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Hope you enjoy this slice of outdoor history from the pages of early sporting magazines.

Bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com

Read more on conservation in America and The North American Model on these websites.

[http://joomla.wildlife.org/index.php?id=171&option=com\\_content&task=view](http://joomla.wildlife.org/index.php?id=171&option=com_content&task=view)

<http://www.rmef.org/Conservation/HuntingIsConservation/NorthAmericanWildlifeConservationModel.aspx>

<http://wildlife.org/documents/technical-reviews/docs/NA%20model%20summary.pdf>

[http://www.fishwildlife.org/index.php?section=north\\_american\\_model\\_of\\_wildlife\\_conserv](http://www.fishwildlife.org/index.php?section=north_american_model_of_wildlife_conserv)

# Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>Canoeing to Minnesota's Gold Fields</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>A Road Warrior's Dream</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>Luger Lust</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>The Grizzly King</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>Reviewing Early Outboard Kickers</b>
<b>6</b>	<b>Here He Is Boys - Dixie Carroll</b>
<b>7</b>	<b>Riding Montana's Range</b>
<b>8</b>	<b>Hunting the I.T. (Oklahoma's Indian Territory)</b>
<b>9</b>	<b>Little Red Riding Hood's Legacy</b>
<b>10</b>	<b>Canoeing With Cannibals</b>
<b>11</b>	<b>Saving the Birds - The Lacey Act</b>
<b>12</b>	<b>The Aurora Trout Hunt</b>
<b>13</b>	<b>Dynamite Fishing the Rio Grande</b>
<b>14</b>	<b>Wisconsin Muskies</b>
<b>15</b>	<b>The Starving Elk of Jackson Hole</b>
<b>16</b>	<b>Stolen Shotguns - 1928</b>
<b>17</b>	<b>Preserving Appalachia-The Blue Ridge Parkway</b>
<b>18</b>	<b>Canoeing in Wisconsin</b>
<b>19</b>	<b>Game Hogs &amp; Outdoor Magazines</b>
<b>20</b>	<b>Colt's Famous Model 1911 Pistol</b>

# Canoeing to Minnesota's Gold Fields

*Recreation* January, 1899



1 Gold deposits were found in northern Minnesota near Rainy Lake in 1865. The limited “rush” which developed created Winston City (unknown), MN. Fortune hunters quickly moved on after learning how difficult it was to extract gold from the hard rocks in the area. Within a year most miners had left the region for greener pastures. After 20 years and a couple million dollars, one determined investor did recover some gold which led to another mini northern Minnesota gold rush. Go to [MinnesotaGoldProspectors.org](http://MinnesotaGoldProspectors.org) for a one page report.

Harry Silver's report, **A Canoe Trip to Rainy Lake**, from a January 1899 issue of *Recreation* describes his 1894 trip to the Rainy Lake gold area. Harry and two companions traveled to Red Lake Agency on the southern shore of Red Lakes. At the Agency they arranged for canoes, gear and guides to take

them up the Tamarac River to a portage into the Sturgeon River. They canoed up the Tamarac River and then portaged for three days through the swamps before getting to the Sturgeon River. Once on the Sturgeon they canoed easily downstream to the Big Fork River.

They cruised down the Big Fork River to the Rainy Lake River and here they caught a ferry boat to Fort Francis, Canada. On the way the ferry stopped to unload supplies at a new town site being developed called Hannaford (unknown), MN. From Fort Francis they took a small steamboat to Rainy Lake City (?) and then to the “Gold City”, a mushroom town scarcely 4 months old with 30 to 40 buildings. They then sailed on to the island where the Little American mine was located and back to the “city” and then Fort Francis, Canada. The rest of their adventure is by steamer down the Rainy River to Lake of the Woods and Rat Portage.

The proposed town of Hannaford, MN, downstream of the confluence of Big Fork with Rainy Lake River never developed and I could not find it mentioned in my online research. Winston City was mentioned in the MN Gold Prospectors one page review but Silver's article never mentioned it. Is Winston City the same as the “Gold City” they visited? Did Winston City or Gold City or Rainy Lake City become International Falls? One website on Minnesota Ghost Towns list Rainy Lake City as gone except for debris. Are these three towns all the same?

Maybe one of Minnesota's canoe clubs will decide to follow Silver's early trek. Happy searching for outdoor adventure. - - Bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com

[Return to index](#)

## A CANOE TRIP TO RAINY LAKE.

HARRY SILVER.

Gold-bearing quartz was discovered in Northern Minnesota in the summer of 1893, though it was really known to a few hunters 20 years earlier. It was never fully investigated, owing to the lack of railway facilities, and to the country being broken by lakes and water-courses, so that getting in and out was accomplished with difficulty. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, many a hardy prospector traveled through the region North of Rainy lake, and washed "colors" from pounded rock.

The last discoveries were on the shore of Rainy lake and along Rainy Lake river, the Northern boundary of Minnesota. The only way to this new Eldorado was by a land-and-water route from Duluth, or a water route from the Lake of the Woods, up the Rainy river. As both ways were roundabout we decided, when the trip was planned, to make our way across from Fosston, Minnesota, to Rainy Lake city, and add the exploring of an undeveloped region to the pleasures of an outing.

Early in the spring of '94, W. J. Hilligoss, a veteran cruiser of Northern Minnesota, Fred Ayers and I, left Fosston by team for Red lake, 65 miles distant. Red Lake Agency was reached the next day, just in time to get the Captain of the steamer to delay starting until we could arrange for canoes, guides, etc. With the assistance of the merchant at the Agency, who spoke Chippewa, we engaged 2 Indians to show us an old trail and portage from the head waters of the Tamarac to the Sturgeon. We bought a birch-bark canoe and some supplies, and loaded all on the steamer.

A ride of 40 miles to the Northeast end of the lake brought us near the mouth of Tamarac river, where we were landed about midnight. We at once turned in and slept till sunrise.

Our canoes were soon loaded for the long voyage. The canoe of the guides was made to carry all that could be put into it. They watched the loads, and as the pile in theirs grew larger, and the pile on shore diminished, they showed such signs of displeasure we had to let them go; though when we came to load our canoe, and 3 of us got into it, we found it too heavily laden.

The bank where we embarked sloped abruptly into 15 or 20 feet of water, so it was with shaky feeling that we pushed off. No accident happened, however. We paddled steadily until about 3 p. m., when we stopped for lunch. Hungry enough we were. For 3 hours we had been looking for the dry landing place our guides kept telling us was just ahead, but finally getting disgusted with their idea of distance, we

pushed our canoe to the dryest looking shore we could see. It may have been dry at one time, but now 2 feet of water covered it while dry grass, matted above, gave it the appearance of land. By hanging the tea-pot on a limb, and building a fire of grass and twigs, we soon had tea, which, with our cold meats and baker's bread, made us forget we had had an unusually hard half-day's work.

The journey was continued until sundown. Then, for want of a better place, we camped in a tamarac swamp and swung our hammocks to the trees.

The next day at noon we reached the portage. Here our supplies were done up into packs, suitable for carrying on the back. We made one for each of the Indians, who were under agreement to do all the packing. They sat by and watched us. When all was ready to make the start at the portage, they got up and walked back to their canoes and took the homeward route. The work before them was too much. We saw no more of them; but as they were to be paid when we reached the Sturgeon, we were not out anything. Their departure was not regretted, although we were at the beginning of a portage we knew nothing about.

We began packing along the trail, over trees and stumps, through dense undergrowth, and swampy places in which we sank to the knees at every step. Six trips were made, before sunset, to a point about a quarter of a mile from the starting place. Here also we were obliged to swing our hammocks, as water stood all about. This being the second experience in fastening our hammocks, we missed some of the excitement of the night before, when Hilligoss had stood up in his hammock, balancing himself on one leg while pulling the boot off the other. You can imagine the result: no bucking broncho ever landed his rider in better style.

The hard work of this part of the portage started the veteran out early next morning, along the trail, to find how far it was across to the Sturgeon, and in what condition the trail might be. In the meantime, the rest of us moved the supplies another notch along the route. About noon our friend returned with the information that it was 4½ miles to the river, and that he had met some acquaintances, land hunters, who would help us.

With 3 hardy fellows added to our party, we made good headway. Camp was pitched that night in 2 feet of water; dry land could not be found. By cutting a large number of small jack pines, we built a crib above

195

the water. Covering this with pine boughs, we made a comfortable resting place. The night was warm and the mosquitoes were out in force; so we slept with screens over our heads.

Breakfast was prepared with the stove placed on a pile of moss, while the cook waded knee-deep in water.

The trail for the next mile was open, and the water deep enough to pull the canoe along with all the supplies.

In this way we dragged our load, taking frequent rests and alternately helping each other out of a hole. Sometimes one would go waist-deep into the soft moss and water, which in places seemingly had no bottom. Only by grabbing a tree could one extricate himself. Many laughable scenes were witnessed, and in spite of the disagreeable features, we appreciated all accidents. About 4 o'clock we landed at the Sturgeon. I doubt if any weary band of explorers ever hailed more heartily a long looked for water-course than we did that small stream, scarcely 15 feet across. We now had a down-stream ride the rest of the way, and we turned in early, well satisfied with the day's work.

Camp was aroused a little later by some of our hunters attempting to get sight of a moose that splashed through the water close by, but the night was too dark.

By 10 o'clock next day we had said good-by to the men who helped us in making the portage. Soon after we were afloat. The banks of the stream showed signs of moose all along, and of course we were on the lookout, for we wanted a good shot for our camera. Indian signs of moose-killing were seen. A pole sticking up in the bank, with a bone or piece of rawhide fastened to it, or a meat-drying rack, were the usual methods of marking the spot. Their hunting is done at all seasons, and large numbers of these noble animals are slain. The Indians are not restricted on or off their reservations, and although they are subject to the same laws as the white man, these laws are not enforced.

The river broadened as we left the tamarac swamp, and rapids were frequent, helping us a little faster on our way and making the ride pleasant and interesting. On we went, through a forest of oak, birch, poplar and pine, growing to the water's edge, inhabited by moose, caribou, deer and smaller game, but enjoyed by only shiftless Indians, who have never appreciated its possession.

Lunch was had afloat, for we wanted to get to the Big Fork river that evening. Night overtook us about 3 miles above, where we camped. The Big Fork was reached next morning about 9 o'clock. Here we stayed long enough to exchange a few words with an old settler, who had made his home at the forks of the rivers, thinking the water-power at the rapids

above would make his land valuable for mill and townsite purposes. He now lived by fishing; sturgeon being his principal catch, the bladders of which he dried and sold.

The Big Fork, down which we paddled 5 or 6 miles an hour, is a broad, rapid stream, having its source near Lake Winnebegoshish, and winding its way through a country of great possibilities. The vast amount of timber to be cut and marketed; the almost endless extent of land, which when cleared and cultivated, will be rich and productive, the many opportunities for water-power; and the fact that iron and coal exist there, will one day make this portion of Minnesota resound with the hum of trade and industry.

The day's trip was one to delight the heart of any lover of canoeing. Taking things easy, we moved along, enjoying the fine scenery and fresh warmth of the June day. Straggling crews of loggers were passed, and an occasional batteau-driver, as he poled his heavily-loaded boat along the shore.

The high, dry banks were pleasing after being so many nights in the swamps. We selected a good camping-spot in a pine grove and stopped early. Hilligoss, being an expert at making balsam-bough beds, was assigned this work; while the others straightened out the baggage and prepared supper.

The ride to Rainy Lake river was without incident. We reached the North side of the Rainy about dark, and camped on the bank near the landing-place of the steamer. The next morning we boarded her, bound for Fort Francis.

The boat went down stream a short distance to unload some merchandise marked for Hannaford, which we found on a map to be the destined metropolis of Northern Minnesota, but which at that time was a clearing of about 5 acres, covered with stumps, and not a building in sight.

Forty miles up the Rainy river, from the mouth of the Big Fork, brought us to Fort Francis; a small Canadian village, so slow and easy-going that when a mail arrived, the inhabitants were told of it by a flag on a mast in front of the post-office. The attraction here was the falls, which we photographed from several directions.

We took passage on a small steamboat that ran daily to Rainy Lake City, and were soon in the midst of a country of islands and water, which continued until the Gold City was reached.

This mushroom town, scarcely 4 months old, looked prosperous; having 30 or 40 buildings, ranging from the bachelor's cabin to substantial story-and-a-half frame houses. Most of the inhabitants were busy making boats, and preparing for prospecting among the surrounding islands.

We sailed over to the island on which the Little American mine is located; then re-

turned to the city and were soon on our way back to Fort Francis. We were obliged to wait 48 hours for the steamer, bound for the Lake of the Woods and Rat Portage.

The trip by boat from Rainy lake down

the Rainy river, and across Lake of the Woods, will some day become a favorite one for pleasure seekers.

Rainy lake may not rival the Thousand Islands, but for natural scenery it is all one can wish.

THE KING OF THE GAULIES.

MARK T. LEONARD.

Many of the sportsmen of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Maryland will recognize, in the above cut, "The King of Gaulie Mountains" whom so many have



THE KING OF THE GAULIES.

followed through the wilds of West Virginia, in the region about the head waters of the Elk and the Gaulie rivers.

Harmer Sharp is one of the best known hunters and guides in that state. His services will not soon be forgotten by those who have been with him through the Gaulie, South, Middle, and Leather-bark mountains.

His training, from youth, in the science of woodcraft in these remote regions, has made him a most skilled, cautious and valuable aid to hunters going into these vast, unbroken forests.

It is not generally known that such wild, uninhabited regions still exist, within the boundary of the old colonial states, as is this domain of the Gaulie King.

Mr. Sharp lives at the foot of the Gaulie mountains, near the junction of Slaty fork and Elk rivers, where he owns a comfortable little home and 1,000 acres of land, on the Northern edge of this mountain wilderness.

During the hunting season he guides hunters to and from the mountains, where many deer and bear are killed each year. He is an expert marksman; and when his old 45 Winchester sends the echoes ringing from hill to hill it generally means one more antlered monarch down. "Crockett" speaks of him as being one of the best shots in the state of West Virginia.

It was Mr. D. C. Braden, the champion one-armed wing shot of the world, who crowned and dubbed Sharp "King of the Gaulies"; and by this name he has since become familiarly known among sportsmen who visit this district.

Uniontown, Pa.

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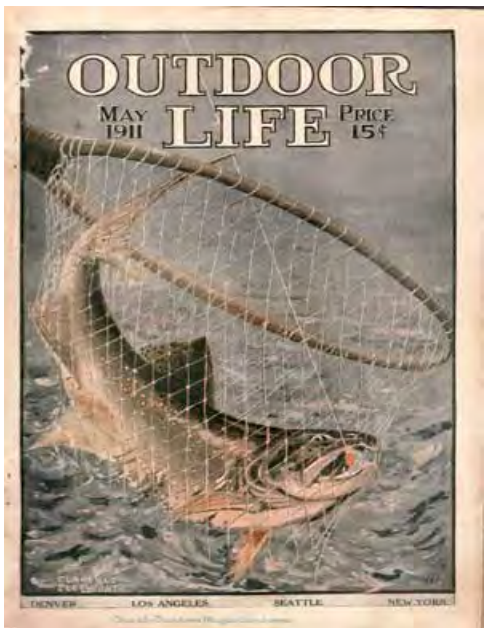
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\_\_\_\_\_New Haven, Conn.

# A Road Warrior's Dream

*Outdoor Life* May, 1911



2 Thomas H. Russell put together a great road warrior story with pictures. Russell reports that three Spokane “boys”, Vance Wolverton, Joe Stenstrom and Ralph Hayward, completed a long and rough roundtrip by auto from Spokane to Portland to Seattle and then back to Spokane. Four nice pictures in the report really help to get a feel for the trip, probably completed in 1910. Readers familiar with the region may be able to trace some of the route. Like the original route 66, some parts of the roads, or trails, they traveled became interstate highways and some sections may now be abandoned trails in the woods. Some of the towns referenced as mile markers are still on-the-map and some are distant memory. Read the story of their trip and then fire-up Google Earth to travel along this 100 year old road warriors dream trip.

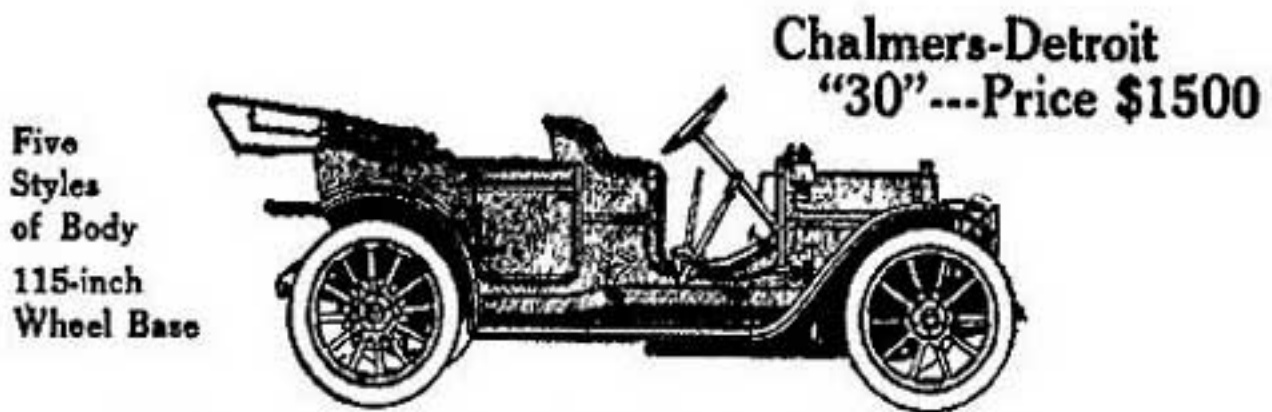
Personally I would have suggested that they use a rental car for this trip, Hertz or Avis, because their cars can really take a beating (at least the ones I have used did). Instead they used Vance’s Chalmers “30”, an expensive auto selling for \$1500 in 1910. Chalmers autos merged with Maxwell Auto Company following WWI.

Here is their reported route of travel by towns with my guess, using Google Earth, as to today’s highways. They departed Spokane on highway 195 to Spangle (and Plass) > Rosalia > Thorton > Colfax. From Colfax they took highway 26 to 127 then to Wilcox. I could not find the town of Wilcox but maps show Wilcox Rd. They traveled through “Dead Man’s Gulch” to the Central Ferry on the Snake River. I could not find a reference to Dead Man’s Gulch but the park at the present Hwy 127 bridge across the Snake is called Central Ferry Park. From the ferry they headed towards Walla Walla probably on route 12 passing through Waltsburg (or is it Waitsburg). From Walla Walla on 12 to Lowden, Touchet and to Wallulla, where they caught a ferry across the Columbia. On the north bank they passed through Kennewick and headed west towards the Dalles, probably on today’s highway 14, to Celilo Rapids. Here they put the auto on a steamer which took them back across the Columbia River to the Oregon shore where they finished the trip to the Dalles using the portage railroad. The next morning they overslept and missed the planned boat ride from there to Portland. They quickly jumped into Vance’s buggy. With the peddle-to-the-metal they caught the boat at Hood River.

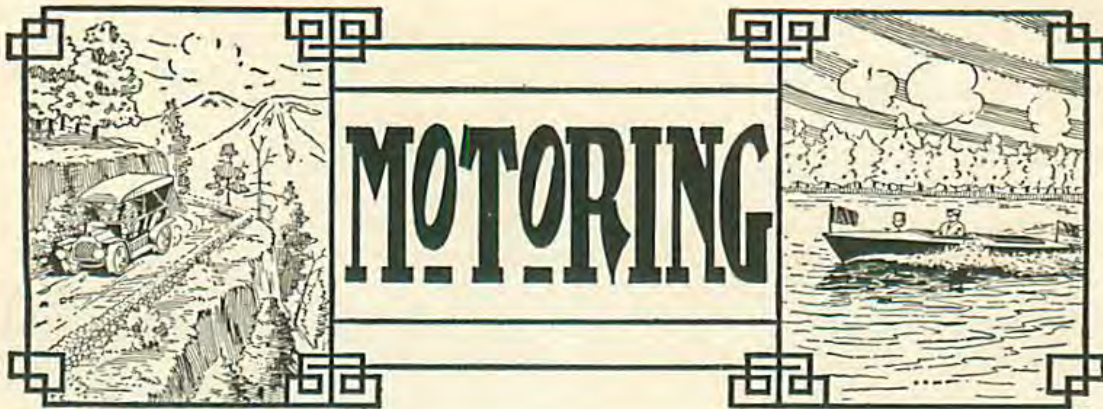
The car was unloaded at Vancouver and they drove (back across the river) to Portland. From Portland they headed west through the Cascades to Delena then Clatskamine to Astoria. Vance’s

auto sure took a beating here as his auto was reported as the first to cover the route. From Astoria they caught a ferry across the Columbia to Iiwaco then up the coast to Hayward cottage near Sea View where they rested a few days. From here they went up an early highway 101 and headed east on highway 6 through Frances to Chehalis then north from here on today's I-5 to Tacoma and Seattle. From Seattle they headed east on what is now I-90. The travelers reported lots of problems crossing through the Cascades having to ford several streams. They seemed very pleased to have reached Ellensburg, WA, (about 100 miles in straight Google Earth miles) in 56+ hours. From here they sped east through the sagebrush country and back to Spokane after traveling 1200 miles in 25 days.

I wonder if any of today's toughest 4x4 off-road vehicles could do any better than Vance's ole Chalmers "30". After such a historic trip they should have swept up all the lose parts and put the car in a museum. Enjoy the trip. - Bob



The 1910 Models Are Here



*Edited by Thomas H. Russell, A. M., M. E., author of "The American Cyclopaedia of the Automobile," "Motor Boats: Construction and Operation," etc., etc.*

**NOTICE TO READERS**—The readers of this department are cordially invited to write to the editor regarding any troubles they may experience in any branch of motoring, either ashore or afloat—on land, lake, river or sea, or in the blue empyrean above. Inquiries from automobilists, motor-boatmen, or power-yachtsmen, amateur aviators and all others interested in motoring, will be welcomed and carefully answered through this department.

Contributions of motoring experiences are also invited and the editor will likewise gladly receive suggestions for articles and features of a helpful nature that will tend to make the department increasingly useful and interesting to all who use the motor as a means of transportation. Let us "get together," particularly on the subject of engine troubles and how to remedy them.

Address Editor Motoring Department, Outdoor Life, Denver, Colorado.

### Spokane to Seattle and Return by Automobile

Three Spokane, Wash., boys—Vance Wolverton, Joe Stenstrom and Ralph Hayward—recently completed one of the longest and roughest automobile tours ever undertaken by Spokane people. The route lay from Spokane to Portland by way of Walla Walla, from Portland to Tacoma and Seattle, following the coast from Astoria, and then from Seattle back to Spokane by way of Ellensburg, crossing the Cascades through the Snoqualmie Pass.

In many places, as the accompany pictures depict, the hardest kind of going was encountered, while in others, what were said to be the best highways through the mountains were found to be nothing more than rock piles. After crossing the mountains on the return trip the trio ran through some of the sage brush of central Washington, where it was difficult to breathe on account of the dust and where the mercury often neared the 100 mark. The auto pushed ahead night and day, the boys standing regular watches, sleeping in the tonneau when off duty.

The car used on the trip was Vance Wolverton's Chalmers "30" and no mishap of

any kind, outside of tire trouble, was experienced. There was plenty of the latter, however, with five punctures on the first day's running to Walla Walla. The start was made at 9:45 one morning and Walla Walla was reached at 3:45 the next morning.

The equipment carried was extensive and was found necessary in the bad roads of the western portion of the state. Here the block and tackle was found necessary nearly every day in hauling the car out of a bad hole and in fording streams where it was impossible to secure traction, due to large boulders, worn smooth by the water's action.

The equipment carried comprised one full set of tools, including large Stilson wrench, five extra inner tubes, three tire casings, one complete set block and tackle, 150 feet extra rope, one set tire chains, one 100-mile Warner speedometer, one Australian water bottle, three laprobes, one pair of blankets and one quilt, one trunk on the rear for good clothes, one ax, one shovel and one hand-ax. The car was dubbed the "Fish Hound," which name was printed on the

trunk on the right hand running board.

The course taken lay from Spokane to Marshall, then to Spangle and Plass. On this portion of the journey a great deal of



CORDUROY ROAD BETWEEN PORTLAND AND ASTORIA, OREGON. THIS WAS THE FIRST MOTOR CAR TO TRAVERSE THIS ROAD.

dust and rocky road was encountered. From Spangle the road leads to Rosalia, Thornton, Colfax, Wilcox and the Central Ferry on the Snake River, 113 miles from Spokane. Central Ferry is reached by way of Dead Man's Gulch, which, quoting the log of the trip, "is rightly named, being infrequently traversed; weeds were as high as the car." From the ferry the road proceeds to Walla Walla via Waltsburg.

The route from Walla Walla passed through Lowden, Touchet and Wallulla, where the boys had the experience of taking an unruly drunk out of town in their automobile at the request of Mayor Ash, who is mayor, constable and leading bartender in one. The drunk naturally gave

the boys the wrong route, taking them out into the desert toward Pasco. On the way the car got into the sand, which came up to the hubs. The drunk became disgusted with autoing and left on foot.

Two days after the start, at 5.10 p. m., the trio crossed the Columbia River on the ferry and proceeded down the northern banks of the river toward the Dalles, where the automobile was to be shipped to Portland. Before reaching the Dalles the boys passed through Kennewick, from which place they went to the Celilo rapids, a short distance above the Dalles, where the auto was put aboard the steamer "Twin City." A short distance above the Dalles the auto was again unloaded on the Oregon side of the river and the trip to the Dalles made over the portage railroad.

They intended to take the boat to Portland, but on getting up the morning after their arrival, the boys found to their dismay that the boat they expected to board had pulled out. Undaunted, they got into the Fish Hound and started in pursuit of the steamer, hoping to overtake it at Hood River. The following extract from the log kept by the trio tells the novel story of chasing a steamboat with an auto.

"Seven-thirty a. m.—On getting up we found that we had missed the boat; we decided to race it to Hood River. We crossed two very steep hills. The trip is at least seven miles longer by road, being twenty-four miles overland. We had the car wide open all the way; ran into a big car; they were afraid to get out on the edge of the precipice and broke our fender and hub cap. However, we did not stop. Later we nearly scared a team off into the cañon, but could not stop coming down the mountain; road is very narrow and hardly room to pass.

"Nine-thirty a. m.—Caught boat at Hood River; broke muffler on the rocks getting the car aboard the boat. Had only three minutes to spare."

The car was unloaded at Vancouver and the trip made overland to Portland, where a day or so was spent in taking in the sights.

From Portland the trip was made through the Cascade mountains to Astoria. This was among the roughest on the tour and in one place, from Delena to Clatskamine, it



A WASHED-OUT BRIDGE MADE IT NECESSARY TO FORD THIS RIVER.



A SAMPLE OF THE ROAD IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN SEATTLE AND ELLENSBURG, WASH.

*ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com*

was found necessary to dig out the center of the road to prevent the crank case from hitting the stumps. This was the first time that an automobile had ever made that trip. It was frequently necessary to use blankets to protect the tires and to keep the crank case clear.

One night, as the boys were passing the livide before reaching Astoria, the car became stuck in mire over the hubs, on a summit seven miles west of Jewel. The boys walked to the foot of the hill, where some men had been working on a bridge,

the boat and the wheels hung over on either side. It was a rough, wet crossing. From Ilwaco the boys proceeded to the Hayward cottage, near Sea View.

There they rested several days and then resumed the trip via Chehalis and Tacoma to Seattle. The road between Frances and Wallville was so bad that the trio took to the railroad and bumped along on the ties with the auto for six miles. Several days were spent at Seattle taking in the sights.

The eventful part of the journey, however, began after leaving Seattle and start-



CROSSING THE SNOQUALMIE RIVER, WHERE BOULDERS WERE SO LARGE THAT IT WAS NECESSARY TO LIFT THE REAR AXLE TO GET OVER THEM.

and left a note for help. Then returning to the car, the trio, hungry and tired, spent a restless night in the big auto waiting for help. In the morning three men came up the mountain with picks and shovels and assisted them in pursuing their journey, building a plank road for the car to run on in getting out of the mire.

They reached Astoria at 10 a. m. of the ninth day. At 2 p. m. the auto was loaded on the launch "Hulda L." and taken across the Columbia. The auto was too wide for

ing across the Cascades. In several places it was found necessary to ford mountain streams, and in one place the bridge over the Snoqualmie River was gone, so it was necessary to ford that swift stream. The bed of the river was filled with big boulders which would catch the differential and make the engine useless, necessitating the use of the block and tackle in taking the car through the river. The boulders encountered on many of the roads also were a great handicap to comfortable riding.

They reached Ellensburg in fifty-six and one-half hours, actual running time, and the long grind to Spokane began. From Ellensburg they entered the dry sage brush country and in several places it was necessary for the tourists to wear handkerchiefs over their faces to keep the dust out of their lungs.

In all, the boys traveled 1,228 miles of

Washington and Oregon roads before reaching Spokane, twenty-five days after the start. During the entire trip no stops were made for engine trouble, but tire trouble was a great nuisance and the roads were far from suitable for "joy riding." In the mountains the going was especially difficult at all times and the three boys were glad to see "Sunny Old Spokane" again.



## MOTOR BOATING



The boating season of 1911 will soon open and owners everywhere are already outfitting. It is expected to be the greatest season of popularity the motor boating sport has enjoyed. As a form of outdoor recreation the sport is unexcelled, but to enjoy it to the full each individual owner should study and learn his engine thoroughly. Then when it balks, as gasoline engines will at times, he will be in possession of the knowledge that will minimize trouble. We give below a number of valuable tips to new members of the power boating fraternity.

### Starting a New Engine.

Before starting a new engine for the first time go over it carefully and ascertain all its leading features, such as the lubrication and ignition systems, whether or not the spark time is variable, the character of the igniters and how they may be removed and cleaned, the arrangement of the wiring, and the method of turning the engine to start it. A spring pin in the fly-wheel rim is a rather dangerous cranking device, unless it is hinged so that it automatically folds into the fly-wheel when the explosion comes. If the engine is cranked in its running direction, the spark should occur when you are in the act of pulling upward, since then a back-kick is not likely to do harm.

Do not start the engine until you are satisfied that it is fully supplied with oil and that the ignition apparatus is working perfectly—a point which you can easily test before attempting to start. When starting for the first time, give the carburetor time to fill after opening the tank valve.

### One-Man Control.

It is on every account desirable that the man at the wheel shall be able to control

the engine. This involves locating the spark and throttle levers, as well as the reverse lever, at the wheel. Suitable operating systems for distance control of the spark and throttle are to be had and should be used. Above all things, flimsy connections, wire liable to stretch or break, and springs too light to be reliable, should be avoided. If wire connections and springs are used, the wires should run through brass tubes for protection. For turning a corner, a chain may be run through a brass tube with an easy bend, or over a sheave; or brass bell cranks may be employed. It is well also to be able to shut the gasoline valve without leaving the steering wheel.

### To Stop the Engine.

Open the switch; close the oil cups and the valve in gasoline pipe.

To start again within an hour or so it is usually not necessary to use any gasoline in the priming cups, an explosive mixture having been left in the base of the engine when shutting down.

A little experience, remembering that a cold engine needs more gasoline and a warm engine less gasoline through the priming cups, will make starting very easy.

In cold weather it is recommended that a supply of warm air from the exhaust pipe be piped to the carburetor.

In the case of an engine having three or more cylinders, before stopping if the engine is speeded up for a moment or so and the switch thrown out, the engine can generally be started by throwing in the switch and moving the timer handle rapidly to the left and quickly back again to the center.

Caution.—That boat should never be cut loose until the motor is running, nor should the motor be stopped until the boat is secured to its moorings.

## A Winged Motor-Boat

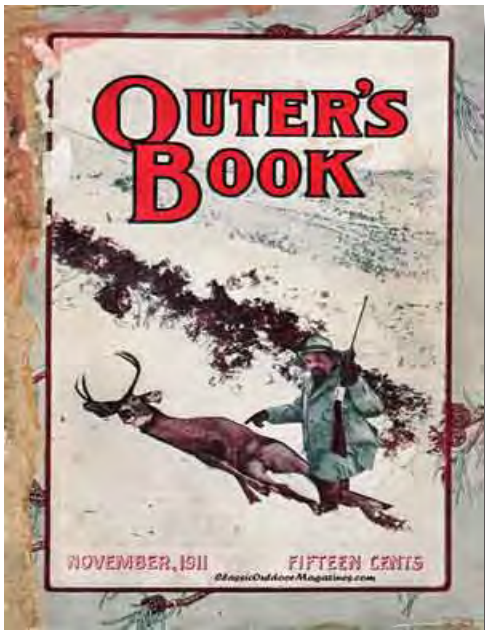
A new craft which the builders believe is going to revolutionize transportation over the water is illustrated herewith. This is

the combined motorboat and aeroplane, appropriately named the "Flying Fish," designed and built by the Detroit Boat Com-



# Luger Lust

## Outer's Book November, 1911



3

After my early outdoor magazine library grew past one I was challenged to remember the magazine and location of interesting information I wanted to reexamine. Hasty notes were kept to locate ads for guns and gear and outdoor information. Notes led to spreadsheets and spreadsheets morphed into Adobe Portable Document Format (PDF) organizational files called the *GuideToMags*. The entire Library of early outdoor magazines (140) was converted into digital (PDF) documents. Now several thousand magazine pages from 1899 to 1940 are text searchable.

The German Luger seems to be as well known and recognized as any of the firearms cherished by hunters and collectors. I searched the Library text for “Luger” to learn why this military handgun gained such a large following.

Here is what I found organized by decade.

1899-1910 (14 magazines)

- 6 magazines with 15 instances of “Luger”

1911-1920 (39 magazines)

- 15 magazines with 32 instances of “Luger”

1921-1930 (45 magazines)

- 24 magazines with 75 instances of “Luger”

1931-1940 (41 magazines)

- 4 magazines with 6 instances of “Luger”

Solid products matched with good advertising works. This Luger review by L.A. Danse is from the 1911 November issue of Outer's Book (the lead-in cover). His review contains five nice graphics showing internal mechanics and as well as the Luger Carbine. The earliest Luger ad was this one from a 1905 National Sportsman. The Luger we know is shown in an ad from National Sportsman, 1910.

# Self-Loading Arms

By L. A. DANSE

## PART IX.

### THE LUGER ARMS

**T**HIS name—Luger—is applied to a line of guns which are the outcome of tests and designs which originated with the old Borchardt-Luger pistol. The trade name applied to these arms in the old country is "Parabellum," which is literally "for war;" the name being used by the makers, the Deutsche Waffen & Munitionsfabriken, of Berlin, Germany. In this country the arms are simply known by the name of the designer, Luger.

There are four styles of guns of this name; the 7.65 mm. pistol, 9 mm. pistol, 9 mm. navy pistol, and the 7.65 mm. carbine. The actions of all are identical in principle, there being differences in bore and length of barrel; also in sights, and the addition of the butt-stock and fore-end on the carbine. They are of the recoil operated type, with locked breech.

In the Swiss army, Bulgaria, Holland, Portugal and Chile, the 7.65 mm. pistol is the service weapon. The German army uses the 9 mm. pistol with 4-inch barrel (model I) and the navy the 9 mm. (model II) pistol with 6-inch barrel. The model II navy pistol is fitted with a holster stock, made of leather and wood, which has a sling strap attached.

#### General features:

Length of barrel, 7.65 mm. pistol, 4½ inches; length of barrel, 9 mm. pistol, model I, 4 inches; length of barrel, 9 mm. pistol, model II, 6 inches; length of barrel, carbine, 11½ inches. Length over all, 7.65 mm. pistol, 9 inches; length over all, 9 mm. pistol, model I, 8½ inches; length over all, 9 mm. pistol, model II, 10½ inches; length over all carbine (including buttstock) 29 inches. Weight, 7.65 mm. and 9 mm. I pistols, 29 ounces; weight 9 mm. II pistol (not including holster), 31 ounces; weight, carbine (including buttstock), 65 ounces; weight, holster-stock for 9 mm. II, 15 ounces. Sighting radius, 7.65 mm. pistol, 8½ inches; sighting radius, 9 mm. I pistol, 7½ inches; sighting radius, 9 mm. II pistol, 9½ inches; sighting radius, carbine, 11 inches. Capacity magazine, 8 cartridges; with one in chamber, 9 shots.

Weight cartridge, 7.65 mm., 162 grains; weight cartridge, 9 mm., 193 grains; weight cartridge, carbine special, 163 grains. Weight, powder, 7.65 mm., 5.2 grains; weight powder, 9 mm., 5.4 grains; weight powder, carbine special, 6 grains. Weight bullet, 7.65 mm., 93 grains; weight bullet, 9 mm., 124 grains. Length cartridge, 7.65 mm., 1.17 inch; length cartridge, 9 mm., 1.14 inch. Initial velocity, 7.65 mm., 1150 foot seconds; initial velocity, 9 mm. I, 1020 foot seconds; initial velocity, 9 mm. II, 1100 foot seconds; initial velocity, carbine, 1500 foot seconds. Initial energy, 7.65 mm., 271 foot pounds; initial energy, 9 mm., 283 foot pounds; initial energy, 9 mm. II, 310 foot pounds; initial energy, carbine, 465 foot pounds. Penetration in pine at 50 yards, 7.65 mm.,

6½ inches; 9 mm., I, 5½ inches; 9 mm. II, 6 inches; carbine, 8½ inches. Deviation at 50 yards, approximately: 7.65 mm., radius 2 inches; 9 mm. I, radius 2½ inches; 9 mm. II, radius 2 inches; carbine, radius 1 inch. Action: recoil operated, locked breech, enclosed striker, top ejection. Magazine: single column, detachable, inserted in grip. Safety: automatic grip, locks sear and action; positive thumb latch, holds grip safety in engagement. Sights: front, square bar, dovetailed in socket block on barrel; rear, 7.65 and 9 I, V-notched in top of rear toggle link; 9 II, 200 yard adjustable V-notch fastened to rear toggle link; carbine, 300 yard adjustable V-notch on breech end of barrel. Finish: blued, hardened action parts. Stocks: checkered walnut, 9 II holster-stock of leather and walnut; carbine butt and fore-end are of checkered walnut and detachable from pistol by means of catches. Price: 7.65 mm. and 9 mm. I, \$25.00; 9 mm. II, and carbine, \$30.00.

The following description of the working mechanism is copied in part from the hand book issued by the makers of the Luger arms:

#### LIST OF CONSTITUENT PARTS

##### Part A or movable part:

1—Barrel, with front sight [1'] and bifurcated receiver [1"]. 2—Breech block. 3—Front link. 4—Rear link, with recoil spring coupler 4' and its pin 4". 5—Breech block link pin. 6—Link connecting pin. 7—Rear link pin. 8—Link connecting pin rivet. 11—See stationary part. 12—Firing pin. 13—Firing pin spring. 14—Main spring abutment. 15—Extractor, with spring 15' and pin 15". 16—Ejector. 17—See stationary part. 18—Sear, with spring stud 18', spring 18" and rivet 18". 19—Sear spring.

##### B, the stationary part:

11—Recoil spring with pull rod 11', rocker 11" and pin 11". 17—Stock with sling ring 17' and breech block catch link rivet 17". 18—See movable part. 19—See movable part. 20—Trigger with spring 20'. 21—Trigger plate. 22—Trigger lever. 23—Trigger lever pin. 24—Locking bolt. 25—Locking bolt spring. 26—Breech block catch link with spring 26'. 27—Magazine catch. 28—Magazine catch spring. 29—Grip safety. 30—Grip safety spring. 31—Thumb safety. 32—Thumb safety pin. 33—Stocks, right and left. 34—Stock screws. 35—Magazine.

