarpon fishing." Doc picked up another plank and swung it around, upsetting a lamp and knocking a couple of pictures off the wall.

Cousin Sid sat down weakly on a keg of nails. "What kind of a boat is it going to be?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, we're not quite sure," Colonel Cobb admitted. "FIELD & STREAM sent us several different plans to choose from. There's one for a dory, and another for a bay skiff, and another for a john boat. So we thought we'd sort of put them all together and decide what it was when we got it finished."

Judge Parker rose to his feet and picked up a set of directions. "All right, let's get going," he ordered briskly. "We're wasting time." He scowled through his spectacles at the fine print. "Insert glass pane in front of perch," he read aloud, "and bore a 6-inch circular hole for entrance and exit." His face grew puzzled as he continued: "Mount on vertical 10-foot pole—"

Doc Hall snatched the directions from him and studied them for a moment. "These are the plans for a bird-feeding



For campfire cooking Trueblood favors his old black iron griddle

Camp Outfit for the Back Country

By TED TRUEBLOOD



On the shores of a picturesque back-country lake, Trueblood's wall tent provides housing for a family

When you drive into the remote northern country now being opened to auto campers, you'll need rugged and dependable camping gear

THE next few years will see greatly expanded sportsman travel into the primeval country of the north. The new roads being built into these northern regions, with their virgin hunting and fishing, will tempt many Americans to travel northward in their cars and camp for weeks at a time. (See "Cars in the Canoe Country," this issue.) For many, this kind of adventure will be quite new, and since they will be remote from sources of supply they'll have to carry complete and efficient camping outfits as well as supplies of food.

What kind of camping outfit is needed for this sort of venture? You will travel by car, and not

be limited by weight considerations, as the backpacker is. Even so, you will want gear that is compact and efficient.

Tents. There are, of course, many different kinds of tents, stoves, and other items needed to make up a comfortable and convenient camp. Each is best suited to some particular requirement. For a quarter of a century the heart of my camping outfit has been a wall tent and a wood-burning stove. Other types, however, may appeal to you.

The wall tent has two drawbacks. First, it takes longer to pitch than any of the other popular types, chiefly because it requires more stakes.



Coach bodies that slip onto a pickup truck provide a camp that is instantly ready, always dry, and extensively equipped



Rugged coaches mounted on standard and four-wheel-drive pickups are highly mobile camps in rough back-country terrain, away from highways



A Trueblood camping innovation is this awning stretched from a beam along the top of his powerful, rough-country vehicle

Second, the vertical walls and ends make it more vulnerable to wind than a tent with sloping sides, such as the miner's (also called tepee or range tent) and the umbrella. This doesn't matter in timbered country, where there is shelter from the wind. More than offsetting these disadvantages is the fact that you can be perfectly comfortable in a wall tent equipped with a stove when the temperature is hovering around zero or during a rainy spell in summer. You can cook, eat, and sleep in it; dry wet clothes; rest, read, or play cards, no matter what the weather may be.

In hot weather you can tie up the walls and let the slightest breeze pass through the tent. Zippered nylon screen doors at each end will keep insects out and admit air when the walls are down.

All the space inside a wall tent is usable. My current 10 x 12-foot tent is made of pima poplin, has 3½-foot walls and 10-inch sod cloth (a strip of material attached

to the base of the walls inside), and weighs 26 pounds, not including poles and stakes, which can be cut at the campsite. It has room enough for four people to sleep, cook, and eat inside without moving the beds in the daytime or the table and chairs at night. Food boxes, duffel bags, and other personal effects are stacked next to the walls, where the ceiling is low, leaving the middle unobstructed.

Wall tents are made as small as 7 x 7 and as big as 16 x 24, but the three most popular sizes are 8 x 10, 10 x 12, and 12 x 14. Wall height varies from 2½ feet to 5, and roof pitch also varies. A steep roof sheds rain and snow better and provides more headroom for tall people. Low walls and low ridge are preferable in windy country or during extremely cold weather.

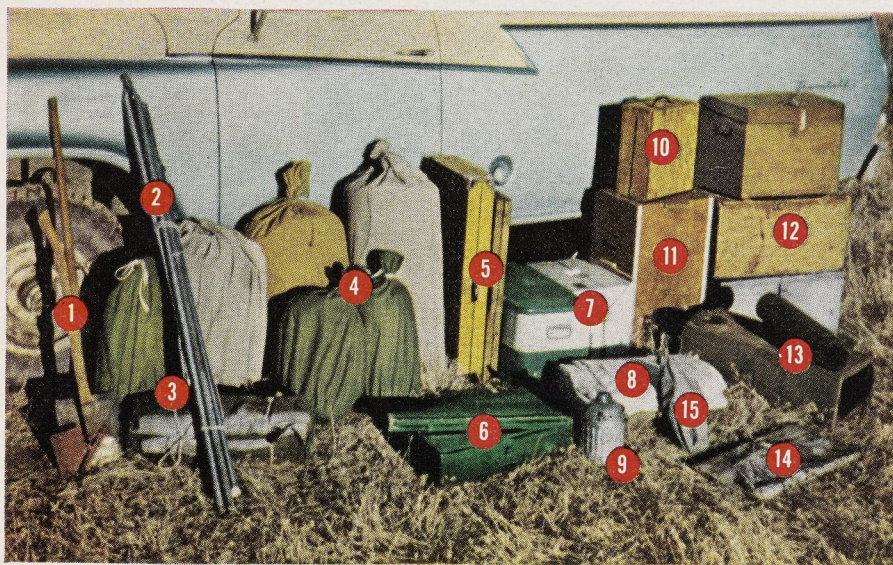
A sewed-in floor is not advisable in rainy, snowy weather or if you're going to use a tent stove. Mud and water from dripping trousers or melting snow carried in on your shoes make puddles on the floor and you can't get rid of them. I use a 7 x 10-foot waterproof tarpaulin in my 10 x 12 tent. It fits from wall to wall across the back, extending over the 10-inch sod cloth on three sides. This makes a windproof, coldproof overlap, and if any water does happen to trickle beneath the walls it can only go under the tarp.

Beds, clothing, duffel bags, and similar items go on the tarp, leaving the front five feet of the tent for stove and table. Wood goes under the stove and in the corner beside it; food boxes are stacked on the other side to make a cupboard. An armful of grass on the floor between stove and table keeps the entire tent clean—mud and water filter through it.

No doubt the most useful all-round tent for the auto camper in spring, summer, and early fall is the umbrella. It goes up quickly, withstands wind well, has plenty of headroom and, if it is equipped with sewed-in floor and screened door and windows, keeps out pests. A fly awn-



Long the standard shelter for camping, the wall tent provides roomy outdoor living and economical use of space



Left: Making up Trueblood's complete car camp are (1) shovel and ax, (2) set of tent poles, (3) tents, (4) sleeping bags, (5) tables, (6) gasoline stove and stand, (7) iceboxes, (8) car-side fly and waterproof floor tarp, (9) stove gasoline, (10) lantern carrier, (11) cooking kit, (12) food boxes, (13) wood stove, (14) open-fire grill in its bag, and (15) bridge spikes for tent staking. Not pictured is his water can

ing in front provides shade at midday and a shelter under which to remove outer garments during rainy weather.