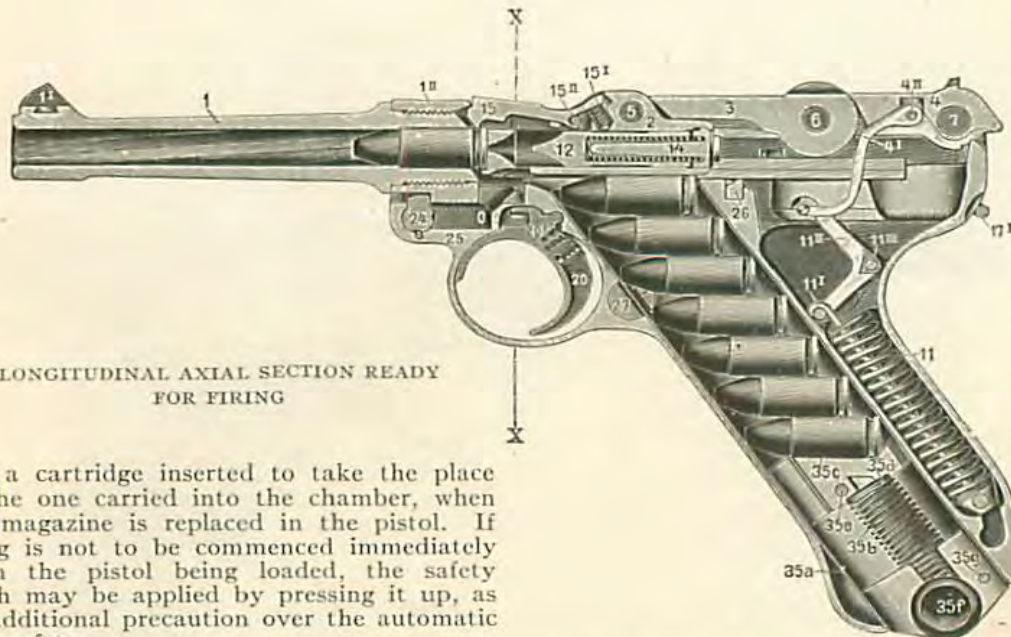
##### Magazine parts:

a—Case. b—Spring. c—Carrier. d—Spring guide. e—Carrier knob. f—Bottom. g—Bottom pin.

The magazine being loaded and inserted in the pistol, the chamber is loaded by pulling the knurled cheeks of the toggle upward and then backward to their limit of travel and then allowing the links to spring forward and down abruptly. This carries the upmost cartridge from the magazine into the chamber and leaves the pistol cocked and ready for use. Before the toggle can be opened, the safety catch must be disengaged by pressing it down.

If it is desired to carry the pistol with nine cartridges in it, the magazine is withdrawn

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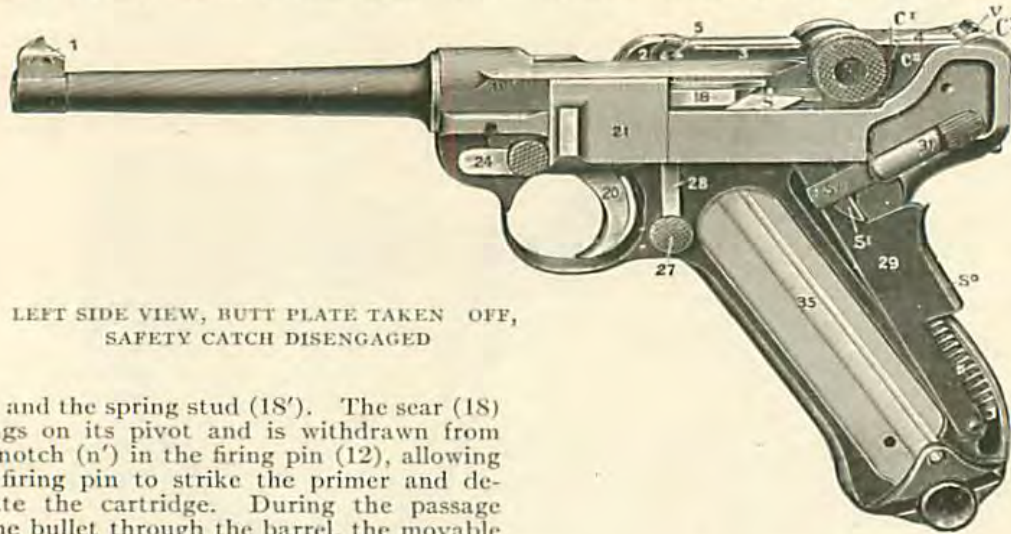


LONGITUDINAL AXIAL SECTION READY FOR FIRING

and a cartridge inserted to take the place of the one carried into the chamber, when the magazine is replaced in the pistol. If firing is not to be commenced immediately upon the pistol being loaded, the safety catch may be applied by pressing it up, as an additional precaution over the automatic grip safety.

The pistol being loaded and the safety off, the action in firing is as follows: A firm grip is taken on the stock, (17) so as to depress the grip safety (29) and the trigger (20) is pulled. The pressure is communicated to the sear (18) by means of the trigger lever

meet the cam surfaces (Cx) of the frame and the link pin (6) rises, contracting the toggle and opening the breech block (2). As the toggle rises and the breech block opens, the recoil spring (11) is compressed by the action of the coupler (4'), the rocker (11'')



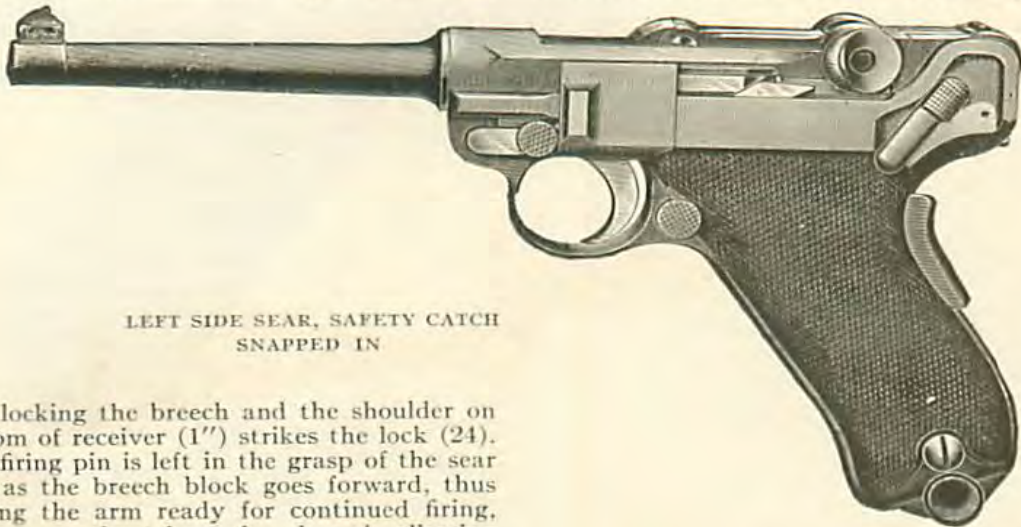
LEFT SIDE VIEW, BUTT PLATE TAKEN OFF, SAFETY CATCH DISENGAGED

(22) and the spring stud (18'). The sear (18) swings on its pivot and is withdrawn from the notch (n') in the firing pin (12), allowing the firing pin to strike the primer and detonate the cartridge. During the passage of the bullet through the barrel, the movable part A of the mechanism is held forward by the frictional contact of the bullet with the barrel. It is not held solidly forward, but its recoil is retarded so that the breech remains closed until the bullet leaves the barrel. As soon as the bullet leaves the barrel, the movable part A recoils in the ways on top of frame (17), the toggle cheeks (cx)

and the pull rod (11'). The firing pin spring (13) is also compressed by the toe of the forward link (3) pushing the firing pin back and the sear (18) is withdrawn from the trigger lever (22). As the breech block (2) nears its limit of rearward motion, the empty shell is ejected by (16). The breech block

passes behind the top cartridge in the magazine and as it goes forward, carries shell into chamber. The recoil spring forces the breech block forward, seats the cartridge and pushes the movable part A ahead on the frame (17), until the toggle straightens

The grip safety blocks the sear by rising automatically beside the rear end of sear (18), with its point (S), which acts from the frame (17) to the sear (18). The safety catch holds the grip safety by means of its hook (S') engaging the hook of the grip safety (S').

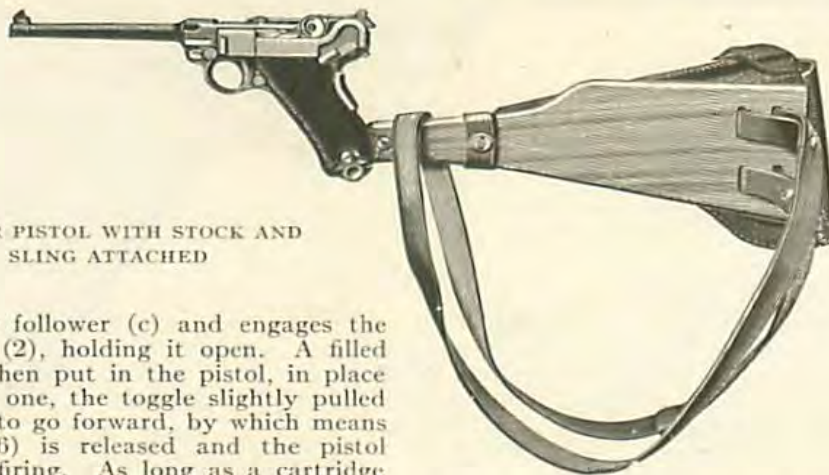


LEFT SIDE SEAR, SAFETY CATCH  
SNAPPED IN

out, locking the breech and the shoulder on bottom of receiver (1'') strikes the lock (24). The firing pin is left in the grasp of the sear (18) as the breech block goes forward, thus leaving the arm ready for continued firing, as soon as the trigger is released, allowing the spring stud (18') to resume contact with the trigger lever (22).

Firing may be kept up by pulling and releasing the trigger as long as cartridges remain in the magazine. When the pistol is emptied the catch (26) is pushed up by

To dismount the mechanism: first take out the magazine (35) and empty the barrel (1), then release the firing pin by pulling the trigger. Depress the grip safety (29), draw the movable part A back until the link checks meet the cam surfaces, turn down



LUGER PISTOL WITH STOCK AND  
SLING ATTACHED

the magazine follower (c) and engages the breech block (2), holding it open. A filled magazine is then put in the pistol, in place of the empty one, the toggle slightly pulled and allowed to go forward, by which means the catch (26) is released and the pistol prepared for firing. As long as a cartridge is left in the chamber, the extractor (15) projects above the surface of the breech bolt (2), thus acting as an indicator. The number of shells in the magazine can be seen or, in the dark felt, by means of the carrier knob (35e).

the locking bolt handle (24), let the movable part slide forward off the frame (17), at the same time removing the trigger plate (21).

Press the pin (7) out from right to left, after releasing the sear (18), lift toggle joint

checks and withdraw the breech bolt with toggle attached.

Hold the breech block firmly with the toggle straight, take a small screw driver and press the main spring abutment (14) inward (so as to compress the main spring), turn abutment to the left to get its shoulder out of groove in breech bolt and let the abutment out of breech block slowly, when the firing pin (12) can be removed.

To assemble the mechanism: put firing pin and spring (12 and 13) in position, place abutment (14) with its shoulder in slot in breech block and while compressing main spring turn abutment to right until the slot stands vertically.

worked several times to make sure that the mechanism is properly joined.

To complete dismounting while movable part and breech block are dissembled: hold movable part in left hand, lift rear end of ejector (16) with screw driver until its round shoulder leaves socket and lodges against edge, press from inside receiver, against nose of ejector, which will cause ejector to jump out of receiver. Lift sear spring (19) and slide it straight forward, while pressing in on front of sear (18), which will allow sear to drop out. Drive out extractor pin (15'') until rear end of extractor is raised by its spring and remove extractor and spring (15 and 15'). Raise rear end of breech bolt



THE LUGER CARBINE

Insert the breech block with toggle links in the receiver and while holding in the front of the sear (18), insert the pin (7) from the left, thus joining the mechanism into the movable part.

Hold the movable part upside down, the firing pin uncocked and slide the stationary part on carefully; turn pistol over, bring movable part back until coupling link (4') can fall into its place in front of hooks of recoil spring lever (11''); depress grip safety (29), push movable part back until toggle cheeks engage cam surfaces (Cx) of frame, insert the trigger plate (21) and turn lock (24) into place. The toggle should now be

catch (26) and slide it to rear. Hold back slightly on trigger and lift it out of frame. Press up on locking lever (24) and lift it out of frame in a straight line. Take off stocks (33), depress grip safety (29), lift out its lower end with the stud and pull the whole down out of frame. Push out pin (32) and remove the safety catch (31). Take out pin (35g), pull bottom (35f) out of magazine when other parts will fall out.

Assembling is accomplished in the reverse manner to the above. Force should never be used to dismount or assemble the mechanism, as it may result in injury to the parts.

## A New Lyman Sight

We are pleased to announce to the rifle shooting fraternity that the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation of Middleford, Conn., is now ready to furnish their new micrometer windgauge receiver sight for the New Springfield rifles, models 1903 and 1906. They can also supply receiver sights No. 33, adapted to Krag rifles and carbines. They are now working on a new supply of their excellent Krag sight No. 34, which will

soon be ready for delivery. The new micrometer Springfield receiver sight is the most perfect and accurately adjusted rear sight ever developed. It was suggested and the specifications supplied by the foremost gun men and most practical and successful rifle men in America. You only need this sight to make your sporting or military Springfield a perfect arm, for any line of game or target work.

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1910 Outer's Book



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Handles the 7.65 M/A cartridge, powerful enough to kill a deer at 300 yards. It is one of the most accurate weapons on the market, even though it weighs only 4 lbs. The recoil is hardly perceptible as it is utilized in the action of the rifle. By carrying this weapon you do away with the inconveniences of a large rifle. It is only 39 inches in length, overall.

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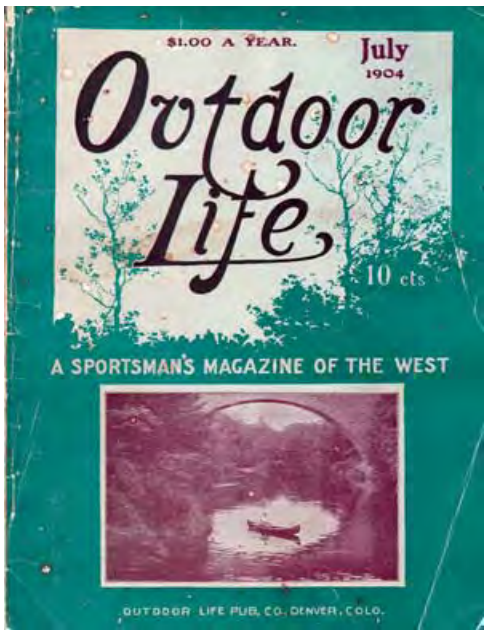
**National Sportsman 1905**



The Ideal Holster and Carbine Stock, value \$6.00, for Luger Automatic Pistol, will be given as a premium for 6 new subscriptions.

# The Grizzly King

## *Outdoor Life* July, 1904



4 About the same year that Colorado became a state, 1876, a young five-year-old grizzly began to gain a reputation among ranchers as a cattle killer. The alarm went out around the ranches in the upper Arkansas River region to be on the lookout for this renegade. Ranchers and cowboys grew more concerned as the toll in lost livestock mounted. With two claws missing from the left hind foot his distinctive tracks were easily noted whenever he was prowling the livestock smorgasbord. A reward was quickly offered to encourage hunters to kill this cunning predator.

Two early pioneers of the Canon City, CO, area, William Stout and M.B. Waterhouse lost many cattle to this legendary bear. Either William or M.B. named the bear “Old Mose” based on his manner of slowly leaving a meal when being

shot at and how he moseyed toward anyone unfortunate enough to be in his way. Long time bear hunter, Jack Ratcliff, camped on his trail with a party of hunters in 1876. Jack made a fatal slip on Tallahassee Mountain and fell with reach of Old Mose’s powerful paws. Old Mose severely mauled Jack and hit the trail before anyone from the hunting party could get close. They carefully carried Jack to the Stirrup Ranch. Jack died on the way to the nearest doctor in Fairplay, CO.

(<http://www.stirrupranch.com/>) (<http://fairplayco.us/>) (<http://www.canoncity.org/>)

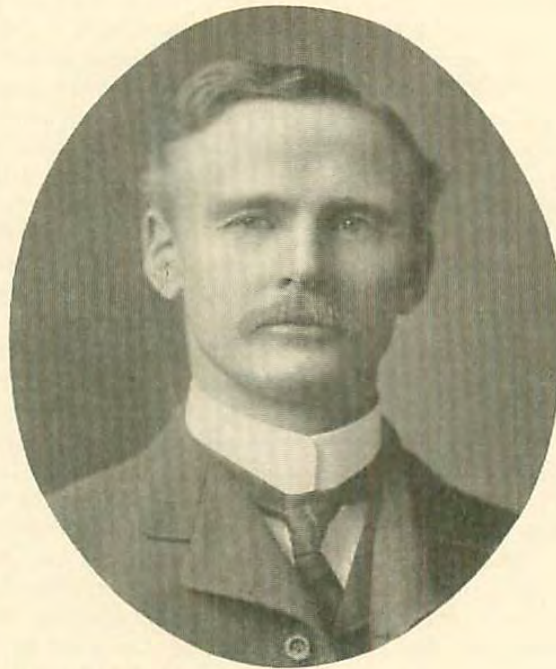
Several years later, James Asher, another long time bear hunter met the same fate as Jack in almost the same way. Old Mose was found guilty by circumstantial evidence for two other deaths when a skeleton was found on Cameron Mountain and another one on Thirty-Nine-Mile Mountain. The legend of Old Mose attracted the attention of successful Idaho bear hunter J.W. Anthony. He came to Canon City in the spring of 1904 to team up with W.H. Pigg from the Stirrup Ranch to hunt legendary Old Mose. In April of that year Anthony’s well trained bear dogs stopped the bear long enough for him to put half a dozen shots from his .30-.40 into Old Mose. Then the steely nerved J.W. calmly stood his ground when the legend moseyed towards him. He finally stopped Old Mose at close range with a well placed head shot. Here’s a 10 page PDF report on the hunt by Jack Bell from *Outdoor Life*, July 1904.

Old Mose died on the northwest corner of Black Mountain south of Canon City at 4 o’clock on Saturday, April 30, 1904. Legends and histories pass from generation to generation creating today’s culture. Hopefully, the legend of Old Mose is still being talked about around the ranches and campfires in the range he once ruled as King of the Grizzlies. - - Bob

# OUTDOOR LIFE

VOL. XIV

No. 1.



J. W. Anthony, who killed  
Old Mose.

## CONQUEST OF THE KING OF GRIZZLIES.

By JACK BELL.

"Old Mose," the most dreaded grizzly bear in the entire United States, met a death befitting his long life of murder and outrage at 4 o'clock Saturday evening, April 30th. His last stand was made in a quaking aspen draw within the confines of his home among the broken rocks at the northwest corner of Black Mountain, near Canon City, Colo. He died befitting his rank and lay down in his last sleep with imposing grandeur. Just

think, after being shot through and through times without number, baited with every device and cunning known to the trapper; chased by demon posses of cowboys and ranchers bent upon his extermination, and in all this he has met them with superior generalship, cunning unexcelled, knowledge supreme, and for thirty-five years by actual record of the cattlemen of this middle Southern Colorado country. (It is estimated that

(3)

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he was five years old when he first gave evidence of his presence in that section.) His taking away is due solely to the years of training of a pack of incomparable bear dogs, who know their quarry, his habits, mode of attack, retreat, as well as this magnificent animal himself. He was handicapped by this band of intelligent trainers and knew not their circling, pinching, running away tactics. All this was new to the old monarch—the talk of the dogs brought him to a standstill with wonder and amazement. He did not even strike at them, but sat still and seemed to ponder and try to unravel their unknown and untried quality that he had never before been called upon to meet. So he sat and looked and looked, without a growl or even a passing of the murderous paws. J. W. Anthony knew the language of his pack with wonderment, this hunter with over forty bear pelts to his credit, and his amazement grew as he watched the unusual action of the monstrous grizzly.

"Now, what in thunder is that old fellow figuring on? Never in my life did I see such an attitude of utter indifference by any bear towards my dogs," muttered Anthony.

"I'll just take a shot—lemme see—about eighty yards."

Bang! went the carbine carrying a soft-nosed .30-40. Old Mose ignored the shot, although it went through his jowl and cut a quaking asp on the other side. "Too low—darn that dog that was in the way."

The bleeding wound did not even interest the massive animal, and he did not as much as look toward the man with the gun. His interest was centered upon the four dogs snapping around his immense bulk. Very likely he said to himself, "You are not the first that has put bullets in me. I'll attend to you later—at present I must investigate these funny acting little dogs." The second shot went into the left shoulder and passed clear through, and still he stood speculating upon the very little fighters—merely glancing at the man who was firing the death-dealing missiles into his body. The third shot brought the seeming inanimate body into lightning activity. The bullet struck a quaking asp and threw splinters into his face. A sweep of his mighty paw directed though I am not able to write a word about at one of the dogs cost him a claw, and, miss-

ing the dogs, he uprooted an aspen that was six inches in diameter. But never a snarl or a growl from this king of all grizzlies. He, however, in a leisurely manner, without even condescending to notice the dogs, started at a slow walk toward Anthony. The hunter fired his fourth shot, which went a bit high through the shoulders, and "Old Mose" turned and went back to the point where the dogs had stopped him and sat up for a moment, apparently surveying the country, and acted as though there was neither man nor dogs within a thousand miles. The fifth and sixth shots were hurled into the carcass, both taking effect through the shoulders, and never a howl, growl or snarl did he make. He took his medicine in the same manner as he had administered his power for thirty-five years—neither giving nor asking quarter. The sixth shot did not bring forth the expected, the awful death cry of the bear, neither did he by sign or symptom show cowardice or anger.

Looking steadfastly at the man refilling the magazine of his rifle for a few seconds, he at last made up his mind that it would be policy to first kill him and then pursue his uninterrupted analysis of these strange dogs that had had the courage to snap at him and tear bunches of his fur from his incomparable coat. Slowly he started toward the hunter, never leaving the awkward, slow walk of his species. His eyes burned as with fire, and his coming was terrorizing to any but the seasoned bear killer. When at about sixty-two feet away he lowered his head with an unsounded challenge, and as his head was bending low, the hunter drew bead at the point between the ears, and, taking a long breath, gently began pressing the trigger. Slowly, as the mountain pine begins to fall under the woodman's ax, Old Mose, the terror of all, man and beast alike, began to settle down. Slowly, slowly, with neither sound nor quiver, the massive king gave up his life as he had lived it, in blood and violence. He met his death with honor, willing to the last to measure his great strength and cunning in mortal combat with that of the hunter, who dared to stand before him and dispute his reign.

Beyond any reasonable doubt, Old Mose has cost the cattlemen thousands of dollars by his depredations. He was seen by a cow-

(4)



Black Mountain, where Old Mose made his headquarters for fifteen years.

*ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com*



The rocky, narrow pass that led across the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, near Alta Rita Peak, used by Old Mose.

boy to run down a three-year-old bull, slap it over the withers, and, while down and struggling, turn it over and sink his wicked teeth through the neck, instantly killing him. Another stunt much in vogue with the old fellow was to spy upon lonely prospectors in the hills, appear before them suddenly, sit up, and let out an unearthly growl, and seemingly enjoy the fright and stampede of the nearly-scared-to-death man.

Jack Ratcliffe, an old-time bear hunter, camped on his trail for years and years. In 1886, with a party of hunters, he got on Old Mose's trail. For ten days they followed his fresh signs all the time. Up in a rough gulch on Tallahassee Mountain Ratcliffe found his den, and while peering down into the box gulch, fell. In a second Old Mose came out of the rocks, twenty-five feet away, and charged the intruder. Ratcliffe fired his Old Henry. He was unable to load and fire again. The bear took one fell swoop of his iron arm and paw, and Ratcliffe fell to the ground, scalp torn completely from his head and cut five gashes entirely down his back,

stripping the flesh from the bones. He fell fainting, and Old Mose walked away. When he revived he began to call and his companions heard him, but, unfortunately, so did the bear, and with another rush he was upon his victim and began his murder. He cuffed and bit him until he was a mass of broken bones and mutilated flesh. Old Mose hit the trail, and when the hunters found their friend they gave up all thought of the bear. He was tenderly carried to Stirrup ranch, and the boys started to Fairplay with the suffering man to obtain the services of the nearest doctor. He died on the way, and the last words he uttered were: "Boys, don't hunt that bear."

James Asher, an old-time hunter, met the same fate as Ratcliffe several years later and in almost the identical manner.

On Cameron Mountain, over in the Greenwood country, a skeleton was found with a rusty rifle beside it. The gun was identified as the one made by Pap Rudolph of Canon City, and Old Mose was credited with the death. Last summer a skeleton was found

on Thirty-Nine-Mile mountain, that of a cowboy, the boots and spurs were beside the bones, and as this was the stamping ground of this mammoth, he was duly credited with the murder.

J. W. Anthony came to Canon City from Idaho, where he has hunted bear for years. Last year he took sixteen hides. For years he has read of Old Mose, and came here to take a try at him. With him he brought thirty well-trained bear dogs. W. H. Pigg of Stirrup ranch fame, invited him to his ranch for the purpose of hunting the king. For two months they have scoured the country, and found his trail on the 26th of April, the day he had come out of his winter's sleep. They trailed him faithfully and well. When the dogs gave tongue to the fresh tracks, part of the pack back-trailed and Pigg took his bunch. Anthony was behind and followed the dogs that barked at bay.

Among the well-known hunters who have trailed Old Mose are D. F. Waterhouse, Dall DeWesse, Ira Carrier, Dan Hall, Joe Hall, C. W. Talbot, H. N. Beecher and scores of others.

William Stout and M. B. Waterhouse, two of the oldest pioneers of the Arkansas Valley, have both suffered the loss of over a score of cattle from the depredations of Old Mose, and to one of these men is given the credit of giving the old desperado the name by which he has been known for so many

years. What prompted the appellation was the manner in which the bear moseyed toward men he would happen upon—his slowness in leaving a carcass when fired upon, and his general habit of just plain "mosey." He has caused Mr. Stout no small amount of trouble, and many are the partly eaten steers bearing his brand that this bear has pulled down—of course he was always known by the missing toes of the left hind foot, and could be easily identified. A rather strange thing comes to light with the passing of the king. There has been following in his wake of murder a cinnamon bear that measured from the reach on their several rubbing posts, showing but a difference of eight inches in this cinnamon's height and that of the dead bear. This bear has never consorted with the old bandit, but has carefully followed him and taken the leavings that he has left—but never have their trails crossed. Mr. cinnamon has invariably been in the rear. Mr. Anthony has noticed this remarkable thing, as well as the foregoing old-timers.

C. W. Talbot, one of the old-timers in his country, gives the following about Old Mose: "Some fifteen years ago I was down in the Antelope country prospecting. At this time there was a reward of \$500 offered for the carcass of Old Mose. The stockmen and the ranchers in this country were in terror of their lives on account of this big, three-



Above timberline on Tallahassee Mountain, where Old Mose was often sighted.



Where skeleton of unknown cowboy was found.

toed bear. He ran the cattle ranges without a man's hand raised against him—they were all afraid of the monster. Even this big reward didn't bring out any hunters that were anxious to run foul of him. There were two or three men that had gone to the hills to look for him—and they never returned, and their bodies were never recovered—this was the reason that the scattered residents of the Antelope country were afraid to go into the hills for him. He pulled down cattle wantonly, destroyed calves and colts, tore down fences, chased the people who lived in the country and conducted himself as an outlaw and degenerate. He carried on this reign of terror for several months, and then disappeared from his usual haunts—and I tell you that there was a feeling of relief in this section when he left. The following spring I was on a trip over here on Beaver

Creek—just about twenty miles from Canon City—and as I was going up the stream I was astounded to come upon the track of Old Mose. Now, I have an idea that he would travel at least 200 or 300 miles to get across this country. He would have to follow up the Continental Divide, cross the Sangre de Cristo across the Arkansas River at his old crossing near Spike Buck, up on Tallahassee Mountain, then through the broken hills down there on Beaver. While I was down in Antelope Park the natives say that they heard of his deprivations all along the Utah line. Oh, I tell you that he was well known all over the cattle country, and he has cost them thousands and thousands of dollars. I have hunted him for a good many years, but was unsuccessful in even getting a glimpse of him. That old bear was a heap more cunning than a fox—and I have never heard of but a very few hunters that got a shot at him, and then it was at long range. He seemed to know when a man was armed and acted accordingly; unarmed he



Where Old Mose killed Jake Ratcliffe on Tallahassee Mt.

would make his appearance and frighten a man out of a year's growth—armed, he would discreetly withdraw and disappear, although his tracks were still warm. I had a

wholesome respect for him, and after looking his carcass over I am free to say that I am thankful that I never came face to face with him."



Supposed to be the father of Old Mose, killed on 39-Mile Mountain, by J. J. Pike, in 1894. Weight, 997 pounds.

#### WHAT OLD MOSE'S BRAIN SHOWS.

By Dr. E. G. Lancaster of Colorado College.

The brain of "Old Mose."

One of the most interesting brains I have ever seen lies on the laboratory table before me. It is the brain of "Old Mose," the huge grizzly which was recently killed on the hills south of Pike's Peak by J. W. Anthony. The brain is six inches long, including the hind brain, four inches in width, and weighs fifteen ounces. The bear was estimated to weigh 1,000 pounds, so that the ratio of his brain to his body is only 1 to 1,000, while that of a new-born babe is 1 to 7. As a matter of fact, the brain of this monster is lighter than that of the babe, about equal to that of a calf a few weeks old. A man has a brain more than three times as heavy. The ratio of a man's brain to his body is 1 to 45.

The ratio of brain to body is usually a

sign of intelligence and hence it is high in the ape—1 to 80—and quite high in other wild and domestic animals which are usually regarded as intelligent. In the dog it is 1 to 164, in case of a large dog, and 1 to 45 in a small dog; 1 to 747 in an elephant and 1 to 22,500 in a whale. The marmoset has the heaviest relative weight except the infant, it being 1 to 18, while the man's is only 1 to 45. The infant's is really 1 to 6, since his total weight is seven pounds, while his brain weighs one pound.

The distribution of parts and the balance between them is the best test, for weight may be so distributed as to give little to the intellectual centers and much to motor. This is the case before us. While this grizzly had almost as high a brain ratio as an elephant,



Cross indicates where James Asher was killed by "Old Mose" on Poncha Mt.

his centers are so balanced as to give little to intelligence and more to smell and hearing, as compared to the elephant's brain, which is highly developed in the frontal lobes and cerebrum, where intelligence is located.

On opening the skull the first strange thing about the brain of "Old Mose" is its location in the head. The brain of dogs and such animals usually runs forward nearly to the line of the eyes, and fills the skull cavity. With this bear at least the brain occupies only a small part of the head, which is

fifteen inches long in a straight line from the back of skull to end of lower jaw, and is fourteen inches wide after the skin is removed.

The front end of the brain was about four inches behind the eyes and all the intervening space was filled with a porous, or cellular, structure of bone, with scores of cavities large enough to insert the tips of the fingers into the cells or chambers. This is interesting to the hunter. It explains why he finds it so hard to kill the grizzly by firing a ball into the front of the head. The chances are that it would not reach the brain and a dozen bullets might lodge in those chambers and do little damage to the life of the bear. The bullet must strike between or just back of the eyes and take a downward course to hit the brain.

On the sides of the head, moreover, the masseter and temporal muscles are four inches thick by actual measurement, and hence a bullet unless fired at close range would hardly pass through them and penetrate the skull, which slopes on the sides like the roof of a house from the top or ridge of the head down to the base. On the ridge the skull is quite thick, but it is a surprise to find that the skull is only three-sixteenths of an inch thick on the sides, or about as thick as the skull of a man. Its shape and



Old Mose's size compared to that of a man.

the thickness of the muscles give the well-known protection to the brain of the grizzly. From the side the bullet would tend to glance upward and miss the brain unless fired downward at an angle of fifteen to twenty-five degrees.

It is a well-known fact that the habits of an animal have a close relationship to its brain. For this reason the intelligence and life of an animal can only be understood fully when we see the brain and study the relation of part to part. For example, the brains of animals living by sight are largely given up to visual centers. The best example at hand is the brain of the trout, which is largely made up of optic lobes. They occupy about three-fourths of the brain cavity, while the cerebrum is almost wanting. In the shark and skate, on the other hand, most of the brain is devoted to smell and the olfactory bulbs are extremely large, relative to other parts. One can tell by the way a fish bites whether its taste center or eye center is most prominently developed. The eye-minded fish will bite on the run, while the other will nibble the bait.

Now, in the brain of "Old Mose," two centers are enormously developed. They are the centers of smell and hearing, both of which are in the temporal lobe. To our surprise the optic nerve is small and the optic centers very poorly developed. Technically speaking, the upper pair of the corpora quadrigemina, the lowest center of sight, are very much smaller than the lower pair, or the lowest center of hearing. But the olfactory bulbs are developed beyond all comparison. The coyote has been the standard in our laboratory for acute sense of smell, judging by the size of the olfactory bulbs, but he has a weak sense of smell compared to the bear.

The brain is also wide at the back, or across the motor centers, so that the bear had three good faculties—smell, hearing and motor power, while he used his eyes only for objects near at hand and for those probably which are not dangerous to his life. In a word, when his nose said "trap" or "hunter" or "food" he obeyed the word. He lived by this sense very largely, and no doubt his keenness of scent has kept his feet out of many a trap and his body from many a rifle ball.

This bear never did much thinking. Yet

we wonder how a grizzly could live forty years inside of a circle of cities, none of which were more than fifty miles from him, killing cattle by hundreds and sometimes men for variety. Yesterday a man came to look at his hide and fairly wept when he told how his best friend was killed by this old terror of the mountains. Hunters have been after him for years. Traps have been set and all plans known have been executed against his life. He was evidently cunning but not intelligent. It was all instinctive with him.

We do not appreciate his keenness of scent. Lloyd Morgan threw a stone over a bank into loose rock, in the night time, and his dog brought it back eleven times in twenty minutes, depending on his sense of smell for finding it, save as he got the direction from the thrower. The coyote has a much keener scent than the dog, but this old bear would surpass either of them as easily as Sherlock Holmes would surpass the average man in detective work.

It is interesting to build up the character of such an animal as this from his brain. It is easy. He had no moral nature, he did not reason, he did not love or hate, probably. If let alone he was mild and peaceable. If frightened, or injured, or hungry, his instincts said run, crush or kill, and he did it. He lived a purely instinctive life and every animal instinctively tries to preserve its own life. Instincts are for that purpose only. This bear, like some criminals, could not be moved by reason or high motives. He would do the thing that would satisfy his appetite and passions and follow his instincts for self-preservation when pursued. His whole life began and ended within this narrow mental horizon.

#### SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF OLD MOSE.

Age, forty years.

Weight, 1,000 pounds.

Killed: three men, 800 head of cattle, horses, colts, etc.

Shot over one hundred times.

Reward offered for him for thirty years.

Cost of his depredations, \$30,000.

Identified by two toes missing on left hind foot.

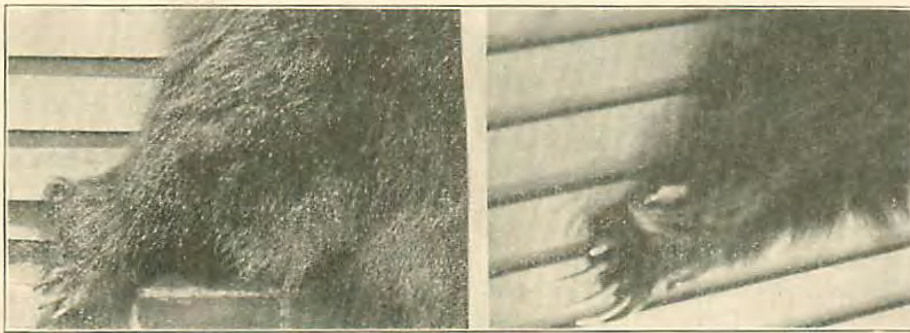
Killed April 30, 1904.



(We personally inspected the hide of "Old Mose" at the Arvada Tannery after it had been tanned, and herewith show a cut of the hide and relative size of man. The man is Mr. L. Klumker, proprietor of the Arvada Tannery, who stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 180 pounds. The hide measured 10 feet from tip of nose to tip of tail; 9 feet 6 inches from tip of front claw to tip of front claw, across shoulders; from tip to tip of ears across the head (hide measure), 18 inches; length of ear (hide measurement), 5

inches (which is small for a grizzly of his weight); width of front foot, 8 inches. The hide was dark and in splendid condition, the fur being of very uniform length. The two inside toes and claws of the left hind foot were gone. The head hide was full of the splintered bullet particles, before it was tanned.—Editor.)

We are indebted to the Denver Post for much of the data and many of the photos published herewith.



A study in bears' claws. The cut to the right is that of the front right foot of Old Mose, showing one claw broken in fight; the one to left is the left hind foot, showing the three claws and part of foot from which the other two claws are missing.

## The Fisherman's Dream.

By LORENA M. PAGE

Oh, for a camp, on the river's side  
Where the stream is calmly flowing,  
Mirroring white in its crystal tide  
All the sycamores, closely growing.  
Then, for tackle strong, and buoyant boat,  
To follow each winding sally—  
And, forgetting all, to gaily float  
'Long the fair Miami valley.

Thus to follow the beautiful stream  
With my line behind me shifting;  
And nothing to do but float and dream,  
My boat with the current drifting.  
Oh, for a pull on the trolling line,  
As gamey fish strove to rally—  
To give him line, and know he was mine,  
In the wide Miami valley.

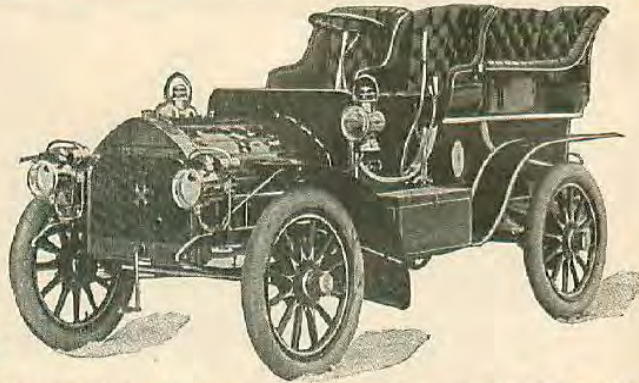
Oh, for some nook by the wide stream's sweep,  
The world forgot, or forgetting,  
To drop my line in the waters deep—  
A snare for the shy fish setting.  
To lie, and almost forget to dream,  
And have naught to do but dally;  
Lulled to rest by the murmuring stream,  
In the still Miami valley.

Then, for a tug—a swish—and a swirl;  
As some fish took the bait, deep-lying;  
To wake to the tune of the reel's gay whirl,  
Ere I pulled him in for frying.  
Then a long, strong pull, against the tide,  
Thro' ripple—and rally—and sally—  
To my canvas home by the river's side,  
In the deep Miami valley.

## The 1904 Haynes

**Tonneau, \$2,550** with top and front glass, two Soler No. 1 gas headlights, two Dietz Regal oil lights, tail light, horn with tube and full equipment; \$2,450, without top and front glass.

**Light Touring Car, \$1,450** having much the same outward appearance as our famous Runabout of 1903, but of higher power and capacity and distinctly a powerful touring car—not a Runabout—the most highly developed car of its type—the perfected product of the older makers of Motor cars in America.



The oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America. Originators of the Only Perfect Balanced Motors on the Market.

The Make and Break Spark with Magneto has been used on the Haynes-Apperson Cars for years and is used on all the leading French cars and is the only Reliable Ignition.

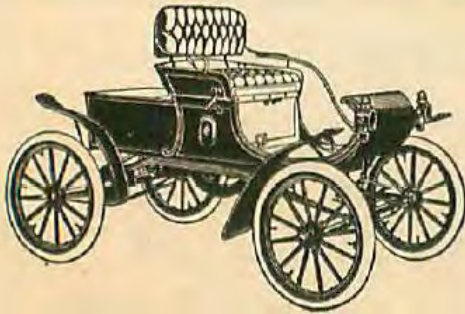
Our cars have the horse-power, the speed and reliability. If you want a reliable car place your orders now and get April deliveries.

Write for illustrated Catalogue.

## The Haynes-Apperson Company,

KOKOMO, INDIANA.

S. C. Shearer, Western Agt., 1711 California St., Denver, Colo.



8 h. p. Standard Runabout.

1904 MODEL

## OLDSMOBILES

"Better and Stronger than ever."

G. E. HANNAN,

1441-1443 WELTON ST., DENVER, COLO.

Distributing agent for the OLDSMOBILE for Colo. Wyo., N. M., and Montana.

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.



SOMEHOW:-

# SAVAGE RIFLES

BRING DOWN

RECORD HEADS

CATALOGUE 28

WITH PARTICULARS ON REQUEST

# WINCHESTER



AUTOMATIC RIFLE  
.22 CALIBER MODEL 1903

## LIKE HISTORY IT REPEATS ITSELF

As a means of pleasure and sport, the Winchester Automatic Rifle is as far ahead of any other .22 Caliber as an automobile is ahead of the historic one horse shay. After loading this rifle, all that it is necessary to do to shoot it ten times is to pull the trigger for each shot. Although automatic in action, it is simple in construction and not apt to get out of order. For city, country or camp it is the gun of the day. To shoot it is to appreciate it. You can handle this rifle and see it shot in our demonstrating booth at the St. Louis Exposition.