An umbrella tent for summer use—any summer tent, for that matter—should be made of white canvas or other light-colored material to repel the sun's rays. The darker the color, the hotter the tent when the sun hits it. The summer version should have an inner screen door as well as an outer one of canvas and at least one screened window, preferably two or three, with outside storm flaps that can be pulled down and fastened from *inside* the tent. The material should be water-repellent because of the flattish roof. And the floor, like all tent floors, should be treated to resist rot and mildew. I strongly recommend that you buy a corner-pole assembly for \$10 or \$15. You'd be amazed—if you haven't already discovered it—how much room a little pole in the center of a tent takes up.

The umbrella tent provides shelter and privacy in which to sleep and dress. You can cook and eat in it



Trueblood built this snug case to hold lantern, spare generator, extra mantles, and gasoline

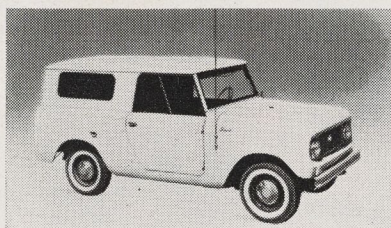
4-WHEEL WONDERS



Beefed-up Jeep Universal for 1961 is 135.5 inches long, 72 inches wide, has 81-inch wheelbase. All-weather top, easy to mount and remove, is standard



Pictured above and below is the sensational new Scout by International Harvester. The Scout, available in either 2-wheel or 4-wheel drive, has 3-passenger compartment with removable top (shown in place, *below right*). A full-length top, easily demountable (*below left*), is also available at slight extra cost



With its optional full-length top in place the Scout gives protection to hunters, anglers, or auto-campers and their duffel. Four-wheel-drive model



lists at \$1,948, 2-wheel-drive \$1,598, f.o.b. Fort Wayne, Ind. Wheelbase is 100 inches, length 154. Four-cylinder engine develops approximately 90 h.p.

during rainy weather, and with corner poles there is plenty of room for table and chairs. But the use of a gas, gasoline, or kerosene stove presents a hazard: it consumes oxygen and may also give off carbon monoxide. A closed tent is virtually airtight; be sure to provide ventilation.

The tepee (or range tent or miner's tent) is a great favorite in open country where the wind blows free. The steeply sloping sides shed rain well and snow slides off. The tepee provides headroom in the middle, but like the umbrella, it is primarily a sleeping-dressing tent. It should have a sewed-in floor, a screened inner door, and at least one screened window. So equipped, it is proof against snakes, mice, and bugs.

Unfortunately there is no shelter for the tepee door; every time you open it during a storm some rain or snow comes in. And because its walls come to a point, usually at a height of about eight feet, there is less headroom than in an umbrella tent of the same ground dimensions.

These, I think, are the three best tents for the auto

camper. There are many variations, and no doubt some are improvements over the basic designs, but personally I fight shy of all intricate, tricky, and "fiddly" things.

Now we come to the all-important question of size. How big a tent do *you* need? It all depends. Personal attitudes are probably as important as physical comfort. I have seen six adult Indians sleep in an 8 x 8-foot tepee, and they appeared to be perfectly happy. Yet I know a married couple who found an 8 x 8 tent too small.

A big tent is heavier and much more difficult to pitch than a small one. It requires more stakes and poles, and it is harder to hold in a wind. The four Truebloods have found that two or three small tents have several advantages over one big one. Two 8 x 8 tepees with their stakes and poles weigh less, and take up less space in the car, than one 9 x 11 umbrella tent with its poles, yet they have 29 square feet more floor space. They also provide a measure of privacy that is impossible in one tent, no matter how big.

There is a strong trend today toward the use of "pickup



This import from England, the Austin Gypsy, combines all-round utility with a large measure of passenger-car comfort. Weighing 4,480 pounds, it rides smoothly at 60 m.p.h., yet can scramble up steep, rough gradients in low low



DKW Bronco, German-built 4 x 4, has a small 3-cylinder, 2-cycle engine that develops 50 h.p. The Bronco has tremendous traction and pulling power in compound low. Like the other 4 x 4's shown here, it has an optional power take-off



English Land-Rover, famed for its role in African safaris, is now seeing service in the U.S. and Canada. It has a 109-inch wheelbase, 8 forward speeds, and will transport up to ten persons or an equivalent payload

campers" in rough country. The camper, as you know, is a coach that slips into the body of a pickup truck and contains a stove, a refrigerator, bunks, and many of the other conveniences of the trailer-type coach. With a pickup camper on a four-wheel-drive vehicle you are set for practically any contingency without the bother of making and breaking camp as you move about in hunting or fishing territory.

Bedding. If the tent can be called the heart of a camping outfit, then the beds are undoubtedly its soul. The best camp bedding probably consists of a sleeping bag for each member of the party, with a double bag for Mom and Pop if they prefer. Sleeping bags are easy to keep clean because of their outer covers. They afford maximum warmth for minimum weight and bulk.

The finest insulating material commonly available is down, but it is also the most expensive and you don't need it for summer auto camping, even at high altitude. Dacron is excellent, wool is good. I don't consider kapok satisfactory.

All sleeping bags should have a full-length zipper so that they can be opened up for sunning and airing. I don't like a sleeping bag with a pocket for the air mattress. Moisture from perspiration is confined by the mattress and robs the insulation of its heat-retaining property. This is especially noticeable in cold or wet weather. I like to raise my sleeping bag off the mattress and let it dry every day.

It is impossible to tell anybody else how much bedding he should have; some people require more than others, just as some need warmer clothes to stay comfortable on a chilly day. For me, two pounds of Dacron insulation is enough in a standard sleeping bag if the temperature stays above freezing. At high altitudes, where you can expect frost in August, three pounds is better. Four pounds of Dacron is enough for spring or fall, and I have slept comfortably outdoors at zero in a bag with five pounds.

Air mattresses are compact and convenient; you can roll one with your sleeping bag. They also confine moisture and have to be inflated—a job everybody detests

CAMPERS & CLIMBERS



New Travelall 120 wagon combines fine styling with the rugged, go-anywhere power that has made it a favorite of Associate Editor Ted Trueblood. Comes with either 2- or 4-wheel drive



Coon's Custom Coach slips into the body of a pickup truck, serves as a completely equipped camp for hunters or fishermen. It has bunks, stove, refrigerator, etc.



Econoline Station Bus, a new Ford entry, seats up to eight, has high road clearance, and can be fitted out as a base camp. For Econoline data, see "Comparing the 1961 Compacts," on page 60

because you can't talk while you're doing it. They also develop leaks, some of which are extremely difficult to find.

Modern camp cots are a great improvement over those of twenty years ago. You can get one with a frame of aluminum-alloy tubing that weighs little more than an air mattress and folds into a bundle 2 x 8 x 37 inches. You can sit on a cot to lace your shoes. It keeps your bedding off the ground. You will find it cold in chilly weather, however, and you may want a pad of some kind between sleeping bag and cot. And the cot, of course, adds weight and bulk.

You may hesitate to spend \$30 for a sleeping bag and \$15 for an air mattress or a cot that you will probably use only once a year. This need not prevent your enjoying the outdoors. I have spent hundreds of frosty nights under the stars with only a blanket and a light 7 x 9-foot tarp; with the shelter of a tent, a bed of blankets from home is perfectly satisfactory. But don't use cotton for anything but sheets; it draws and holds moisture and

always feels clammy; it also has poor insulating value.