*See our Exhibits at St. Louis, in Manufacturers and Fish and Game Buildings.*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

# Reviewing Early Outboard Kickers 1910-1940



5

For over 100 years outboard motors have been taking anglers to fishing hot spots. Sadly, many antique motors are gone except for a small number preserved by collectors. This review examines the legacy of outboard motor ads from the digital Library of 200+ early outdoor magazines at **ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com** (1890-1947). Early magazine ads were counted and sorted to show trends of the winners and losers in the outboard motor market place. A snapshot review is included here. Visit the website for a full review. For specific details on product lines or models and when they started or ended check with the experts at The Antique Outboard Motor Club's website.

Advertising data was organized by decade from 1910 to 1940. No ads were found earlier than 1911. I found a total of 30

brands/companies advertised during the 29 years from 1911 to 1940. Forty three advertisements for 16 different brands of outboard/rowboat motors were found in the 39 magazines from 1911-1920. From the pool of 45 magazines spanning the decade of 1921-1930 I found 108 ads from 12 companies. Magazines from 1931-1940 had 54 outboard advertisements from 10 companies with Elto and Evinrude counted as one.

1899-1910 **14 Magazines** No outboard motor ads were found.

1911-1920 **(39 Magazines)** The earliest outboard motor ad in the Library is by Evinrude on the back cover of *National Sportsman*, June, 1913. Caille outboards had the most ads (8) in this decade followed by Evinrude with 6. Wisconsin and Koban were contenders with 5 ads followed by Porto with 4. Federal, Gray Gearless, Arrow and Jewel Electric each had 2 ads. The one ad category included; Iowa Motor (1914), Motorgo (1914), Sweet (1914), Detroit (1914), Roberts (1914), Ferro (1916) and Columbian (1917).

1921-1930 **(45 Magazines)** The first Johnson ad I found was in *Forest & Stream* 1921. Johnson had the most ads in this period (25) followed by Elto (24) and Evinrude (22). Lockwood-Ash became just Lockwood by 1928 with a total of 14 ads. Previous ad leader, Caille, had 13 ads in this decade. Wisconsin made its last appearance with 2 ads in 1921. Interestingly, the famous motorcycle company, Indian, had 2 ads in 1930. The White Canoe Co advertised an outboard in 1926. The McNabb Rudder, a steering add-on for outboards, had one ad appearing in the May, 1926, issue of *Outdoor America*. The Outboard Motor Co appeared once, May 1930, *Hunting & Fishing*. Johnson had the best ads with color and great graphics. The Clarke Troller was the most

unusual. This gasoline powered motor was totally enclosed and designed to operate underwater.

1931-1940 (41 Magazines) Johnson led the decade with 16 ads followed by Evinrude (11) and Elto (11) with the double brands, Evinrude, had the most ads. Caille ads (4) were last seen in 1934, *Sports Afield*. Neptune, with 3 ads in the decade, first appeared in 1932. Ro-peller, Eclipse and LeJay Troller each had 2 ads. The LeJay Troller appeared in 1938 and then as the LeJay Minn-Kota in 1939. Cross was one ad appearing in 1932 *Hunting & Fishing*. The Clarke Troller was also a onetime ad from 1938.

Summary of ad totals from the Library at [ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](http://ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com).

Johnson – 41 (first appeared in 1921)

Evinrude – 39

Elto – 35

Caille – 25 (last appeared in 1934)

Lockwood-Ash – 6

Lockwood – 8

Koban – 8 (last appeared in 1921)

Other outboard motor names:

**1911-1920** – Iowa Motor, Motorgo, Porto, Sweet, Detroit, Roberts, Federal, Gray Gearless, Ferro, Arrow, Jewel, Columbian.

**1921-1930** – Wisconsin, White, Indian, Outboard Motor Co, McNab Rudder

**1931-1940** – Ro-peller, Cross, Clarke Troller, Neptune, and LeJay Minn-Kota.

I hope you enjoy reading about old motors and seeing some of the ads from early outdoor magazines. For a truly unforgettable antique outboard motor experience I heartily recommend reading *Mantrap* (1926) by Sinclair Lewis. I know I will never look at an old kicker without remembering this story by one of America's greatest writers. The basic information from my Excel spreadsheet with the year, magazine and motor brand follows. If you are lucky enough to find a classic old kicker, be assertive and put it in the living room where it belongs.

- - Bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com

<b>Brand</b>	<b>Year</b>	<b>Magazine</b>
Evinrude	1913-6	NatlSportsman
Caille	1914-4	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1914-4	NatlSportsman
Sears	1914-4	NatlSportsman
Grey Gearless	1914-5	Outer'sBook
Iowa Motor	1914-5	Outer'sBook
Caille	1914-5	Outer'sBook
Wisconsin	1914-5	Outer'sBook
Koban	1914-5	Outer'sBook
Evinrude	1914-5	Outer'sBook
Motorgo	1914-6	OutdoorLife
Porto	1914-6	OutdoorLife
Koban	1914-6	OutdoorLife
Sweet	1914-6	OutdoorLife
Detroit	1914-9	HunterTraderTrapper
Roberts	1914-11	Outer's
Porto	1914-11	Outer's
Federal	1915-8	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1915-8	OutdoorLife
Caille	1915-8	OutdoorLife
Porto	1915-8	OutdoorLife
Gray Gearless	1915-8	AllOutdoors
Federal	1915-8	AllOutdoors
Caille	1915-8	AllOutdoors
Porto	1915-8	AllOutdoors
Ferro	1916-6	Field&Stream
Evinrude	1916-6	Field&Stream
Koban	1916-6	Field&Stream
Wisconsin	1916-6	Field&Stream
Caille	1916-6	Field&Stream
Arrow	1916-6	Field&Stream
Jewel Electric	1917-2	NatlSportsman
Caille	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Wisconsin	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Columbian	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Koban	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Caille	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Arrow	1917-4	NatlSportsman
Wisconsin	1918-5	NatlSportsman
Caille	1918-6	NatlSportsman
Koban	1918-6	NatlSportsman
Wisconsin	1918-6	NatlSportsman
<b>Brand</b>	<b>Year</b>	<b>Magazine</b>
Caille	1921-3	HunterTraderTrapper
Koban	1921-3	HunterTraderTrapper
Koban	1921-5	HunterTraderTrapper
Caille	1921-5	HunterTraderTrapper
Lockwood-Ash	1921-5	HunterTraderTrapper
Elto	1921-6	NatlSportsman

Koban	1921-6	NatlSportsman
Caille	1921-6	NatlSportsman
Lockwood-Ash	1921-6	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1921-6	NatlSportsman
Wisconsin	1921-6	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1921-7	NatlSportsman
Caille	1921-7	NatlSportsman
Wisconsin	1921-7	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1921-9	NatlSportsman
Elto	1921-9	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1921-12	Forest&Stream
Evinrude	1922-2	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1922-2	NatlSportsman
Lockwood-Ash	1922-2	NatlSportsman
Elto	1922-2	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1923-2	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1923-2	OutdoorLife
Caille	1924-2	HunterTraderTrapper
Elto	1924-2	HunterTraderTrapper
Evinrude	1925-8	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1925-8	OutdoorLife
Elto	1925-8	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1925-9	Field&Stream
Elto	1925-9	Field&Stream
Caille	1925-9	Field&Stream
Evinrude	1925-10	Field&Stream
Elto	1925-10	Field&Stream
Johnson	1925-10	Field&Stream
Caille	1925-10	Field&Stream
Johnson	1926-2	OudoorAmerica
Elto	1926-2	OudoorAmerica
Elto	1926-2	OutdoorAmerica
Caille	1926-2	OutdoorAmerica
Lockwood-Ash	1926-2	OutdoorAmerica
Elto	1926-3	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1926-3	OutdoorLife
Lockwood-Ash	1926-4	HunterTraderTrapper
Elto	1926-4	HunterTraderTrapper
Caille	1926-4	HunterTraderTrapper
White	1926-4	HunterTraderTrapper
Johnson	1926-4	HunterTraderTrapper
Evinrude	1926-5	OutdoorAmerica
Evinrude	1926-5	OutdoorAmerica
Elto	1926-5	OutdoorAmerica
Lockwood-Ash	1926-5	OutdoorAmerica
McNab Rudder	1926-5	OutdoorAmerica
Johnson	1926-5	OutdoorAmerica
Elto	1926-7	OutdoorAmerica
Johnson	1926-7	OutdoorAmerica
Johnson	1926-8	OutdoorLife

Evinrude	1926-8	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1926-10	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1927-6	OutdoorAmerica
Caille	1927-6	OutdoorAmerica
Lockwood	1927-6	OutdoorAmerica
Evinrude	1927-6	OutdoorAmerica
Johnson	1927-6	OutdoorLife
Lockwood	1927-6	OutdoorLife
Elto	1927-6	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1927-7	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1927-7	OutdoorLife
Elto	1927-8	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1928-6	HunterTraderTrapper
Caille	1928-6	HunterTraderTrapper
Elto	1928-6	HunterTraderTrapper
Caille	1928-6	Hunting&Fishing
Elto	1928-6	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1928-6	Hunting&Fishing
Evinrude	1928-6	Hunting&Fishing
Evinrude	1928-7	HunterTraderTrapper
Johnson	1928-7	HunterTraderTrapper
Elto	1928-7	HunterTraderTrapper
Lockwood	1928-7	Hunting&Fishing
Elto	1928-7	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1928-7	Hunting&Fishing
Elto	1929-3	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1929-3	Hunting&Fishing
Lockwood	1929-3	Hunting&Fishing
Elto	1929-3	NatlSportsman
Lockwood	1929-3	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1929-3	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1929-3	NatlSportsman
Elto	1929-5	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1929-5	OutdoorLife
Lockwood	1929-5	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1929-5	OutdoorLife
Elto	1929-5	OutdoorLife
Elto	1929-8	Hunting&Fishing
Lockwood	1929-9	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1930-3	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1930-3	NatlSportsman
Indian	1930-3	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1930-4	OutdoorLife
Lockwood	1930-4	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1930-4	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1930-4	OutdoorLife
Indian	1930-4	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1930-5	OutdoorAmerica
Evinrude	1930-5	OutdoorAmerica
OutboardMotors Co	1930-5	Hunting&Fishing
Caille	1930-5	Hunting&Fishing



Johnson	1930-5	Hunting&Fishing
<b>Brand</b>	<b>Year</b>	<b>Magazine</b>
Johnson	1931-5	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1931-5	OutdoorLife
Caille	1931-5	OutdoorLife
Evinrude	1931-6	OutdoorLife
Elto	1932-4	Hunting&Fishing
Caille	1932-4	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1932-4	Hunting&Fishing
Cross	1932-4	Hunting&Fishing
Neptune	1932-4	Hunting&Fishing
Elto	1932-7	Hunting&Fishing
Evinrude	1932-7	Hunting&Fishing
Caille	1932-7	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1933-3	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1933-3	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1933-4	OutdoorLife
Row-Peller	1933-4	OutdoorLife
Elto	1933-4	OutdoorLife
Johnson	1934-4	SportsAfield
Johnson	1934-4	SportsAfield
Elto	1934-4	SportsAfield
Caille	1934-4	SportsAfield
Johnson	1934-4	Outdoors
Elto	1934-4	Outdoors
Johnson	1935-6	SportsAfield
Evinrude	1935-6	SportsAfield
Johnson	1935-6	Outdoors
Johnson	1935-7	Hunting&Fishing
Evinrude	1935-7	Hunting&Fishing
Eclipse	1938-2	NatlSportsman
Elto	1938-2	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1938-2	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1938-2	NatlSportsman
Clarke troller	1938-4	NatlSportsman
Elto	1938-4	NatlSportsman
Neptune	1938-4	NatlSportsman
Ro-Peller	1938-4	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1938-4	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1938-4	NatlSportsman
Bendix Eclipse	1938-4	NatlSportsman
LeJay troller	1938-7	NatlSportsman
Evinrude	1938-7	NatlSportsman
Elto	1938-7	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1939-6	SportsAfield
Evinrude	1939-6	SportsAfield
Elto	1939-6	SportsAfield
LeJay-MinnKota	1939-6	SportsAfield
Elto	1940-5	NatlSportsman
Neptune	1940-5	NatlSportsman
Johnson	1940-5	NatlSportsman

Evinrude	1940-5	NatlSportsman
Elto	1940-6	Hunting&Fishing
Evinrude	1940-6	Hunting&Fishing
Johnson	1940-6	Hunting&Fishing

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# Here He Is Boys - Dixie Carroll

*National Sportsman* February, 1917

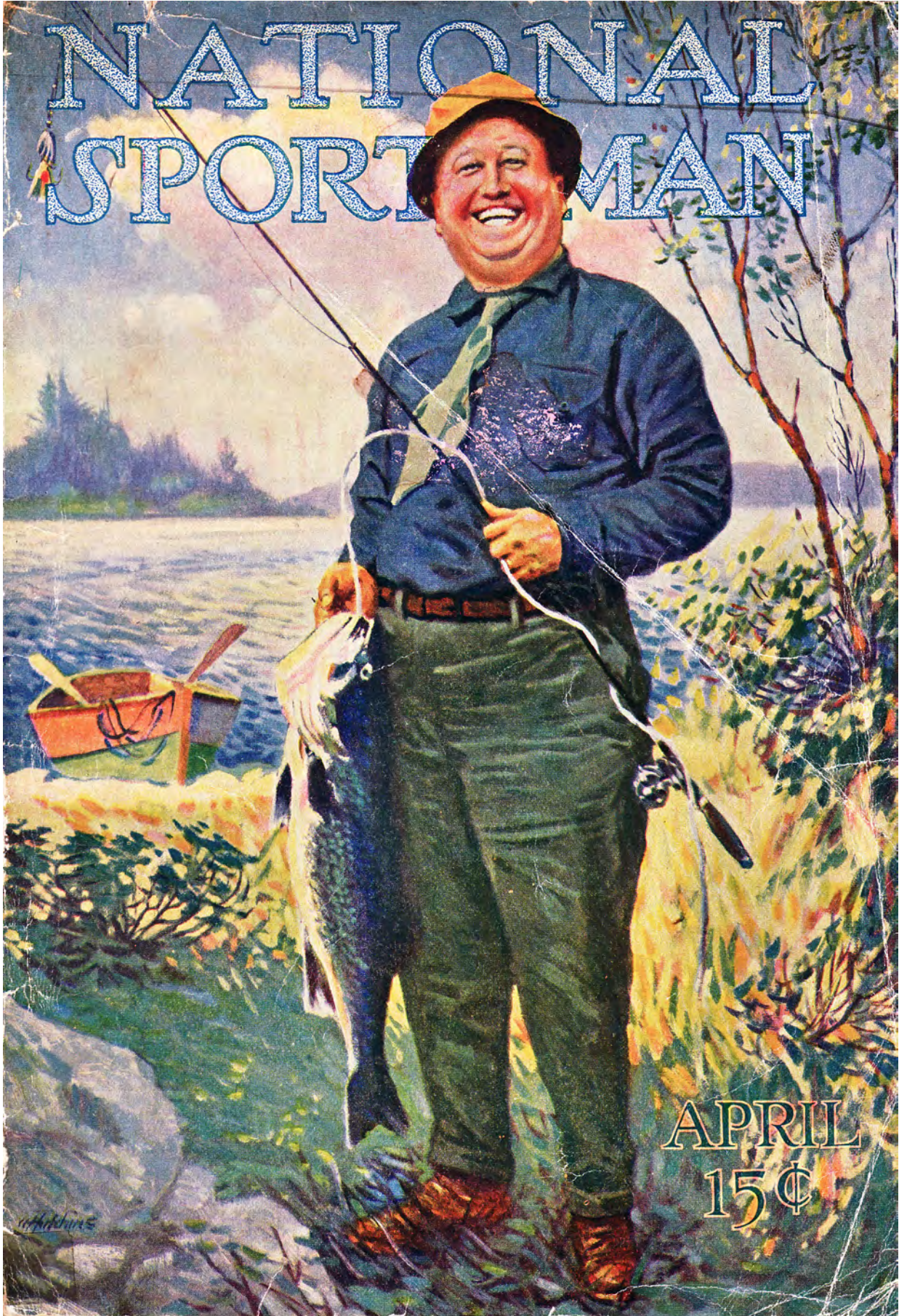


6

The February, 1917, issue of the *National Sportsman* introduced Dixie Carroll, real name Carroll Blaine Cook (born 1883), as the new Fishing Editor. He was soon listed as the magazine Editor. Dixie was well known to anglers through his fishing column in the *Chicago Herald, Rod and Reel*, and an angling book published the same year. The *National Sportsman*, April, 1917, featured Dixie on the cover with a nice picture of him enjoying what he and many of his fans enjoyed most ... fishing. Dixie's style and enthusiasm for enjoying the great outdoors are still discussed regularly by his fans, and I'm one of them. His promotional skills on a national canvas helped build today's network of fishable waters.

My choice to write a small blog on Dixie was based on several legacy posts by the *fishingforhistory* blog. Please examine their posts on this influential writer. This blog examines outdoor history just from the digital library of early sporting magazines at *ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com*. Magazines from *National Sportsman* are well represented in the Library with 31 magazines from 1890 – 1947. Searching the library to extract information on the colorful Dixie Carroll was frustrating. Magazine searches for Dixie yielded many returns after he began in 1917 but abruptly halted early in the 1920s. Why had he stopped being a part of the *National Sportsman*? The final reference to Dixie Carroll found in the February, 1922, *National Sportsman*, explained it all. The note added below let his readers know that he was seriously ill and in the hospital.

I hope Dixie fans enjoy the ads posted below from the digital outdoor library. Dixie would fit well into today's fishing scene. And I bet we would all be buying the products he endorsed and the ideals he promoted such as catch and release and habitat preservation. Dixie is an important part of our outdoor legacy. - - bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com



*Dixie Carroll, Fishing Editor,  
National Sportsman*

**H**ERE he is, boys, our new fishing editor, Dixie Carroll, who will take charge of the Fishing Department of your magazine, commencing with the March number.

Mr. Carroll is a well-known fisherman and sporting writer, who began fishing at the bent-pin stage of the game and has been at it ever since. He has fished from the Hudson Bay country down to the West Indies and from the Maine Woods to the Pacific Coast.

His articles will contain valuable information secured from actual experience, the kind of good stuff that one "pal" gives to another in order to make his fishing trips a success. In addition to his articles, Brother Carroll will answer questions on fishing tackle, camping and equipment, and will be glad to give advice on these subjects to the boys around the camp-fire.

Mr. Carroll is President of the American Anglers League, a mid-west organization that is getting behind the re-stocking of lakes and streams and the "throw the little fellers back" stuff. He also conducts the snappy "Rod and Reel" column of the Chicago Herald.

Here is what Dixie wrote us when we asked him to take charge of our Fishing Department:

"I wish to tell you that I am pleased to know that I will have the pleasure of writing for National Sportsman readers because I have always had a warm spot in my heart for your magazine. It has always appealed to me as being in real close touch with its readers, I cannot explain just why, and it seems to appeal to the sort of fellows who, by instinct, answer to the call of woods and waters."



# AMONG US FISHERMEN

The Whats-What and the Why-For  
 By DIXIE CARROLL  
 Editor

May 1918



National Sportsman

## DIXIE CARROLL Says: "TALLETT'S SILK WOUND BAIT CASTER

certainly stands out as a prince of steel rods. I found it so much to my liking that I am having my old steel fly rod and pet bait caster wound with silk by Mr. Tallett."

The De Luxe steel rod is guaranteed not to break at the joint, rust or buckle.

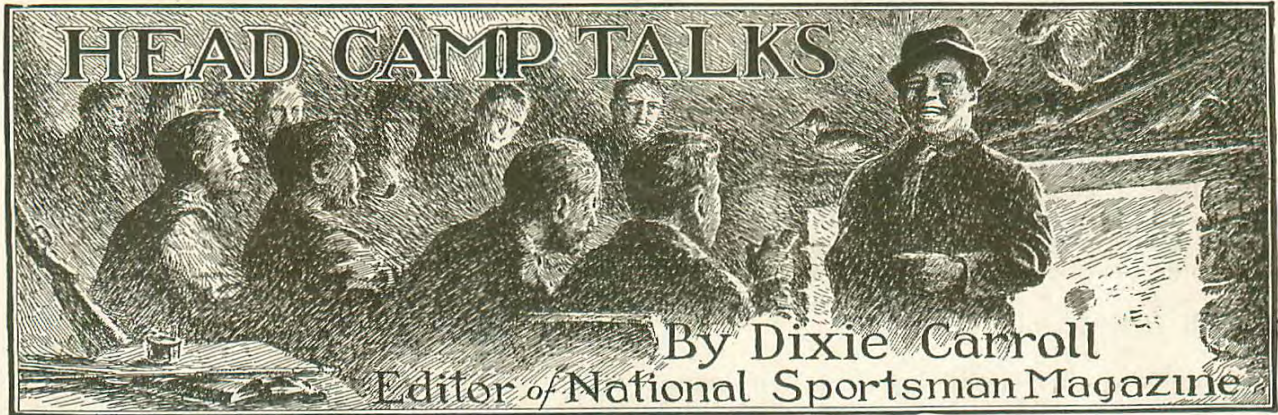
Bait casting, all agate. \$12.50. The equal of any \$25.00 rod on the market.

Bait or fly, 1st guide agate, top agate, snake guides. \$12.50.

The De Luxe finish and reinforcement applied to your old sectional steel rod. \$6.00.

Write for Dixie's complete report and descriptive circular. Send your old rod and have it reinforced so it will be all ready for your next fishing trip.

W. H. TALLETT, Watertown, New York



DIXIE IS SICK

WE at the Head Camp know that you will all miss Dixie's Head Camp talk this month, but the fact is that Dixie is now in the hospital, and has been for some time. We are glad to tell you that he is improving, slowly but surely, and although he has been a very sick man, will probably be back on the job for the March issue. You will find his special article and questions in this issue, as they were prepared some time ago. In a letter received the day of going to press, Dixie wished to be remembered to all the bunch and sent his best wishes to you all for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

HEAD CAMP TALKS

IN Dixie's absence we looked around for some matter to fill this page and we found it. We are going to let some of the brothers talk to you this month, and we think that each and every one of them has a good message. Read the following and you will agree with us.

TOO MANY CLUBS

Editor National Sportsman:

WHAT is going to become of our wild game hunting if there is not a law put into effect soon, prohibiting the leasing of feeding grounds by a few who belong to the Gun and Rod Clubs of the cities, and build small houses on the grounds and hire men to feed the ducks and geese and keep outsiders from poaching.

When the season is open the first day, the ducks and geese have been tamed down like chickens by the daily feedings. That is, when the birds are slaughtered by the hundreds is it no wonder the game is getting scarcer every year?

The bag limit on birds as well as on deer is permitting the hunters to more game than is necessary, I think. So why not cut down on the bag limit some, say from 20 ducks in one week to 15 in one week; 8 geese in one week to 4 in one week; 5 upland birds in one day or 25 in one week which should read, 2 in one day to 12 in

one week. If every one would follow by this letter there would be no scarcity of game for some time.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

P. S. Let's hear from some sportsman on this question about leasing feeding grounds.

BOOM CONSERVATION

Editor National Sportsman:

ENCLOSED please find my subscription for another year as per usual. Your paper is as good as the best and better. Would suggest that you include in your coming issues letters or reports of what each State is doing in the way of conservation. The spawning, planting or hatching of fish, etc. You will be encouraging better and more useful fishermen. A fisherman can be quite a useful fellow if his efforts are directed along the right lines. Information as to what is being done in the different States

National Sportsman Magazine

DIXIE CARROLL, Editor

Entered at Boston Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter

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Feb., 1922

# Riding Montana's Range

Outing March, 1916



7

There's a kinship between early cowboys and those of us that enjoy the great outdoors by hunting, fishing, hiking and camping. As a farm boy from the Great Plains my early ventures into the great wide open usually included make-believe horses which regularly followed trails blazed by cowboy movies. My cowboy inclination faded quickly, after a brief visit with a real horse with no time for little kids, but my love of the great wide open was here to stay. Long before my time, and before my father's time, Vincent Fortune decided to set the record straight about the greatly romanticized cowboy era. His excellent account of a cowpuncher's life on the ranges of western Montana was published in the March, 1916, issue of *Outing*. Vincent's credentials to recount the real cowpuncher story were gleaned from two decades working Montana ranches such as; the "D.H.S.", the "57", the "X.I.T.", the "7 H 7" or the "C2" and others in the Judith Basin.

If you love horses and western history you will enjoy every word of Vincent's "real-deal" account of being a cowboy. His recollections describe the cowboy and horse bond and the difference between a ranch hand and a cowboy. Real cowboys ordered custom made saddles from Cheyenne, Visalia, Helena or Ft. Worth. Their saddles separated them from the "mailorder" cowpunchers. Chaps or chapparajos, were adopted from the southwest for use during cold and stormy weather with the addition of angora wool. Many old-time punchers would work for twenty days at \$1.33 a day to purchase chaps with long, white, flowing angora.

Cowboys longed for many things. Women were queens. Many punchers would ride forty or more miles "on the hurricane deck of a cayuse" just to get a look at the queen after the "moccasin telegraph" had spread the word that she was in the area. Their biggest hope was that the perfect life they lived and loved, riding horses in the great wide open ranges, would never end. The era was brief but the history lives on as strong as ever.

I hope you enjoy Vincent's valuable insight into the cowboy life he led. His description of night herding during a storm is as good as it gets. Please pass this post on to others interested in cowboys and early western history. - - [bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](mailto:bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com)

Here's Vincent's eight page article plus ads and other information from the magazine.



# OUTING

EDITED BY ALBERT BRITT

March

Contents

1916

Cover design from a Photograph by Levick

A PIECE OF COUNTRY BACK IN THE HILLS. Photograph by Williams Haynes . . . . .	Frontispiece
SOME QUAIL DOGS—AND OTHERS. Illustrated with Photographs. Days when the birds were thick and the dogs were good among the Carolina Sandhills . . . . .	Williams Haynes . . . . . 533
NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY. Illustrated with Photographs. Sound advice for those who want to use their cameras with the moon or electric light for illumination . . . . .	Phil M. Riley . . . . . 541
BRER RABBIT AND HIS FAMILY. Photographs. Flashlight and daylight views of our old friend Molly Cotton-tail . . . . .	Howard T. Middleton . . . . . 560
THE OLD-TIME COW-PUNCHER. Not as the novelists describe him or as the movies show him, but as an old puncher knew him . . . . .	Vincent Fortune . . . . . 569
ALONE IN THE CARIBBEAN. Illustrated with Photographs. In which the wanderer climbs a volcano and foregathers with the last of the Caribs . . . . .	Frederic A. Fenger . . . . . 577
PAIR SKATING. Illustrated with Photographs and Diagrams. This tells how to learn to dance on skates . . . . .	Clare Cassel and Pau' Wilson . . . . . 599
OGDEN McCLURG—YACHTSMAN. Photograph. Something about a man who has helped to keep Chicago on the yachting map . . . . .	596
ALWAYS AIM THE SAME . . . . .	550
DINNER TIME IN THE WOODS. Photographs . . . . .	551
CONVINCING THE NEURASTHENIC. With Photograph . . . . .	Albert E. Andrews . . . . . 557
GAME IN THE NATIONAL FOREST . . . . .	559
MAKING BETTER MOTOR BOATS . . . . .	Bradford Burnham . . . . . 565
HOW FAST DOES A BULLET DROP? . . . . .	568
MEASURING WIND VELOCITY . . . . .	591
PUTTING SAILS ON A CANOE. With Photograph and Diagrams . . . . .	Edwin O. Perrin . . . . . 592
THE SPEED THAT COUNTS . . . . .	595
EASY HEAVING ON THE ANCHOR . . . . .	603
THE CHICKEN THIEF. With Photographs . . . . .	Frank C. Pellet . . . . . 606
THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT . . . . .	Edgar White . . . . . 613
HUNTING THE GERMAN HARE . . . . .	B. G. De Vries . . . . . 617
LYIN' LIJE . . . . .	E. E. Harriman . . . . . 622
PUTTING IN AN ENGINE . . . . .	Charles H. Hall . . . . . 628
HOCKEY AND ITS HANDICAPS . . . . .	"Rink Side" . . . . . 631
THE WORLD OF SPORT . . . . .	634
JUST FOR INSTANCE . . . . .	637
AUTOMOBILE ADVICE . . . . .	638



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Every OUTING reader is entitled to the service of the Herbert Whyte Information Department



# The Oldtime Cowpuncher

BY VINCENT FORTUNE

Not According to the Movies, But As One Who  
Rode the Range in the Old Days Knew Him

**H**E Idealized Woman; He Loved His Horse; He Would Go "To The End Of The Road For A Pal."

He had no language of his own except the slang of the atmosphere in which he lived: He did not come from the North nor from the South, nor from the East, nor yet was he necessarily indigenous to the West: He came from all over the United States, hence he had no dialect peculiar to himself.

Did he hail from Texas, his was the soft drawl of that inactive clime—but that was not because he was a cowpuncher and usually a good one: Did he come from Pike County, or were he a native Montanan, his grammar may have been more interesting than polished, but neither was that due to the fact that he was a cowpuncher, and usually a good one. He was a cowpuncher because he was redblooded and reveled in the wild, free life of the big untamed prairie.

Surely in the Hall of Memories of the great outdoor Northwest a niche is reserved for the Oldtime Puncher, but among the tales told of him in story and play, I catch scarce more than a glimpse of the chum whose blankets and grub I shared; whose joys were mine; whose sorrows saddened me; whose work and play were of my daily life.

And why? The answer would appear to be, that the early impression engendered by the "dime-novel," has never been entirely effaced, and the puncher is almost ever pictured as carrying a big gun and an uncontrollable desire to fill somebody full of lead.

Outside of moving pictures, I never saw a Western sheriff (invariably an excowpuncher), pull a "gun" (quite frequently from the wrong side) just because some excited horseman loped up to a popular drinking parlor and dismounting from the "Indian" side of his horse, informed the waiting populace that, everything agreeable, Red Mike could be depended upon to hold up the stage at any agreed point, along about the middle of the second reel.

I also never saw him wear that long black coat, nor that masquerade mustache. That sort of a sheriff would have had so many guns taken away from him that he would have found it impossible to have kept himself properly mobilized.

During twenty years of active cowpuncher life in Montana, whither came riders from every section of the North American continent, I saw but three gunfights in which the cowboys participated. Two of these were between punchers and gamblers who had tried to "do" them, and the other

(569)

between rival outfits, the outcome of senseless bantering and too much booze.

Had the promiscuous shooting indulged in by story writers and movie actors actually taken place in that sparsely settled region, survivors of the period would now be more scarce than Aztecs.

I have seen numerous hand to hand conflicts, which if not scientific were at least on the square, but the gunfight was about as infrequent as the terrible "stampede," of which city dwellers love to romance.

### *The Mythical Stampede*

I rode the range when cattle were as "wild as deer"; I nightherded in the soft moonlight of the glorious Northern summer, and when the cold wind drifted the stinging snows of late fall; I stood guard on nights of inky blackness during electrical storms so weird and eerie as to make me cower in fear and wish that I were anywhere rather than in the zone of rain soaked cattle with great phosphorescent balls dangling ghostlike from the long hairs of their ears. And the steers on such nights, as the roar of thunder filled the air with the noise of battle, would scurry this way and that in their fright, and when all was panic in the pitchy black, made more terrifying by the sizzling, spitting, snapping flashes of lightning, I saw many an animal laid low by bolts from the angry skies. We riders were kept mighty busy lest we "lose the herd," and by the cold light of a cheerless dawn we found ourselves perhaps more than a mile from the original bed-ground, but we had had no stampede.

I do not say that there never was a stampede, but I never was in one, I never saw one, I never was on a round-up where one occurred, and I never met a cow-puncher who had ever seen or been in one—not the kind you read about. There really was sufficient of actual danger always present, without that spectacular myth so popular in dramatics.

To be sure there was much shooting.

Many times we would ride down "Main Street" firing volleys into the air, and if we liked him well enough, we even rode into his joint and "smoked 'em up," between drinks. But nobody was a bad man. If he were so bent, he did not prosper, because some peacefully inclined puncher was certain to become cross and beat him up, and greatly to his embarrassment, with the bad man's own gun.

The rider who persistently wears a gun began to appear about the time that the small rancher came into the country, and as no drastic legal procedure has been undertaken to suppress him, he has, like any other pest, prospered. He was instantly dubbed a "mailorder" cowpuncher by the oldtimer, because when he arrived from some port along the cornbelt, he was accompanied by a machine made saddle dispensed by some great mail-order house. The saddle did not cost much more than half as much as did the hand-made creation of the artist of Cheyenne, Visalia, Helena, or Fort Worth, but then it did not last quite half so long either.

Saddles! Never did society beauty devote more care or anxiety in the selection of hat or gown than did the oldtimer in deciding on his saddle. After weeks and weeks of earnest study of highly illuminated photographic suggestions of their art, submitted by the Worths of the saddle world, and tremendous thought as to whether a "Visalia," length of "tapederos," would it be "full-hand-stamped," "single-rig," all weighty, mighty questions, decision is made and a heavy burden lifted from the tired brain, to be supplanted by days of uncertainty lest the realization, after all, prove disappointing.

The saddle always came C. O. D., for who ever heard of a cowpuncher having fifty or sixty dollars in cash! Whatever amount he happened to be shy when the express messenger delivered the consignment, he would have the boss make good, with the understanding that it should be "worked out."

The mail-order cowpuncher is elder

brother to the movie actor variety, (whose race is about run). This latter article on his long-tailed horse, would have met up with a lot of hard luck in almost any cow-town, had he drifted in along among the early "eighties." Like the parcels post species, he invariably makes a specialty of celebrating Fourth of July and other summer events, in huge fur chaps. It is a matter of speculation, as to why he does not add a fur coat and a muff to his wardrobe.

Chaps or chaparrajos, were first worn in the Southwest to protect the punchers' legs from the heavy, thorny underbrush common to those prairies, and were later introduced into the North, and there adopted for cold and stormy weather work. From the plain leather of the early style, they evolved into the very picturesque and expensive angora wool variety. Many an oldtime puncher has worked twenty days at \$1.33 to pay for a pair of long, white, flowing angora.

When the oldtimer rode into town socially bent, his first office was to remove his chaps and spurs and either hang them over the horn of his saddle, or throw them into the corner behind the "bar." He would as soon have thought of parading around in them as he would have desired to carry a cane.

Examination of the make-up of the latter day idea will reveal under the splendid fur chaps some popular brand of overalls. Now you could no more have talked the old timer into a pair of overalls than you could get him to wear a silk hat. His trousers may have lost their crease, but overalls were intended for ranch hands and such, and he—why, he was a cowpuncher.

Some punchers were as finicky about their clothes as a floor-walker. I clearly recall "Curly" Jackson who always reported for spring roundup in a "boiled" shirt, all nice and white.

He was especially conspicuous because all the rest of the riders wore just ordinary soft, colored ones. For the first two or three weeks he would wear that nice white shirt as designed by the maker. Then for two or three

weeks he would reverse the regular order of things and wear it back to front. About this time when he loped past you in the breeze, the fluttering of that garment reminded you forcibly of the faded pennants surmounting a large and successful street fair. From now on, it did not make much difference which way Curly wore that nice white shirt, and then he settled down to our plebeian plane.

However, there was never any feeling of security, because we knew that next spring would certainly bring another period of caste humiliation.

#### *Always Going to Quit*

Every fall when the cold winds came and he realized that in the pleasures of summer he had forgotten to provide against the rigors of winter, the oldtimer would cast up his "time," and having never to exceed a month's wages due, he would solemnly aver that never again would he ride the range. He would go back to God's country and there pursue an occupation that would provide labor the twelvemonth. Often he would make good the threat to sell his "rig" but, usually in order that he might buy winter clothes.

He would, of course, be completely out of funds when the last car of "beef" was loaded for Chicago, and for a day or two his survey of life was indeed gloomy. But, pshaw! I have seen that same sad expression worn by many a cow-pony standing out alone in a drifting snow. Let into shelter, no matter how slight, with good companions, and instantly his cares are forgot. And the cow-pony and the cow-puncher were close akin.

He would somehow find his way to the "Home-ranch" of the "D. H. S," the "57," the "C2," or some other big outfit, prepared to visit until spring—and he was welcome.

Now merely because he elected to stay all winter with some favored outfit did not by any possible interpretation mean that he contemplated working for his board. Remember, he was a cow-puncher, not a ranch hand. I

have known him to loaf around a home ranch all during the cold months, and never even deign to cut a stick of wood to keep the fire going in the cabin, because, perhaps, the cook failed to properly humble himself when suggesting it. Had the cook displayed ethical knowledge of the situation, the puncher doubtless would have cut all of the wood, as a matter of good fellowship. But he-cooks had to be kept in their place.

There was another kind of cook whose woodbox was ever full.

Had you as a stranger in the country come upon a ranch-house with a pile of wood, all sawed and split, that reached higher than the top of the chimney, and had seen yet other stove length pieces flying up to add to the already astounding heap, you would probably have received the impression that here was a woodyard in a most uncommon place. Seeing nothing but prairie for miles in every direction, you would have wondered where the product might be marketed.

Being a stranger, you could not, of course, know that that house contained a goodlooking girl, either a member of the family, or the daughter of a neighbor, whose duty it was to cook. Had you gone around the corner of the house, you would have seen two or three cow-punchers armed with ax and saw, prepared and yearning to cut all the stove wood in the world. Close-up inspection would have revealed the same punchers who would not cut one little piece of wood to save the life of a he-cook. In town, you take your girl to the theater, to receptions, to a dance, but the old-timer, why he just went out and chopped up a lot of wood for her.

Often I wish that magic might hark me back to the years ago, to the court of a queen at whose feet, in utter, absolute peonage are lying big, red-blooded hearts whose piston pulsings pray only that they be trod upon and bruised. I am not the only puncher who has ridden forty, fifty, yes, seventy-five miles on the hurricane deck of a cayuse, just to get a look at this queen, when "moccasin" tele-

graph would carry the news that she had come among us. And when I had arrived, there was a bunch of other punchers already on the scene, who had just happened there, even as I.

Pretty soon school would let out, and at least seven or eight earnest minded men would undertake to saddle Her pony and help Her to mount. On the way home, perhaps two or three miles distant, She would have unconditional offers of at least seven or eight good saddle ponies that could "single-foot." Let me say for this queen, that though she may not have been mistress of all the wiles of the coquette, each one of us punchers knew pretty well whose horse she was going to accept.

#### *Dressing to Kill*

We didn't have much in the way of evening dress in those old days, but had you met up with one of the boys loping along the trail, just barely able to look out over the top of about three shimmering silk handkerchiefs fastened coyly about his neck, you would have known that he was on his way to a levee. His outward indifference may have served but to conceal any inward timidity akin to panic, but away down deep he knew that this day at least was his. It is true that perhaps the very next day he might have put his saddle on the worst outlaw horse in the country and deliberately ridden into her presence and there made him buck his worst, in the devout hope that perhaps, he, the faithful one, might receive at least a broken neck. Perhaps then, she might be sorry.

She did not have any rivals, this queen. No need that She rest uneasy scheming to circumvent some other queen. She,—all she had to do, was just to be queen.

And she was some queen. I wish that I might meet her again.

Let's not dismiss the He-cook so abruptly.

He was supreme around the mess-wagon and the cook-tent, and he had his aspirations, as have other men. To break camp in the early hours, about

four A. M. in summer, and by hard driving of four good horses, beat the other cooks to the next camping place, and have his wagon set in the choice place and fire going while the other cooks were yet preparing, was his idea of accomplishment.

If all went well he was usually pretty good natured, though the crankier he became under imaginary adversity, and the drunker he got when we reached town, the better cook was he. But no matter how hard the work; no matter how bad the weather; no matter how poor and scarce the water, nor how short the grub, the real round-up cook never deserted—not in the time of trial. However, he might surprise you.

For instance, there was "Sorrel Top," who presided over the commissary of an Oregon outfit that had brought in two trains of cattle to be delivered to the Indians on the Black-foot Reservation in Montana. The stock were unloaded at Cascade and held up to rest before starting the long drive across country. That very night a rain came on that lasted three days. It washed miles of railroad out of the country; the lowlands became small seas, and substantial houses left their moorings and floated about. Big four year old steers died of exhaustion, and the boys holding the herd were about all in, when the storm abated.

All during this trying time, Sorrel Top prepared his three hot meals a day and hot coffee at all hours, with only Dutch ovens, and no suggestion of shelter. The boys insisted afterwards that he sang all day long and far into the night as cheerfully as though he had not a care in the world.

When the storm cleared away and the bright sun burst forth again, one of the owners went out to view the wreck. The first person he encountered was Sorrel Top, who, without any introductory formality of any sort, insisted in the wildest and most villainous language that he immediately be given his pay, as he was going to quit, THEN! Not at some future date, when all was agreeable, but THEN!