For temperatures down to freezing, spread out two medium-weight wool double blankets or three singles, one on top of the other. Fasten them together at three or four places along one edge with blanket pins or a needle and strong thread. Fold them once lengthwise, then sew or pin through all layers at the foot in the same way—two places are enough. You now have a blanket bag, closed along one side and the bottom. On a warm night you can sleep under one thickness and over five; on a cooler night, under two and over four; on a cold night, in the middle. You can pin the open side of your blanket bag shut, if you like, and insert sheet and pillow wherever you prefer.

In one respect a bed of blankets beats a sleeping bag—it is perfectly adjustable to any temperature. Only in convenience is the bag superior, and there isn't much difference even here, once you learn how to handle the blankets properly.

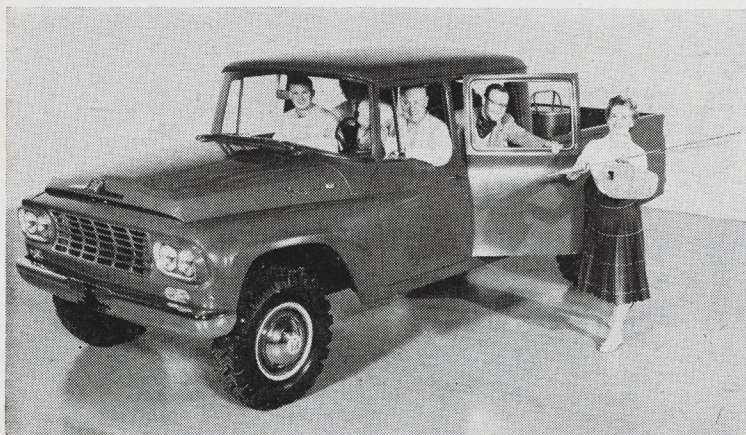
Don't fold the bedding into a bundle; the result is too



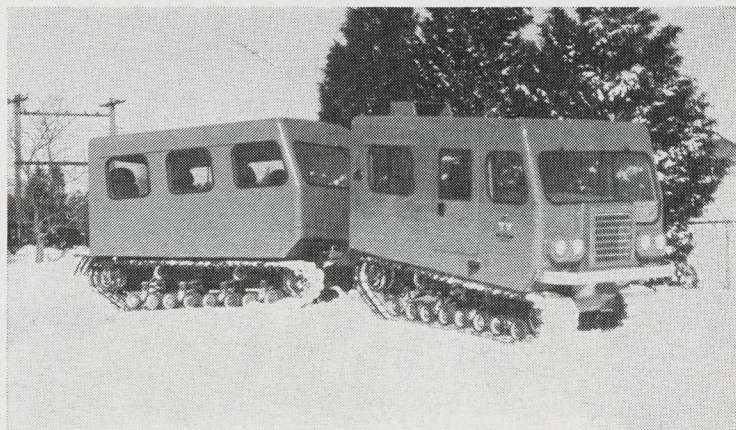
Field-tested in Idaho by editor Clare Conley and his wife, Chevrolet's new Greenbrier wagon was found to be an ideal highway vehicle, and its high clearance, positive traction, and air-cooled engine make it an excellent back-country car



Mustang, a high-style pickup coach, has screened rear door, compartment for gear storage, and slide-out charcoal grill, plus the usual living, cooking, and sleeping accommodations



Four-wheel-drive Travelette by International Harvester has 6-passenger cab with ample leg room, spacious pickup body that carries a considerable quantity of camping equipment



The ultimate in back-country transportation, the Sno-T'rain by Consolidated Industries (makers of the Weasel) goes anywhere, provides complete living accommodations for up to ten

bulky. Instead, with all blankets folded once lengthwise, just as you slept in them, and with sheet and pillow inside, start at the foot and roll them tightly. Do this on the tent floor, using your knees to hold and compress the roll as you move from the foot toward the head. When you finish, tie the roll tightly near each end with a piece of stout cord. You will need a bag to keep each roll clean while traveling. It can be made at home from any material available, though duck or denim will last longer and keep out dust better than a lighter fabric.

You may feel that I have dwelt too long on tents and beds. Spend a rainy week high in the north country and you will change your mind. Rain is always cold at high altitude. You can be wet and miserable during your waking hours every day; you can eat cold food out of tin cans; you can hover around a smoking fire of wet wood; you can take off wet clothes when you go to bed and put them on again in the morning. All this you can endure and still be healthy and at least moderately happy if you sleep warm and dry at night. Let the situation be re-

versed, however, and you have had it. No one can shiver through the long hours of darkness in a wet or inadequate bed and rise to greet the morning with a smile.

Stoves. We have five camp stoves but use two 95 percent of the time. One is a conventional two-burner gasoline camp stove. It has served well for about ten years and it still works. The other is the sheet-iron wood-burning stove I have mentioned. This is known as a sheepherder stove, and it is standard equipment with men who work outdoors. Mine is 12 inches wide, 9½ deep, and 27 long, and is complete with draft, damper, and oven. The firebox is 16 inches long and the telescoping pipe fits in it.

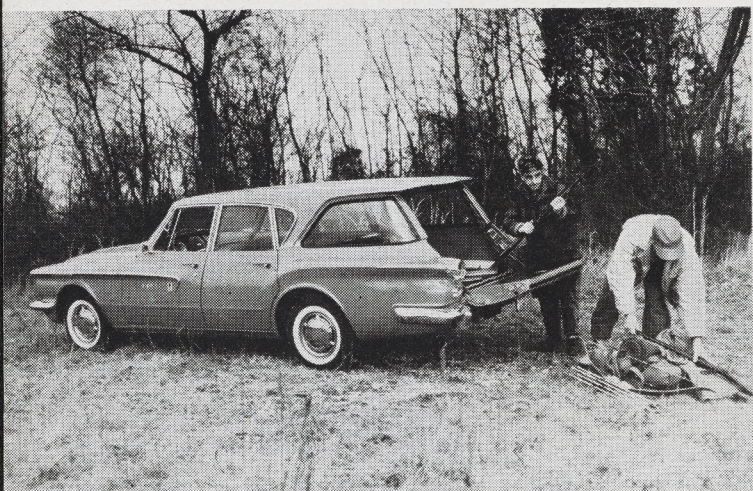
The flat top and accurate heat control (with draft and damper) make the sheepherder excellent for cooking, and it's a fine tent heater. The oven measures 5 x 8 x 11 inches, and we often bake potatoes or biscuits or roast meat in ours. Total weight is 27 pounds. The tent must have a sheet-iron spreader or an asbestos ring to conduct the pipe through the (Continued on page 147)



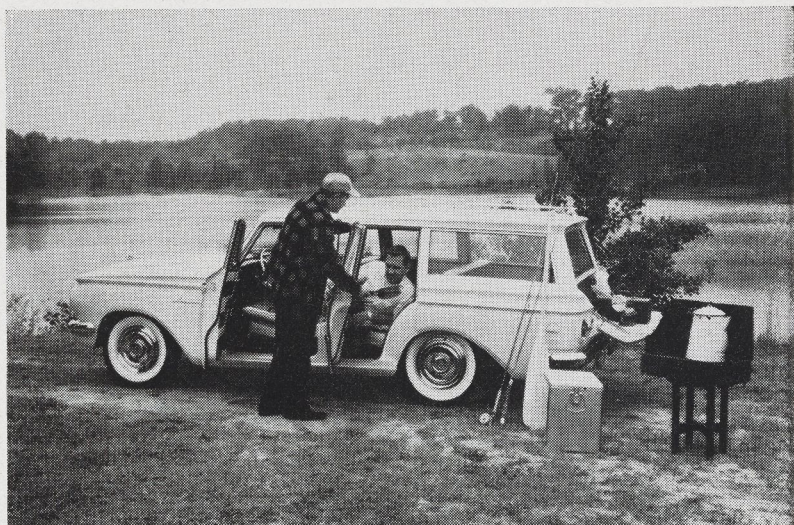
TEMPEST is Pontiac's 4-cylinder introduction. Tested by Field & Stream, it proved as powerful, smooth, and responsive as many 6's, and its 15-inch wheels gave it good clearance in rough, rutty back roads



OLDSMOBILE F-85, also new for 1961, has ample room for six fishermen or hunters, plus deck space for their gear and camping equipment. It features Oldsmobile's aluminum Rockette engine, a 155 h.p. V-8 that burns regular gas



LANCER is Dodge's new 1961 entry in the compact field. It's a sporty-looking, fast, and roadable car that has performed well for editor Ross McCluskey



RAMBLER American features dropback seats that form a double bed, making it a good car for weekend or overnight camping

COMPARING THE 1961 COMPACTS

Station wagons provide
ample room and comfort
for anglers and hunters

	ENGINE, CYLS.	H.P.	WHEELBASE, INCHES	OVERALL LENGTH, INCHES	OVERALL HEIGHT, INCHES
BUICK SPECIAL	V-8	155	112.1	188.4	54.1
COMET (Mercury)	6	85	109.5	191.8	55.1
	6*	101			
CORVAIR (Chevrolet)	6	80	108	180	53.5
	6*	98			
ECONOLINE BUS (Ford)	6	85	90	168.4	78.1
FALCON (Ford)	6	85	109.5	189	55.1
	6*	101			
GREENBRIER (Chev.)	6	80	95	179.7	68.5
LANCER (Dodge)	6	101	106.5	189.3	53.4
	6*	145			
LARK (Studebaker)	6	112	113	184.5	57.8
	V-8*	180			
OLDSMOBILE F-85	V-8	155	112	188.2	52.6
RAMBLER	6	127	108	189.8	57.5
	V-8*	200			
	V-8*	215			
TEMPEST (Pontiac)	4	110	112	189.3	53.5
	V-8*	155			
VALIANT (Plymouth)	6	101	106.5	183.7	53.4

*Optional

Camp Outfit for Back Country

(Continued from page 59)

roof without scorching the fabric.

We nearly always take a grill to put across an open fire and support pots and pans. In nice weather, and where fuel is available, we like to cook outside.

Table, chairs. For about ten years now we've used a table with four attached seats. The whole outfit closes into a suitcase-shaped package measuring $4\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{1}{2} \times 33$ inches and weighing 32 pounds. It has been an excellent piece of equipment. Most of the time we take along a second folding table, this one without seats, for food preparation. It stands beside the stove or fire and saves a great many steps.

Folding lawn chairs are a great comfort to elderly people and chronic loafers. We have them but seldom take them on a trip. We're too active to do much sitting around. Most of the time, extra chairs are only in the way.

And this, I think, is a good place to stress what may be the most important point I can make: don't take too much! Even though you may own every conceivable piece of camping equipment there is, and have a truck in which to haul it, don't take along a single item you won't use. Some things are essential to health. Others provide comfort. Beyond this, beyond having what you *know* you'll need, be careful. You can easily wear yourself out and use up most of your time loading and unloading paraphernalia that had better been left at home.

Pots and pans. Years ago I had my mind fixed so I could change it. The operation was very costly and time-consuming, but I now find the ability handy. Consequently I mention my cooking-kit box with some hesitation. For my purpose and the way I use it, it's perfect. It holds everything anybody could possibly need for cooking and eating. The front wall, held in place by two strips of aluminum, slides up and out, and we lay it across the top to make a work table. The box is dustproof on the road and makes an excellent cupboard in camp. It's ideal when we spend two or three days or more in one spot. However, on wandering trips, when we have to pack up and move each morning, it's a nuisance. Each item in it has to be washed, dried thoroughly, and carefully fitted into the proper spot. This takes time that might be spent more pleasantly.

The same criticism applies to all nesting cooking outfits, whether they are inherently good, bad, or indiffer-

FIELD & STREAM MARCH 1961

EXPLORE KENTUCKY



Fish bite every day in Kentucky! Fishermen come from far and wide to test their skill against the bass, walleye, and crappie that abound in Kentucky's many lakes, rivers, and streams. Plenty of room, plenty of fish. Enjoy the nation's finest fishing—IN KENTUCKY!

FOR INFORMATION WRITE TO:
KY. TOURIST AND TRAVEL
COMMISSION
CAPITOL ANNEX BUILDING
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Please send me your FREE fishing manual, "Fishing in Kentucky"; DEPT. FS

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

ARKANSAS

BATTY'S RESORT Right on Bull Shoals Lake

Attractive, strictly modern air-cond. accommodations secluded in the Promise Land Area for complete enjoyment. Boat FREE with cottage. Excellent fishing; lighted boat dock. Floating swimming pool; playgrounds. Open year round. FREE map shows 2200' air strip within 1 mile. Tel: Lakeview, Ark. Hemlock 1-4411 or write Box H. R. #1, Mountain Home, Ark.

HIDE-AWAY-HILLS-RESORT ON BULL SHOALS LAKE

Modern cabins—Complete fishing service—Covered dock—Boat free—Swimming & recreation area—Groceries—Tackle & bait, near airstrip. Reasonable rates. Phone: Lakeview, Ark., Hemlock 1-4419. Write:

CHARLES BREHE

Rt. 1, Box B

Mountain Home, Ark.

WINTER FISHING

"In the Arkansas Ozarks"

BULL SHOALS BASS—WHITE RIVER TROUT

Comfortable weather . . . year around season . . . combine fishing for trout and hunting by floating White River. For reservations call or wire collect: Bill Jennings, your host and guide. HEMLOCK 1-4312 JENNINGS LAKE SHORE COURT, Lakeview, Ark.



For reservations, phone Hemlock 1-4261 or write

CAL BANNING

BOX F

LAKEVIEW, ARK.

LAKEVIEW'S FINEST

Scenic view of the lake; only 1 mi. to the Dam. Lake fishing, White River Trout fishing; float trips arranged. Ultra modern air-cond. units with Swimming Pool, playgrounds. Golf. Open all year.

Al Gaston's WHITE RIVER RESORT & AIR STRIP

On the banks of the beautiful White River, in northern Arkansas. Famous for TROUT fishing. Ultra-modern, air-conditioned, completely-furnished housekeeping cottages, with safe river boat furnished. 2200 foot airstrip, large swimming pool, wading pool, large, equipped playground. Also at prevailing rates are single day float trips-motors-boats-guides-tackle-baits-licenses-gas-oil. Open the year round. For complete information, call or write, DALE CLARK, MGR.

Lakeview, Arkansas

Ph: HEMlock 1-4199

MASSACHUSETTS

CLUB MEMBERSHIPS

Limited number open to fishermen and hunters in the

BERKSHIRE FISHING & HUNTING CLUB

On the premise of the famous Berkshire Trout Farm, Sheffield, Mass.