He was just a moving bunch of alkali and 'dobe from the leaky boots to the longest, most indignant yellow hair that stood menacing right at the apex of his weatherbeaten dome, and he surely presented a queer appearance, besides being vexed.

The owner tried to reason with him; told him that the storm was all over and that nice weather was due for a long time. There was no changing the fiery determination to quit. He swore upon good information, so he stated, that that particular outfit was the most undesirable layout that ever hooked to a mess-wagon; that the owners, singly and together, arose from a questionable race, and that so far as he was concerned they were privileged to start at once upon a journey from which no one has thus far returned.

The owner was so overcome by the complimentary things said about himself and partner, by the eloquent Sorrel Top that he could scarcely wait to accede to the demands made. In admiration for this well cultivated talent, he took Sorrel Top back to town with him, and bought him a lot of drinks and some dry clothes. Seven years later, I found the belligerent cooking for the same company.

#### *Wintering in Havre*

And there was Zach Larson. My mouth waters even now when I think of those hot biscuits that he served so generously when you rode in from last guard along about daylight. Now a cook who will go to the trouble of manufacturing a hundred or more biscuits for a three-thirty o'clock breakfast cannot fairly be called a grouch. A combination of those delicacies, hot, black coffee, fried potatoes, canned tomatoes, and a hunk of veal, nice and tender, with a generous portion of gravy, would just about placate the most sensitive system. Sounds like quite a breakfast, does it not? But you never rode from eighteen to twenty hours a day, and consequently really know very little about an early morning appetite.

Zach decided one fall that he would winter in Havre, a new railroad town and a bad one. The population of Havre included Chinamen and their women and negroes and their paramours, on the trail of the colored soldiers at Fort Assiniboine seven miles west; tin-horn gamblers, and the other usual tough elements common to new railroad towns.

Zach was warned that to winter in Havre entailed a necessity to fight his way to recognition, before he could reasonably hope for a peaceful life. He did not hesitate—he was some fighter and willing to take a chance.

The last train of beef was loaded at Big Sandy, and the ambitious cook swung onto the moving caboose, waving a reassuring goodby to those of his friends who might question his ability to successfully establish himself among the prominent citizens of Havre.

The boys accompanying the train to Chicago did not neglect to remind Zach of his considerable undertaking, and during the two hours run to the winter resort, a quart, in addition to what he had consumed before starting his journey, made the chef about prime. His destination reached, Zach shook hands with the boys, wished them a good trip and good market, and then walking up to the biggest man on the station platform, pulled a haymaker from a deep hole in the ground and lifted that gentleman out into space.

The astonished resident picked himself up and, seeing Zach, inquired in approved Havre terms who he was and what were his intentions. He was advised: "I have come down here to winter, you big blankety, blank—"

Next spring Zach related that Havre was not such a hard place to get along in after the first four or five weeks.

The oldtime puncher would not work for his board, and his attitude toward all work performed other than mounted is illustrated by a story of Bill Bullard, one of the best men that a big owner ever entrusted with the care of the beef herd.

One spring, weeks before round-up, Bill found it necessary to seek employ-

ment, for he harkened to the wanderlust and had become estrayed from his range. Of course he was broke. Having played upon the sympathy of the stage driver, he reached the John O. Ming horse ranch, now one of the famous wheat farms of the fertile Judith Basin, and sought work. The foreman told him to join some ranch hands who were loading a wagon with posts and other material, preparatory to corral building.

"What horse shall I ride?" inquired Bill.

"Horse!" replied the foreman. "Horse! You don't ride any horse at all building corrals on this ranch. When you build corrals on this ranch," he concluded with what he doubtless surmised killing sarcasm, "you ride a crow-bar and a longhandled shovel."

"Well, under them circumstances," Bill assured him, "I don't think I care for a clerkship on this ranch." And he talked the dazed foreman into loaning him a horse to ride to the next ranch.

#### *The Only Horseless Job*

There was a service that a cow-puncher could render, however, other than riding, and not lose caste. He could be a bartender. He couldn't go around being a bartender in big towns and maintain his good standing, but he could 'tend bar in a cow-town for a friend. Running back through the interesting pages of the days then, I cannot recall a single puncher who did not at some time express the hope that he might become the proprietor of a saloon. His ambition never led him so far from the range as to picture for his very own a gilded hall filled with cut glass and brilliant lights in the heart of a big, busy city.

No, his conception of the upper life was to guide the destiny of the "Star" or "Eclipse," in Chinook, Malta, or Miles City. Added to a reasonably good bar, a combination pool and billiard table, a couple of poker tables, with here and there a view of some large brewery, and a calendar displaying considerable of the anatomy of a

comely fat girl—perhaps twice the size of a horse near which she might chance to be posing,—would about complete the most attractive resort imaginable. If there was anything in the line of big business beyond that, he happily knew nothing of it.

I wish that you might see him. He is standing behind the end of the bar of the "Crescent Saloon—Licensed Gambling," that contains not to exceed fifty dollars worth of goods—wholesale—and he wears the air of weighty matters fitting to be considered by a man of importance in the community. A crowd of his friends is gathered about him, buying and standing him off, and they are discussing horse. Awaken an oldtimer by the blast of Gabriel's summons and it is an even bet that he will start talking horse. He never had anything else to talk about, unless it was an occasional cow on the prod, and then his horse figured in some manner.

Of course he would talk "girl," but he never, never under any circumstances selected the saloon as the place to do so, and if you desired to mix it with a really mad cow-puncher, you could have found ready accommodation by just casually mentioning something in a bar-room about any girl, unless she happened to be public property, and then you had best be a little kindly. If perchance the girl of whom you spoke happened to be the particular girl of some one present, or of some one whose pal was present, then God help you, mister. I am you know, speaking of the oldtime puncher, and not of the latter day product.

Back in the late Eighties Slim Crawford had behaved most strangely all summer, and the boys wondered what could have so changed his usually sunny nature. He had not exactly become a crank or a tightwad, but neither did he display that cheerful inclination to go to town and join the merry crowd, when opportunity presented itself. It was concluded that he must be in love, and as of course he denied it, everyone became convinced of it and consequently concerned.

However the day that beef loading was finished found Slim actually presiding over the "Irrigator," which he had quietly opened in an old shack. The shock was immense!

Then we slowly realized how much better to exercise self control. Slim's sacrifices of the fleeting summer had already reaped their merited reward. He was Proprietor of a Saloon! Each of us might just as well have been proprietors of a saloon, but alas, it was too late! Slim was the only character among us with force sufficient to carry victory.

His scheme included as bar-tender-partner the most popular puncher who ever "forked" a horse, and whose paintings of Indians and cow-boys have long since won him recognition as the greatest artist of things western.

#### *A Dream That Passed*

Nothing ever equaled that opening. It was easily the most splendid event of the history of the range. So auspicious were things, so successful the undertaking, that Slim concluded to go up to Great Falls for a week or two before settling down for the winter. It was generally supposed by those on the inside that he intended to give some of the proprietors of the big places valuable suggestions along the lines of conducting a popular place.

Before departing Slim held several lengthy conferences with the other member of the firm concerning business generally, but especially as to how to "make up cash."

When he returned after an absence of about two weeks, he found the Irrigator dry, and the following note in the cash drawer:

"Friend Slim:

Run out of stock. No cash, but have the books with me. The boys will pay on the round-up. I am going to winter with the Bearpaw Pool. See you in the spring.

Yours,

RUSSER.

Slim was back in the ranks next season, and was collecting bar bills all summer. But he had owned a saloon.



And all through the winter months he would talk horse. He would talk horse to the other punchers, to his girl, to the cook even—to anyone who would listen he would talk horse. He would tell about the time that Old Rowdy played out all the other ponies on the round-up, the time that the circle left Sunprairie and camped that day at Alkali Springs. Everybody else packed his saddle that day when his horse could go no farther, but "Old Rowdy had never even turned a hair."

Winners of the long, trying rides, where the stamina of the wellbred horse told over that of the coldblood, that fell by the wayside, never for a moment claimed credit for the feat. Everybody by common consent was supposed to understand how to ride his mount to the best advantage. It was "Turk," or "Bummer," or "Red Ears" or some other good performer to whom honors belonged.

And in the spring when the grass began to show green, the puncher was as impatient for the round-up, as the man, who, finding himself at last released from long exile, chafes at the delay that prevents his homeward start. Forgotten are the dreary days of last fall and the resolution to never again punch cows. Letters are written—some specimens quite worthy of preservation—or word is sent to this foreman or that owner. Speculation is rife. Will the horses be fat? Will grass be good and make fat beef?

Does he happen to be the one who last fall sold his saddle to take up that never journeyed trip to God's country, there is no great cause to worry. The "X. I. T." or the "7 H 7" will give him an order on the store for a new one, and soon he is out again, riding miles in every direction hunting for the saddle horses turned loose at the end of last season, even as he was, and now drifted back to their own ranges.

A horse's own range is either where he was foaled, or where some favorite mare holds court—for these old cowponies being male persons, were a mighty susceptible lot, and being male persons, they no doubt found pleasure in relating to admiring, or at least

politely attentive ladies, deeds of their prowess on the round-up, and perhaps too, they may have expressed opinions more or less favorable of the men who rode them.

And now the mess-wagon and the bed-wagon are loaded again. His top is saddled; old friends are greeted; the newcomer from Texas and Wyoming is sized up; the ponies themselves renew old acquaintanceships, and as they rub noses, issue challenges for tests of speed and endurance during the coming campaign, and all is ready for another eight months of the carefree, hard life of daring, achievement, and fun.

The captain, usually foreman for the largest outfit on the range, takes command, and never did troop more readily yield to discipline. In town, or during idle hours in camp, he might play a little draw or stud with the boys, but when the horses are saddled, and work to be done, he is boss supreme.

And he saw to it that there were no sixshooters strapped to his riders to make them look like bad men, and incidentally, as Pinnacle Jake used to put it, "to give them kidney sores."

It was twilight for the oldtime puncher when the wire fence began to circumvent him, but, when the steam plow drifted on the range, it was darkest mid-night.

For he had passed, even beyond the passing of the Indian.

From poor Lo they took his freedom, but in return gave him the Reservation, which, however faintly, is hallowed nevertheless by the spirit of the Hunt and is his own and his people's.

But for the Oldtime Puncher, what? From him they took his range and made of it a farm, peopled by beings who toil afoot!

And even that were not iconoclasm sufficient—for, in wanton infamy, they have mocked his high mettled little chum who knew only the aristocratic atmosphere of the Remuda, and in wicked derision likened unto him the humble beast that draws the plow.

Grief bows the head of the Oldtime Puncher. "His heart is on the ground!"

# Who They Are

## *Snapshots of the Contributors to This Month's OUTING*

WILLIAMS HAYNES, "Some Quail Dogs—and Others." A specialist in dogs. Author of numerous OUTING Handbooks on doggy subjects.

PHIL M. RILEY, "Night Photography." Editor of the *Photo-Era* and an authority on practical photography.

ALBERT E. ANDREWS, "Convincing the Neurasthenic." President of the Huntington (Ind.) Fish and Game Propagating Association and a Director of the Indiana Fish and Game Forest League. Works on a newspaper and spends as much time away from his work as possible.

BRADFORD BURNHAM, "Making Better Motor Boats." Connected with one of the largest marine engine companies in the country.

VINCENT FORTUNE, "The Old-Time Cow-Puncher." Began to herd cattle and horses at the age of eleven—for real money. At thirteen carried mail from Florence to Fort Shaw, Montana, traveling sixty miles a day. Later rode the ranges all over Montana and ran three or four large and small cattle outfits.

FREDERIC A. FENGER, "Alone in the Caribbean." See January OUTING.

CLARE CASSEL; PAUL WILSON, "Pair Skating." See February OUTING.

FRANK C. PELLET, "The Chicken Thief." An amateur naturalist who began as a lawyer in Iowa, but found that desk work was unfair to the legs. Editor of a bee journal.

EDGAR WHITE, "The Days of Real Sport." Works for a newspaper in Missouri and spends as much time as possible in the section described in this article.

B. G. DE VRIES, "Hunting the German Hare." Is really a doctor, but his studies abroad have been broken up at every opportunity by sporting pilgrimages in which he has seen European sport from the inside.

E. E. HARRIMAN, "Lyin' Lije." See February OUTING.

CHARLES H. HALL, "Putting in an Engine." A practical boat builder and designer. At present connected with a marine publication.

"RINK SIDE," "Hockey and Its Handicaps." The pseudonym of a well known New York writer on sporting subjects.

[530]



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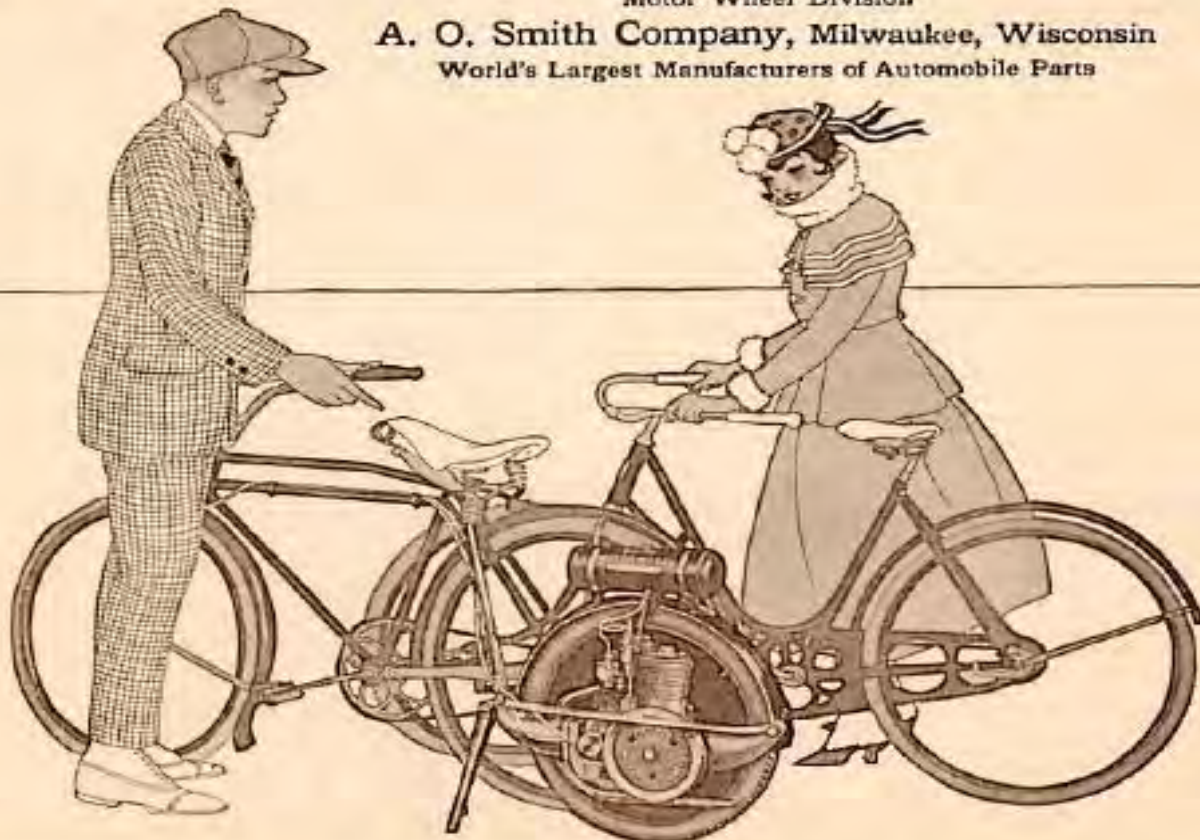
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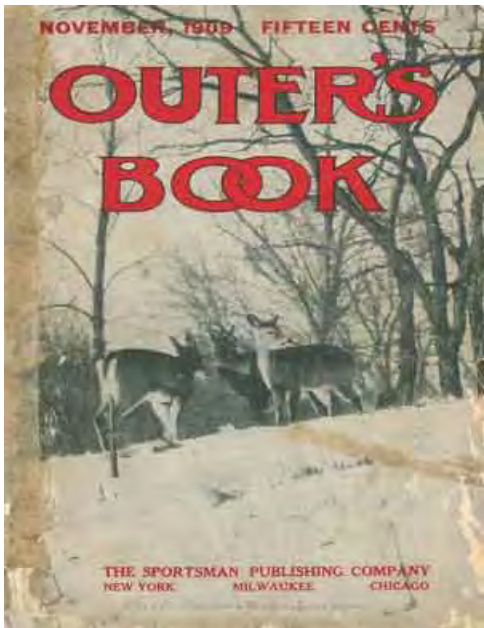
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# Hunting the Indian Territory (I.T.)

*Outer's Book* November, 1909



8

Elmer Smith describes a typical “big boys hunting/camping trip” in this article from *Outer's Book*, November, 1909. Elmer and seven friends took their “annual southern hunt” in the Indian Territory (I.T.), present day southeast Oklahoma.

On January 1, 1907, the hunting party packed their guns and gear and left Gridley, Illinois, bound for Hartshorne, Indian Territory. Gridley is about 80 miles southwest of Chicago.

Note: Antique purists know to check early office equipment, file cabinets, desks, lamps, chairs, etc., for the “I.T.” stamp.

The hunters arrived in Hartshorne the next day. Several friends helped them setup a camp on Jack Fork Creek in the Jack Fork Mountains about 20 miles south of Hartshorne.

After two weeks of hunting this area with what seems to have been a pretty heavy footprint they moved to Anderson Creek, about 18 miles away, where game was more abundant.

There are many interesting articles in the Library but this one caught my attention as I paged through the magazines because I am familiar with the subject area. A while back I had the good fortune to work throughout Oklahoma, often with the fine folks in the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation. Oklahoma is a unique state with a unique history. If you have never been to Oklahoma do yourself a favor and take a visit to one of our most interesting states. You won't be disappointed. Oklahoma's diverse habitats and rugged landscapes are thoroughly blended with interesting cultures and wonderful people. Check with my friends at the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation for hunting & fishing information.

A couple of things in this article caused me to do a double take. First, they do annual winter hunting trips to the south. This trip must have taken at least three weeks and maybe closer to one month! That's pretty generous time off for an off-season vacation. I am also curious about hunting permits and licenses. This concept wasn't mentioned. Maybe none was needed at that time. I wonder if any of the Indian Territories issued hunting permits and is so, are any of these historical documents available? I also noted that the hunting party held local host and hunting guide Jim Threet in high regard for his hunting skills and woods-wise counsel. He sounds like the type of hunting companion we all want to have along on our next trip.

Teddy Roosevelt unified this patchwork quilt of boundaries and jurisdictions into one state on November 16, 1907, just a few months after this hunting trip. Here's the article and a couple ads from the November, 1909, *Outer's Book*. – bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com



"OUR PARTY WAS A LARGE ONE"

## A DEER HUNT IN THE SOUTHWEST

By ELMER SMITH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ON January 1st, 1907, eight of us, loaded with the usual complement of guns, trunks, and valises, left Gridley, Illinois, for our annual hunt in the South, accompanied by the well wishes of the crowd who came to see us off. We also carried four mince pies, which same promptly began to make trouble. At Chenoa, and before we were well started on our journey, a special guard had to be organized to look after those pies, and then everybody kept an eye on the guard. By such extraordinary caution the pies were saved until midnight, when somebody moved that they be eaten. The motion carried unanimously, and then our troubles, together with the pies, promptly disappeared.

We were bound for the Indian Territory. For several years we had been going to the South for a winter hunt, and our destination this year was Hartshorne, where we had a number of friends who provided a royal entertainment for us during our stay. A point twenty miles south of Hartshorne, in

the Jack Fork mountains, was chosen for the scene of our hunt, and early on the following morning we were on the move. Augmented by our Hartshorne friends, our party was a large one. The trip over the mountains was exceedingly pleasant, and we reached our camping place on the bank of Jack Fork Creek at about four o'clock in the afternoon. On the way out quite a number of quail had been killed, and while some of the boys put up the tents, others got busy with the supper. By dark we had everything ship-shape, and supper being announced, we all fell to with appetites sharpened by our long walk. We were after deer but we spent several days in hunting small game such as quail, squirrel, etc., and in fishing the small streams for bass. The fish, however, were not striking well at this season of the year, but a few were caught, among them a 5½-pound bass which was a beauty.

We had a lively, jolly crowd, and after the day's hunt was done, and the supper dishes cleared away, we gathered round the camp fire and swapped stories, telling of previous hunts, and thrilling escapes from



"JIM IS A GREAT HUNTER AND UNDERSTANDS THE MOUNTAINS"

*ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com*



killing something. Then Bill Drum, looking like the Sunday-school superintendent in disguise, would entertain the crowd with a few select songs and a jig or two, and some of his comical stories. About the time the boys were ready to turn in, Bill would single out an unsuspecting victim, get him seated by the camp fire, and either talk him to sleep or stay with him until 4 A. M. Bill's average sleeping time for a night for the time we were out, was, as he said "An hour and a half, and twenty minutes."

One day, after an unsuccessful deer drive, Mike and Bill Drum started out to look for bear signs. After an hour's tramp they reached the main prong of Jack Fork Creek, and Bill discovered a large hollow sycamore tree which showed unmistakable signs of having been used as a bear den—but the bear was not at home. Looking around a little, they found another smaller tree, hollow and broken off by the wind, about five feet from the ground. The bear must be in there they thought, but to get him out was the problem. There was a small hole at the bottom of the tree, and Bill concluded to put his head in and look up. If anything "darked de hole" they would know the bear was there. About the time Bill got his head and shoulders in the hole, he heard a great scraping and scratching above. He thought the bear was outside and coming down. He undertook to back out rapidly, but stuck fast.

"Shoot him, Mike, before he gets me," yelled Bill, and then he used up most of his choice language he had been saving for corn planting time the next spring, and with a mighty jerk he backed out, minus his vest and suspenders. He seized his gun, but was much relieved to see a big hoot owl flapping off through the tree tops. Bill's dreams were full of bear tracks for a week.

After a few days' sport our visitors returned to their homes and we were left alone except for Jim Threet, who remained to drive deer for us, and was with us almost all the time we were out. Jim is a great hunter, understands the mountains thoroughly, and can run like a hound. He is blessed with an inexhaustible fund of good nature, and his smile is as pleasant as sunshine on a frosty morning. After two weeks of hunting in our first camp, we decided to move to Anderson Creek, a distance of about eighteen miles. Wagons were engaged, and

we struck camp and pulled out. I will venture to say that there was not a man in the crowd that ever saw anything to equal a portion of that road. It was worse than the far famed "Rocky Road to Dublin." We reached camp at about 5:30 o'clock, and had to hustle to get things in shape before dark. After supper a bunch of tired boys went to bed in good season.

The hunting here was much better. There was more game, and the mountains were not so high. After a day or two Jim went to town one afternoon for the mail. Will Savage brought him out the next day, and on the road they succeeded in getting a shot at a bunch of turkeys, and brought a fine gobbler into camp. Will prepared and cooked the turkey, and we enjoyed a Thanksgiving supper that was out of sight—in about twenty minutes. On the second day a couple of Hartshorne gentlemen came over with a fine bunch of dogs, and the way they would tune up when on a hot trail, was enough to make the heart of a sportsman glad. A drive was arranged in the afternoon, but although the dogs started several deer, none came within range, until we were on the way to camp. It was about dark when one came within seventy-five yards of Will Drum and George Woodell, who opened up a fusillade with their Savage rifles which sounded like a hail storm on a tin roof. Owing to the darkness—or something else—the deer escaped. A second drive was organized for the next day, and this time a bunch of deer got too close to Will Mitchell, who promptly handed them a couple of loads of buckshot. They ran down the line to Will Savage, who saluted them with three shots at long range. Then they returned to Mitchell, who gave them another load of buckshot. After that they scattered the dogs taking up the trail of the smallest one. Two large bucks, badly wounded, went but a short distance, and were each dispatched by well aimed shots from the guns of Bill and Mike Drum. It was conceded by all that if it had not been for "Mitch," as we called him, we would not have got the deer, so the glory of the hunt went to him, and he wore the smile that won't come off, for three days, in consequence of his honors. The deer were loaded on to a pony, their feet tied together, and with a deer on each side, the pony was turned loose to make her way down the



"WE HAD MEAT IN CAMP"

mountain. She came into camp at dusk, presenting a very grotesque appearance, for the deer had slipped forward as the pony came down hill, and their white tails were just even with her eyes.

Charley Niergarth, the only "dyed in the wool Dutchman" in the bunch, was troubled with an omnivorous appetite that was never satisfied. Every evening Charley could be found humped over the camp fire with frying pan in hand, cooking a stew of some kind for an extra supper. One night when he had concluded to vary the program by roasting some potatoes in the coals, the boys planned to rob him, but to get him away from the fire was the problem. Several attempts failed miserably, and then someone had a bright idea. He proposed a serenade for Mitchell, who had gone to bed early, and Charley, who is proud of his ability in that line, fell into the trap at once. He was the first man in the tent, and as soon as he was in, the boys got busy swiping his "spuds." When he came out he soon discovered his loss, and sat gazing dejectedly into the fire.

"Are they about done, Charley?" asked one of the party.

"Done? They're done and gone, by gosh," he said.

The loss was a serious one, but the boys finally produced the potatoes and gave him his share, so that he was able to go to bed with his hunger more or less satisfied.

Our time was getting short, and we were busy every day, hunting persistently. One day we made a drive in another direction, and the boys started a deer up to Mr. White and Jim Threet, who opened fire. The deer, badly wounded, started for a water hole six miles away, with Jim and the dog in hot pursuit. The boys say that when the deer reached the water hole Jim was sitting on the bank waiting for him. At any rate he was there soon after, and dispatched the deer with a well aimed shot. The aid of a nearby rancher was enlisted, and the deer which proved to be a fine five pronged buck, was brought into camp midst the barking of dogs and the tooting of horns.

All sorts of funny things happened, and

we played many a prank on each other. One of our pranks made Mike Drum think that he had had a narrow escape from asphyxiation. Mike has the commendable habit of going to bed early at home, and on one night he followed his habit, while the rest of the boys were up and stirring. One of them conceived the brilliant plan of putting an empty lard can over the stove pipe projecting from the tent. In about five minutes the inside of that tent was as blue as indigo. Then we had a shadow picture of an imitation boxing match, and Mike came out of the tent snorting like a tortoise, his arms beating the air like a Dutch windmill in a storm. When he discovered the nature of the trouble, he bombarded our tent with all the missiles he could find, until he was tired, and then went to bed.

David Davis had an experience while hunting one day, that he will not soon forget. He was standing on the bank of a small run, when two deer walked up to

within twelve feet of where he stood. With visions of those two animals hanging at the tent door, Davis took aim and pulled the trigger. Snap! The gun had missed fire. The deer stood quietly regarding David, who pumped in another load. Another snap. Then the deer vamoosed, Davis still trying to fire. Out of six attempts he got two shots, but the deer had then got into the brush and he missed them. Upon investigation he found that the firing pin of his gun had become so shortened by long use, that it would not explode the cartridge. What he said was plainly and entirely appropriate.

On our last day in camp we started several deer, but none were killed. After supper we indulged in a literary program. A vote of thanks was extended to everybody, Bill Drum delivered a farewell address with much feeling, and Smith sang "Has Anybody Seen Our Cat!" Morning found us up early, and at noon we were back at Harts-horne, and our great hunt was only a memory.

## BILL SMITH'S WHOPPER

I never heard no one deny  
That Old Bill Smith knows how to lie.  
Of all the men I ever saw  
He wags about the smoothest jaw  
For tellin' stories. 'Tisn't hard  
For Bill to spin 'em by the yard.  
He starts his tongue a-goin' and  
Just rattles on to beat the band.

Remember one day, three or four  
Of us was down to Slocum's store  
A-braggin' of the shootin' we  
Had done, when Bill, he says, says he:  
"One time, 'twas years and years ago,  
When pigeons was so thick, you know,  
I made a shot so big, I swow,  
I'm 'fraid to tell it even now!

"But, any way, 'twas in the fall  
And near my house I'd built a tall,  
Round stack of oats on which had lit  
Wild pigeons till they covered it  
From top to bottom, just that thick  
There really wasn't room to stick  
A pin between 'em! There they set  
So saucy-like, and et and et.

"I took my rifle down and just  
Poured powder in her till she'd bust  
I feared! And then rammed down a ball  
And then contrived, somehow to crawl  
Behind a fence that wound about  
Right up to that there stack without  
Their seein', when there came to me  
A sort of brain-wave, you'll agree.

"I knew the way them pigeons set  
That, to do my best, I couldn't get  
More than a dozen at a shot,  
Which seemed a pesky little lot.  
But when that brain-wave that was sent  
From somewhere reached me, I just bent  
That rifle-barrel right 'round my knee  
Till it was half a circle, see?

"Well, when I fired her off I found  
That ball had gone right 'round and 'round  
That stack and killed of pigeons fine  
Just plump nine hundred and ninety-nine!"  
"Make it a thousand, Bill," we said,  
But Bill he slowly shook his head—  
"No, I won't tell a lie," said he,  
"For just one pigeon, no sirree!"

—Nixon Waterman in *Searchlight Philosophy*

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1929 November Guide's



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# Little Red Riding Hood's Legacy

*Camp & Trail*, January, 1912



9 Wolves! They are EVERYWHERE! And they are eating every animal or person that crosses their path. So you better play it safe and stay out of the woods. This January 13, 1912, issue of *Camp and Trail* reports you ain't even safe in Chicago.


The grey wolf restoration effort in Yellowstone National Park has been very successful. So successful that hot debates about wolf control have erupted between hunters and wolf supporters in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. It's possible that a wolf bias rooted in a fairy tale about a granny-eating, cross-dressing wolf helped fuel some of the hot debates. Management agencies, swayed by the loudest voices, are ready to step back 100 years and reach for the poison as well as a paid hunter and bounty program to bring the wolves under "control" leaving more elk and deer for hunters. Hopefully, control won't equal extinction.

Here are some links to thought provoking, science-based, wildlife management research on predator-prey-habitat relations using the historic Kaibab Plateau example from the north rim of the Grand Canyon and Isle Royal studies. Wolf-haters and hunters would agree that elk and deer herds and all the wildlife/habitat parts should be managed as a total package and not just as a "crop" for harvest.

Here are a couple of ads from the 1912 issue of *Camp and Trail* with a simple poem by Ivan Gleave about the beauty of wolves in the woods, from *Outer's Book*, 1909.


# THE FOREST RANGER OF THE ROCKIES

BY IVAN GLEAVE



**I**N AND OUT AND UP AND DOWN,  
MID THE LONELY HILLS THE TRAIL LEADS ON,  
THROUGH FORESTS STILL AND CANYON DEEP,  
PAST MIRROR LAKE AND SNOW CROWNED PEAK,  
WHERE GRIM DEATH LURKS BY SNOW-FIELD SLIDES,  
THE BRONZED AND STALWART RANGER RIDES,

NONE BUT HIS GAYUSE THESE FAINT TRAILS KNOW,  
SAVE THE LORDLY BUCK AND THE TIMID DOE;  
NONE BUT HIS WATCHFUL EYE THE VIGIL KEEPS,  
OER FOREST CLAD HILL AND ROCKY STEEPS;  
NEATH THE MURMURING PINES HE RIDES ALONG,  
WITH HEART ATTUNED TO NATURE'S SONG.



BY A TINY LAKE IN A MOUNTAIN GLADE,  
HIS CAMP FIRE GLEAMS IN THE SOMBER SHADE,  
WHEN THE ANTLERED ELK COMES DOWN TO DRINK,  
WHERE THE MOON-BEAMS DANCE ON THE RIPPLING BRINK,  
AND THE GREY WOLF HOWLS IN THE FOREST DEEP,  
THE TIRED RANGER IS WRAPPED IN SLEEP.

Camp & Trail  
Jan 13, 1912




**.22**

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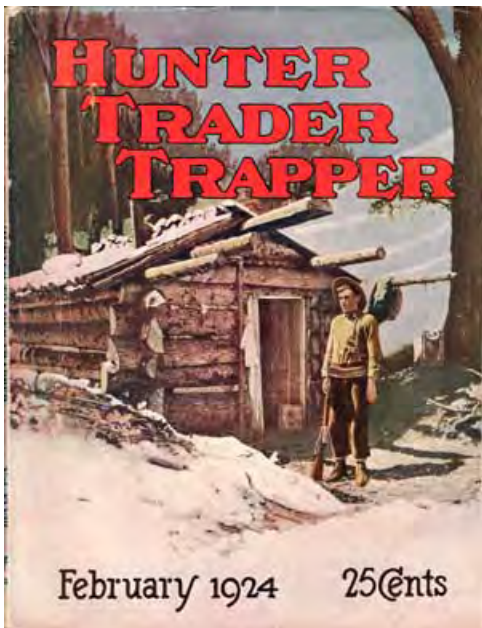
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# Canoeing With Cannibals

*Hunter-Trader-Trapper*, February, 1924



10 This tale of adventure by Martin Hunter is from the February, 1924, issue of *Hunter-Trader-Trapper*. Martin learned of this extraordinary event while he was working for the Hudson's Bay Company at their Post of Bersimis, now called Riviere-Bersimis, in Quebec, Canada. The Hudson's Bay Post is/was located where the Bersimis River enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Martin along with all the villagers in the small community watched fearfully as a fully rigged sailing ship challenged the treacherous Manaquogan and Bersimis Shoals and stood in close to their outer docks. Observers were surprised that the ship had risked so much to deliver one man. It was soon learned that the special traveler was local Montagnais Indian, Michiel Boncom, returned after being lost at sea for 32 years!

Late in the fall 32 years earlier (around 1890) Michiel, then 22 years old, and another young Indian, had been hunting seals near shore. The villagers watched as they worked around dangerous floating ice. In the afternoon a gale swept in and blew their canoe out to sea. With a natural resolve well known to all the locals it was sure they were gone, killed by the elements. Fortunately for Michiel, the last cargo ship of the season was just then leaving the Port of Quebec. The Columbus was loaded with lumber bound for Chile.

Hurrying to exit the Gulf's storms and winter ice the Columbus nearly run down Michiel's frail bark canoe before being able to "hove to" and rescue the two Indians. The young Indian with Michiel died soon after their rescue. Returning Michiel to the Post of Bersimis was not possible so the captain of the Columbus decided to keep Michiel as a crew member. It was routine sailing until the Columbus reached Cape Horn. There the violent Cape Horn weather stripped the ship of its sails and left it adrift where it was sure to run aground on an island. Two lifeboats were prepared. When the ship stuck a reef in the dark of night the crew was prepared and abandoned ship. The captain, six sailors and the second mate, were in one boat. Michiel, the first mate and four sailors were in the other lifeboat. The captain advised both boats to stay away from shore until daylight so they could make sure the island was not inhabited with cannibals.

Unfortunately, the first mate made a fatal command decision for his lifeboat and ordered the sailors to row to a lagoon which was barely visible. The captain's sage advice was revealed with morning's light. All six sailors from the lifeboat commanded by the first mate were bound and lying on the beach surrounded by howling, naked savages. Seeing this and knowing they could not help the doomed men, the captain's boat hit the oars and headed for the open sea, with the

cannibals in hot pursuit. No one rows quite as fast as those being pursued by cannibals! After a few miles the cannibals gave up the chase and returned to the beach. Michiel was soon set free under an implied threat of death if he tried to escape. Each night for four nights the cannibals forced him to watch as one by one the sailors were prepared for or more precise, prepared as the evening meal.

Maybe the cannibals freed Michiel because he was so much like them, except for his food preferences. Or maybe they were saving him for desert. Maybe he was spared because his diplomatic skills were razor sharp. He was quick to show them how to improve fishing and repair canoes. He presented useful skills for those living close to the earth in a primitive hunter-gather lifestyle very similar to his native home in Canada, except for diet. Just a basic subsistence living.

The captain and his crew made it to the Sandwich Islands (Hawaiian Islands). In fact, the second mate from the shipwrecked Columbus, one of the lucky crew in the captain's lifeboat, later became a captain. Captain James of Ship Equator was the captain of the ship that rescued Michiel from the cannibals. He remembered Michiel from their hair-raising scrape with death near Cape Horn. Small world coincidence! Captain James and Ship Equator then deposited Michiel back at his home at the Post of Bersimis. Their unique shared history and connectivity over three decades explains why the fully rigged sailing ship was willing to run high risk just to get Michiel back home.

There's a link to a website of shipwrecks around the world following Martin's article. The ill-fated ship Columbus could not be reconciled with the recorded and estimated dates and location on that website.

Google Earth gives a good view of the island cluster around Cape Horn. Was one of these the home of cannibals? A minimal web search revealed some differences in the idea of cannibals in that location. However, the cross linked reports in this article seem very compelling that cannibals were living there. Michiel was offered his pick of a wife by the king or "olga". Being the skilled politician that he was, he readily accepted a wife. There was no mention of children. But it's hard to imagine there were none. With today's DNA analytical tools available I wonder if his unique Montagnais Indian genes could be found in the region?

It is an excellent story with several layers of interest. Let me know if you uncover any additional history on Michiel's life with cannibals in the Cape Horn islands.

Hope you enjoy this history from the Library of classic outdoor magazines at [ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](http://ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com).

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## The Hollow Tree



## AN INDIAN "ENOCH ARDEN" RETURNS AFTER MANY YEARS

By MARTIN HUNTER

As a rule vessels of all kinds give the Manaquogan and Bersimis shoals a wide berth, excepting small coasters, which, owing to the business they carry on, are obliged to take the risks of grounding or being driven ashore.

This wholesome dread being known at the Post of Bersimis caused us to wonder considerably the other day when a full rigged ship stood in close to the outer dock, was hove into the wind and the signal made for a boat to be sent off from the shore. The keeper of the beacon lights got a couple of men together, and soon was sailing seaward in his harbor boat, while the inhabitants stood about and made all kinds of guesses as to what it all could mean.

We, at the flagstaff platform, watched the boat with our glasses, as she drew near the ship. A rope was thrown, and the boat was soon fast alongside of the vessel. Next, we saw a ship's ladder let down to the boat, a man came down this, hand under hand, a bundle was handed to the crew of the boat, then the rope was cast off, the ship filled her sails and stood off the coast, while, at the same time, the harbor boat filled hers and headed for the shore.

The event was so out of all ordinary, or even extraordinary, occurrences that the inhabitants of the village moved down to the beach in a body, even to the old gray headed curé.

The stranger, who from his appearance was a man past middle age, jumped nimbly ashore. He hesitated for a moment, then made his way to where the aged priest stood, and, dropping on his knees, seized the old man's hand and covered it with kisses, saying:

"Father, do you not know me?"

This was said in the Montagnais tongue, which caused the surrounding Indians to look at the man more critically. Then, from an aged squaw in the rear, there was a cry of

"Michiel!"

The man arose from his knees when he heard that cry, and taking the woman in his arms, said:

"Ta-p-we Ne-we-ta-ka-ma-gan, Ke-wa-

pawa, Michiel," which, being translated, meant: "True, my wife, your husband, Michiel."

As the poor old padre stood lost in surprise, or offering up thankful words to heaven, and the mob of Indians were all talking and asking questions at the same time, we saw it was useless to try to get any information at that time, so we made our way back to the Post, consoling ourselves with the thought that before night some of the old men of the place, who congregated nightly about the gates to smoke, would be pretty sure to inform us who the stranger was, where he came from, and all about it. But the priest came down that evening after the excitement had cooled down, and told me the following story which is another instance that there are occurrences in the world every day that are "stranger than any fiction."

### The Priest's Story

"The man you saw land today from the ship is an Indian of this band. His name is Michiel Boncon. At first I did not recognize him, seeing we all gave him up for dead thirty-two years ago. There can be no doubt that he is the man, his wife acknowledges him and recognized him at once, as you saw; he speaks the language, and I, myself, can now positively identify him.

"Thirty-two years ago this coming fall, that man, accompanied by a youth, was driven off the coast in a bark canoe and never heard of again until today.

"It was during the first days of December; there was considerable ice about the shore, but outside this floating ice there was supposed to be many seals.

"Michiel was then a young man of about twenty-two and very venturesome. The older men of the Mission tried to dissuade him from going out that day, but without success. Watchers kept an eye on the canoe from time to time during the forenoon. They could, with the naked eye, follow its movements, as the canoe up to them was not over two miles from the shore; but between the two men in the canoe and the shore there was considerable and dangerous ice floating.

"Suddenly, about two p. m. the wind, which had been light, and from the south all day, veered around to the nor-west and blew with great violence. When that wind struck the canoe there was nothing for it but to run before the squall. As the wind increased, snow accompanied it, and the short December afternoon quickly became night.

"There was no attempt made next day to look for the men, because the yachts and schooner were up in winter quarters, and besides, one and all were of the same opinion, that the men were drowned.

"This is all I know, personally," said the priest, "but here is something which will tell you of this man's wonderful escape," saying which, he handed me a paper endorsed on back:

"Certificate of Capt. James of Ship Equator."