All year trout fishing. Partridge & deer hunting. Skeet shooting. 400 acres. Privately-stocked lake & trout streams. All-year sleeping motel, lounge, locker room, restaurant, repair shop.

Apply to: Suite 620,

Dept. FS, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

WHERE TO GO

NEW YORK



**Excellent
TROUT FISHING**
ON
Stream and Lake
(APRIL 1-SEPT. 30)
AT
Suffolk Lodge Game Preserve
BROOKHAVEN LONG ISLAND . N. Y.
HUNTING—FISHING
TEL. BELLPORT 7-0244
KENNETH B. HARD
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

**\$250 GIVES YOU SIX MONTHS EXCELLENT
TROUT FISHING**
at Speonk, L. I.
Private club stocked with rainbow, brook and brown trout. Good fishing guaranteed. Membership applications must be received before July 15, 1961. Write to P.O. Box 8, Mattituck, N. Y., or phone Mattituck 9-8434.
THE OLD RED BRICK MILL TROUT CLUB

MEXICO



FISHING SUPREME! SOLID COMFORT!
TARPON and SNOOK
at El Tarpon Tropical
Our 9th Season **CARMEN, MEXICO**
Mexico's Finest Fishing Resort . . . Remotely situated yet offering all modern facilities.
\$35 per day INCLUDES EVERYTHING!
ALL INCLUSIVE! NO EXTRAS!
Boat, 2 guides, Meals, Lodging, Taxi & Boat Transportation TO & FROM CAMP, Fishing License.
Gulf-River-Reef-Lagoon Fishing
For Tarpon, Snook, Snapper, Barracuda, Mackerel, Grouper, Jewfish, Cuban Snapper, Trout, Shark, Jackfish, in the wilderness area of Mexico's best fishing.
No time-clocks on boats! Excellent food! Bottled water! All Sanitary conditions! Screened, airy rooms . . . each with shower! Situated on fishing grounds! Easy to get to! Bring the ladies!
SEASON: Jan. 1st to Sept. 30th
FREE FOLDER—Write MISS LARUE BEASLEY, 2245 W. Holcombe Blvd., Houston, Tex. Phone: MO 5-0752 or Hal Hassey, El Tarpon Tropical, Apartado 40, Cd del Carmen, Campeche, Mexico.

PENNSYLVANIA

BROAD ACRES SHOOTING PRESERVE

For the discriminating hunter we offer outstanding PHEASANT, QUAIL, CHUKAR PARTRIDGE wing shooting. Season: Oct. 1 to March 1. WILD TURKEY, GROUSE, WOODCOCK; DEER during Pennsylvania open season. Competent guides, good dogs. The best in food; steam heated rooms. Relax evenings before the fireplace. Meet fine fellow sportsmen. For reservations, write, or phone:

ROY C. MARTIN, Prop.

Phone 18J3, East Waterford, Pa. or write R.D.

FOR REALLY FINE

TROUT FISHING TRY

Two Miles of beautiful, well stocked private stream. A friendly, informal Lodge with excellent accommodations, just 100 miles from New York and Philadelphia. Moderate daily rates, also a few seasonal memberships open. Write for folder F., Henryville, Penna., or phone Stroudsburg HA 1-1130.

Henryville Lodge in the Poconos

Excellent TROUT FISHING

ON
Stream and Lake

(APRIL 1-SEPT. 30)

AT

Suffolk Lodge Game Preserve

BROOKHAVEN LONG ISLAND . N. Y.

HUNTING—FISHING
TEL. BELLPORT 7-0244
KENNETH B. HARD

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

AFRICA

AFRICA

via

B.O.A.C.

Select Safaris with Gun and Camera
PROFESSIONAL HUNTERS LTD.,

Nairobi

21-days, including full license & round trip air fare from New York, \$2628 per person.

SAFARI OUTFITTERS OF MOZAMBIQUE,

Beira

30-days with one PWH, \$2604 for one, \$3024 for two.

SUDAN

Africa's richest game country. From \$106 per day. We employ Professional White Hunters from Nairobi.

ANGOLA

Virgin hunting territory. Luiana and Sa da Bandeira Concessions. From \$93 per day. We offer easy and inexpensive access by chartered planes from Livingstone, N. Rhodesia.

TIGER, ASIATIC BUFFALO, GAUR, IN INDIA AND VIETNAM

Wire, call or write:

Roman H. Hupalowski,

SPECIAL TOURS & TRAVEL, Chicago, Ill. FI6-8626
6 N. Michigan Ave.,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CAMP OTTER



A Resort For the Entire Family In Northern New Hampshire On the **FIRST CONNECTICUT LAKE**. Largest in the famous Connecticut Chain, world-famous for the finest fishing in the east. Miles & miles of good fishing waters at hand or within easy reach.

SALMON—LAKE, BROWN, RAINBOW & SQUARETAIL TROUT

Excellent boats & motors. Camp Otter, located just off R. 3, 10 miles from Canadian border, is a very modern camp, 15 log cabins, central dining and recreation rooms. Right on the lakeshore, midst some of New England's most beautiful lake & mountain scenery. Deluxe meals, a wide range of choices to suit every appetite. October, the most delightful month of the year, offers the sportsman an abundance of coon, rabbit & partridge, along with some of the season's best fishing. Open May 1—December 1.

MR. & MRS. HAROLD W. CROSS

Pittsburg, N.H., Tel. 6
Our Camp is in operation for your pleasure. Come enjoy it!

ent. Their sole advantage is that they conserve space. If you expect to occupy each camp for several days, they're fine. If you plan to move each day, however, you'll find it a great saving of time to merely carry all your cooking and eating equipment in a box big enough to eliminate the need for fitting each piece in carefully. We do this on wandering trips.

Grub boxes. You need something in which to carry food and to protect it from insects, rodents, dirt, and moisture. To the best of my knowledge you can't buy grub boxes; you have to make them. I've been doing that for twenty-five years and I'm not satisfied yet, so you're pretty much on your own here. I do have some suggestions, though.

Design your boxes to fit the space in which they'll ride. Never, never make a box so big that one man can't handle it when it's full of food; two or three small boxes are better than one big one. On the road, for example, it's handy to have all lunch food in one box, and the staples to be used on overnight stops in others. A box with shelves and drawers can be used as a cupboard in camp, but watch the weight. And don't have everything such a close fit that it takes forever to put them away.

Refrigeration. On a trip into remote country, where ice won't be available, you may want to refrigerate perishables on the first leg of the journey. Efficient iceboxes made of foam plastic hold ice longer but have to be protected from hard knocks. We sometimes take one of them packed solid with ice (which lasts longer if precooled to -10 in a home freezer) as a reserve, and a larger metal one for fresh vegetables, meat, butter, milk, and any other food that must be kept cold. Whatever space is available in the larger box is filled with ice.

If we leave home with about forty pounds in the larger box and open the smaller box only when it is exhausted, and if the weather is not too hot, we sometimes have ice for as long as two weeks. After it's gone, we dry and air the boxes, then leave them open at night and put bacon, butter, eggs, and bread in them during the day.

There are several ways to conserve ice. All food that won't be hurt by freezing, such as beef and butter, should be frozen before it is put into the box. Other food should be thoroughly chilled in the refrigerator. Fresh vegetables take up less space and keep better if trimmed, washed, and put into plastic freezer bags. Heat rises, so a pad between the box and the floor of the car helps. Obviously,

you should try to keep your icebox out of the sun, especially if it has been painted some dark color.