"I am writing the following record of facts that I have a personal knowledge of, about the bearer of this certificate, Michiel Boncon, while the ship is beating up the gulf, and it's my intention, weather permitting, to put him ashore at his native village, where no doubt he will be looked upon as one risen from the dead.

"Thirty-two years ago this next fall, I was second mate on a ship called the Columbus. We were the last ship of the season to leave Quebec. The vessel was lumber laden for Valparaiso, in Chili. From there we were to load hides and tallow for Liverpool.

"When we cleared from Quebec, it was with a light west-by-south wind, the river was running pretty full of ice, and the harbor-master predicted we would not get through the Traverse; but we did, and in due time were east of the Saguenay. There was now no fear of the vessel being frozen in, as below the mouth of the Saguenay the gulf widens out, very suddenly. The wind had drawn more to the nor-west, and it appeared to be making up to a steady blow. Our captain set the course to carry us clear of sou-west point of Anticosti.



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and clear?

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each year?

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And a permanent bequest  
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Where there's fishing all the time?  
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And within each lake and pool,  
You can swim in January—just the same?

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ened very considerably, accompanied by  
flurries of snow, and the mercury fell  
several degrees in an hour. All at once  
the lookout forward called aft to the  
officer in the waist:

"Boat dead ahead, sir!"  
"The helm was ported to prevent us  
running it down, and the next moment  
the ship rushed past a frail bark canoe  
in which sat two Indians, one keeping  
the small craft before the gale, the other  
motionless in the bow.

"Our vessel was hove to and a boat  
lowered to pick the men up. The one in  
the bow, who was quite a youth, was so  
far gone from exposure that we had to  
pull him aboard by force, and shortly  
after we reached the ship he died on our  
hands. The wind freshening to half a  
gale, there was no possibility of landing  
the other man, so we stood on our  
course and buried the dead boy next  
morning at sea. As the remaining In-  
dian was a strong, lusty fellow and we  
were one man short of our full crew,  
the captain decided to keep on to our  
port of destination and make use of him  
for the voyage.

"All went well till we reached the  
neighborhood of Cape Horn, when the  
usual storms of that latitude struck us.  
Here we beat and beat trying to round  
the point, to make up the Pacific side of  
South America. Most of our sails were  
blown to shreds, and, finally, we had to  
run before the gale in a very disabled  
condition. No land was seen all that  
day, and the ship staggered on in her  
crippled state. As we had no sails to  
help steer the ship and we were more  
than likely to strike one of the South-  
Pacific islands, the captain took the pre-  
caution to have the two life-boats pro-  
visioned and ready to lower away.  
Shortly after midnight the next night,  
the vessel struck with a mighty crash.  
For a moment she appeared to be fast,  
but the next sea raised her clear of the  
reef and she began to settle rapidly in  
still water. The order was given to  
lower away the boats. The captain, six  
sailors and myself jumped into the star-  
board boat, and the first mate, four sail-  
ors and the Indian took the other. By  
the time we pushed off the vessel had  
sunk almost to the level of her deck, so  
there was not much time to spare.

"Much against the advice of the cap-  
tain, the first mate headed his boat to-  
ward the low shore of the lagoon that  
could faintly be seen in the darkness.  
The captain ordered us to lay on our  
oars till morning and reconnoiter, in  
case the island should be inhabited by  
cannibals. Well it was that he took  
this wise precaution for when daylight  
had turned into clear day, we saw all  
our men bound and lying on the beach,  
with a howling mob of naked savages  
surrounding them.

"One big, burly fellow pointed to us in  
the boat and harangued his fellows to  
such purpose, that a moment after, all,  
with the exception of a few to guard  
the prisoners, made a mad rush for the  
canoes that were drawn up in numbers  
on the sand, evidently bent on securing  
us also. The captain swung the boat  
around toward one of the openings in

the reef and said: "Now, boys, pull for  
your lives!" The canoes followed to the  
passageway, but there they turned back,  
the savages being, no doubt, afraid of  
the sea with their frail craft.

"The captain then held a short con-  
sultation with the men and myself, and  
pointed out the impossibility, unarmed,  
as we were, of rendering any assistance  
to our comrades and that we should see  
to our own safety.

"There were on board in a strong  
locker all the usual instruments for nav-  
igation, and, when the sun dipped at  
noon, the captain was enabled to get his  
exact position.

"The course was made for Honolulu,  
the crew divided into watches, and we  
settled down to our condition—the best  
and most sensible thing we could do.

"Long before night the island of sav-  
ages had sunk beneath the horizon.

"In due time, without having endured  
any great hardships, we arrived safely  
at the capital of the Sandwich Islands,  
and shortly after got a ship for Eng-  
land."

### The Indian's Story

"When the sailors and myself were  
seized by the savages, I tried to make  
myself heard and understood in the Mon-  
tagnais language, but they evidently did  
not comprehend a word, as they paid no  
attention to what I said.

"After we were all bound and laid on  
the sand, I listened with attention to  
their talk, but not one word could I  
make out.

"As soon as those who had been in  
pursuit of the boat came back, there was  
another council, the result of which was  
that they liberated me, but made me to  
understand that if I attempted to escape  
from the island sure death would be my  
punishment.

"That night I was compelled by the  
savages to be a witness of the killing,  
cooking and eating of one of my unfor-  
tunate companions, men, women and  
children alike being partakers of this  
horrid feast. This was continued for the  
four following nights, until I, alone, was  
left alive.

"The savages, after these orgies were  
finished, loaded their canoes. The chief  
pointed to a place in his own craft, made  
me take a paddle and work with the  
others.

"To the south and east of the islet we  
had just left were numerous others, the  
nearest one probably ten or twelve miles  
distant. To this the fleet of canoes was  
headed, and, after about three hours, we  
made the landing in safety.

"This island was much larger than the  
one we had left, and densely peopled.  
As I found out afterward, this was the  
real home of the band in whose power  
I had fallen, and they had merely been to  
the other island on a fishing and  
fruiting expedition.

"The chief who had held me prisoner  
handed me over to another chief, who  
turned out to be their king, or 'olga' as  
he was called. This man's word, on no  
matter what question, was law, and to  
disobey meant death.

"For some days I was kept at odd  
drudgery jobs about the king's hut. I  
saw that my life and well-being depended

on my good conduct, and, therefore showed them how many improvements could be made on their canoes, in their ways of fishing and other necessary pursuits in which they followed for a living.

"After I had been with them for some days the king one day decided that I must take a wife. This he made me comprehend by causing about twenty of the young women to be brought before him, and pointing to the row with a sweep of the hand, made signs for me to select one. I think (or rather, I am sure, because he told me years after that he understood, but it made no difference to him) I made it clear to him that I had, already a wife on the other side of the big sea. He only frowned and stamped his foot and pointed once more to the group. Seeing the alternative was to take a wife or die, I chose the lesser of the two evils, for the time being at all events, and selected the one who prepossessed me most, and the marriage ceremony was enacted before the king at once. This consisted of washing our hands together, after which each party threw away half of the contents of the vessel, my giving her three light blows of a stick across the back and, finally, each eating half of a banana. After that we were man and wife.

"The first part of the ceremony denoted that we should bear our troubles together, and each throw away his or her share, or burden. The second part was intended to show my authority over the woman, by chastisement, if she misconducted herself, while the third part, the eating of the banana said we were to enjoy the good things given us, share and share alike. This latter trait of those savages I must admit is equal and fair, and the Montagnais could copy them with advantage to our poor squaws. With us the man eats all the choice pieces of his hunt, and his poor wife must be satisfied with the inferior parts and the bones.

"It would make my story far too long to write what took place even from year to year. There is nothing like hope to keep a person from giving way utterly to despair, and it was the one idea of some day getting away that kept me up and made my life not altogether unbearable.

"The savages had long given up watching my movements, and I went and came at my will without any hindrance. Of course I had long ere this lost all track of time, the seasons came and went with the usual regularity of that part of the world.

My eyes every morning and several times each day scanned the expanse of waters to sight a sail.

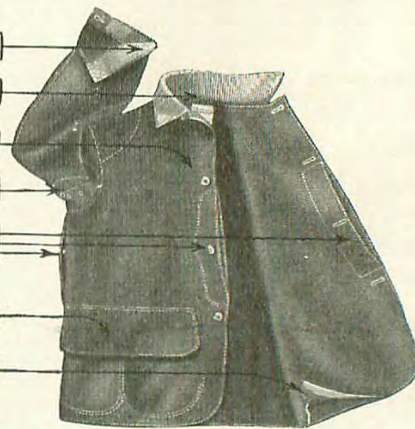
"At last, one early morning, the much wished for sight met my seaward gaze. A large ship rose and fell gracefully on the placid waters not more than three miles off the land. She had a broad white band painted just below her main deck, and here and there, at intervals, were black port-holes.

"The savages were inclined to put out in their canoes to see her at closer range, but I explained to them the danger, saying that those black spots were the

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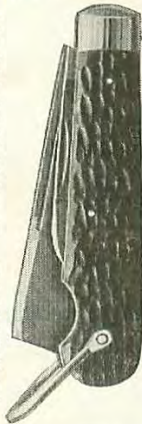
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muzzles of large cannon and a shot from one of those guns would blow a canoe load of men to pieces. This so staggered them that they concluded not to go—much to my relief!

"All that day I prayed that it would remain calm. I had already made up my mind as to what I would attempt once night fell. I went about my usual labors, apparently paying no further attention to the vessel, but in reality I watched the ship, the sky and the water every few minutes. The gloom of the evening began to settle down fast. I took my last bearings of the ship's position, and now only waited for the camps to be all quiet, to make the effort for liberty.

"I had managed during the day to secrete a gourd of water, some bananas and two good strong paddles. I knew where a swift, half-size canoe was kept. Everything was favorable—it was a chance of years, if it would only remain calm—half hour of a slight breeze would carry her beyond my reach.

"I suppose it must have been about ten o'clock, profound silence reigned throughout the village, when I stole cautiously from the hut and through the fringe of trees to the beach. The sea, as in the evening, was perfectly calm, and in a very few minutes I was out in the canoe. On the way to the water's edge I plucked some long grass; this I wound carefully about the handle of the paddle to prevent any noise of its contact with the canoe.

"The night was dark, but not too dark for my purpose. I knew if I could get anywhere in the vicinity of the ship, her tall masts would stand out clear against the sky. I headed the dugout in the direction in which I had last seen the vessel, and cut water with long, steady pulls.

"After half an hour of this cautious mode of propelling, I changed it for the ordinary way of paddling and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of making the ship out not a mile away. Even when I saw her quite plainly, I dreaded lest some fitful cat's-paw of wind would carry her away from me. So I doubled my exertions and was soon within hailing distance.

"Up to now I had formed no set speech to deliver myself of on getting aboard. The first thing was to get aboard, and I would trust to the captain's goodness of heart after he heard my story and wish to get away from the island.

"First in French, then in English, I hailed the watch on deck, and the answer came back in the latter tongue:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I answered back: 'I am a castaway, and want to come aboard.'

"No reply to this for a few moments, then over the water came the command to row up slowly and show myself. The voice that said these words struck me as one that I had heard in the long past.

"I was soon under the lee of the ship, and a rope was thrown me, next, a ladder was let down and I was told to come on deck.

"As my head topped the rail a lantern was shoved in my face, the glare of which blinded me, coming as I did from the darkness. The next moment I was seized by two strong arms and hauled bodily inboard, while the owner of the same voice I had heard commanding me to come aboard stood me on my feet and said:

"'I'll be cremated, but it's Michiel!'

"By this time my eyes had become accustomed to the light, and although many years had passed I recognized in the speaker the mate of the vessel from which I had been wrecked. I learned later that he was captain of the vessel upon which I found myself.

"The canoe was hoisted on deck, partly to be used as firewood and partly to mystify the savages.

"Need I say what a warm welcome I received? I think not. Nothing was too good for me aboard. I was a lion among the crew and I may say, like a long-lost brother to the captain.

"Once more I heard the old familiar sound of the bell calling the watch on deck. These men as they came tumbling up had to come and have a look at the stranger, and hear from their messmates all they knew.

"Shortly after the change of watch on deck, a slight wind sprang up, and as it blew, it freshened, and must have continued to do so, for when I arose in the morning there was no land in sight. This wind carried us into 'the trades,' and in fine weather we doubled the Horn.

"When his duties would allow him the captain never tired of hearing my adventures, and many were the hours thus passed, he sitting on a low-backed deck chair under an awning, listening to my description of the savages and their mode of living.

"I have already made my story too long, and must now hasten to my once again stepping on my native sands.

"Head winds delayed us coming up the gulf, but the good ship was always battering against them and making some headway, and one morning when I came on deck the captain asked me:

"Do you know that place off the port bow?"

"My eyes only required to rest on it for a moment, the next instant they filled with tears, and with something like a lump in my throat, I said 'Yes, sir, that's Berismis, where I was born and where my companion and I were blown off the coast when you picked us up. I recognize it by the White Church, the Presbytery, the river's mouth and other outlines, that all come back to me as yesterday.'

"Well, he said, 'if you are sure, we will make another tack, go in as close as I dare to the sand bars, and hoist a signal for a boat.'

"The rest you know.

"I not only found the good old padre who married me, but, also the woman to whom he married me long years ago. It's true I hear she has buried another husband, even so, I also have as good as buried another wife on that far-off Pacific island. Christine thought me dead, and therefore, married again. I was forced to marry if I would or not."



**When the reel sings shrilly**

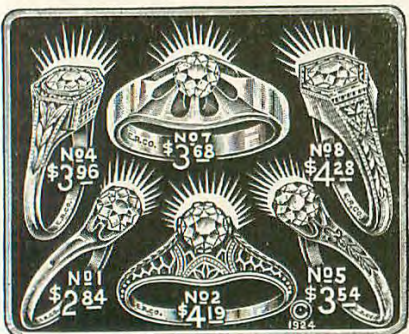
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**The Author's Story**

After we had heard Michiel's story, Mr. Simpson and I went up and saw the old Padre and unfolded to him our proposition of setting Michiel up once more in his native village. The dear old man readily fell in with our suggestion; in fact, he said, "I think it only proper that Michiel and his former wife should be married over again."

Most of the following day, which was Saturday, sundry small loads of chairs and tables, packages and parcels were carted up to a vacant house. These were deposited and the door carefully locked each time.

In the evening Michiel and Christine were called quietly to the Post, and a parcel of clothing handed to each, with instructions how to act the following morning.

Sunday morning broke fine and beautiful. Word must have got about of the event that was to take place, for every house that possessed a staff had a flag flying, and the grand old British flag, with capital H. B. C. in white letters on the red ground, floated out on the morning breeze, high above the others.

One of the young men of the Post was given the key of the house, with orders to meet the newly married couple at the church door and escort them to their new home.

This was done, but Michiel merely put his head within the door, and insisted on coming down with his wife to thank us, before taking possession.

Having read the H-T-T for years, I thought I would try and contribute a little. Whenever I am located in one spot long enough, I will take it regularly, but when rambling I get it wherever I can.

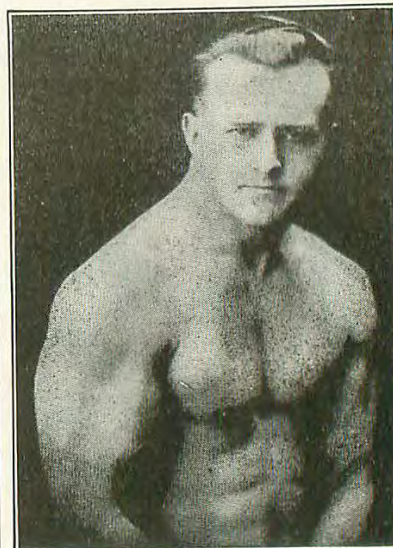
I trap coyotes, cats, wolves, badger, etc., in winter and generally make enough to hold me over until the next season or with a team. I scatter a handful of the summer. I never aim to catch any fur before November 1st, but always set my traps during October and set them carefully without bait and in places where the snow will blow off. Then I keep away from them until I am ready for Mr. Coyote when I go along on horseback or with a team. I scatter a handfull of cracklings, bacon rinds or meat chopped up fine, over each setting. I always have good results. Try it.

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Earle E. Liederman as he is today

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**Pills Never Made Muscles**

I am not a medical doctor. I don't claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. I am a builder of muscle—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live. And talk about big, brassy arms and legs, or broad backs and hunky chests—just take a look through this winter's copies of Physical Culture Magazine and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as a professional strong man. Some are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructors to others.

**Pep-Up**

What are you going to do about it? Don't sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I'm going to give it to you. I don't promise it, I guarantee it. You don't take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.

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**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

Dept. 1602, 309 Broadway, New York City

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

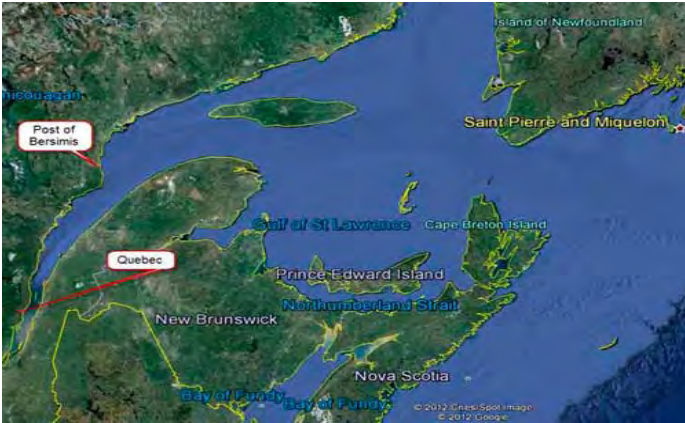
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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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Here's where Michiel was lost at sea and rescued by the ship Columbus.



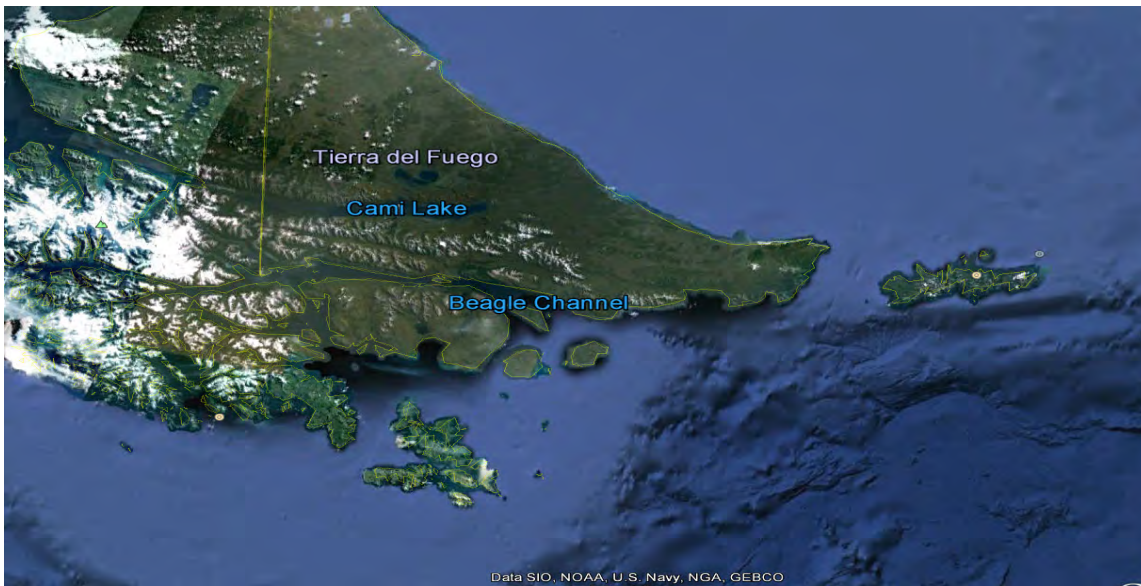
Here's some interesting background links for this post.

<http://www.wrecksite.eu/>

<http://www.dickshovel.com/mon.html> .... history of the Montagnais Indians

[http://www.accessgenealogy.com/native/tribes/montagnais/montagnais\\_indianhist.htm](http://www.accessgenealogy.com/native/tribes/montagnais/montagnais_indianhist.htm)

The islands where the Columbus was shipwrecked.





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Model 25

# Saving the Birds - The Lacey Act

*Recreation* July, 1900



11 From the pages of *Recreation* (July issue, 1900) here's another example of the role magazines played in how our young democracy would manage its natural resources. The European model of hunting and fishing as rights only for the very privileged few did not fit. And we should all be eternally gratefully for the way it turned out in America. The magazines, with a clear and resonate voice, melded ideas and fostered a natural resource ethic which is deeply embedded in today's culture.

Here is the speech by the Honorable John F. Lacey introducing the "Bird Bill" better known as the "Lacey Act". As a Federal Law, the Lacey Act is literally used every single day by federal and state agencies to protect wildlife.

The Lacey Act is a solid foundational law for state Game Wardens, Park Rangers or federal Wildlife Officers. Pass this on and tell them THANKS! for the often dangerous work that they do.

Also included from the same magazine is a request for the creation of Parks to preserve trees and game. Following that is a series of letters sparked by one letter requesting that predators in the new Yellowstone National Park be greatly reduced to save the buffalo. A response by C. Hart Merriam, then Chief of the Biological Survey (today's U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service), advocates instead for the protection of grizzly bears and mountain lions. It is also noted that Merriam made a slight miscalculation on the wolves in Yellowstone and the rest of the west. His miscalculation was later corrected in 1973 when the Endangered Species Act (ESA), administered by the Fish & Wildlife Service, was enacted. With the ESA in place, grizzly bears, wolves, mountain lions and scores of other species are doing well, thanks in large part to the early voice of the outdoor magazines and their readers.

## LET US SAVE THE BIRDS.

Speech of Hon. John F. Lacey, in the House of Representatives.

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. 6634) to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes.

Mr. Chairman: This bill is one that has attracted a great deal of interest in various sections of the country. Horticulturists, agriculturists, and lovers of birds everywhere, as well as the League of American Sportsmen, and others interested in game and the protection of game all over the United States, have been strongly enlisted in its support.

Briefly, the bill provides for a few purposes only. First, it authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to utilize his department for the reintroduction of birds that have become locally extinct or are becoming so in some parts of the United States. There are some kinds of insectivorous birds and some kinds of game birds, that heretofore were abundant in many localities, which have become very scarce indeed, and in some localities entirely exterminated. The wild pigeon, formerly in this country in flocks of millions, has entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. Some hopeful enthusiasts have claimed that the pigeon would again be heard from in South America, but there seems to me no well grounded basis for this hope. In some localities certain kinds of grouse have almost entirely disappeared. This bill gives the Secretary of Agriculture power to aid in the reintroduction, which, I think, will prove a useful adjunct to the action of the States which have undertaken the preservation of the native wild birds.

The next purpose in the bill is to allow the Secretary of Agriculture to control the importation of foreign wild birds and foreign wild animals. If this law had been in force at the time the mistake was made in the introduction of the English sparrow, we should have been spared from the pestilential existence of that "rat of the air," that vermin of the atmosphere. But some gentlemen who thought they knew better than anybody else what the country needed, saw fit to import these little pests, and they have done much toward driving the native wild bird life out of the States. This bill provides that the Secretary may prevent the importation of the fruit bat, or the flying fox, the English sparrow, the starling, and other birds of that kind, which, in his discretion, he may regard as detrimental.

The necessity for a provision of this kind is obvious. The mongoose, a miserable, murderous animal that was introduced for the purpose of killing snakes in Jamaica—by the way, one member of the House asked me the other day what kind of a bird the mongoose was [laughter]—the mongoose has proved a nuisance and a pest worse than the serpent that it kills. It drove the rats in Jamaica to the trees, and the rat now there has become an arboreal animal. The rat still exists and keeps out of the way of the mongoose. But the birds of the island have been almost destroyed by this imported pest. A proper control on the part of the Secretary of Agriculture would prevent the importation of injurious foreign animals. Some gentlemen in California have suggested the propriety of introducing the fruit bat or the flying fox there, and this bill would prevent their importation. They would prove as great a nuisance as the English rabbits in Australia and the Scotch thistle in Canada. Some patriotic son of Scotland wanted to see if the thistle would grow in Canada. He tried it, and there is no dispute about it now. It grows in Canada.

There is a compensation in the distribution of plants, birds, and animals by the God of nature. Man's attempt to change and interfere often leads to serious results. The French pink was introduced as a flower in Oregon, and it has spread throughout the wheat fields and become an injury to agriculture. The English yard plantain has become a great evil in New Zealand.

Rabbits were introduced in Australia, and to-day the most persistent efforts are necessary to keep them within endurable limits. The Russian thistle is spreading with great rapidity in the Dakotas, and though this plant has finally proved to have some value for forage, yet the people of the Northwest would be glad if that plant had never found a footing in that region.

It is important that the introduction of foreign wild birds and animals should be under competent legal supervision, and this bill will accomplish that result.

The next proposition in the bill, and that is the vital one of all, is to prohibit interstate commerce in birds and wild game—that is, insectivorous, useful birds, and wild game birds, and wild game of any kind killed in violation of local laws. Take the State of Georgia, that has enact-

ed most rigid laws for the protection of insectivorous birds and game birds. Trappers go there and catch quails, netting or trapping them, in violation of the local law, pack them in barrels or boxes, and ship them to other markets in the United States. It is done secretly. The result is that the market houses in other States have been utilized as places in which to dispose of these birds and animals killed in violation of the laws of the State. Game wardens of the various States have long desired some legislation of this kind by which they can stop the nefarious traffic in birds and game killed in defiance of their State laws.

Take the State which I have the honor in part to represent—the State of Iowa. A few years ago it was filled with prairie chickens; quails were abundant. A careful protection of the quail has recently resulted in an increase of those beautiful little birds; but the shipment of prairie chickens has still been going on until they have well nigh become extinct. This bill, if enacted into law, would enable the local authorities to prevent the transportation of these birds. It is perfectly evident, however, that such a law might be abused unless suitably guarded. Persons might make use of it for the purpose of black-mailing the carriers. Therefore a provision has been inserted in this bill by which carriers will not be held responsible for the shipment unless they have knowingly carried the forbidden articles. But the shipper can not plead ignorance, and when complaint is made against the carrier, he will transfer the responsibility of the crime to the shipper, and the result will be that the whole traffic can be broken up.

As to insectivorous birds, I saw an article going the rounds of the newspapers the other day purporting to give an interview between my friend from Illinois (Mr. Cannon) and myself. While the interview was not stated with entire accuracy, the general facts are true, and I will repeat it now as an illustration of one of the features of this bill.

When this bill was up in the House before on a motion to suspend the rules, my friend from Illinois raised the question of "no quorum." Two-thirds of the House were in favor of passing the bill, but there was not a quorum present; and the gentleman from Illinois raised that point and prevented further consideration of the bill. The next day I came to the House with my pockets full of most beautiful apples. They were fair to look upon, but were veritable dead sea fruit. I went around and offered them to my friend. He loves apples as well as I love birds. He opened them.

They were all perforated with the tunnels that the worms had dug in passing

through the fruit. I asked him if he had ever seen that condition in apples when he was a boy. He said no; it was a recent thing. I inquired whether he often saw an apple now that did not show the foul track of a worm through its interior. He said, "What of that?" "Well," said I, "my friend, the killing of the birds causes this condition. Man kills the birds that killed the insect that laid the egg that hatched the worm that defiled the apple. [Laughter.] Thus following back in something of the fashion of "The House that Jack Built," we reach the real cause of most of this trouble. The destruction of the insectivorous birds has resulted in the loss of our fruit. No wonder the farmers and horticulturists are interested in this proposition!

Objection was made to this bill upon the theory that it was a purely sentimental measure, and intended merely to strike at bird millinery. Not so. It is true, Mr. Chairman, that there is some sentiment in the bill; and it is a proper, a legitimate, sentiment. The love of birds is something that ought to be taught in every school. Their protection is something that ought to be inculcated in the mind of every boy and girl. I have always been a lover of the birds; and I have always been a hunter as well; for to-day there is no friend that the birds have like the true sportsman—the man who enjoys legitimate sport. He protects them out of season; he kills them in moderation in season. The game hog is an animal of 2 legs that is disappearing. May he soon become extinct! The game hog formerly had himself photographed surrounded by the fruits of a day's "sport," and regarded the photograph as imperfect unless he had 100 dead ducks, geese, or geese around him. To-day a true sportsman would be ashamed to be pictured in connection with a larger number of fowls than a decent share for an American gunner, having due regard to the preservation of the game for the future.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri. Is there anything in this bill to stop the operations of pot hunters?

Mr. Lacey. This bill is directed against the pot hunter. When you take away his market you destroy his occupation. Take away his market, or put that market under the surveillance of the game wardens, and the pot hunter must cease to carry on his nefarious traffic. He is the man who should have no friends on the floor of this House, or anywhere in the United States of America. He is the relentless enemy of all animal life. The States have awakened to the necessity of preserving what remains of bird life, with which nature so generously endowed our country. State laws of a vigorous character are enacted,

and a public sentiment has grown up in favor of the enforcement of the statutes.

But the facility of commerce in these days of rapid transit enables the violator of the State law to market the product of his crime at a distance, and thus defy the laws of his own Commonwealth. This bill will supply the present defect in the law, and a halt can be called upon the ruthless destruction and exportation of the small remains of our once apparently inexhaustible bird population.

Seton Thompson tells us that no wild bird or wild animal ever dies of old age. Their lives, sooner or later, always have a tragic end. When a wild animal makes a mistake the penalty is death.

The gulls, the scavengers of our bays and harbors, are now being killed for use as ornaments.

The plumes of the egret are especially sought after; and as their plumage is at its best when nesting the mother bird is shot while rearing its young, and the orphan family is destroyed that the mother's plumes may decorate the head gear of humanity.

There is one feature of bird protection with which this bill does not pretend to deal.

The plumage merchant has held out inducements to hunters which have well-nigh exterminated some of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

In a single sale in London, in 1898, 116,490 skins of humming birds and 228,289 bundles of Indian parrots were sold for decorative purposes. In that sale over 500,000 bird skins were disposed of.

It is a pitiful thing to contemplate the slaughter of such a multitude of these beauties for the gratification of human vanity. Many people are deeply interested in the proposition to forbid the importation of the plumage of foreign birds, but that would involve the attempt to reform the world before purifying ourselves.

We should cast the beam out of our own eye first. Let us take care of our own birds and game before attempting to go into the fields and forests of other lands.

By taking this course we will set an example to other countries and the good work of bird and game protection in America may serve as a model.

We have given an awful exhibition of slaughter and destruction, which may serve

as a warning to all mankind. Let us now give an example of wise conservation of what remains of the gifts of nature.

It is late. It is too late as to the wild pigeon. The buffalo is almost a thing of the past, but there still remain much to preserve, and we must act earnestly if we would accomplish good results.

Mr. Chairman, to the last section of this bill, which was designed to obviate the effect of the "original package" law in protecting the pot hunter, I have agreed to offer an amendment, putting it in such a form as I think will remove the only opposition that this bill has really encountered on the floor of the House. I will offer the amendment at the proper time as a substitute for section 5.

I love the people who love birds. The man or the woman who does not love birds ought to be classed with the person who has no love for music—fit only for "treason, stratagem and spoils." I would love to have a solo singer in every bush and a choir of birds in every tree top. At my own home I have set out Russian mulberries for the birds alone. The Russian mulberry begins to ripen while the blossoms are still coming out, and for three months there are blossoms and black fruit on the same tree. If you want to be popular with the birds of your community, set out some of these mulberries, and they will come from every quarter to the place where these trees are. The man who cultivates the birds will have the birds take care of him. They will care for his farm. They will destroy the insect pests, and the man who protects them will be successful wherever he may farm in the United States of America.

Mr. Shackelford. What about the birds that pick the cherries?

Mr. Lacey. Every bird that eats a cherry earns 10 cherries before he eats one.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri. Have you any way of keeping them from eating the cherries?

Mr. Lacey. No one should ever begrudge a cherry to a woodpecker or a robin. He has made the cherry possible before he takes it. He has done more toward its fruition than the man who set out the tree, because he has protected it from the pests that destroy it.

Life is real, life is earnest  
From the start until the end;  
And with the demise of a doctor  
The undertaker plants a friend.

—Chicago News.

## PARKS FOR FOREST PRESERVATION.

CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

Had the buffalo remained with us to-day in appreciable, though fast diminishing numbers, unquestionably we would now have a Society for the Preservation of the Buffalo. The rapid extermination of the game birds throughout the country has stimulated hundreds of game protective societies leading to much beneficial legislation on the subject. The preservation of song birds has been generally taken up and the discouragement of the use of feathers as decorations for women's hats has resulted in destroying to a degree the market of the plume hunter.

The preservation of fish has been a study for years, and the line is pretty closely drawn in the Adirondack woods to-day between the question of whether paper making with the consequent polluting of the streams from the factories is more important than fish preservation. The great Sequoias of California, unmatched timber giants, are threatened by the lumbermen's axe and saw, and a society is being formed for their preservation. But recently the Pinchot family of Washington donated \$150,000 to establish a Chair of Forestry at Yale College; more work in the line of preserving and perpetuating our fast disappearing forests.

The pine forests of the great Northwest have been looked on for years as inexhaustible, as was the buffalo when the latter dotted the plains in countless thousands. Forty years ago the man who had the temerity to raise his voice in favor of preserving the buffalo from extermination was laughed to scorn. The animals were almost as plentiful as the sands of the desert that they roamed, and to exterminate them was seemingly beyond the power of man. But the railroads came, and in their wake the skin hunter, with his repeating rifle, and in time the bone hunter finished the job as he piled the prairies high with mountains of glistening bones to be shipped East, calcined, and used for purifying the sugar we eat.

So was it with the forests. The towering groves of black walnut in the Middle States first left the exterminating hand, until a black walnut grove has become only a memory. The magnificent bodies of soft white pine, that queen of all woods, in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, attracted the lumberman. To listen to an old-time logger describe the wastefulness of the early timbering days would be sufficient to satisfy one that the pine was then looked upon as inexhaustible. But under the blows of millions of axes the trees be-

gan to disappear, forest fires helping on the work of destruction. Thirty years ago far-seeing men stopped to figure, and argued that the lumberman and settler combined would wipe out the pine forests in 10 years. Year after year was this prophecy made, for 30 years back, until the cry of "wolf" is beginning to come true. Michigan is actually cut over. The great State of Wisconsin, that has sent billions of feet of merchantable pine and other woods to the markets, is nearing the end of its standing timber.

In the old logging days only timber adjacent to the streams which were within reasonable hauling distance by oxen was cut. Now they construct logging railroads, cut the timber winter and summer, and haul the logs in train loads to the mills.

Minnesota may be said to have more standing white pine timber within her boundaries than any other State, yet it is only too rapidly disappearing. There are those who speak of a 5 year limit now, instead of the former 10 year estimate. One of the surest signs of the coming of the end is the fact that the heavy operators in pine are looking to the spruce and fir forests of the Pacific Coast, and have recently invested millions of dollars in coast lumber lands.

In the Northern part of Minnesota, midway of a straight line drawn from Duluth to Crookston, is what is known as the Chippewa Indian reservation. On this land is to be found the greatest body of virgin pine in the State of Minnesota. Here are the 3 great lakes, Leech, with 540 miles of shore line, Cass, and Winnebagoish. Through this tract the infant Mississippi, fresh from Lake Itasca, meanders, connecting these 3 great bodies of water with 70 smaller lakes. The woods teem with deer and moose, as did the forest stretches of New York 200 years ago. The lakes and streams abound in voracious muskalonge, wily bass of gigantic size, and toothsome wall-eyed pike. To fish in these waters is to spoil one's self for like fishing in any other section. There is a constant temptation to over fish, and load the boat with more than one needs to catch.

The scenery on these forest-encircled lakes is second to none in this country. The wildest and most scenic tracts in Maine do not compare with it. The interweaving streams and ever changing scenery make this an ideal country for the man or woman who loves nature in her primeval state. The soil of this reserva-



tion is uniformly sandy, and practically worthless for any other purpose than the growing of pine.

Under the guise of throwing this reservation open for settlement, the lumbermen of the State are advocating the removal of the Indians to another reservation, miles distant, and the selling of this land, practically worthless because of its sandy nature, to the emigrant. Inasmuch as the sandy worthless ground will not yield even the poorest crops, it really means the cutting of the timber, the abandonment of the land to the State for taxes, and a consequent desolation of stumps and sand, only too often fire-ridden by the inflammable refuse tree tops left by the lumbermen.

And here again has a society been formed, under the name of the Minnesota National Park Association, to prevail on the Government not to drive the Indians off from this land, and not to open it up to settlement (simply another name for turning it over to the lumbermen) but to preserve it for all time as a recreation ground for the people. Unlike the Yellowstone Park, the region is within 18 hours' ride of over 30,000,000 of people. In this region can one see the Indians living in their villages, roaming the woods, and paddling their canoes, as in the days of Fenimore Cooper. Here do they hunt and fish, gather their wild rice, weave their baskets, and make the thousand and one trinkets of bead, feather, and shell work, so dear to the heart of the Indian. In preserving this reservation for the people as a National Park, the rights of the Indians will be respected, the timber preserved and perpetuated under forestry conditions long after the last pine tree outside of the reservation shall have been cut and sold; and a pleasant ground will be secured for the invalid, the camper, tourist, fisherman, and lover of nature generally.

To mature a pine tree from the seed-

ling in the forest takes 100 to 150 years, but to fell one of these mighty giants of the forest takes only 5 minutes. Re-foresting cut over lands will solve the problem, but the next 100 years will not look on a great white pine forest re-grown between the stumps of one denuded within this generation.

This reservation preserved, and its pine perpetuated through forestry methods, will be a lasting monument and reminder of what the great forests of the Northwest were in the days of DuLut, Marquette, LaSalle, Fremont, and hundreds of other pioneers who traversed this region in the company of the Indian before the advent of the settler and the lumberman. It is within the power of the Government to retain this great tract of forest, lake and stream, for the people and their children's children, as a pleasure ground, as long as grass grows and water flows. Between the people and Congress at Washington stands the grasping lumberman, the man who is already rolling in wealth gained honestly or dishonestly from the pine land of the government, but who yet wants more, and who is attempting to influence legislation for his own gain as against the wishes of the people. But the spirit of greed and gain in this case must not and will not prevail.

At this time efforts are being made in Washington by the friends of the Park to have a joint commission appointed by the 2 houses to thoroughly go into this park project in all its bearings and then report back to Congress. If such report be favorable, and it very likely will be, then may the Minnesota National Park be looked on as a reality. For this end let all lovers of the woods and streams and advocates of game preservation and friends of the Indian work and pray—but not neglect the work.

---

She wrote a charming little verse,  
 Just sixteen lines and sweetly terse;  
 She sent it done in elite blue  
 To a paper published in St. Lou;  
 And when it came back marked "Declined"  
 It almost caused the tears to blind;  
 For there it was in brazen blue—  
 "Your feet will never, never do!"  
 —Chicago News.

## FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

### TO SAVE THE GAME IN THE PARK.

New York, Jan. 19th, 1900.  
Hon. E. A. Hitchcock,  
Secretary of the Interior,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—I beg to call your attention to the urgent need of killing off a large number of the bears, lynx, mountain lions and wolves in the Yellowstone National Park. It is a well known fact that these animals have become so numerous there that they destroy large numbers of the elk calves and of cows which become too weak during winter to be able to escape. These carnivorous animals also kill, every spring, several buffalo calves, and more or less young deer, antelope and mountain sheep.

It would be an easy matter to reduce the numbers of these predatory animals, by simply instructing the park superintendent to detail a few good hunters from his command to do the work.

In my judgment this should be ordered at once. The bears are now hibernating, and will begin to come out of their dens early in April. The snow will still be deep in the park at that time, and it will be easy for the bears to overtake and pull down the young animals and the weakened mothers. Hunters traveling on snow shoes could easily pursue and rapidly thin out the bears. Captain Brown, the present superintendent of the park, is a practical big game hunter himself, and could direct this work intelligently and effectively. As you are well aware, the buffalo herd in the park has dwindled from about 400 head, 3 years ago, to less than 30 head now, and the last one of these will disappear within 2 years more unless stringent measures are adopted for their preservation. It would be a national calamity to have this remnant of the American bison exterminated. Of course many of these animals have been killed by poachers outside of the park and perhaps a few inside, but it is a well known fact that many of the buffaloes have been pulled down and killed by the beasts of prey which I have mentioned.

Hoping you may give this matter your careful and prompt attention, I am,

Yours truly,  
G. O. Shields, Prest. L. A. S.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Washington, D. C., March 16, 1900.  
Mr. G. O. Shields, President,  
League of American Sportsmen.

Sir:  
Your letter of January 19th has been received, in which you call attention to the

urgent necessity for killing off a large number of bears, lynx, mountain lions and wolves in Yellowstone National Park.

In response thereto I have to state that the Acting Superintendent of the Park, to whom your letter was referred, states that:

There are, as stated by Mr. Shields, numbers of bears and mountain lions and large numbers of coyotes in the park, and much game in the way of elk, deer and antelope is killed by them. I have carefully investigated the matter as to whether buffalo are ever killed by the bears; the scouts who have been here, some of them for years, have never known of this being done, though of course it may have happened. With the exception of the buffalo and possibly mountain sheep, I think all kinds of game have increased of late years, though this may not be correct as to antelope. I think most of the destruction is due to the coyotes, and the scouts and enlisted men of the command are authorized to shoot them wherever found; a number of them near the post have been shot and poisoned this season. A few mountain lions have also been killed.

The depredations of the bears seem to be mainly about the hotels, where they often break into outhouses in search of food. I doubt the advisability of killing any of these animals except such as become so bad about the hotels as to make it absolutely necessary.

The mountain lions killed have been those in the vicinity of where the few remaining mountain sheep are ranging and with a view to the protection of these rare animals.

There are so many elk in the park that, for the present at least, no measures are necessary for their protection from other wild animals.

As Mr. Shields suggests, the important thing is to protect the buffalo, and I shall use every effort to this end; but it is no easy matter to cover the country where they are during the spring season; in fact, it is impossible except by the most experienced men with skis, who have to carry their rations and sufficient clothing for protection against cold at night on their backs. I have at present a detachment in the buffalo country, on skis, with instructions to find out as nearly as possible the number still left in the park; this trip will take at least 2 weeks and probably more.

From this report it will be seen that Captain Oscar J. Brown, Acting Superintendent of the Park, is taking such steps as in his judgment the circumstances warrant toward protecting the game in the reservation.

In this connection, it is proper to add that a number of bear and other animals have been trapped in the park and shipped to the Zoological Park in this city, and the same course will be pursued as to furnishing animals for the Zoological Gardens in Omaha, Nebraska.

Very respectfully,  
E. A. Hitchcock,  
Secretary.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
Biological Survey,  
Washington, D. C.,  
January 26th, 1900.

Hon. E. A. Hitchcock,  
Secretary of the Interior.

Sir:—

Will you kindly have sent to my address copies of the annual report of the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for the years 1890-99 inclusive?

I am informed that you have been requested to authorize the killing of "a large number of bears, lynx, mountain lions and wolves in the Yellowstone National Park." This, it seems to me, would be a serious mistake. There is, of course, no danger in killing all the wolves that it is practicable to destroy, if the persons authorized to do the killing can be made to confine their attention to these animals, which are notoriously destructive to big game. But in the case of the other species mentioned, namely the bears, lynx and mountain lions, it would be exceedingly difficult, I think, to obtain trustworthy evidence to the effect that these animals really cut any figure in the destruction of big game in the Park. The mountain lion, or panther, is well known to feed largely on deer, and sometimes doubtless kills an elk, particularly the young. But deer and elk exist in the park in such vast numbers that the inroads made on them by the few mountain lions inhabiting the region are too insignificant to merit attention.

Black bears are very abundant in the park, as you know, and may be so much of a nuisance that it is desirable to reduce their numbers. But this should not be done under the pretext that they are a menace to the game.

The case of the grizzly bear is very different. The Yellowstone National Park is now the only place in the world where a person may go with the assurance of seeing a live grizzly, and, if I am correctly informed, the number of grizzlies there is by no means large. The grizzly is one of the distinctive American mammals rapidly

approaching extinction, and it has been already exterminated over tully nine-tenths of its range. It would be a calamity, therefore, for the United States Government to in any way hasten the extinction of the species.

I have the honor to remain,  
Respectfully,  
C. Hart Merriam,  
Chief, Biological Survey.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Washington, D. C.,  
February 2d, 1900.

Respectfully referred to the Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for consideration in connection with the reference on the same subject forwarded to him under date of January 20th, 1900. This paper should be returned to the Department.

(Signed) E. A. Hitchcock,  
Secretary.  
E. M. D.

(2d Endorsement.)

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT,  
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,  
Mammoth Hot Springs, Wy.,  
February 9th, 1900.

Respectfully returned to the Honorable the Secretary of the Interior.

The destruction of game is confined mainly to deer, elk, antelope and sheep, and these depredations are mostly the work of coyotes. The mountain lions, of which there are still large numbers in the park, do much damage, and if this was only among the deer and elk it would amount to little, as the elk undoubtedly are increasing and the deer, if not increasing, are not diminishing; but it is known that these lions kill mountain sheep, an animal which is becoming rare and which must be protected to prevent complete extinction. To do this requires that the mountain lions in the vicinity of where these sheep range should be kept down as much as possible. There is a small band of mountain sheep on Mount Everts, within 3 miles of this post, numbering about 26, and another band about 12 miles Northeast from the post, near Hellroaring creek. It is not known if there are any others in the park.

In these 2 localities there are many mountain lions. It was found necessary, both last winter and this, to shoot these lions whenever found, to save the sheep. There is no danger of their being exterminated, as they range throughout the park and are extremely difficult to find. Coyotes are numerous and are killed at every opportunity. No indiscriminate killing of these or any other animals is allowed; the destruction is confined to coyotes and mountain lions and is done by the

civilian scouts or duly authorized enlisted men.

I do not believe the protection of game requires, at present at least, the killing of any bears; the number of deer and elk destroyed by them is, as suggested by Mr. Merriam, insignificant. It has been reported that young buffalo have been killed by them, but I can find no evidence as to this. I shall make every effort to investigate this when the bears come out in the spring, and if such is found to be the case it may be necessary to destroy some of them in the buffalo country; but I seriously doubt if the decrease of the buffalo is due at all to the destruction of their young by bears.

During the summer and fall the bears live about the hotels, and have given much trouble at these places by breaking doors, windows, etc., in search of food; in some cases it may be necessary to kill one or 2 of these, or preferably to capture them, if possible, and send to some zoological park, where they are wanted. Any such contemplated action would be referred to the Interior Department for approval before being executed, and no course would be recommended that would tend to diminish any of the species which find in the National Park the only safe refuge.

Oscar J. Brown,  
Captain 1st Cavalry,  
Acting Superintendent.

#### SHOULD BOYS USE RIFLES?

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

I should like to know your views on the subject of the following clipping from the Chicago Times-Herald:

Gladstone, Mich., April 7.—The mystery surrounding the fatal shooting of Miss Lydia Barstar, the school teacher at Isabella, yesterday, was partly cleared up by the arrest of 2 boys late last night. They were hunting crows in the vicinity of the schoolhouse, and it is supposed that a bullet from the rifle of one of them crashed through the window and killed the teacher at her desk.

The names of the boys have not been learned. Whether the shooting was accidental or intentional is not known, but the boys are in jail at Escanaba pending an investigation by the prosecuting attorney, it being alleged that one of them had a grudge against the teacher.

The tragedy recorded is but one of many that have been traced to the small boy and his cheap rifle or pistol. I believe that the promiscuous sale of cheap .22 caliber rifles and pistols to small boys should be prohibited in every State in this country. In fact, I am strongly in favor of laws which will forbid the use of firearms by persons under 15 years of age, except in shooting galleries and other well enclosed buildings. The makers of the cheap little rifles and pistols which, in the hands of small boys, cause constant trouble to their users and the general public, advertise the weapons as especially adapted to boys' use. The re-

sult is that every small boy who reads these advertisements begs his parents to present him with a rifle. In Illinois there is a law which prohibits the sale of firearms to minors, but it is not enforced. At least, it does not prevent the killing of thousands of song birds every year by small boys armed with cheap .22 caliber rifles, to say nothing of the chickens, pigeons, cats, favorite dogs and human beings who frequently follow the birds. This law should be amended to include in its prohibition the use of firearms in the open by all persons not above 15 years of age, and if you think as I do regarding the subject, steps will be taken to secure such an amendment.

Louis Lehle.

#### ANSWER.

The problem is a serious one and has been for 100 years past. I agree with you as far as the tough boy is concerned, but not as to the other class. I know hundreds, yes, thousands, of boys under 15 years old who are genuine sportsmen of the highest type. None of these I refer to are game hogs or fish hogs in any sense of the word. Furthermore, they do not destroy the song or insectivorous birds or their nests. They exert a wholesome influence on the reckless boys, who are inclined to create havoc in that way. These boys will in time be the representative sportsmen and naturalists of this country, and it would be entirely wrong to deprive them of their fun now that they have time to enjoy it. In future years most of them will, like the rest of us, be tied down to desks, except for a few days each year. By all means let them enjoy life to the fullest extent, but in a legitimate way, while they are young. I am in favor of a law to prohibit the tough boys from owning or using guns, but it would be impossible to discriminate, as a rule. The question can be solved by enforcing our game and bird laws as they exist in most States. If a man or a boy kills a bird or an animal or takes a fish in close season he should be prosecuted. If he kills a song or insectivorous bird at any time of the year, except for absolute scientific use, he should be prosecuted, regardless of his age. If he kills more than a reasonable number of game birds or animals or takes more than a reasonable number of fish in a day he should be prosecuted, old or young. All the States that have not already enacted laws limiting the bag of game or fish should do so at once. Then those laws should be enforced. There are thousands of boys who would help us to enforce them, not only as against other boys, but as against men who have less regard for decency than my army of boy friends have. We have created a junior class membership in the League of American Sports-

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W. T. WEBSTER  
1900

1900 Recreation

This is a resounding message from all the early outdoor magazines. The “game hogs” were social outcasts within the sporting community of hunters and anglers.

# The Aurora Trout Hunt

*Field & Stream* September, 1925



## 12

### THE AURORA TROUT HUNT

From *Field & Stream*, September, 1925, here's an article describing William Rinkenbach's efforts to collect and identify an unusual trout. William and a couple pals were waiting for a train following an adventurous fishing trip into Ontario's Timagami region. To pass the time they were discussing trout fishing with local Indian fishing guide, George. George used their map to point out a remote lake which contained trout. He assured them that these trout were not brook or lake trout and that they were only found in that small area. Like all treasure hunters, William was hooked. Many scientist and researchers get hooked on the same drug with the hope of being the first to find and identify an animal species unknown to everyone else. The thrill of the hunt was on for William.

Just two months later William and partners were fishing the lake George had pointed out to them as having unique trout. After a couple of failed trips to the area to collect samples the persistent Mr. Rinkenback convinced an ichthyologist to accompany him. Their trip resulted in successfully sampling and archiving a new species of trout officially named *Salvelinus fontinalis timagamiensis*, the Aurora Trout.

Unfortunately, the Aurora Trout is now listed as an endangered species by the Committee on the Status of Wildlife in Canada. The trout's downfall was largely due to air pollution from Canada's southerner neighbor, US! Research by fishery scientists and biologists indicate that the endangered status of the Aurora Trout is linked to pH's which dropped drastically in Quebec's massive watersheds due to acid rainfall. There's a Recovery Plan in place. All of us USA fishheads and fishermen wish them great success in saving this unique and beautiful fish. Sorry about that pollution thing. I wish we could say we'd clean it up ... but ... politics are politics and it's an election year. And the big slogan by one party is to "get government off the backs of businesses" so they can create jobs. I wish that didn't mean polluting the environment, but I know that it does.

Some links to the Recovery Plan and other Aurora Trout information is provided following the article.

Good luck chasing your unique fish species, I've been on a few fish hunts myself. - Bob



# The Trail to the AURORA TROUT

*The finding of a new species of the gamy Salvelinus,  
which has been accepted by science as a new trout*

By WM. H. RINKENBACH

WE had just emerged from a spring trip into the Timagami, and Stan, Hort and I were spending the hour or two that must elapse until train time in discussing with our casual acquaintance—who seemed to accept us as other than the tourists to come later in the year—the whereabouts and catchability of brook trout.

"You got map?" inquired George, the tall, friendly Indian guide.

Assenting, we rummaged through the duffle and passed to him the one we had used on our jaunt into this land of ever-

the Mattawapika River, over the broad expanse of Lady Evelyn—a lake of a hundred isles—and up and up the river of the same name with its precipitous falls, chains of small lakes, rapids, and many portages of varying degrees of length and difficulty.

At Gamble Lake we must perforce leave the stream whose headwaters we were now nearing and undertake a final portage of more than four arduous miles that led across and down the divide, on the top of which Clearwater Lake lies at an altitude of between fifteen and sixteen hundred feet.

Long before, the others had been informed of what George had said; and once encamped on one of the islands of far-flung Smoothwater, the decision to visit the trout lake was immediate and unanimous. So, taking only an 18-foot canoe, lunch, and our tackle, we

paddled and portaged into it the next morning and found, hidden amidst the hills east of Smoothwater, a narrow lake about three miles in length. As we paddled in we saw a small, rocky island near the outlet, which meandered along the base of a perpendicular granite cliff perhaps three hundred feet in height.

In spite of the glaringly hot and clear weather, we fished near the island and were rewarded with a single brook trout of about one pound.

GEORGE'S say-so was confirmed, but it was in a mood rather skeptical as to the density of the finny population that we slowly trolled to the upper end of the lake.

We passed another larger and densely wooded island en route, but had nary a bit of encouragement in the way of a strike; so landed to eat our lunch. A hot sun, a blinding glare from the water, and a riotous plenitude of huckleberries caused us to linger longer than usual over this; but finally we re-embarked to continue fishing with determination, if not with a

great deal of hope for unusual success.

Idly drifting in the faint breeze while we discussed what might be the best part of the lake to try next, I let out a small trout spoon with Bee fly attached and stripped off about fifty feet of line. The wind was slowly carrying us down the lake at a short distance from the shore, and we were lazily discussing the pros and cons of the question, when there came the shock and thrill that never fail when it is forced upon your notice that a big 'un has gorged the lure.

With a lunge that bent the fly-rod nearly double and took the line under the canoe—so unexpected was the attack—the battle started and all four of us came to life again. And there was need that the angler be very much alive and alert; for with long, bull-like rushes and short, hairpin sprints, that fish made every second mean something. Luckily he did not succeed in tearing loose during the first minute of confusion; and after "A.C." had swung the canoe around, and so freed the line, it was an even fight.

WE all have our hopes and dreams, and what trout-fisherman has not visioned himself in a diffused-focus scene, doing battle with and landing the one that is to put all previous triumphs in the category of trivial things? Within a few minutes came the realization that such a scene was now being enacted and knowledge as certain as though the fish already was gasping in the net that a *Salvelinus fontinalis*



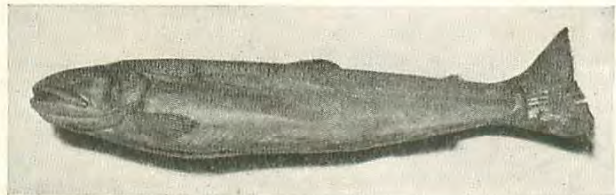
Brook trout photographed after pickling

green forests, lakes, rock-ribbed hills, and picturesque streams. Studying it carefully, George pointed his finger to a small, narrow and unnamed lake far to the north and said briefly, "Trout there."

Remembering that to many of the natives of the Northern woods the term "trout" meant the lake trout, I insinuated that this, of course, was to what he referred; but George staunchly insisted that the trout in that specific lake were "brook trout—speckled trout." Knowing the reputation as guides borne by him and his brothers, I thanked him for the information and promised myself to head for that lake at the first opportunity.

With this as an added attraction and opportunity beckoning, only two months later found me again one of a party of four that headed north. Starting from Latchford, Ontario, and thereby saving time in getting beyond the range of the usual tourist, we were towed up the Montreal River by our genial outfitter, Archie King, to where the drainage of the Lady Evelyn watershed empties into the river over the double falls of Mattawapika.

During the next five days, with the handicap of frequent and heavy rains added to the other natural barriers lavishly thrown across our path when the world was young, we steadily pushed ahead in a northwesterly direction with Smoothwater Lake as our goal. Our route took us up the long, sinuous arm of



Aurora trout photographed after pickling

*fontinalis* of at least three pounds' weight and a strong disinclination to arbitrate had the far end of the line. At the end of five minutes, with the foregoing convictions intensified and a lurking fear of loss dawning, I was moved to announce that if this one escaped it would be a case of justifiable suicide.

And so the fight continued for an unnoted length of time; but finally his troutship could no longer cope with the untiring spring of the rod and the continuous

## The Trail to the Aurora Trout

drag of the line, and grudgingly but surely was brought near the canoe. Then, coming close to the surface, a gleam of silver flashed through the clear water and terror lent strength to a savage spurt that took out the line again but proved to be his last great effort. Carefully bringing him alongside the canoe, "A.C." netted him and—

**B**EFORE us lay a trout. Not the giant for which I had fought, but a trout not more than a foot in length. Not the darkly colorful speckled trout with iridescent beauty spots of red and blue I had expected, but a trout whose flanks of silver merged into a gold-specked bluish-silver on the back and into the white of the belly. Of the usual orange-yellow spots there were none, and of the beauty spots only the faintest of indications at one or two places.

Filled with surprise at the unexpected appearance and with the intensity of the fight still jumbling our thoughts, my startled "But what is it?" met with but a threefold echo. After much exclaiming and scratching of heads, we decided that undoubtedly before us lay a trout that certainly was neither brook nor lake trout and therefore must be another kind. Brown, rainbow and steelhead were suggested in turn, only to be rejected by the cognoscenti of the outfit; we decided that this must be what the natives referred to as "gray trout." Without being able to specify differences, we had at various times heard rangers, trappers and guides insist that such differences exist as to distinguish "gray" and "lake" trout.

The fires of angling enthusiasm now flared madly and we resumed our slow trolling over this part of the lake with a choice assortment of spoons, flies and pork rind trailing in our wake. However, the Bee-fly spinner—the only one in the outfit—seemed to have the call; for within the next hour or so I landed two more, while Sid struck, hooked and dragged three alongside the canoe—only to lose each at the last moment. Finally he hooked another and, with the three of us driving from the rear seat and cheering him on, he managed to bring the largest of all into the net.

It was now late in the afternoon and we started down the lake with our island camp as the goal. However, noticing the mouth of a tiny brook on the west shore and seeing a smaller lake marked but a short distance back on the map, we walked

but a few hundreds of yards over a low hill and saw lying before us in the early shadows a lake in which the trout were breaking water by the hundred as they fed at or near the surface. With regret that we could not take advantage of this fur-

While still in the teens, I was first afflicted by an annual fever that began in the dead of winter and, manifesting itself in tackle-tinkering and a review of all available angling literature, increased in intensity until the climacteric day when

the trout season opened. "Trout fever," the despair of mothers and exasperation of wives, seems actually to render the victim happier, hardier, and more impervious to insinuation and reproach, rather than resulting in a weakening and waning.

A few months after our return, my annual attack came on and encountered surprisingly little resistance. Naturally "those trout" were the first point of attack. Resistance was lowered to the vanishing point and a renewed and systematic study of the literature ichthyologic ensued; but the more deeply pursued, the more elusive the fish seemed and the more baffling the results.

**C**ORRESPONDENCE and consultation with Drs. Henn and Kendall, of the Carnegie Museum, and the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, failed to clear up the matter, the most interesting lead being an opinion from the latter that this might very probably be



*We journeyed far up the Lady Evelyn River*

ther opportunity, we turned back and headed for camp.

The next day proved to be cold and rainy, but Bill and Sid made a brief excursion to the smaller of the two lakes and returned with two more of the trout that have caught and held some of the color-splendor of the auroral skies. Also, Bill brought back a weird tale of one, the granddaddy of 'em all, which Sid hooked, dragged to the canoe, tried to net, and, catching a hook in the net, shook loose at the very gunwale of the canoe in his efforts to free the net. 'Twas then the latter announced in self-defense: "I'm not an angler—I just fish."

**T**HE following day we must needs head south again, but it was with the hope of once more seeing the hidden lakes and taking more of those trout that we left Smoothwater. Having returned to the city, with a long and fishless winter before us, we each consulted several tomes of fish fable and fact without being able to identify the species we had seen; so we had recourse to our original conclusion that this was the "gray trout," and let it go at that. And so the matter might have rested had it not been for a personal idiosyncrasy.

an entirely new species of trout.

With deep (outward) regret I realized that previous plans for a long-deferred visit to the paternal roof must, in the face of pressing scientific duty, be laid aside and the self-immolation of a spring trip in quest of specimens arranged. Of the necessity of this I was firmly convinced, but when the other three were approached they proved interested but fly-shy. However, there was no difficulty in persuading another angling friend, Charley Goulding, to make the foray and the middle of last May found us again in Latchford.

To our disgust, the Montreal was choked with the logs of the spring drive and we were faced with the necessity of a long detour that would require some time; but on a leaden-gray morning we crossed the river and started a two-mile portage. This led through a forest of nothing but silver birch. As the leaves had not as yet even begun to bud, the pall of the dismal sky only emphasized the feeling of being in a lonely graveyard of a thousand tall, gaunt stones. Snow lay in patches along the trail and, when halfway over, a hail-storm beat a tattoo upon our packs; but by the time we had reached the end of the portage at Anamanipissing Lake the sun was shining brightly and an easy paddle

## Field and Stream

over beautiful, calm water was before us.

Late afternoon found us near the southern end of the lake. Landing on a small, rocky island that was the site of an extremely dilapidated rangers' cabin, we decided—on a hunch—to stay here and save the labor incidental to pitching camp, although the weather was brightly fair and there were still several hours available for travel. A happy hunch it proved to be, for hardly had we cooked and eaten when a small, black cloud scurried up out of the west, a roaring gale swooped down, and a torrent of cold rain that soon became a heavy snow began to fall.

**R**ETREATING to the poorly chinked and partly roofless cabin, we soon realized the impracticability of making it comfortable and were driven into our blankets by the intense cold. During the night I awakened several times to thrust my head, tortoise-like, from beneath the blankets, find the pillow of duffle and clothing nicely covered with snow, and hear the wind howling with such ferocity that I feared our canoe, which had been upturned on the shore, would be lifted right off the island. No, I did not go forth to tie it fast!

The next day was clear but intensely cold and so windy that the high waves and angry whitecaps prevented our departure. By dint of work and some laughable makeshifts, we managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable, so that we were able to find a certain amount of humor in our position. Late in the afternoon the wind subsided somewhat and we did a little casting from the island with a pleasantly surprising result, for after bagging a doré Charley took a three-pound lake trout on a pork rind.

During the next several days we encountered tough going, due to the extremely cold weather and frequent flurries of snow. Paddling over lakes dotted by many islands, with the immediate past and future veiled from view by snow, proved interesting if not entertaining; and we found it advisable to make one of the still vacant ranger cabins our nightly goal when possible.

Arriving at the outlet of the Lady Evelyn River, we proceeded upstream some distance; but now, when we were at last in the brook-trout country, we were confronted with the fact that, due to the al-

most freezing temperature of the water, the trout would not strike at fly, spoon, or live bait. Being cold-blooded, the metabolic processes of trout are suspended almost entirely under these conditions, and, with the driving force of hunger on

time was spent in catching and preserving specimens of the new trout, brook trout, and other minor species in the lake, taking natural-color photographs of the specimens and in general photography.

Visits were exchanged with the two rangers stationed on Smoothwater Lake; from them we learned that these trout had been called rainbow trout and land-locked salmon by the occasional anglers finding their way here, as well as facts concerning their distribution and habits. We also learned that the lake on which we were camped is known by the rangers and trappers as White Pine Lake, although bearing no official map name.



*Everything was covered with snow the morning after the storm. And we were trout fishing*

the part of the fish gone, the fishing of ice-cold streams is almost hopeless.

Disappointed but not discouraged, we made our way to the cabin of a trapper-friend, one Charley Taylor. Here we stayed for a week in the hope that the weather would moderate. However, the cold, windy weather persisted to the day on which it was necessary that we start for the outside, helping Taylor take out his dogs and furs. Then, as if by magic, the black flies and mosquitos began to appear in swarms, and we knew that our departure was well-timed.

**A**BARE two months more passed and, the unbearableness of the fly-season being over, we again turned our steps northward and determinedly set out for the far-off lake of unusual lure. Again there were but two of us, the other 50 per cent being Doc, an ichthyologist who had never angled but was willing to try.

After four days of straining effort from Latchford we arrived at the long-anticipated goal. Doc was new to the game and had been more or less unappreciative of what was ahead of him when he started; so the route proved a series of rude shocks to a love of comfort that had earned for him the title of "Duke of Moribundia."

Pitching camp upon the tiny, rocky islet near the outlet of the lake, we remained here for the better part of a week. This

and called it a trip.

There still remained considerable to be done in the way of analysis, search of literature, and comparison with other little-known trout species; but the data obtained showed that we had found a brand-new and gamy species.

Impressed by the striking yet harmonious color-scheme of this fish, which is found in a region whose skies are frequently illuminated by the glories of the Northern lights, it has been given the common name of aurora trout; while the locality in which it is found and the fact that it belongs to the same genus as the brook trout—the charrs—is indicated by its scientific name, *Salvelinus timagamiensis*. As such it has been reported in the annals of the Carnegie Museum.

From our observations and information gathered from the rangers, the following general facts concerning the new species can be given:

Apparently the aurora trout is confined to the limited area of the Smoothwater Lake drainage of the Timagami region, which consists of about ten lakes and streams and forms the headwaters of the East Branch of the Montreal River. It is found up to three pounds in weight and in the same lakes as brook trout of the same size.

While not equaling its speckled cousin in beauty, it is truly magnificent in appearance. (Continued on page 60)

*The home of the Aurora trout. White Pine Lake from Look-out Hill*



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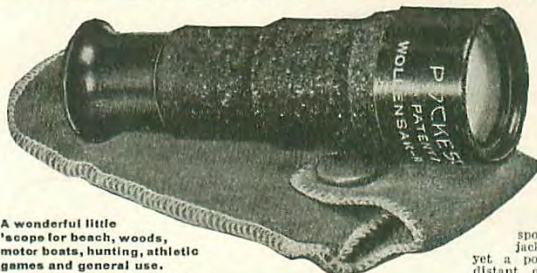
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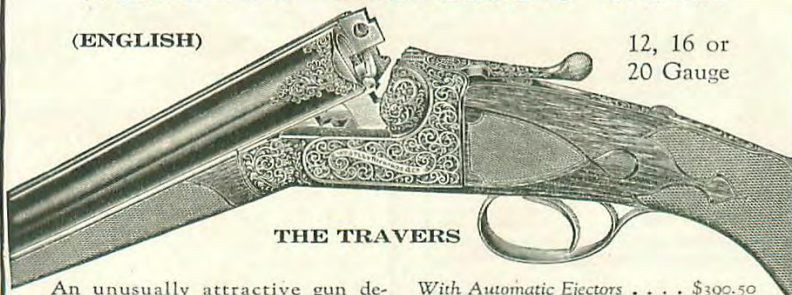
EVERY ONE BRAND NEW and GUARANTEED by both this company and the maker

Made by Wollensak, one of the world's finest makers of lenses and optical goods. Tried and tested and found O.K. by over ten thousand sportsmen last year. No bigger'n a jack-knife, easily carried in vest pocket, yet a powerful, precise monocular that brings distant objects close, in full detail, without adjustment. Adjustable twice as quickly as binoculars.

## WESTLEY RICHARDS GUNS

(ENGLISH)

12, 16 or 20 Gauge



THE TRAVERS

An unusually attractive gun designed to meet the requirements of the most critical. All that the finest materials and expert workmanship can put into a gun you will find in a Westley Richards.

With Automatic Ejectors . . . \$390.50  
Single trigger . . . extra \$110.00  
Hand Detachable Locks . . . extra \$82.50  
Other Models from \$225.00 to \$1,600.00  
Single Trap Guns . . . \$375.00 and \$550.00

Guns made to order at no additional charge

Full Information from *There is no other gun like a Westley Richards*  
BOB SMITH, Sporting Goods, 75 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

that date, we shall be glad to publish your reply in full, in the same issue. We believe that you are sincere in your arguments in favor of national pistol prohibition; that is to say, we do not for a minute doubt that you believe it will be of great benefit. Consequently, although we do not agree with you, we believe that you are entitled to have your reply to this letter set before our readers, and we believe also that our readers are entitled to hear your side of the case.

Yours very truly,  
E. F. WARNER,  
Publisher.

## ANOTHER RECORD SMASHED

(Continued from page 15)

4. Hand-lining the double line or use of a boatman's handline snapped on or in any way attached to the double line or leader.
5. Failure to have lines tested and rods measured and weighed before using.
6. Failure to comply with tackle specifications.
7. Shooting a fish.
8. Throwing gaff at fish before leader is within reach of boatman.
9. Use of harpoon, lance or lily iron.
10. Use of gaff over 8 feet over all in length.
11. Anyone other than angler and one gaffer assisting in gaffing or killing a fish.
12. Use of more than two hooks attached to leader at any one time or use of clusters of hooks (two or more) fastened together in any manner.

Mr. Gillespie used a hickory rod weighing fifteen ounces with which to catch his world record broadbill, and his line tested at sixty-three pounds breaking strength. The great fish measures 12 feet 9 inches from tip of sword to spread of tail, has a girth of sixty inches (quite a nice waist measure), and the bill itself is four feet in length.

The world record catch will be mounted and presented by Mr. Gillespie to the Tuna Club. The Harry Mallen broadbill which was brought in last season now hangs on the wall of the Tuna Club and is the cynosure of all eyes, a beautiful specimen of perfect preservation.

## THE TRAIL TO THE AURORA TROUT

(Continued from page 20)

ance. The unvernuculated, rich bluish-silver or plum color of its back and upper sides, flecked with single scales that have a golden gleam, shade into the gleaming silver of its flanks, through which show occasionally the rudiments of beauty spots of red and blue similar to those found in the brook and brown trouts. The belly is of creamy white and the white-edged fins are a solid madder-red, lacking the wavy striations of green and black found in the brook trout.

Like the brook trout, when handled or killed, the brilliancy of the colors quickly fades. One dead specimen, kept in the water, was attacked by a leech and almost entirely bleached in a short time. A peculiarity noticed was that to almost every specimen of the aurora trout taken on the last trip were attached a number of copepods, a species of small white parasite.

In habits the aurora trout is very similar to those of the other members of its family. A rare fighter, its equality or superiority to the brook trout is a narrowly debatable question. It is both a bottom and surface feeder, depending upon conditions of weather and time.

In the spring it can be taken with flies,

and at other times with small and medium spoons, crawfish, minnows and worms. In the stomach of one of those first caught was found a recently swallowed wood mouse!

The forests, lakes, streams and natural life of the land, air and water of the Timagami have already contributed much to the pleasure of those fortunate enough to have visited this region. With the added lure of a new, gamey and beautiful fish, the already great reward of angling satisfaction can only be increased for those with the necessary time and energy to make the long and arduous trip to the secluded home of the aurora trout.

### IN PANAMAN JUNGLES

(Continued from page 25)

brook mumbled on our left, with a lapping sound now and then that to our sensitized perceptions was the sound of an animal drinking. A neque turned inquiring eyes on our lights and fled with a startled squeak. The darkness held a touch of the unreal, a sort of goblin-haunted-wood impression that lent the shadows grotesque, fitting forms.

While indulging these pleasant fancies I was recalled to reality with a suddenness that was disconcerting. As we rounded the debris of a giant fallen tree, the form of a full-grown jaguar stood revealed by our lights, his eyes turned on us with green malignity, his tail moving from side to side with a series of sudden jerks. He was standing over the carcass of a partly devoured deer, and was evidently loath to desert his kill. As I raised my rifle he gave a snarl of rage, ending in a throaty rumble that was the concentrated essence of boding evil.

Why not be frank? I had no quarrel with that jaguar, and he was so much madder than I was that his rage emanations seemed to flow into and through me and interfere with my respiration and circulation. How I appreciated the companionship of blessed Frank, standing beside me unmoved—probably lost in admiration of the crouching grace of that sparkling dynamo of malevolence.

THERE was not much time for introspection or prolonged soul searching; so I aimed at the neck and slowly squeezed the trigger. The cat went backward and down, with a great hind paw beating the air. I fired again at the shoulder. In an instant he was up, in a staggering charge toward us. Frank was ready with the shotgun, but did not want to ruin the hide.

Suddenly the jaguar dropped forward and out of sight. We advanced cautiously, with guns ready. A dry quebrada leading away from the stream had afforded a chance of temporary concealment and retreat, and he had taken it.

We followed the quebrada, searching out the thickets with our lights. There were splashes and dribbles of blood every few feet, but no sound ahead. Hiding places were numerous and we did not dare advance too hastily for fear of a charge at close quarters.

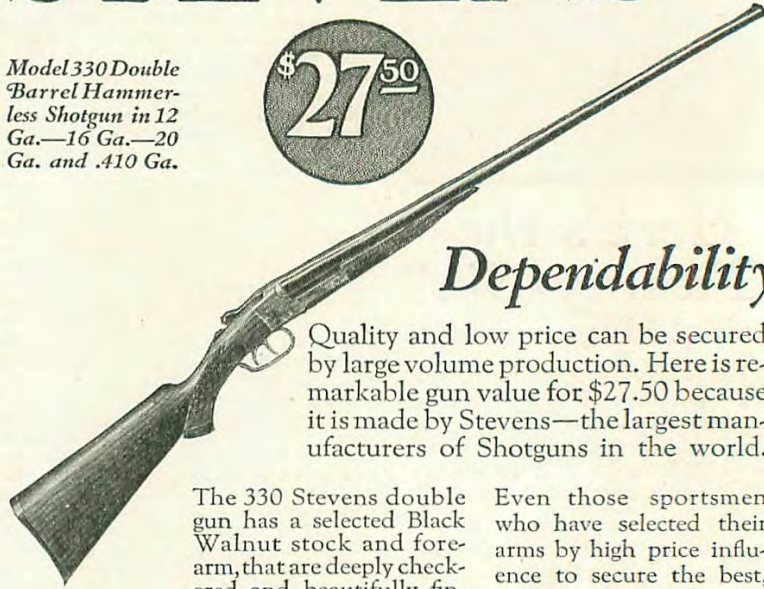
After a couple of hundred yards we realized the animal was traveling much faster than we were. Frank cursed the fact that he had held fire when he had a chance to finish the business, hide or no hide. The trail of blood now left the quebrada and led up a slope toward higher country. The marks were less frequent and we had to work carefully at times to find them.

Pushing through some low shrubs, we bumped into a wasps' nest and stirred a

# STEVENS

Model 330 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun in 12 Ga.—16 Ga.—20 Ga. and .410 Ga.

\$27<sup>50</sup>



## Dependability

Quality and low price can be secured by large volume production. Here is remarkable gun value for \$27.50 because it is made by Stevens—the largest manufacturers of Shotguns in the world.

The 330 Stevens double gun has a selected Black Walnut stock and forearm, that are deeply checkered and beautifully finished; barrels and breech mechanism are perfectly fitted. It will give the same service in safe, accurate shooting qualities as any Shotgun regardless of price.

Even those sportsmen who have selected their arms by high price influence to secure the best, and whose prejudices are hardest to overcome, are today buying Stevens firearms because of their fine finish, reliability and moderate prices.

Single Shot Rifles    Single Barrel Shotguns    Double Barrel Shotguns  
Repeating Shotguns    Repeating .22 Cal. Rifles    Pistols  
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# STEVENS

61st Year. Largest Manufacturers of Shotguns in the World  
Owned and operated by Savage Arms Corp.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY,  
Dept. No. 327                      Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Send your new interesting catalog of STEVENS firearms.

Name .....

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

## Want to Swap Guns?

I will pay cash for your gun, rifle, or pistol, or exchange with you for any other firearm you may want. Write me what you have, what you want, and I will make you an offer by return mail.  
S. J. FRANCIS, Adams Sq. Boston, 9, Mass.

## BEAT THE BANDIT TO THE DRAW



An ingenious device which puts your gun where you want it. Fastens to the floor or instrument board of your car making a quick sure draw possible. Metal parts covered with fibre tubing to prevent scratches.  
All sizes \$2.00. Write for full particulars.  
Ludlow Easy Reach Revolver Holder Mfg. Co. Pasadena, California  
789 So. Broadway



## Stake-Out Decoys Weigh 4 Ozs., Cost 35c

For Shallow Water and Field Shooting. Photographic reproductions of many kinds of ducks died out of heavy waterproof fiberboard. Bodies spread by inserting metal frame with wire leg attached. Also floating decoys weighing one-half pound each at 55 cents each, and oversize Canada stake-out goose at \$1.00 each, sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Send 35c for Sample Postpaid Johnson's Folding Decoys, 74 COLUMBIA STREET, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



**Aurora Trout**



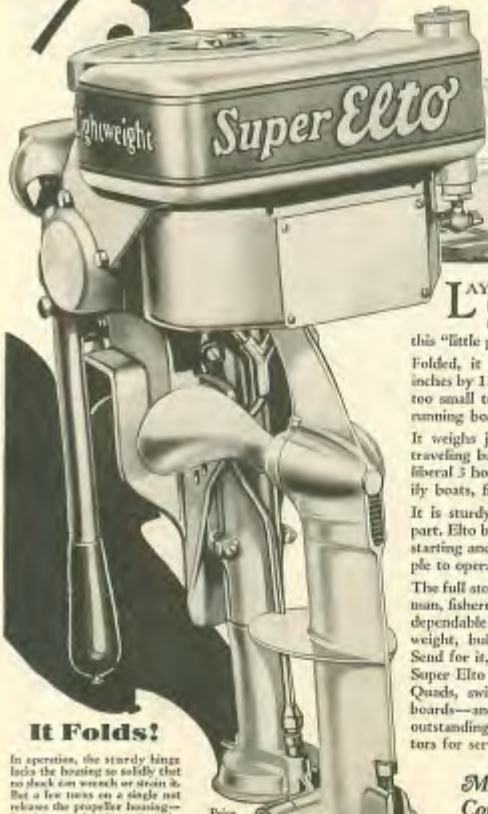
<http://www.auroratroun.com/>

<http://www.mnr.gov.on.ca/en/Business/LetsFish/2ColumnSubPage/200072.html>

<http://www.ontariotrounfishing.com/aurora-trout.html>

<http://www.auroratroun.com/aurora-trout-recovery.html>

# 1/3 Actual Size!



LAY a ruler on this photo... multiply by three... then you really grasp the extraordinary compactness of this "little giant" of outboard motors.

Folded, it measures just 22 inches by 11 inches by 11 inches. There is scarcely a place too small to stow it in — luggage trunk or running board, under a seat or in a locker.

It weighs just 38 pounds. Balances like a traveling bag in the hand. It develops full, liberal 3 horsepower. Power a-plenty for family boats, fishing boats, canoes and tenders.

It is sturdy, dependable, practical in every part. Elto battery ignition guarantees its easy starting and all-weather reliability. It is simple to operate and amazingly quiet.

The full story should be read by every sportsman, fisherman, yachtsman who wants sound, dependable power without intrusion of weight, bulk or needless complications.

Send for it, and for literature on other Super Elto models — the 4-cylinder Quads, swiftest, mightiest of outboards — and two new Speedsters, outstanding middleweight motors for service and racing.

### It Folds!

In operation, the sturdy hinge locks the housing so solidly that no shock can wrench or strain it. But a few turns on a single nut releases the propeller housing — lets it snap back and swivel — as quick and as shutting a pocket.

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SEND FOR LITERATURE ON THE SUPER ELTO MOTOR TO THE JOHNSON MOTOR CO. 1000 W. WASHINGTON ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS. THE NEWEST AND BEST OF THE LIGHTWEIGHT

## Announcing the Johnson Big Twin

6 Brake H. P.  
Twin Cylinder Outboard  
Motor—Weight 85 pounds.  
Speed 12 to 16 m. p. h.



### In the Wake of the Johnson

16.68 miles per hour is the official world's record, made by the new Johnson Big Twin, at White Lake, Mich., July 4, 1925. This record was established under the observation of the M. V. P. B. A.

It is interesting to note that the above world's record was made under unfavorable water conditions, the water being rough on that day. Later, with the same water and much water, an official record of 17.48 miles per hour was made.

The boat used by L. F. Helton, in establishing the 16.68 m. p. h. record with the Johnson Big Twin, was a Johnson Contour bottom Speedboat. It is a

THE JOHNSON Big Twin with 6 brake horse power, is a new achievement in marine engineering. Sturdily built, it is more than twice as powerful as the Johnson Light Twin, yet is easily portable, weighing but 85 pounds.

One feels a greater urge of power seated astern with this Big Twin. It will send a large boat through swift streams, rough water or strong tides at a speed that surprises even the most experienced boatmen.

Its greatest adaptability is for larger craft; for family pleasure boats, for commercial fishing boats, for auxiliary power on sail boats. To speed boats of the V-bottom hydroplane type, it offers a flash of speed with thrills a plenty at better than 16 miles per hour.

# Dynamite Fishing the Rio Grande

*Sports Afield* August, 1890



13

This page from the August, 1890, Issue of *Sports Afield* gives a good idea of how important the magazines were in shaping how our natural resources were being used and how they would be used in the future. The days of the buffalo slaughter were over but other resources were still free for the taking. Young, bustling cities like Silverton were eager to consume all the fresh meat that was sent to its markets. Where it came from was not an issue or a concern until the magazines started raising our collective national awareness about how we treated our natural resources.