Other items. A family of four should have a pair of flashlights. You'll also need a light by which you can cook, eat, read, or do camp chores after dark. We use a one-mantle gasoline lantern and carry it in a box that also holds a gallon of gas, extra mantles, a spare generator, and a filtering funnel.

You'll need a shovel and an ax—the single-bitted kind is best for camp use. And believe it or not, a short-handled broom is one of the handiest things you can take along, especially if you have a tent with a sewed-in floor. These three tools, plus a canvas bucket, a handful of nails, and a coil of soft iron wire, will all go into a toolbox, such as the one I described in the May 1960 issue of *FIELD & STREAM*. In the back country you should also have a set of chains and a fairly decent assortment of wrenches. A coil of light rope will serve many uses.

Each member of the family should have a container for his clothes and personal effects. We use duffel bags, and into each of them goes a ditty bag for small items.

A first-aid kit, or, more properly, medicine chest, is a good thing to have along. We use a surplus .30 caliber ammunition box that slides under the front seat of the car. Its most-used items are plastic bandages, merthiolate, and aspirin. It also contains larger bandages, a laxative, burn ointment, boric-acid crystals and eyecup, and an antibiotic that was recommended by our doctor.

We spend a lot of time in country where drinking water is scarce, so we carry a 10-gallon milk can, with faucet, bolted to the front bumper. I fill it with a hose before we leave home and replenish it from safe sources, so we always have plenty of water, even in a dry camp. Of course, not everybody needs a water can so large. Each party should, however, carry at least one gallon of drinking water. Drinking from roadside springs and streams is extremely dangerous, and unless you are sure of the source, your drinking water should always be purified by boiling for twenty minutes or by adding ten drops of Chlorox per gallon.

Food. Best way to work up a list is to figure a meal at a time. Suppose, for example, that the Truebloods are getting together food for a family of four for a two-week trip. That would be 14 breakfasts—14 cans of orange juice or, more likely, half that many and sufficient dried

FIELD & STREAM MARCH 1961

For the Sporting Fun of it...



enter Virginia's 4th Annual Salt Water Fishing Tournament

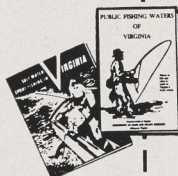
May 1 - October 31

Win with any of 22 species — large, medium and small size fish — commonly caught in Atlantic Ocean off Virginia, Chesapeake Bay and tidal rivers. Fish with rod and reel from boat, surf or pier. No tournament fees, no license required.



15 Silver
Trophies
awarded, 1,400
Citations presented to winners
in 1960 tournament. Get
yours this year!

Fresh water fishermen!
Virginia's well-stocked streams,
ponds, rivers, lakes and reservoirs
offer plenty of sporting fun!



**Virginia Department of Conservation
and Economic Development**
Room FS-31, State Office Building
Richmond 19, Virginia

PLEASE SEND ME FREE PUBLICATIONS

☐ Salt Water Sport Fishing

☐ Fresh Water Fishing
(Check information desired)

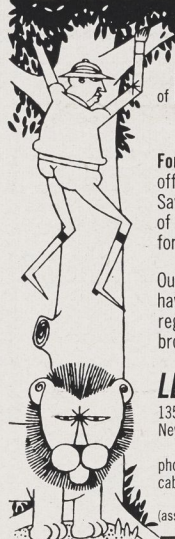
Name

Address

City Zone State

AFRICA

MOZAMBIQUE SAFARILAND, LTD



of **LOURENÇO MARQUES**
Portuguese East Africa

For a bold new Safari adventure ...
off the beaten track ... our private
Save River concession ... 8000 sq. mi.
of unspoiled game country reserved
for the exclusive use of our clients.

Our sole agents, **LEE EXPEDITIONS, LTD.**,
have personally hunted this splendid
region and will furnish you with our
brochure and detailed information.

LEE EXPEDITIONS, LTD.

135 East 44 Street
New York 17, N. Y.

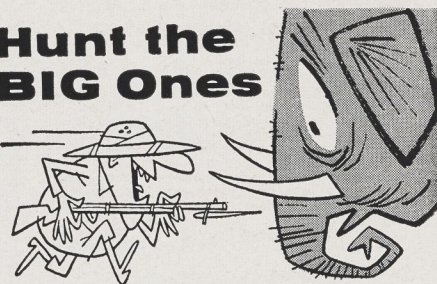
phone: YUkon 6-7667
cable: HUNTLEE

(associated with ELITE TOURS & TRAVEL SERVICE, INC.)

MOZAMBIQUE the new Safariland

KANGA N'THOLE the oldest experienced
organization of Safaris in Portuguese East Africa.
The hunting season opens on the 1st May and closes on
the 30th November. For reservations and information:
SAFARI, LDA., R. da Imprensa Nacional 116 C
LISBON—PORTUGAL

Hunt the BIG Ones



East Africa's wild game awaits you

The Big Five ... elephant, rhino, lion,
leopard and buffalo ... that's *real* hunting!
With gun or camera. Scores of
lesser game, too.

An East Africa safari is the ultimate
experience for a hunter. Set out from
Nairobi into the game-filled bush. You
can rough it ... or go like a king. The
world's leading safari operators will
tailor the journey to your budget.

Making up a safari kit? Let us send
you detailed literature on what you'll
need ... the how, when and where of
the trip ... all the information for the
hunt-of-your-life. Your Travel Agent
has it, too.



See your Travel Agent or
write Safari Dept. FS

East Africa

Tourist Travel Association

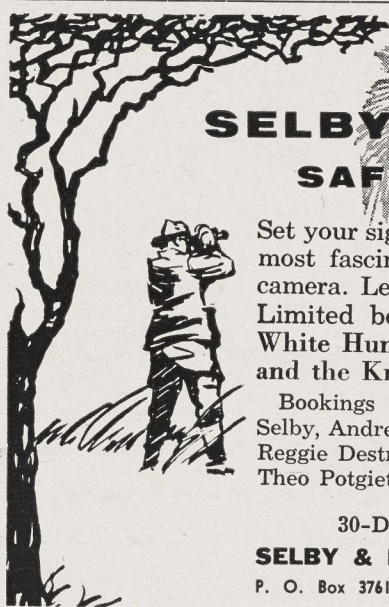
Representing these 4 great territories:

KENYA · TANGANYIKA · UGANDA · ZANZIBAR

6 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y. or
P.O. Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

WHERE TO GO

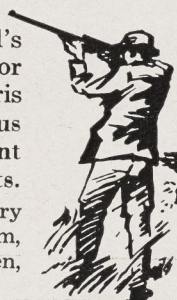
AFRICA



SELBY & HOLMBERG SAFARIS LIMITED

Set your sights on Africa for the world's most fascinating hunting with rifle or camera. Let Selby & Holmberg Safaris Limited be your guide . . . Famous White Hunters, Up-to-date Equipment and the Know-How that bring results.

Bookings available for 1961 with Harry Selby, Andrew Holmberg, Mike Rowbotham, Reggie Destro, John Sutton, Ken Jespersen, Theo Potgieter, & Anton Allen.



30-Day Safari \$3,000, and up.

SELBY & HOLMBERG SAFARIS LIMITED

P. O. Box 3761 — Nairobi — Kenya Colony, East Africa



WHITE HUNTERS (AFRICA) LTD.