The constant prodding by outdoor magazines, and their readers, lead to the enactment of basic laws and policies to protect natural resources such as the important Lacey Act of 1899. Regulation, laws and enforcement of the laws was a primary way to ensure that our natural resources were fairly used by all rather than to the benefit of a few.

Dynamite fishing and illegal netting were part of the meat hunters tool bag. Dynamite fishing is a thing of the past. Unfortunately, illegal netting is still widely practiced by outdoor outlaws. At least until the Game Wardens catch them.

Here is a page from the 1890 magazine with a few ads from that issue. The note on dynamite fishers is in the Fish Notes section.



## Fish and Fishing.

*There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind.—Washington Irving.*

### ANGLING IN WASHINGTON.

The Sumas River Pays Tribute.—Angling in the Northwest.

BY JAY-SEE-EN.

PART II—CONCLUSION.

Written for SPORTS AFIELD.

JAY, having caught a few more small fish, changes his position to a deep pool where some big trout are splashing and feeding. He tries a coachman over this pool, then a brown hackle, then a professor, but without securing a rise. The fish evidently esteem the coachman too gaudy and straight-backed, and the professor too wise for their palates. Now a Skinner spoon flickers and glances through the water and is rushed at by several excited fish. Again the spoon shines through the water and a good one rushes for it and is hooked. But, alas, for Jay! he forgets he is standing on soft, muddy ground in this place. He slips, and would have fallen, but recovers sufficiently to rush up the bank, manipulating his reel even in this dire position—half on the ground. As he reaches the steep bank, he slips and goes to earth. Amidst Bob's screams of delight he turns ruefully toward the water. Imagine his surprise when he finds his fish, and a good two-pound one at that, high and dry on the bank. Bob swears he will never forget the position—the rushing student of the angle, and the big, fighting but helpless fish, trailing up the bank.

This seeming to be a good hole for hungry trout, Jay proceeds to troll it thoroughly, and while doing so he observes that one of the ranchers is taking something from his pocket which proves to be a huge, red bass fly. The rancher next takes out his knife and cutting off the gut close to the hook, discovers to his sorrow that there is no loop there in which to tie his line. Upon being asked why he cut off the gut, he answered:

"Eh, mon, but that bit gut is too weak."

Several flies are now tossed across the stream to them, as they seem to be sufficiently humbled and appreciate the value of a fly for a game fish, but not having proper lines and rods, they soon discard them for their old friend the red bait.

Jay succeeds in striking the leviathan of these waters at this point, but after a long, hard struggle, when the salmon trout (for such it was and the largest seen on any trip yet), had almost given in, the barb parted from the hook. The trout threw himself high in the air, fell back with a mighty splash, and was free—leaving the disappointed angler to his own bitter reflections. The fish could be seen leaving a ripple along the surface as he swam down stream, very

sick, but he will live to fight another battle with some other angler, and no doubt will yet find his master. And if any angler happens to capture the biggest trout that ever ate little fish and he finds a barb attached to his many toothed jaw or file-like tongue, he will know that it has been marked by Jay, who hereby relinquishes all claim to it.

The fates are against Jay this bright May morning. Catching no more fish here, he goes up stream, and changing back to the more sportsmanlike flies, he soon has a pair floating down stream. Past the three dark and gloomy visaged ranchers they gaily float, till thirty yards below they cavort gaily in a whirling pool, where we will leave them to watch Bob who is pounding away at the old stand with indifferent success. At this place he hooks one eighteen-ounce trout, which has a Siwash's hook in his side attached to a piece of wood and a cord which had been fastened to a spear pole. The wound was thoroughly healed, and the hook, cord and wood seemed to bother the fish not in the slightest degree. The Siwash comes and goes as he lists. His weapons are of the rudest kind, but adapted to getting meat and not sport. Sportsmanship is not his forte, nor is it his ambition, quantity and not quality being his motto. As is well known, he is given to depopulating the streams and rivers of the gamey trout and lordly salmon in the most expeditious manner his ingenuity can suggest, and for good thirty-six inches to the yard ingenuity, commend me to the Indian. The game of the forest is likewise pursued, killed, trapped and salted down in great quantities by this noble red man. His time for the angle and hunt being all the time, if there be any money in it, (his squaw does all his work), the dirty, greasy, treacherous Indian, retaining nearly all his ancient customs, superstitions and habits, fishes, hunts and smokes and is never disturbed. He is not given to exploiting his deeds afield or astream to the white *tyees*. No one knows what game he destroys and none interfere.

However, the little matter of the Siwash hook should not have launched me into a complaint against our red brother, as some of them are fairly well educated, and from long intercourse with the pale faces have become civilized and good neighbors. I don't want to be put down as classing them all alike.

While trolling below the ranchers, Jay captures several trout. Bob succeeds in keeping pace with him in numbers, but is behind in size.

While winding in one tired and exhausted fish which came in with mouth wide open, Jay steps back and falls over a beam which projected from the wood work of the dam. The marks made by the stones can yet be seen (or at least he claims so), in his back, and for several days he could locate them by feeling. Still he retains his composure and winds in that fish till the line

is sufficiently taut, when he scrambles to his feet and ends the tragedy.

Having secured all the fish necessary for their wants, they string them on a stout willow carried between the anglers on a pole, each end of which rests on a shoulder. In this way the three mile homeward trip through the timber is taken up, and the bait fishermen and the chuggetty, chuggetty, chug, chug, of the mill wheel are soon left far behind. The cautious Sandy's last remark in answer to Jim's that "them fellers wasn't seeh fools as they looked," was remembered by both anglers: "Aye, they air nae sae bad and nae sae fulish, but they mought hae gotten mair."

Clearbrook, Washington.

### FISH NOTES.

A DENVER party, consisting of G. H. Knifton, T. H. Williams and H. W. Ferguson spent one day last week at Estes Park. They report the fishing as unusually good, and clinched the assertion by showing 236 trout taken in one day.

A TELEGRAM from Silverton announces the arrest of three dynamiters who for years have plied their unlawful work along the upper Rio Grande and sold the product of their labor at Silverton as "New Mexican" trout. There is a good prospect of their conviction, as a detective has been watching their movements for a month or more.

WE have just received a catalogue from that well-known rod maker Thos. H. Chubb, in which attention is called to his new eight-strip split bamboo rod—one of the finest and most durable rods now on the market. It should be remembered that Mr. Chubb also makes a trout rod with reversible handle, that enables the angler to have the reel either above or below the hand, and that all of his best rods are warranted.

THE Marvine Gun and Rod club has located its camp upon Marvine Creek, which heads in Marvine Lake and empties into the north branch of the White River about ten miles from its head—Trapper's Lake. When the Hon. H. H. Eddy made the location he knew exactly what he was doing, and if there is a better place in the whole West for trout, deer, elk and bear, we have not heard of it. As might be inferred from the name, the club is not an association of trap-shooters, but is composed of Colorado's leading men who wish a quiet place in which to pass a few weeks each summer. They are to be congratulated upon the site chosen.

### Of Interest to Anglers.

Fly-fishermen in the West will find it a great saving of both time and money to communicate with the Chicago Fishing Tackle Factory of S. Westwood & Son, Englewood, Ill., as it is the only exclusive fishing tackle factory west of New York, and having had some thirty-five years' experience in the manufacturing of the finest grades of fly tying, etc., its proprietors naturally feel that they are in a position to serve the angling interest in the best possible manner. Send your address for the Westwood catalogue.

1890 Sports  
Afield



## BROTHERS OF THE ANGLE.

OUR NEW 8-STRIP SPLIT BAMBOO is the King of all fishing rods. Chubb's New Catalogue for 1890 is now ready. In addition to a complete list of anglers' supplies, it contains articles from the pens of Dr. James A. Henshall, Petronella, W. H. H. Murray, George P. Goff, Norman, Brother Gardner, and others.

These papers are by the best writers on angling subjects, and are very interesting.

Send 25 cents and receive Catalogue post-paid. This amount will be deducted from first order (if accompanied with coupon in book) for one dollar's worth or more of our goods. Address,

### THOS. H. CHUBB,

The Fishing-Rod Manufacturer,

Post Mills, Vt.

Please mention SPORTS AFIELD.



1890 Sports Afield

### AT THE HEAD!



COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELLED

## Hammerless Shot Guns.

10 and 12 Gauge.



COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES,  
All Calibres.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.



# Wisconsin Muskies

*Sports Afield* November, 1890



14

In November, 1890, *Sports Afield* writer “A.H.” describes fishing the unexploited lakes around Saint Germain (Saint Germain) in northern Wisconsin. A.H. stayed at “the little log hotel in the wilderness”, probably a hotel or lodge in St. Germain. He writes that catching an occasional whopper (probably musky) was no longer a novelty in Big St Germain Lake so he and anglers staying at the log hotel planned a trip to the virgin waters of Lost Lake, just north of St Germain Lake. Guides and staff loaded their luggage and gear into four boats which they “pulled up” Lake Content and portaged into Big St. Germain Lake at the “thoroughfare”. From here they crossed to the north shore of St. Germain then up a connecting stream to Lost Lake.

The group caught several muskies and some nice largemouth/smallmouth bass. The first evening they were there one boat recorded 130 pounds of musky/bass. In all 92 musky and seven bass were taken. Three days later these fish were on display at Booth’s market in Chicago and were to be distributed among friends.

Shortly after returning to the log hotel in the wilderness A.H. helped organize a family trip to Plum Lake, another unexploited lake about seven miles north of St Germain. They all agreed to charity fishing with the profits from selling the fish used to help replace a horse that the host had recently lost. This is a few years before regulations prohibited harvesting game for sale through the Lacey Act of 1900 (see earlier post for the original Lacy Act which was published in *Recreation*). Plum Lake was reported to be quite beautiful with exceptional fishing. By noon of the first morning two boats had harvested sixty bass and 22 muskies. Later that day A.H. rowed one boat with two anglers trolling spoons along a 100 yard gravel bar to bag 62 bass and eight muskies.

I hope these lakes still have good populations of bass and muskies. Contact the groups in the links provided for an update. It was interesting that A.H. detested the use of a gaff on the majestic musky. Instead he preferred to use a club! Times have changed ... musky anglers take great care to release these beauties alive.

Outdoor History Matters! - - [bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](mailto:bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com)

For musky tips and information check out these links.

<http://www.musky.com/>

<http://www.muskyhunter.com/>

Here's A.H.'s article and area maps with some ads from 1890 *Sports Afield*.



## Fish and Fishing.

*There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind.—Washington Irving.*

### THE PLEASURES OF ANGLING.

This is the spot, where the shadows cool  
Blacken the depths of the swirling pool,  
And the forest resounds with the laughing call  
Of the silver tongue of the mimic fall.

Just where a great big trout would lie,  
On with the best-dressed, deadliest fly—  
So, so, now for a lucky cast—  
Confound that branch, I'm fast!

Ha! saw you not that lightning gleam  
Where yon moth but kissed the treacherous  
stream?

Match me swiftly the fluttering game—  
Beware the branch! Ah! try again.

Hum! that's strange. Try farther down;  
I'll have him this time, I'll lay a crown.  
Missed him—You know there's many a slip—  
Great Scott! there goes the tip!

Never mind, there's another inside the butt,  
Now, drop lightly the dainty gut  
Just where that snowy mass of foam  
Swings in behind yon mossy stone.

Hurrah! I have him! Careful, now—  
Egad, old chap, you're mine, I vow,  
Just as sure as though book of fate  
Already held your length and weight.

Avaunt! ye praters of city life,  
With your sickening toil and ceaseless strife,  
And your doubtful pleasures that never dare  
To match this fight in the healthful air,  
This grand set-to in the rapid's froth  
And the triumph of landing—Oh!—he's off!

### MASCALLONGE FISHING.

Two Months Among the Lakes of the  
Eagle River Country in Wisconsin.

BY A. H.

PART II.

Written for SPORTS AFIELD.

A FEW days after our experience with the big mascallonge on Big St. Germaine Lake, as narrated in the preceding issue, and when the catching of "whoppers" was no longer a novelty, the little log hotel in the wilderness was enlivened with the additional company of the Rev. Thomas Green of Chicago, the Rev. Mr. Taylor of Springfield, Ill., and Messrs. Cameron, Booth and one or two others from Chicago, with a full complement of reliable and manly guides.

The gentlemen came for fish, and lots of them. An occasional large one from Big St. Germaine did not suit the party, and so a trip was planned to Lost Lake—a body of water of perhaps 400 acres in extent, some seven miles away. It could only be reached by ascending a winding creek, the difficulties being so great that the lake had only been fished by two parties of whites before. Piling the camp luggage into four boats, we pulled up Lake Content to the "thoroughfare," portaged into St. Germaine, pulled two miles in a northeasterly direction and found the mouth of the creek we sought. Little trouble beyond cutting a few fallen trees was experienced, and at 3 o'clock p. m. we were encamped beneath

the spreading hemlocks on the north shore, beside a fine sulphur spring on the beach that poured forth a large volume of water. While the guides put camp in order, made tables, seats, etc., the others pulled into the lake and soon had No. 8 Skinner spoons trailing just outside the banks of reeds along the shore. I volunteered to row for Mr. C—, an angler of the old school who had taken many a thirty-pound mascallonge from the St. Lawrence in the days when such tricks were every-day affairs. It soon became evident that he was about to surpass his best record in point of numbers, though from my previous visit to these waters I was able to inform him that the fish would only run from seven to twenty pounds in weight. Mr. C— used a short lancewood rod, the strain of which no fish thereabouts could long resist. The first fish brought beside the boat was a ten-pounder, and, being exceedingly anxious to save him, Mr. C— insisted upon my using the gaff, which in this case was more than dull. Given a green stick one and a half inches in diameter and two feet long, I will guarantee to save every fish brought to the boat; but a gaff—well, I detest them; always have and hope I always shall. I did not strike hard enough and the fish got loose. Although badly disappointed, Mr. C— was too gentlemanly to condemn my awkwardness. He insisted that it was all the fault of the dull gaff and consented to the use of the "club," which proved so uniformly successful that the guides followed suit—using the oars instead. Each one of them broke an oar apiece before concluding that they had used more force than discretion.

The call for supper was disregarded. Mr. C— was out to beat his own record, and he did it—returning to camp at dark with ten mascallonge and one bass that aggregated 130 pounds. A very pleasing peculiarity about the seven bass taken at Lost Lake was the fact that each one weighed between four and a half and five pounds. The others had not done so well, though Mr. Green had eight mascallonge and claimed the championship because of a certain twenty-one-pound fish that came to camp in his boat.

The next day was to be our last at Lost Lake, and great was the strife and preparations for a record that should stand for all time. Fishing tackle was overhauled, lines tested, rods carefully inspected, etc. There was also mysterious conferences between each gentleman and his guide—the inference being that each knew more than his neighbor about matters and things in general, but particularly about the resorts of the overgrown and artful mascallonge of Lost Lake; all of which special knowledge would be divulged only on the following afternoon and by the successful boat. As I could make no use of the fish, I withdrew from the contest, loaning my light-running boat to Mr. C— and his guide and informing them of the existence of an irregularly-

shaped bar near the center of the lake that would in all probabilities prove fishy beyond their fondest hopes.

As part of the anglers had remained at Lake St. Germaine, there were only three boats to brave the discomforts of the chill and fog at daylight next morning—the understanding being that all should fish until 2 o'clock p. m., when dinner would be eaten and the return journey begun. To pass the time away I went to a little lake a mile to the westward that one of the guides told me about. It was covered with ducks, principally red-breasted mergansers, and presented many attractions to the sportsman—deer being especially numerous along its shores. There was not even an Indian trail connecting it with other lakes in the vicinity, and as it is undoubtedly filled with large fish—it being joined to Lost Lake by a small stream—it still remains an unknown quantity to be solved by some intrepid angler when adjacent waters shall have been in a measure fished out. Returning, I went out on Lost Lake and caught two mascallonge. It was not a satisfactory way of fishing, as I had to lay the rod down in the boat, and, the drag on the reel being badly worn, did not hook more than one in three. The first one hooked only weighed two pounds and jumped out of water three times before I could get hold of the rod. After catching a second one that weighed eight pounds I thought to experiment a little and put a No. 6 spoon on a fine silk line in connection with a five-ounce fly-rod. The experiment was of short duration and ended disastrously, as the first fish hooked was a big one and nearly jerked the rod out of the boat. In jumping to save it I caught the rod and line firmly above the reel and before I could raise the tip the line had snapped.

The gentlemen came in true to appointment—Mr. Cameron heading the list. In all ninety-two mascallonge and seven small-mouthed black bass had been taken, which three days later were placed on exhibition at Mr. Booth's market in Chicago and then distributed among friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more the Newcomers were the only guests at the hotel, and a family-party trip was planned to Plum Lake, seven miles away. Our host had had the misfortune to lose one of his horses, and saw no way out of his dilemma save that by selling fish for the wherewithal with which to buy another. We "charitably" consented to assist in the catching, and, everything having been arranged, I rowed the boat containing the luggage to a point within three miles of the lake, where Mr. C— met me with a "go devil" which we had made the day before. The women and youngsters walked on ahead, Mr. C— and myself with the remaining horse and infernal chariot bringing up the rear of the procession. I think all hands got more enjoyment out of the trip than if made with a "coach and four," for all were in high feather upon ar-

rival at the lake. My son, 12 years of age, was highly elated—he having killed a porcupine and four grouse while acting as guard in the front ranks. It was late when we arrived, but the tent was soon up and Mr. C— soon had the reflector before the fire and turned out as fine a lot of biscuit as I have ever seen.

If there be any pleasure in discomfort, we had considerable of it the first night. It rained furiously, and the tent leaked so badly that we were discussing the advisability of taking refuge in the lake when down went the tent before a blast of wind. I can mention several things that would suit the average citizen better than putting up a tent in a rain storm on a dark night when armed with only an ax, a pair of stockings and shirt and pants. But Mr. C— was not of the complaining kind, and so I forebore and worked the harder. Inquiry next morning as to how the ladies slept revealed the fact that they had "rested some," and this and a good breakfast put all in good humor.

Well, I can't tell you just how each fish was taken that day; how many times he jumped out of the water and how many turns of the reel were made; but I will give your readers a general idea of the fishing, and if it is ever my lot to approach it again in point of excellence I shall be happy. Miss E— and Newcomer, Jr., led the grand march and struck straight across the lake, which averages one-third of a mile in width and is four miles long. The water is clear and the shores are finely wooded, and, next to Trout and Tomahawk lakes it is the most beautiful of all the lakes we visited.

We were about to embark when a great splashing was heard across the lake. Miss E— who was rowing, was seen to be making frantic efforts to reach the nearest land while the boy was rushing a large mascalonge toward the boat with a hand-line. Both were giving vent to yells of delight, which with the splashing of oars and fish made quite a commotion. As soon as possible both sprang ashore and began hauling on the line. When within a few feet of shore and in water one foot deep, the fish struck a log and was free from the hook. In an instant the boy was on top of it, and catching it up in his arms threw into the boat his first mascalonge, which later on was found to weigh nineteen and a half pounds.

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods ring" with cheers rather than hymns on that occasion, and in response to a call that we fancied would prove agreeable the treasure was brought to us for inspection. It was a fine fish, and being the largest caught during the day made the boy's eyes beam with satisfaction whenever reference was made to it. At noon sixty bass and twenty-two mascalonge were pitched from the two boats—there being both large and small-mouthed bass among the number—and then after a substantial meal fishing was resumed. As Mrs. N— decided to remain

in camp the rest of the day, I took my little daughter, aged 10, and Miss Mary and thoroughly explored the south end of the lake. Average success attended us till we entered a small bay by means of a narrow channel. There the fishing was something phenomenal. By rowing back and forth upon a gravel bar 100 yards in length the girls took thirty-two bass in as many minutes. On two occasions, while waiting for me to detach a fish, the spoon was idly dropped over the side of the boat and a bass took it while at rest.

Just over the gravel bar was a deep pool of about two acres in extent, and there we had the rare pleasure of seeing a hooked mascalonge pursued by two others of an inquiring turn of mind. From that one pool we took eight mascalonge averaging nine pounds each. It is unnecessary to state that we were "high boat" in the afternoon. While supper was being prepared Mr. C— volunteered to row me a short distance. Although Plum Lake is supposed to contain no large mascalonge, I shall always believe that I struck the father of them all on that evening. Only a few rods from camp I had a strike, but soon concluded I had fastened to a log. To detach it all the strain the rod would bear was put upon it, and then to my surprise the "log" began to move out into the lake. All efforts to turn him were unavailing, and finally the rod straightened out and the line came in slack. The spoon was literally smashed in pieces.

Cincinnati, O.

#### "That Mad Fish Culturist."

Mr. Milton J. Pierce, the editor of the *Ohio Game Protector*, and a moderately well-known though drastic writer and fish culturist, has returned to the charge, and now tilts at the *American Angler* and Hon. William N. Byers, a noted Colorado journalist and angler, *in re* the question of the utility of trout culture. Mr. Pierce denies that it has any value whatever. He says, to quote one of many passages of similar import: "There is not a well-authenticated instance where trout have become more abundant by reason of artificial propagation." This is the text, and the rest of Mr. Pierce's lucubrations are composed of personal abuse and Greek fire and divers unproven assertions. To all of which the *Angler* epigrammatically retorts in its caption: "A mad fish culturist."

But, look you, who comes here? Why, no less a personage than that talented gentleman in charge of the angling department of our valued New York contemporary, *The Week's Sport*. Verily, to speak vulgarly, he handles our Ohio brother without gloves, as herein followeth: "Of course, Pierce is all wrong, but he is given currency and may impress the careless reader. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. The experience of the past twenty years, both in Europe and America, is that artificial culture of the *salmonoids* is an unqualified success. The fact is so apparent that any angler

worthy of the name can point to half a dozen streams and lakes which have been benefitted, and in some cases absolutely replenished, by planting. As well deny the existence of the atmosphere, and the very audacity of such assertions may well take one's breath away. This Bishop Berkeley amongst fish culturists denies the testimony of our senses—and in effect asserts that trout culture is not and never has been, and is the delusion of interested men—as Berkeley did about the material universe. The world do move, nevertheless, Mr. Pierce!"

#### The Right Sort of President.

The following letter from President Hampson shows that the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association is a wide-awake organization. It is a pleasure to us to publish such a letter, and we trust that sportsmen residing in the sections referred to will lend Mr. Hampson their prompt assistance in the manner here indicated.

*Editor Sports Afild:* In your issue of November 6 I note a communication signed "Easy," from Fort Collins, in which the statement is made that the law in regard to the dumping of tailings from quartz-mills into trout streams is being violated. This misdemeanor is covered by Section 1 of the fish laws.

If your correspondent will kindly furnish me with full particulars I think that there will be no difficulty in effecting a stoppage of the action complained of.

My attention is further called to the dam constructed by the North Fork Canal and Reservoir Ditch Co. in regard to which it seems that proper compliance with the existing statutes has not been observed. I shall very much appreciate to receive full information in regard to this matter also.

C. M. HAMPSON,  
Denver, Colo. President R. M. S. A.

#### How to Cook Trout.

A well-known New York angler and *bon vivant* "airs his learning," so to speak, for the benefit of SPORTS AFIELD'S readers as follows:

Clean a few trout in the crystal waters of the stream. The trout are buttered, and seasoned with salt and pepper; then wrapped in paper or leaves and buried in the hot ashes, where they steam in their own fragrant vapor. The next best mode of cooking small trout is to clean them, rinse quickly in cold spring water, dry with a towel, and rub a little salt on the inside along the bone. Then cut into dice half a pound of the sweetest salt pork obtainable, try it out in the frying-pan, and in the pork fat, actively boiling, plunge the delicate fish. The writer is a firm believer in, and a vehement advocate of, cooking fish by steaming. Large brook trout, salmon and lake trout are delicious steamed. Butter the trout and season with salt and pepper; wrap the fish in muslin, put them in the old-fashioned steamer, place it over a pot of boiling water, and the ascending steam will do the rest. Brook trout are also excellent broiled. Very large trout may be stuffed and baked. Never remove the head, tail or fins of trout; serve them so that they may look as much as possible like their own sweet selves. If you must veil their native beauty, dredge a little yellow Indian meal, but under no circumstances cover them with batter or a thick layer of crumbs. Drawn or melted butter, thickened with freshly-grated horse-radish, forms a harmonious sauce for steamed large trout.

# BRONCHO

Noiseless, Chainless, Light Roadster, Safety Bicycle.

TELEGRAM.

To M. V. Livingston Cycle Mfg. Co., Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.:

Dated, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 31.

"Broncho" First Prize over all competitors, Piedmont Exposition to-day. Medal.

CHARLES H. FREYER.

O

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.  
Oct. 23, 1890.

M. V. Livingston Cycle Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.: Gentlemen—The "Broncho" ridden by my brother, T. E. Robertson, took 2d place in two track races here to-day. Would have done better, but he has never ridden the "Broncho" before he started in these races. The machine he rode was the one brought here by Chas. Alex. Persons. He will also ride the same machine in the races here to-morrow and next day.

Yours truly,  
WM. T. ROBERTSON,  
Washington, D. C.



O

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.,  
Oct. 24, 1890

M. V. Livingston Cycle Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.: Gentlemen—T. E. Robertson won the Two-mile Safety Scratch Race to-day at the Alabama State Fair, riding a Broncho Light Roadster Safety.

Yours truly,  
WM. T. ROBERTSON,  
Washington, D. C.

N. B.

REMOVAL.

N. B.

On and after Monday, October 13, 1890, address

M. V. LIVINGSTON CYCLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

FRIENDS AND WELL-WISHERS OF THIS JOURNAL

Will Do Us a Great Favor By Mentioning

1890

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When Writing to Any of Our Advertisers.

Denver, Colo.

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## IDEAL.

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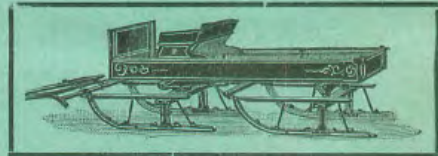
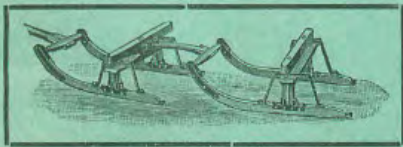
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### LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

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### Headquarters for Bobsleds and Sleigh Runners.



Write Us for Special BOBSLED and SLEIGH RUNNER CIRCULARS, and for  
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## THE W. J. KINSEY IMPLEMENT COMPANY.

1890 Sports Afield

Correspondents will greatly oblige by stating in what paper they saw our advertisement.

1890 Sports Afield

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ANGLERS HAVE PREFERENCE FOR

## Pflueger's Luminous Bait,

Because it is the ONLY LURE that is equally as effective at NIGHT as by DAY. Just the thing for DEEP or roily waters, dark days and evening fishing

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SHOWING

The Largest Assortment of Fishing Tackle made by any Factory in the United States.

## THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.,



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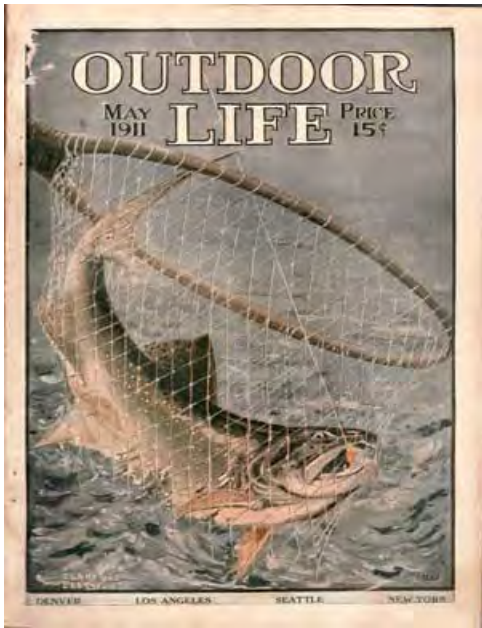
### FACTORIES

North St. Paul, Minn.



# The Starving Elk of Jackson Hole

*Outdoor Life* May, 1911



15 Here is an article by S.N. Leek painting a pitiful picture of elk starving on their winter range near Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Early outdoor magazines leaned heavily on the grandeur of the west with pages describing bountiful game coupled with magnificent vistas. The west had all the qualities desired by America's rapidly growing numbers of hunters, anglers and outdoor enthusiasts. Magazine readers loved reading about the west and all its exciting outdoor opportunities. Trips were planned around ads and glowing recommendations from the outdoor magazines. More importantly, these magazines linked eastern readers to the west and its issues. Outdoor magazine readers formed solid blocks of constituencies that demanded a voice in managing the west's natural resources. Eastern hunters and anglers would have a voice in how the new western mecca of natural resources was, and was not, used.

Jackson Hole, Wyoming, received significant coverage in the early outdoor magazines. Mr. Leek's coverage of the starving elk of Jackson Hole left a lasting image. His urging plus that of the magazines combined with private groups like the Izaak Walton League led to government action culminating in the formation of the National Elk Refuge. The influential Izaak Walton League was formed in 1922 to save outdoor America for future generations. The League's magazine, *Outdoor America*, published a report in May, 1930, describing its purchase of 2,000 acres for \$40,000 to begin an elk refuge. This property was presented to the government in 1927 to manage as a National Wildlife Refuge.

There were several notes in the outdoor magazines about the Refuge and the Jackson Hole area. A beautiful area for sure. It is always interesting to know the underlying associations or links to specific actions. Why an elk refuge and why there? Many of those sometimes invisible links are visible in the archival Library of outdoor magazines at [ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](http://ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com). Please consider the ad following Leek's starving elk article. Maybe he was concerned about more than just the basic interests of the wildlife in the area. Maybe if he had not killed so many wolves to protect his cattle the elk numbers wouldn't have been starving. And MAYBE if the winter elk range wasn't being used to feed cattle then the elk would have done fine.

This blog researches the archival Library to highlight the important role that early outdoor magazines played in shaping how America would manage its natural resources.

Here's the article by Leek with some ads from the 1911 *Outdoor Life* and some links for more information. [Bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](mailto:Bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com)



Vol. XXVII

Number 5

## THE STARVING ELK OF WYOMING

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY S. N. LEEK

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

Probably never before in the history of the universe (and I hope never again to be witnessed in the same enormity) has such a sad plight been evidenced among the wild animal kingdom as that which has been witnessed in Jackson's Hole, Wyo., during the past few years. Never until late years have the elk ranges been fenced off like they are now by settlers, and never again, I hope, will the government allow these animals to suffer and die as they have in the past. The late appropriation by Congress and by the state of Wyoming show that the people have at last awakened to the necessity for immediate action—but oh! how long the aid has been a-coming, no one but we who are settlers of the "Hole" and see it with our own eyes every winter can fully realize.

The summer of 1910 was unusually cold and dry, which resulted in a scant growth of grass on the winter range of the elk in Jackson's Hole. An early heavy snowfall in the mountains, with

rain in the valley, caused the herds to come down unusually early. This condition prevailed with light snowfall in the valley till about February 15, 1911, when it began storming, and kept it up until the snow was about three feet deep in the valley. Then, turning warmer, it rained for 48 hours, after which it turned colder, snowed some more and finally froze up, effectively shutting the elk from the little remaining grass. For feed they were confined to the willows (two-thirds of which had been killed by the close browsing and peeling to which they were subjected the two years previous), and to what hay they could steal from the settlers' haystacks.

Before the storm ceased, on February 26th messages were sent to Cheyenne, where the Legislature was in session, calling attention to the need and asking aid. Four days later we received a reply saying that a bill had passed the House appropriating \$5,000 for the relief of the elk. We were further informed that

441



RATHER CLOSE FOR PICTURE TAKING. NOTHING BUT STARVATION WILL CAUSE WILD ANIMALS TO BECOME SO TAME.



SHOWING HOW THEY CROWD AROUND A LOAD OF HAY WHEN IT ARRIVES TO BE FED TO THEM. A SMALL LOAD THAT SHOULD BE FED TO 200 ELK MUST BE MADE TO DO FOR 1,000 STARVING, HALF-FAMISHED ANIMALS. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN FEBRUARY, 1911.



THE WAY THEY PERISHED AT THE HAY PENS.

On February 7th there were eighteen dead elk around this hay pen. On February 11th (date this picture was taken) there were thirty-nine dead around the crib. A few days later there were fifty, and on March 1st sixty calf elk and two bulls had perished at this place, and at present time (March 18th) the number is not less than 75.

this bill was sure to pass the Senate, and that the Governor would send a man in immediately.

A week later, with no further word from Cheyenne, the calf elk getting very weak and many of them dying, and it being plain to be seen that if any of the calves were to be saved feeding must commence immediately, I sent the following message to several addresses:

JACKSON, Wyo., Feb. 7, 1911.—Unless fed, five thousand elk will perish within two weeks. S. N. LEEK.

This might have been putting it pretty strong, but I thought the end justified the means, and in just four days after sending out the message Sheriff Ward of Evanston, Wyo., arrived at Jackson with authority to act, and three days

later, February 13, the first load of hay was fed to the elk about one mile north of Jackson. Two days later feeding was commenced on my place, three miles south of Jackson, and on Mr. Kelly's place, one mile farther south.

It was now found that very little hay could be procured in the valley, and Mr. Ward was not authorized to offer a sufficient price for hay to induce or justify any stock to be driven to Idaho. So it was impossible to feed all the elk. Feeding was commenced to about 3,000 head of those in the worst condition, and this has since been extended to about 5,000 head, though the very limited hay supply (225 tons) makes it necessary to feed barely enough to keep them alive.



SHOWING BUNCH OF ELK AT PRESENT BEING FED IN MARCH, 1911— ON THE LEEK RANCH.  
 The lowest place in distant mountain range is Teton Pass, over which during the winter passes the only road to the outside world from the valley. The altitude at base of mountains is 6,300 feet, at summit of pass 8,300 feet. Distance from camera to summit of pass, 10 miles; depth of snow on pass, from 6 to 12 feet. Telephone line follows road from Jackson out. Distance from Jackson to Victor, the next town in Idaho, is about 25 miles. Daily mail over this road.

Feeding was commenced too late to save but very few of the calves, and at this time the hay supply is nearly exhausted. Therefore, if winter does not break soon there will be a very heavy loss yet.

Such, in brief, is the history and situation to date for this year—a repetition of former years. Should I tell you some of the terrible sights we are forced to see—to what extremities the elk are driven for feed, or the settlers to save their hay—you would not believe the half of it. But I submit herewith photographs taken on the ground, that will tell more than words.

Nearly the entire calf crop of three years in succession, with many old elk,

said, "80 per cent." I next asked Mr. George Wilson, another old resident, the has perished for want of feed, and including those killed this loss has reduced the magnificent herds of three years ago to less than half their number at that time. As a result we have, in place of young elk coming on, practically all old cows with very few bulls.

The annual report of the ex-State Game Warden for 1910 says: "About the usual number of elk died in Jackson's Hole last winter." I asked Mr. Crawford, an old resident in the valley, and at present feeding the largest bunch of elk being fed, about what percentage of the elk calves died last winter. He



SHOWING BUNCH OF ELK BEING FED ON MR. KELLY'S PLACE.

One mile away in the center distance will be noted the Leek Ranch buildings, and to right center will be noted a neighbor's ranch buildings and his small herd of cattle. Through the gap in center rises the Tetons, just 22 miles away.



SHOWING HOW ALL SMALL TWIGS AND GREEN WILLOWS EATEN BY THE ELK ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR BARK.

At the time this photograph was taken it was apparent by the blood stains about the carcass that the animal's eyes had been picked out before it died. On Mr. Leek's return a few hours later the standing calf had laid down by its dead mate and fallen asleep, with its head curled around at its side, never to awaken in this world.





HUDDLED TOGETHER IN DUMB, MUTE MISERY, NOTHING TO EAT, NO PLACE TO GO.

same question. He said, "85 per cent." Mr. Kelly said 75 per cent. The calf crop each year is about 30 per cent of the whole, while there are very few young elk growing up.

At Mr. Crawford's place there is being fed, as near as they can be counted, 2,250 elk, two-thirds of which number are old cows. The yearlings from this

I drove past this bunch of elk at the Crawford ranch, strung out for nearly a mile in length, and watched carefully, counting just 12 spikes. Among the elk being fed on Kelly's ranch and my place together numbering 2,000 head, I can count about 25 spike bulls. This number of spikes in excess of those in the bunch of elk at Crawford's I think is partly



SOME ARE NOBLE HEADS.

The animals will slip up to the sleigh, take in their mouths all the hay they can hold, and backing off will eat it. This shows a calf elk eating from a bull's mouthful after the latter had gotten a supply.

number of cows (about 1,500 head) had they not perished for want of food, would number 1,000 head, about one-half of which would have been males with spikes. All male elk one year old have spikes that are easily distinguished. All spike bulls are to be found in the herds with the cows.

accounted for by the fact that I fed and saved 33 elk calves at my barn last winter, some of which were probably males. I also saved others by allowing them to stay on the feed ground.

The State Game Warden's report for the previous year says, "About 15 per cent of the calves and a few old elk per-



AND THUS THEY LIE—THE DEAD AND DYING—THE GROUND BEING SPOTTED WITH THEM. AT THIS POINT ELK WERE TO BE FOUND WITH THEIR EYES PICKED OUT AND A MEAL EATEN FROM THEIR BODIES WHILE THEY WERE YET ALIVE.

ished last winter." Yet the young bulls of that age are nearly a minus quantity (not 5 per cent of them being accounted for), while among the about 4,000 elk being fed at the three places named, there is a great disparity of males of all ages.

Are the elk degenerating? Are the calf elk less hardy than in the years past? Does breeding to immature and inferior males cause the calves to succumb to the rigors of winter? These are questions that are interesting to study at this time.

At birth elk calves are probably half males. Now, among the three bunches of elk being fed near my place, probably about 4,000 head, not to exceed 5 per cent of them are males. It is true that many bulls winter high up in the hills away from the herds, and that these are not to be found in the valley now; yet it is a fact that there is a great disparity of males, of all ages. While at birth 50 per cent are males, yet now there is not to exceed 10 per cent males. Non-residents invariably kill males for trophies. Residents kill the larger portion of females, which leaves the ratio about even, as 50 per cent of each sex is shot. Now, the question is, what becomes of this 40 per cent of males?

Buffalo Jones, at one time official hunter in the park, to exterminate the mountain lions, told me he had learned that lions had a preference for male elk, as around a lion's den he had found 19 dead calf elk, killed by the lion, and all were males.

Some years ago when there was practically no law on the game a few of the settlers in the valley conceived the idea of catching elk calves to sell to parks and other places. In this I took part. It was our desire to get about three females to one male, but we found that we in-

variably secured a male in making a capture.

During these hard winters, up to the time that one-half the calves have perished, it will be found that fully three-quarters of the dead calves are males. At the time when the calves are nearly all dead the spike bulls begin to die; next the older bulls, and last the cows.

The males have less vitality, less spirit and less endurance than the females. The mountain lion gets them because they lack that spirit of self-defense necessary to elude his pursuit. When we caught a calf elk and it laid its head out on the snow, allowing itself to be handled and tied without resistance, it was a male. If we found a lone calf among the willows on the creek or among the cedars on the hillside it was invariably a male.

Reduced by hunger till too weak to follow the herd, they drop down by some rock or bush and are left alone with all energy and spirit gone. They become a prey to carnivorous animals, or die a miserable death by starvation. It is not only here in Jackson's Hole that these conditions exist, but wherever there is elk in numbers.

I have a letter from a guide in Cody, Wyo., saying that within a mile on a certain river in the park he counted 50 dead elk, all starved to death. These were nearly all males. I have a letter from a man in Montana saying that hundreds of elk perish by starvation on the sheep range north of the park. These are nearly all males. These are some of the causes of the disparity in male elk, and not the alleged fact that the resident settlers kill one occasionally, or that the non-resident kills a few for trophies, or even that the tusk hunter, in his nefarious practice, kills males for

their teeth. To prevent these things from recurring we must take better care of our elk. It is not game wardens (no one is going to shoot a calf elk for his teeth), but feed, that these animals need.

It is therefore a fact that we, by permitting this annual normal loss among the elk for want of feed, by allowing one-third or one-half of the calves to perish year after year, are destroying the males only, and making it necessary that the breeding must be done by immature and inferior males, thereby raising degenerate, weak calves that succumb easily to hard winters.

It is necessary in breeding farm stock to select the best sires. In breeding among wild animals nature's intention is to eliminate the weaker, inferior animal, for in their fights during the rutting season the stronger, more mature male drives the others away. In the case of the elk there is not enough mature bulls to go around, and this is causing inter-breeding to some extent, all of which has a tendency to create weak offspring.