Big Game & Photographic Safaris organized by hunters for hunters throughout East Africa. Our firm is owned and operated by leading White Hunters with the widest experience and we can refer you to sportsmen from all parts of the States who have hunted with us. Our Hunters are: Dave Lunan, John Lawrence, Tony Dyer, Jack Blacklaws, Owen McCallum, Bunny Ray, Tony Henley, Walter Jones, Bill Morkel, Bob Foster, Edgar de Bono, Rene Babault, Glen Cottar & Sten Cedergren.

Business Manager: Robert Caulfield

WHITE HUNTERS (AFRICA) LTD.

Box 12450, Nairobi, East Africa
Cables: WYTEHUNTER, Nairobi

Safari SOMALIA

EAST AFRICA. Wild, dry & sunny Somalia still unspoiled by tourism! Somali elephants' tusks are among the best trophies in the world. Game available in Somalia: Elephant, Lion, Buffalo, Rhino, Leopard, Giraffe, Cheetah, Ostrich, Hunter's & Korrugum Hartbeest, Kudu, Orix, Dibatag, Gerenuk, Waterbuck, Beira, Oribi, Grant's, Soemmerring's, Speke's gazelles, etc. 18-Day Safari—\$1638 & up. For information & booking, write:

BELLI DELL'ISCA SAFARIS

P. O. Box 559

Mogadiscio, Somalia

SOMALIA SAFARIS

BIG GAME HUNTING

Somali Republic, East Africa

Elephant, Lion, Leopard, Rhino, Buffalo and a large variety of smaller game animals and birds. Private hunting lodge—specially designed safari equipment. For information, contact us at:

BOX 529, Mogadiscio, Somali Republic
Cable: SOSA

ANGOLA

PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA

"Mucosso" . . . our private 10,000 sq. mi. concession in remote south-east Angola . . . a big game paradise reserved for our clients exclusively.

The "Big Five" plus greater kudu, sable, situtunga, roan and many other species await you here.

Let us tell you about it! Write:

LEE EXPEDITIONS, LTD.

136 East 44 Street
New York 17, N. Y.
phone: YUkon 6-7667
cable: HUNTLEE
(associated with ELITE TOURS & TRAVEL SERVICE, INC.)

INDIA

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA

Outfitters for Big Game Hunting and Photographic Expeditions, Recognized by Govt. of India. References available from leading industrial & professional men in U. S. Illustrated color brochure. Cable Quality, Nagpur, or write:

ALLWYN COOPER PRIVATE LTD.
WARDHA RD., NAGPUR, INDIA

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Lake Norfolk and Lake Bull Shoals

in the beautiful North Arkansas Ozarks—delightfully mild four season climate. Retirement homes, resorts, motels, farms, ranches, business opportunities. The nation's finest year-around bass and trout fishing and the best deer and small game hunting. Tell us what type of property you are interested in and we will help you locate it. You can have that retirement or resort lake site for as little as 10% down with low monthly payments.

A. C. HASKIN REAL ESTATE CO.

Realtors
Mountain Home, Arkansas

fruit to be stewed for the other mornings. We usually eat bacon, eggs, and hotcakes in camp. An egg apiece, plus 1 for the hotcake batter, would be 5 eggs per breakfast—70 eggs, 6 dozen—for the trip. The fact that we occasionally eat hot cereal would mean a few eggs left over for use in cooking or maybe for an evening meal with ham. Two slices of bacon apiece would be 8 per breakfast, 112 for the trip. Sliced 12 to the pound, we would need between 9 and 10 pounds.

Actually, we've stocked our grub boxes so often that we no longer need to figure closely. We know from experience that a two-week trip calls for 6 dozen eggs and a side of lean bacon; 5 pounds of butter and 6 long loaves of bread; 10 pounds of flour and 5 of sugar, and so on down the list. At the beginning, however, the only sure way is to assemble food item by item and meal by meal.

If you take an icebox, you can enjoy fresh meat and green vegetables as long as your ice holds out. After that, you'll have to depend on bacon, ham, canned meat, and such fresh vegetables as will keep without refrigeration—potatoes and dry onions chiefly, and cabbage, carrots, and turnips, which last fairly well.

There are some ways of keeping food fresh without refrigeration. Open up everything and expose it to the cool air at night, then wrap or cover it to hold out heat during the day. Bacon keeps much better in the chunk, and if mold does start to form you can stop it by swabbing it off with vinegar. Sliced bacon is done for when mold attacks. Both bacon and ham should be kept in a cloth bag and hung out at night.

Potatoes must be kept out of the sun, or they will become green and bitter. If you camp near a spring or a cool brook, fix a shade and set butter and other perishable foods under it in the water, each in a tight container. Butter may be removed from its paper wrappings and sealed in sterile jars—wide-mouthed quart fruit jars are good—but don't attempt to melt it and pour it in. You won't wind up with butter if you do. Oleomargarine, incidentally, stays sweet longer than butter. Eggs will stay fresh considerably longer if rubbed carefully with Vaseline, but the job is tiresome and not necessary for a two-week trip if they're really fresh at the start.

On any long auto trip, you'll have to depend a lot on canned food. Either canned or powdered milk is satisfactory, though most youngsters would rather drink the latter. If they balk at both, make cocoa or try one of the quick-mixing chocolate drinks. Rice keeps indefinitely, is economical of

space, and is a welcome change from potatoes. When your bread runs out, you can bake biscuits in a Dutch oven or a reflector baker. Crackers of various kinds will help to fill the starch requirement, as will the breakfast hotcakes and an occasional serving of macaroni or spaghetti.

It is a good idea to take a little more food than you know you'll need, but the tendency is to take too much rather than too little. Don't figure on the fish or game you hope to get; your luck may be poor. Since your diet after the first few days may be lack-

Fishing a Breeze

Wind ripples the surface and thus helps to conceal both the angler and his fly line. Ordinarily you can get closer to the fish and use a shorter line when the wind is moderate to strong. Another advantage of a breezy day is that neither the line nor the leader will create a disturbance when falling to the water. It's worth the effort to learn correct wind casting. When fly casting into the wind, make your back cast high and drive your forward cast low. If you have already mastered the double line haul, wind casting is a cinch. A smooth pull on the forward cast will give the line extra velocity. When casting with the wind, reverse your casting planes. Make your back cast low and your forward cast high. Although you will hardly need to pull on the forward cast, a snappy haul will speed the line to the rear. Plug casters can buck strong winds by adding more speed to the cast and keeping the angle of flight low. If the lure is released early and sent in a high arc, the wind will quickly reduce its velocity.

ing in some respects, you might want to supplement it with vitamin pills.

If you do all your cooking on a gasoline camp stove you'll probably burn at least two gallons per week—the exact amount depends on what you cook and how careful you are to turn it off when you're through.

One final suggestion: Give your camp gear a "shakedown cruise" on a weekend camping trip. It's amazing how quickly you can learn to live with it—and love the life.

FIELD & STREAM MARCH 1961



Plan your **VACATION** in

PENNSYLVANIA

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Department of Commerce
126 State Capitol • Harrisburg

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE Hunting & Fishing Properties

MAKE YOUR HOME IN THE OZARKS

The Land of Peace and Contentment

We have one of the South's newest vacation lands, between two great lakes and by the Famous White River. On Beautiful Lake Norfork and Lake Bull Shoals you will find Blue Gill, Crappie, Walleye, Channel Cat, Goggle Eye and these lakes are the Lunken Bass Capital of the World. On White River we have large fighting Rainbow and Brownie Trout which get as large as fourteen pounds. Plenty of Quail, Deer and Wild Turkey. Unlimited Recreational Opportunity. Enjoy Four Mild Seasons. Excellent buys in Farms, Ranches, Lakeshore and river properties, rural homes and Specializing in retirement homes. Good Business Opportunities.

For free literature pertaining to the hunter, fisherman and retired person. Phone Number 5 or write:

GREGG REALTY

600 Main St. Mountain Home, Arkansas

FISHING HUNTING

Oregon Coast Homesites

\$250 up. \$50 down. \$10 per month
Wonderful Salmon-Steelhead-Trout-Bass area. Elk, Deer, Ducks: Wild Pigeon Paradise. Good place to live, work, play or retire. Streets, lights, water in—wide choice of sites near Devils Lake. . . . Also lakeview, oceanview or river frontage. Reasonable terms. **FREE LITERATURE.**

Write: **ROBIN REED, Box 171, Delake, Oregon**

NOVA SCOTIA

FOR SALE—A Modern Sportsman's Lodge Or Tourist Center. Located in the best of Nova Scotia's fish & game country. Unlimited territory of forests, lakes & rivers. Also, deep sea fishing. Cottages, dining room, housekeeping units, accom. for 22 guests. Ample room for expansion. Well adapted for (1) To continue as presently operated, (2) private sportsman's club, (3) youth center, bird watcher's club, etc. 3 hours' flying time from New York.

BOX 295, c/o Field & Stream
530 Fifth Ave., New York 36, New York

JESMER NORTH CLUB, INC.

For Sale

For information, refer to:

JULES THIFFAULT

Hotel Commercial

Parent, County Lavolette, Quebec, Can.

12 ACRES WISCONSIN LAKEFRONT

283 feet wooded lakeshore tract on famous MOOSE LAKE, 30 miles east of Hayward. A wilderness area with plenty game and hungry fish. \$2800; \$250 down and \$50 monthly. Road. Write for details on this and other lakefront bargains and Free Area Map. Warranty Deed and Abstract of Title included with all lands we sell.

RISBERG REAL ESTATE
Box F31 HAYWARD WISCONSIN

FISHERMEN—HUNTERS— HOMESEEEKERS LOVERS OF NATURE

A message to YOU about the Arkansas Ozarks Lakes & Rivers, compiled and edited by native Ozarkians, is contained in a 24 page booklet concerning the climate, the two great lakes of the Ozarks with a shoreline of 1,500 miles: Information concerning trout fishing in White & North Fork Rivers, information on resorts, how to build and operate them, lake and river property, retirement homes, lands improved and unimproved as low as \$20.00 per acre and how we, the people in these wonderful Ozarks, live, work and play.

Send \$1.00 for illustrated booklet and map showing roads, towns, rivers and the two big lakes, to help pay postage & handling costs.

CURLEE LAND COMPANY

P.O. Box #368-F Mountain Home, Arkansas
"50 YEARS IN THE OZARKS"



Our 44th Annual Series of Lists, just begun, describe the above and many other choice properties acquired by us through Tax Sale. The amount quoted is the full price asked, guaranteed perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps, where there is real sport; summer cottage sites, heavily wooded acreages. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Write today for free booklet with full explanation.

TAX SALE SERVICE

Room 411-A,
1173 Bay St.,
Toronto 5, Canada

DUCK HUNTING LAND

FOR SALE—Between 500 and 600 acres of marsh land, 3 duck ponds; 5 shore blinds, 6 offshore blinds. Modern clubhouse, completely furnished—4 bedrooms with private bath. Large storage room, boat shed. Necessary boats with outboard motors. Several hundred decoys. Caretaker's residence, etc. Located at Back Bay, Virginia, about 30 miles from Norfolk Airport. Reasonable price.

TROJAN SALES COMPANY

P. O. Box 253 Raleigh, North Carolina

WATCH THE WHALES GO BY!

Along the OREGON COAST where you can live, work, play, Salmon, Steelhead, Trout, Deer, Elk, Bear abound. Businesses, motels, fishing camps, homes, homesites, our specialty in the heart of the coast's fast-growing tourist industry. Get set now before prices go up. We have many opportunities along entire 400 miles of shoreline. Mild year round climate. Tell us what you want. Folders on request.

DON De FREESE

"A Complete Real Estate Service"

Box 681 Newport, Oregon

GUN DOGS



After a cold first day the gallery begins to limber up and unbutton. All eyes are on the performances of the dogs

The Countess and the Lady

Julie Armour establishes two firsts for amateur springer handlers in winning the Field & Stream Perpetual Trophy. Cocker National goes to Petey's Boy



JOE STETSON
Dog Editor

BY HANDLING her Field Trial Champion Carswell Contessa to the top of the English Springer Spaniel National Championship Stake at Weldon Spring, Missouri, Julie Armour became not only the first woman to pilot a springer to the national title but the first of the amateur handlers to achieve this honor.

Fifty-nine dogs across the country qualified for the National event in December, and forty-one competed. The over-all quality of the dogs, the competence of the handlers, and the difficult cover made this as hotly contested and as unpredictable a National as any to date. One smooth series after another could make a dog look good, but a single misadventure in the dense and difficult terrain could abruptly spell finis.

Contessa was racking up these good performances—not just safely but with championship style and positive workmanship—and it became apparent, as the days unfolded, that she was in favorable contention. But could her amateur handler, putting her smoothly through her paces, meet the more difficult contingencies and keep her out of serious trouble? This the gallery was destined to see as the amateur hand remained steady and the little Countess turned in an extra bonus of style and personality.

In the thirteen years since the inception of the National, many well-known springer amateurs had reached the outer edge of the magic circle. Second place was attained by George Brown in 1947 with Rod's Happy Contender;

by Ed Porges in 1948 with Snowdrift's Slim Jim; by Fred Sehnert in 1952 with Trenhes Tommy; by Dr. Samuel Milbank in 1956 with Rivington Countryman; and by Ernest Wunderlich in 1958 with Brackenbank Tangle. Third was won by Chuck Goodall in 1950 with Square Peg; by Jim Dodson in 1951 with Timpanagas Papaya; by the late Kingsley Kunhardt in 1953 with Greatford Kim of Hardtill; by Elmore Chick in 1954 with Staindrop Breckonhill Beinker; and by Julie Armour herself in 1958 with Jordieland Micky. It took the Countess and the lady to make the breakthrough in 1960 and grace the magic circle.

Elmore Chick, who as a pro won the 1957 and 1958 Championships with Beinker's daughter Chip for Ruxroy Kennels, this year handled Rux and Roy Chapin's Camac Samburg Sharpie to the second spot.

Dave Lorenz piloted the fine young dog Rivington Joe past the many pitfalls in the high, dense cover to win third for his owner, John T. Pirie, Jr.

Certainly the cover provided by the Missouri Conservation Commission on the spaniel course of the August A. Busch Wildlife Area was sporting: high enough to make accurate marking impossible on some falls over the irregular terrain, and dense enough to enable cripples to burrow in and die. This resulted in several dogs getting into trouble in the first series, and in the dropping of ten that never did get to run under the other judge. This might well have gotten judges Jim Dodson and Don Shooter into serious trouble, as the remaining dogs had their share of the tougher breaks in the subsequent series.