Now, the state of Wyoming and the

National Government are going to try another experiment—drive the elk like cattle to a better (?) feeding ground. We hope they may succeed, on this proposed new elk range. There were plenty of elk a few years ago, before the settlers took up the grazing ground. They were driven from these ranges, but not as cattle. What new inducements are they now going to offer the elk to get them to stay on the proposed ranges? Will the sheep men give up this new feed ground for the elk? Will any arrangements be made toward winter's sustenance, or will the elk be sacrificed? Would it not be better to refuse permits to flock masters on a scope of ground twenty miles wide along the north park line, in order that a portion of the elk now coming this way from the park could go north to winter? Would it not be better to save the feed on the Grey Bull, Meeteetse, and Stinking Water rivers, to the east of the park, and on the Madison and Snake river tributaries, west of the park, for the elk? If this can't be done, where the elk will go themselves, how can it be done where they will have to be driven?

### IN CUPID'S BOAT

When Kitty and I would fishing go,  
Gay, frank-eyed Kitty and I,  
How light was our little skiff to row,  
How fair was the April sky!

With lip of kissing and laughter low,  
How blithley the waves tripped by,  
When Kitty and I would fishing go,  
Gay, frank-eyed Kitty and I!

Our boat o'erhung by the branches low,  
Her warm hand in mine would lie  
And our lips draw near with a secret aglow!  
Love smiled, too happy to sigh,  
When Kitty and I would fishing go,  
Gay, frank-eyed Kitty and I!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

# Rare Opportunity for Outing

## MR. LEEK the Wyoming Guide MAKES AN OFFER

Mr. S. N. Leek of Jackson, Wyo., the noted guide and game photographer, will spend this summer in the mountains with pencil and camera, writing material and securing photographs for publication, and is willing to take along a companion or companions, (preferably camera cranks, like himself), a party or parties willing to share a portion of the expense. The start will be made from Jackson, Wyo., about May 15th. Among the sights will be the elk herds while calving, the sliding mountain on the Grovont river (which has now dammed the river, making a lake 50 feet deep), a cave that has been explored for a distance of 350 feet. Two Ocean Pass, where trout can cross the Continental Divide, the upper Yellowstone river, among the petrified trees (where there are many moose), the Teton range of mountains, containing cañons never explored. Mr. Leek has a moving picture machine he might take along, as well as dark room for camera fiends.

Mr. Leek sells photographs of game (6x8), at \$2.50 a dozen; 16x20 size, \$2.50 each; post cards, \$1 per dozen. He has many new elk pictures, suitable for Elk Lodges. Address him for further information at Jackson, Wyo.



## Wouldn't You Like to Go On a Camping Trip to the Big Game Country?

Jackson Hole, Wyoming, is a region about sixty by seventy miles, of beautiful valleys, rough mountain ranges, rushing rivers and placid lakes. It has three immense mountain ranges, containing peaks never climbed and cañons never explored. It embraces lakes too numerous to mention, and swift, turbulent streams, all teeming with trout. It has waterfalls in great numbers of unknown height and pools of unknown depth. It has lakes recently formed by sinking land and by sliding mountains. It has caves of unknown extent, wild animal life in considerable variety and great numbers and it has the greatest number of wapiti in existence, where they may be seen in thousands on their summer range. It has mineral springs in great variety, hot and cold. It has an unusually pleasant climate for summer camping.

*ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com*

538

In my residence here of twenty-two years of continuous camping trips I have seen a portion of the wonders of this country, and have climbed a few of the mountain peaks and penetrated a few of the dark and forbidding cañons. I have hunted the sheep upon the lofty mountains, the elk and bear in the timber and among the hills, and have shot ducks about the ponds, chickens in the valleys and caught trout from the streams—not for the sake of killing, for I love wild nature, and would rather shoot an animal with the camera and leave it alive for others to enjoy than to shoot it with a gun and leave it dead for others to regret. I have enjoyed all this, and that others who love wild nature may enjoy it I would like to take them on a camping trip this summer.

Write me for full information.

Jackson, Wyo.

S. N. LEEK.

We often hear of the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming spoken of as the greatest game region in the West, and while occasional stories are written about fishing in the streams of this region, and once in a while pictures of catches caught therein are reproduced in the sportsmen's journals, comparatively little is written about the sport so dear to many thousands of sportsmen.

For a fact there are salmon trout and lots of them, and the finest of sport can be had. But first let me tell you not to imagine for a minute that the trout are what you have been accustomed to, for gamier fighters never existed than the Jackson Hole trout. And what mouths! They are large enough to make the Easterner think he has got a sculpin. Large hooks are needed when fishing in this region, and I would advise all prospective fishermen in this country to get the largest hooks and flies that they can procure. While once in a while a three and one-half pound trout will be landed with one of the ordinary small trout flies, more than half of the fish hooked are lost on account of the small flies used.

connect with the Flathead Company's lines.

*Elk Refuge in Wyoming.* Negotiations have been practically consummated for the purchase of a tract of land for a winter elk refuge in Jackson Hole, Wyo., authorized by act of March 4, 1913, but title to the land has not yet been secured. National Sportsman 1915

**THE FISHERMAN'S  
BEST FRIEND**

Every fisherman who wants his outfit absolutely complete must have a 1911 Outdoor Life

**Cream City TACKLE BOX**  
—the tackle box that has a place for everything and keeps everything in its place.

No. 100, shown below, has 15 compartments for reels, lines, hooks, sinkers, swivels, etc., absolutely complete. By far the strongest and most substantial box made. Ask your dealer.

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Accept no substitute. If your dealer doesn't sell our goods, write for prices and **FREE CATALOG** of bait-boxes and minnow buckets. [ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](http://ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com)

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201 15th St. Milwaukee, Wis.



**THE FORKED BARB HOOK**

is the **STRONGEST** and **BEST** made hook on the market—Has forged and of even taper. Tarpon and Tuna Fishermen demand them. **IT HOLDS THE FISH.** If your dealer does not handle, send one dollar for sample dozen Black Bass size.

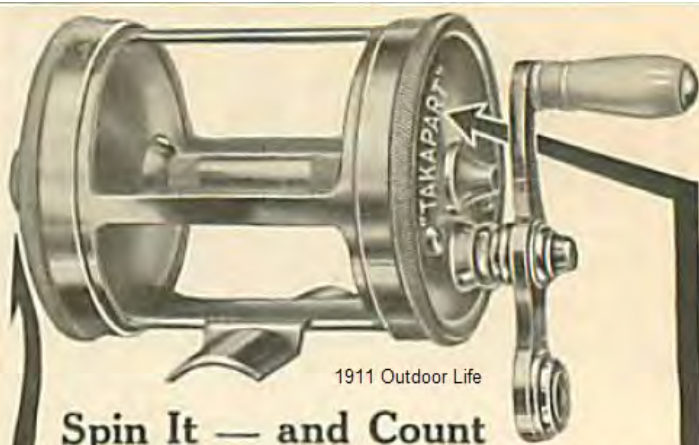
**THE VAN VLECK HOOK COMPANY, • Box 152, • Toledo, Ohio.**



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1911 Outdoor Life





1911 Outdoor Life

## Spin It — and Count

Note how smooth-running the "TAKAPART" is — how light, how strong, how perfectly balanced. A ten dollar reel in everything save price—gives the same-service, lasts just as long. Built with a one-piece frame that comes completely apart with a few turns of the rim. Cleaned and oiled in a moment.

## "TAKAPART" Fishing Reels

don't backlash in casting. They can't—a fine friction adjustment at the side, when properly regulated, prevents them. Handle and click are transferable to forward, back, high or low position. "TAKAPART" (capacity 100 yards) costs \$4.00 — "TRIPART" (capacity 80 yards) costs \$3.00. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. *Look for the name "TAKAPART" or "TRIPART" on every reel. (Repairs Free.)*

**A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., Mfgr.**  
27 Prospect Street ; ; ; Newark, N. J.

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## THE BEST REEL IN THE WORLD

at the price, \$3. The **B. & B. Kentucky Reel**. A light, smooth running casting reel; full 100 yard size. Thousands sold to crack fishermen all over the country. Never a complaint. Send \$3; with 20 cents extra for postage. Money back if you want it after testing the reel. Write for catalog of Guns, Fishing Tackle, etc. **BOURNE & BOND**. 29 Market Street, Louisville, Ky.

# The Hunters Paradise

*is the Jackson Hole Country in Wyoming*

This is a great game country; bands of elk are a common sight, and often a bunch of mountain sheep, headed by some old ram, can be seen making off to a high ridge or inaccessible cliffs. It is also the home of the silver-tip and grizzly bears; also numerous other wild animals, including fur bearers, of which the hard working beaver is the most interesting and an everyday sight, while lower down, the moose can be seen in the lily pads while you catch your supper's mess of trout.

Here you can stand and truly say: "I am in the wilderness! No mark of the settler's axe mars nature's growth, not even the hoof prints of the rancher's stock can be found."

The best way to get to the Jackson Hole Country is via the

## Union Pacific System

A booklet concerning Teton Lodge in the Jackson Hole Country will be sent to any address free of charge and a booklet entitled "Hunting in Colorado and Wyoming" will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin.



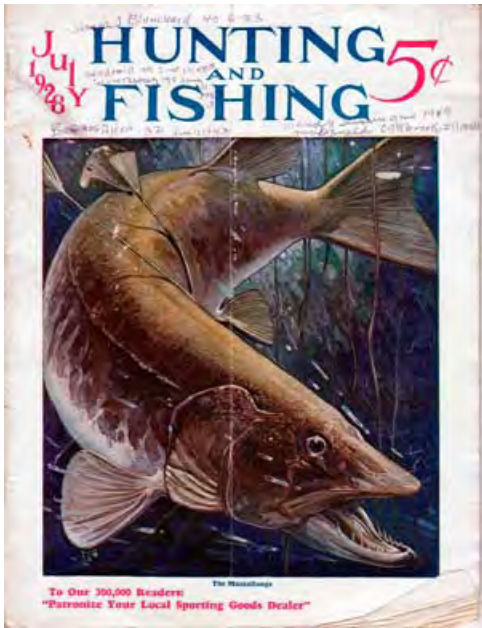
Information regarding rates and train service furnished on request.

**R. S. RUBLE**

Assistant General Passenger Agent  
700 17th St., DENVER, COLORADO

# Stolen Shotguns - 1928

*Hunting & Fishing July, 1928*



16 Here's one page from *Hunting & Fishing* with information and serial numbers of Ithaca shotguns stolen April 21<sup>st</sup> as the Izzak Walton League Show in Omaha was closing. The guns were stolen from the Ithaca Gun Company's booth on the last night of the show.

Vintage shotguns have a special place in the hearts of bird hunters and those that collect outdoor artifacts. There's a special aura about them. Just looking at older shotguns brings on memories of crisp fall days and cackling pheasants busting through dry corn stalks. Gun shows are magnets for collectors addicted to old guns. Unfortunately, sporting guns also attract thieves because they are easily sold. Collectors are always cautious about stolen guns but after changing hands a couple of times the history of a gun is quickly lost or at least very cloudy. Today's computer tracking of serial numbers might make this easier. It would be interesting and a real

coup if today's computer systems could track down the guns stolen 80+ years ago.

The .410 double with gold inlay and ivory sights would be a standout in any showcase.

Questions:

- Did Ithaca recover these guns? (question will be sent to Ithaca)
- Is there some sort of "Statute of limitations" which would apply or is stolen property simply stolen forever and once found returned to the original owner?
- Are these guns, easily identified with serial numbers, in your collection?
- Would the serial numbers show up in any of the many gun databases around the country?

Outdoor History Matters! - - bob@ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com

Here's the gun report with some links and a couple interesting ads from this issue of *Hunting & Fishing*.

<http://www.stolenweapon.com/>  
<http://www.gunverify.com/about-us/>  
<http://www.ithacagun.com/>  
[contact@ithacagun.com](mailto:contact@ithacagun.com)



**NEXT** time you go fishing take along a Martin Automatic Reel, try it out, see what a great difference it makes! You won't have to fuss with a crank, or worry about slack, or bother with snarls. When you retrieve your line, a touch on the brake lever takes up the slack instantly!

When the strike comes—then the real sport begins! Play him on your finger tips—feel every turn and twist, every jerk and jump. Every move of the line is a thrill. And you can't get it with any other kind of reel.

Boy! That's fishing. If you want to get in on it just say "Martin Automatic" to your dealer—or write us.

Martin Fly-Wate Model—equipped with line guide and enclosed in neat leather pouch—only \$10.

Martin Automatic Trolling Reel—equipped with line guide—\$10.

Martin Standard Models—\$4.50 to \$7.

Write for literature illustrating and describing all models

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REEL CO. Inc  
300 Main St., Mohawk, N. Y.

**MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REELS**

**ISAW** this article advertised in HUNTING & FISHING. Say that to your local sporting goods dealer the next time.

**Fishing Waders**

**WILL** help you land the big ones. No sloshing around in clumsy, uncomfortable rubber boots to scare the fish. Keep dry and comfortable. Zephyrweights are light, waterproof, durable. Write — NOW — for full information to **HODGMAN** 379 Tripp Street Framingham, Mass.



ished spinal columns as his share of the delectable meal. His tail jerking angrily, he rewarded us with a severe tongue-lashing which included caustic expletives that he must have previously reserved for just such an aggravated occasion.

In the afternoon some fine wall-eyed pike were added to our catch and as the sun journeyed westward we turned the prow of our boat toward the great cedar, the friendly landmark of our camp. Keenly we felt the significance of those moments, for this was our last visit to the bay; the last fishing of the trip.

Then as the sun sank low upon the pine-decked horizon we sat by our cedar, silently watching; while from the swamp there came a multitude of bird notes.

Listen! What was that! A rustle in the leaves immediately behind us; faint but unmistakably the movement of something approaching. Cautiously I turned my head to observe the intruder, when suddenly, with a frisky little scamper, our friend red-squirrel was at my knee, bold and pert.

"Past your bedtime, isn't it, fuzzy?" I grinned at him. He answered with a chatter, and I still believe he was trying to tell me that he knew it was our last night in camp.

**Stolen**

**T**HIEVES made a raid on the Ithaca Gun Company's booth at the Izaak Walton League Show in Omaha, April 21st, the night the show closed. The stolen guns were a little .410 cal. 26 inch No. 7 Ejector double gun with single trigger, ivory sights and gold inlaying. The number stamped on this gun was 448950, the value \$400.00.

The stock and frame of a No. 4 Ejector double trap gun with a single trigger was taken but the thief overlooked the barrels and forearm. The serial number stamped on this frame is 448929, value \$100.00.

The third gun taken was a single barrel Ithaca trap gun, grade No. 4, Ejector, 12 guage 32 inch, serial number 401317, value \$125.00.

A reward will be paid by the Ithaca Gun Company for information leading to the recovery of any of these guns.

ITHACA GUN CO.

**\$100.00 Reward**

**T**HERE was stolen from our store on the night of February 25th, the following new guns:

- Smith 12/32 Crown Grade Trap, double gun;
- Ejector, Single Trigger;
- B. T. Fore arm, straight pistol grip, No. 87176;
- Smith 12/20 Field, No. 70709;
- Smith 12/28 Fulton, No. 32494;
- Parker 12/30 D. H. E., No. 136127;
- Parker 410 V. H., No. 222924;
- Remington 12/28 Auto., No. 267102;
- Winchester 12/28 Mod. 12, No. 470052.

**TWO GREATEST LURES FOR ALL GAME FISH**

Remember—those big, old wise FISH know a thing or two! So the ordinary run of lures don't faze 'em! It takes lures that are true-to-nature in size, shape, color and NATURAL SWIMMING MOVEMENT—to tempt 'em to strike! And you can bet your last nickel that you're going to lose some big fish on your next trip if you don't take these two "prize winners" along with you! **WARNING:** Look out for inferior imitations! Get Genuine Creek Chub Creations and you'll get "More Fish."

**The Original Injured Minnow**



Weight 3/4 oz. Length 3 1/2 in. No. 1565 Price \$1.00

With slow short jerks this "Bass Getting" wonder represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—just able to make a little fuss on the surface—right up where you get all the fun—where you can see, hear and feel each strike! No other lure like it! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 1518, and new luminous day and night finish No. 1521!

**The Famous Pike Minnow**



Weight 3/4 oz. Length 4 1/2 in. No. 700 Price \$1.00

The greatest of all lures—for salt water or fresh! Recognized everywhere as the most deadly killer of all game fish! Even the large old educated Fish, can't tell it from a live minnow! And how it gets 'em is nobody's business! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 718!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to Catch Fish—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

**CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY**  
157 S. Randolph St. Garrett, Ind.  
Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT., for Creek Chub Bait Company

**CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH**

**"For Casting I Never Handled Better!"**  
"Have taken salmon up to 42 1/2 lbs. I like the feel, the lay on the reel, ease of backlash elimination and assembled at the low price of your Pussey Willow—the cure is correct, no drying necessary." Write for samples, prices and testimonials.  
Ask Your Dealer for "Korrek Kor"  
**KORREK KOR LINE CO.**  
HF 628 BAY ST., LUZERNE, N. Y.

**Fish Bag Free!**



Ask your dealer about the free Fish Bag offer to users of the new Paw Paw Baits. If he can't supply you, write direct to us—we'll also send you the Angler's Guide.

**Paw Paw Bait Co.**  
PAW PAW, MICHIGAN

Hunting & Fishing 1928  
**Here's how to  
 go Camping**



**Chenango  
 Camp Trailer**

will take you anywhere with all the comforts of home. You can camp where you please, entirely independent of the expense and inconvenience of hotels.

Easily converted in one minute, from a rugged trailer to a complete "house" on wheels. Two full sized double beds with springs and mattress; complete kitchen equipment and four large dust proof clothes lockers; nine foot head room; windows and doors with glass and screen. One owner has lived in it on the road for six years.

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JOHNSON HAS GIVEN WINGS TO WATER TRAVEL

**Water motoring**

with the  
*swiftness of wings*



JOHNSON MOTORS have made playgrounds of the world's waterways. Mile after mile of open water beckons you to speed along. Johnson Motors set the pace!

These mighty motors have given wings to water travel. They have provided untiring power for boats that the cottager may utilize water trails as never before. For the angler they have converted wasted hours of rowing into golden hours of fishing. Yachtsmen ply back and forth in tenders powered by these motors—no longer dependent upon the drudgery of oars.

The 1928 Johnson models achieve new heights in outboard performance. They develop 25% more power than before and deliver maximum horsepower in each of the three popular racing classes. They are built with Lynite pistons. They hold a surprise for you in point of easy starting, quick get-away, and quiet, smooth performance. *Fall Pivot Steering*, unobtainable in any other outboard motor, provides the widest range of maneuverability.

There can be no question about the dominating superiority of Johnson motors *upon over half of all the outboards that are sold are Johnsons*. Write for the interesting booklet, "What You Should Have in an Outboard Motor."

*Sold on free trial and time payment plan*

**JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY**

1463 Pezabing Road, Waukegan, Ill.

Export Division: 75 West Street, New York City

I N C A N A D A

Canadian Johnson Motor Company, Ltd., Port Huron, Ontario

Distributors: Penikeseough Gun or Co., Penikeseough, Ontario

Hollis, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

**Johnson  
 Outboard Motors**

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

**The FIVE FAMOUS  
 Johnsons**

**Light Single**  
 World's lightest weight outboard—16 lbs.  
 Price..... \$115

**Light Twin**  
 World's lightest weight twin cylinder outboard—17 lbs.  
 Price..... \$140

**Standard Twin**  
 Class B motor developing 11 h. p. maximum. Weight 44 lbs.  
 Price..... \$165

**Big Twin**  
 Class C motor developing 19 1/2 h. p. maximum. Weight 81 lbs.  
 Price..... \$210

**Giant Twin**  
 Latest new model for 1928. Weight 110 lbs. 25 h. p. World's highest powered motor outboard. Price \$275

**RACING MODELS**  
 in Standard, Big and Giant Twin sizes at slightly higher prices.

All prices  
 L. & Waukegan, Illinois

**WHITE  
 Outboard  
 Boats and Canoes**

**WHITE'S WHIPPET and  
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White's latest Pals for Racing, Camp, Vacation and Fishing are "the last word" in unique design, speed and good looks. WHITE quality and workmanship guarantee their dependability. Write for free illustrated catalog of complete line, including canoe. E. M. WHITE & CO., 163 White St., Old Town, Me.



Hunting & Fishing 1928

ClassicOutdoorMagazine.com

# Preserving Appalachia-The Blue Ridge Parkway

*Recreation* July, 1900



17

This page PDF *Recreation*, 1900, records that a visionary group from North Carolina and adjoining states met in Asheville at the Old Battery Hotel with the goal of protecting eastern forests. They wanted a National Park like Yellowstone to protect eastern forests, game and watersheds. They feared that an apathetic public would sit by and watch as the robber barons and their loggers destroyed the forests of the Smokey Mountains and the Appalachians. They argued that the government should step in and take possession of the region before it is was gone. The east should have its own great national park because Yellowstone was too far away for most easterners.

A National Park in the Smokey Mountains would be accessible to “the great majority of the people of the United States”. They saw a National Park as “conferring on the people of the country a means of great enjoyment”. The Appalachian National Park Association was formed by the group in 1899 to get things started. But even good vision with solid benefits is subjected to democracies’ lengthy examination. The original group reorganized into the Appalachian National Reserve Association and then later disbanded as the cause was taken up by the American Forestry Association in 1905.

The idea first proposed by the visionary group in 1899 continued to simmer in the congressional pot of national interests. The Weeks Act of 1911 allowed the federal government to purchase private land in order to protect eastern watersheds. With this key legislation in place Congress enacted a bill in 1926 authorizing the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and the Shenandoah National Park. The two Parks are connected by 469 beautiful Blue Ridge Parkway miles.

The visionaries in 1899 could never have imagined how well their dream would turn out. But it sure didn’t happen fast. Driving the Parkway is a beautiful experience and a great privilege. THANKS to the formative group in 1899 and the outdoor magazines which helped spread the word and built supporting constituencies. Outdoor History Matters!

Here is the report on the early meeting with additional links, notes and some ads from the 1900 *Recreation*.

## FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

### THE GREAT NATIONAL PARK.

(From the Hartford Courant.)

The wildest and most naturally beautiful part of this country East of the Rocky Mountains is that region where North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia approach each other. It is a mountain country with an average elevation of 4,000 feet and peaks running up to thousands of feet higher. The tallest mountain East of the Rockies is in North Carolina.

This wild region abounds in timber, and is still a natural and unbroken wilderness except as the lumbermen invade its quiet. They have come. Already traffic in forest land is on, and the railroads of the vicinity are loaded with lumber for the market. Let the American people sit by with their accustomed optimistic apathy, and before long the forests will be gone, the water courses left to dry up, the bears, deer and other wild animals killed off, and nothing but a fading memory remain of what now is a great natural park.

The general government ought to step in, before it is too late, and take possession of the whole region. The Yellowstone Park, far away, and to all but a few inaccessible, should be supplemented by this natural reservation, which is easily reached by the great majority of the people of the United States. Take your map and you will find that from Boston on the East around by Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis to New Orleans, Jacksonville and so on up to Washington, every city on the imaginary circuit has railroad facilities bringing it within not more at most than one night's ride of Asheville, the central point in the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky country. Establish a park there and people from every large city this side of the Mississippi would be visiting it in large numbers at all seasons of the year. This is an opportunity for conferring on the people of the country a means of great enjoyment. But that really would be only an incident of the work. In this elevated land are multitudes of clear, sweet streams, delivering water to the Atlantic coast and to the Mississippi river. The divide is in the possible park. If the timber is all stripped from these hills the streams will dry up and the ultimate loss will be serious and widespread. Leading citizens of North Carolina and other States

adjoining have recently held a meeting and formed themselves into the Appalachian National Park Association to push the project. It ought to go without much pushing. All that is needed is to set people thinking about it.

### SUGAR MAPLE PESTS.

The sugar maple forests of Vermont have for 2 years been so seriously attacked by a pest of worms as to endanger the whole sugar maple industry. Can you tell me the name of these worms, how long they are likely to stay, and whether owners of sugar orchards need fear the destruction of their trees? I go to Vermont every year, and while residents deplore the ravages of the pest, no one seems able to tell what it is, or the prospects of relief from it.

C., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWER.

The worm affecting maple trees over a wide area in the Eastern and North-eastern States during the past few years, is the forest tent caterpillar, the maple worm, *Clisiocampa disstria*. Usually such pests have their periods, coming to a climax when, probably owing to the simultaneous development of their enemies, a sudden collapse takes place. It is, however, impossible to tell how long the pest will persist. If the trees put out new leaves in the season of defoliation the damage is not likely to be marked beyond a possible decrease in the quantity of sap. An attack on the second leafage is a more serious matter, and permanent damage or the death of the tree may follow persistent defoliation by the worm.

The Vermont State Agricultural Experiment Station has investigated this matter for the last 3 years, and is just on the point of publishing the results, having made a preliminary statement in their 11 annual report. A most interesting description of the development of insects injurious to maple trees has just been issued as an "Extract from the Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, of the State of New York." The report is illustrated with colored plates, and can probably be obtained by application to that Commission at Albany.

The sugar maple borer is a more seri-

# REPUTATION AND A MODERATE PRICE



## THE TALBOT REEL.

The best in Scientific Reel Construction. Best that money can buy. Lands a 7-pound fish easier than the old kinds land a 3-pound.

Send for Free Booklet to **W. H. Talbot, Nevada, Mo.**

*ClassicOutdoorMagazine.com*

Recreation 1900

## SHATTUCK SINGLE BARREL GUNS



The above cut represents the Shattuck Top Snap Action, Single Barrel, Breech Loading Gun. It has Double Bolt, Rebounding Lock, Blued Steel Barrel, Patent Fore-end Rubber Butt-plate, Rubber pistol Grip, Cap Nickel or Case hardened frame, Choke bored either 12 or 16 Bore.

PRICE, \$7.00.

Insist upon your dealer showing you this Gun or order direct from

**SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.**

302-304 BROADWAY.

NEW YORK.

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FOR OVER

# HALF A CENTURY

Recreation 1900

THE NAME **DAVENPORT**

Has been identified with the manufacture of

GUNS AND RIFLES



OUR SPECIALTY IS

**SINGLE BARREL GUNS** for all purposes. Light weight guns for use of ladies and young sportsmen

Special made guns for trap shooting, heavy weight guns for wild fowl shooting

**AND RIFLES** in 22 and 32 calibre for light sporting and target purposes

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The **W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO.**, Norwich, Conn.

*ClassicOutdoorMagazine.com*



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# BASS MINNOW



## Double Spinner Artificial Minnow

The best Bass bait ever used. Will catch Bass when all others fail.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cent money order.

Address

F. A. Pardee & Co., Kent, Ohio

## The Shakespeare Reel



My eyes were first opened (they have remained open ever since) to the pre-eminence goodness of the Shakespeare Reel, in Florida last winter. On the St. John River there lived in a certain narrow channel and in seeming safety, a thumping big bass. A dense growth of impenetrable bushes on each shore and a vast accumulation of drift-wood above and below, "stood off" all the crack bait casters in our party. One evening on coming out from dinner we found on the porch the record fish of the season—and the man who took it. He told me that he had crawled out to the extreme edge of the upper drift-wood and easily delivered a minnow at headquarters with his first cast.

Then he showed all of us the Shakespeare Quadruple Multiplying Reel, and when I left for home two weeks later, we had among us cleaned out that particular channel, each of us having purchased for \$15.00, a similar Reel in the interim. You can post yourself on this superlative Reel by addressing

ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com

Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.,  
Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

NO. 5.

## THE AUTOMATIC-COMBINATION REEL

Free-running and Automatic-Interchangeable

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT

Controls the spring which winds the line automatically

The longest official cast ever made was with our Automatic Reel

NO CRANK TO TURN

OUR 1900 ALUMINUM MODEL

light, durable and non-corrosive—Strong simple

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

Recreation 1900

Send for Catalogue, Dept. X

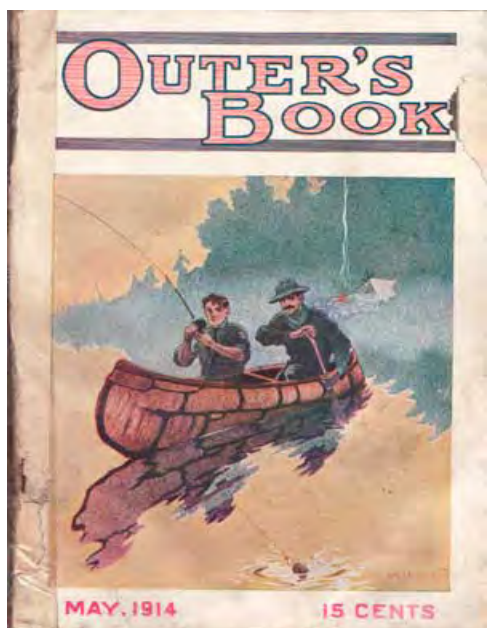
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com

# Canoeing in Wisconsin

*Outer's Book* May, 1914

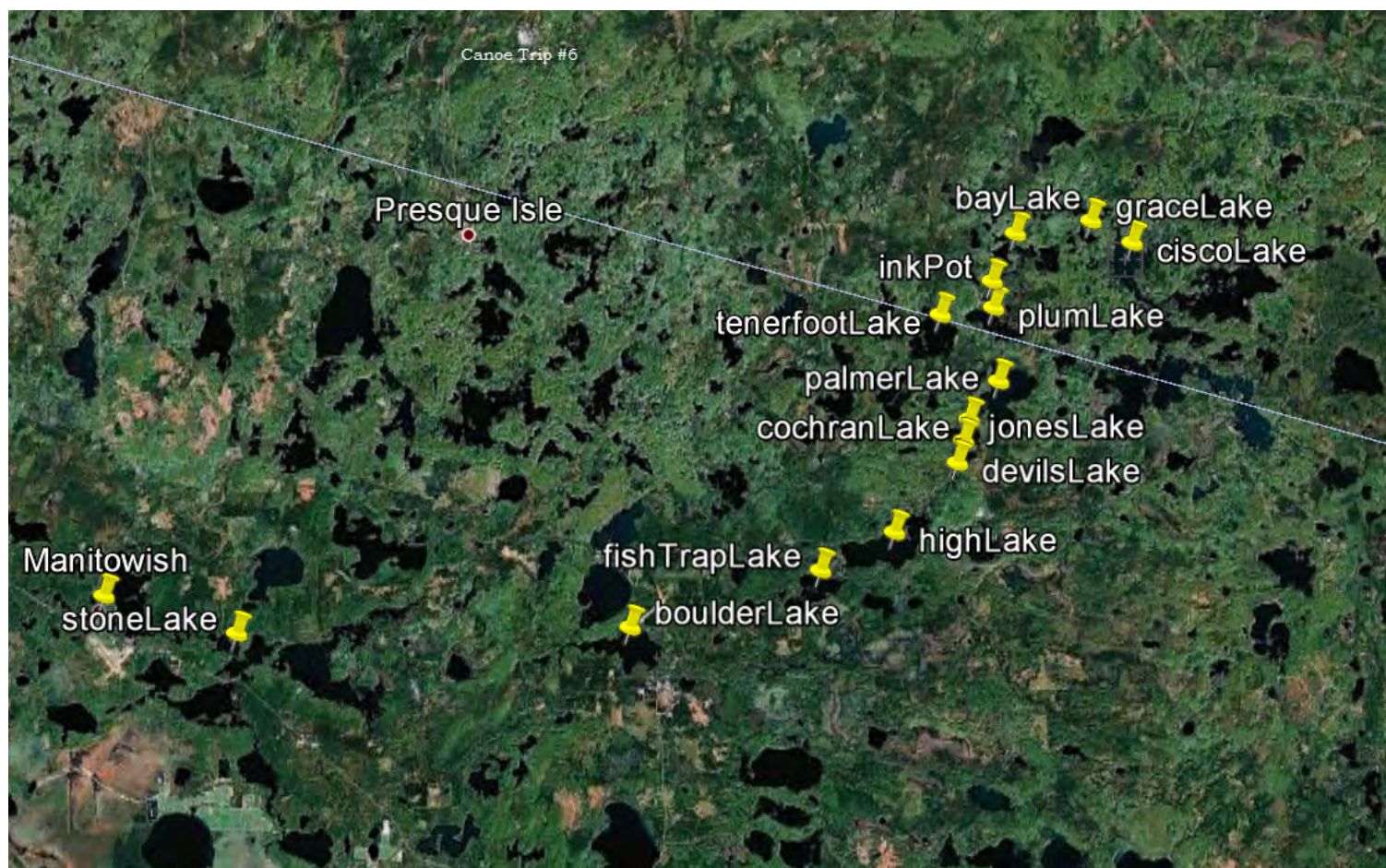


18

Jas. Callaway and Harold Pripps continue to canoe throughout the wilds of Wisconsin with detailed descriptions of their canoe routes. In Trip #6 they started in Cisco Lake, Michigan, and ended at the town of Manitowish, Wisconsin. A Google Earth tracing of trip #6 looks like not a lot has changed, at least from a satellite's point-of-view. Today's hardy and adventurous paddlers should retrace their trails to discover how much has changed in 100 years. One of the adventurous paddlers is pictured on the last page of the report.

Enjoy Outdoor History. It Matters!

Here is their detailed description of the trip from 1914 *Outer's Book* with a map of the area and some ads from that magazine.





ALL SHIPSHAPE FOR THE PORTAGE

## Some Northern Wisconsin Canoe Routes

By JAS. E. CALLAWAY and HAROLD W. PRIPPS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

(CONTINUED FROM APRIL ISSUE)

TRIP No. SIX—CISCO LAKE, MICHIGAN TO  
MANITOWISH OR WINEGAR, WISCONSIN.



**S**TARTING at Cisco Lake, portage into Grace Lake, 127 rods. From Grace to Big Mosquito is 36 rods, then south into Little Mosquito, a short portage over a swampy, indefinite trail. Next into Emeline Lake, a sixty-rod portage, then a sixteen-rod lift into Bay Lake. Another short portage brings you to Long Lake. From the end of Long Lake to Ink Pot there is a portage of 169 rods leading in a south-westerly direction. This leads into Plum Lake. The portage trail from Plum to Tenderfoot Lake is a little over 100 rods. Tenderfoot Lake is on the boundary line

between Michigan and Wisconsin. Leading out of the north end of Tenderfoot is the west branch of Ontonagon River, a wildly beautiful stream. A short trip up this stream is well worth while.

From Tenderfoot you pass through Creek to Palmer Lake. Through the rice beds of the south bay and a short lift brings you to Cochrane Lake. Then a fifty-four rod portage to Jones Lake and another of seventy-four rods from Jones to Devil's Lake. A beautiful hilly trail of 271 rods takes you to High Lake which connects with Fish Trap Lake and the Manitowish River. Fish Trap Lake is a fine one for fishing. Then down the river (there is a dam to carry around) and into Boulder Lake. From this point you can continue down Manitowish River and Stone Lakes as described in Route No. 1, to the



SLIP UP THIS CREEK

town of Manitowish or you may start to Winegar from Boulder Lake by portaging ninety rods into Clear Crooked Lake. From this lake there is a fifty-rod portage to the left of Dicks Camp. There is a seventy-five-rod portage between Wolf and Little Bear Lakes. On the west shore of this Lake, to the left, there is an old right of way. Portage down this until you hit logging road. Keep on logging road until you reach logging camps, then turn to left down steep hill. At the foot of the hill, turn to the right to find creek. Upon reaching creek, turn to the right after putting canoes in water and soon you will come out on Round Lake. From this lake continue on to Winegar in reverse order as described in Route No. 1.

#### TRIP No. SEVEN

The foregoing trip can also be started at State Line. Have a team haul you to Black Oak Lake, five miles distant. A short portage takes you into Anderson Lake from which you may reach Spring Lake by a seventy-two-rod portage. Then through Spring Creek, Lake Mamie, Crooked, West Bay and Big Lakes. Between Big Lake and Palmer Lake there is a logging road, down which you may portage your outfit. From Palmer Lake on see Route No. 6.

#### TRIP No. EIGHT

Another rattling good trip is the one down the Chippewa River from Glidden to either Murry or Bruce, Wisconsin, as de-

scribed by Mr. Wilks H. Douglas in Outer's Book of July, 1912. There are many readers who have no file of back numbers, so with the kind permission of Mr. Douglas, I will give a brief synopsis of the trip as taken by himself and a party of friends.

From Glidden to Murry on the Chippewa River is about 150 miles. This trip will take two weeks allowing stop over of a few days at each of the four lakes on the river. Drive from Glidden to Shanagolden and start the trip there. Pelican Lake is eight miles down stream. There is a fine camp site on the right bank, center of lake, on a point among Norway pines. Bear Lake next, twenty miles from the start. It is a mile and a half across each way. There is an excellent camp site on the left about half way down the lake. Carry around dam at west end of lake. Twenty-five minutes later you will come to Little Cedar Rapids and a little later to Big Cedar Rapids. Blaisdell Lake will be reached in another hour. Between this and Hunter Lake are the Snap Tail Rapids, three miles long, swift and full of rocks, but comparatively easy if there is a good head of water on. There is a good camp site on the right bank of the Big Eddy, which is a mile above Hunter Lake. The camp of the Baraboo Club is on the right bank, about the center of Hunter Lake. A mile from Hunter is Barker Lake from which point there is a road leading to Winter, eight miles away, which town was made

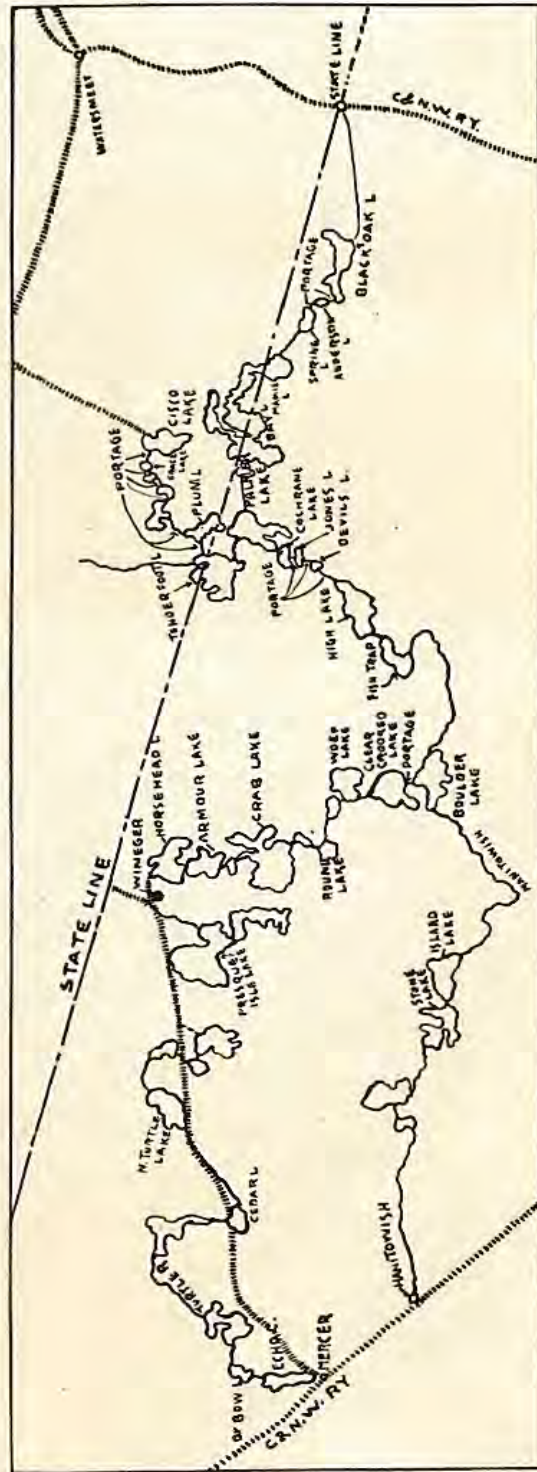
famous by John Dietz, the defender of Cameron Dam. From the outlet of Barker Lake, you will run through in their order, the Goose-Eye, McDouglas and Two-Mile Rapids, the latter being distinguished by the old logging camps on the left bank. Four miles from Barker Lake, the west fork of the Chippewa joins the east. From here on there is easy going until you come to the concrete dam below Raynor, which is the head of the worst rapids on the trip, known as Bellills Falls. Portage on the right bank of the river to a point at least three-quarters of a mile down stream before putting the canoes back into the water. From here to Murray there are no rapids. One can continue to Bruce, but Mr. Douglas states that this addition has nothing to offer but the increased distance and a mile carry to the railway station.

TRIP NO. NINE—FROM LAC DU FLAMBEAU ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION VIA BEAR CREEK, TO BONEY'S MOUND, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE BEAR AND THE MANITOWISH, FROM WHICH POINT YOU MAY PROCEED AS DESCRIBED IN ROUTE TWO.

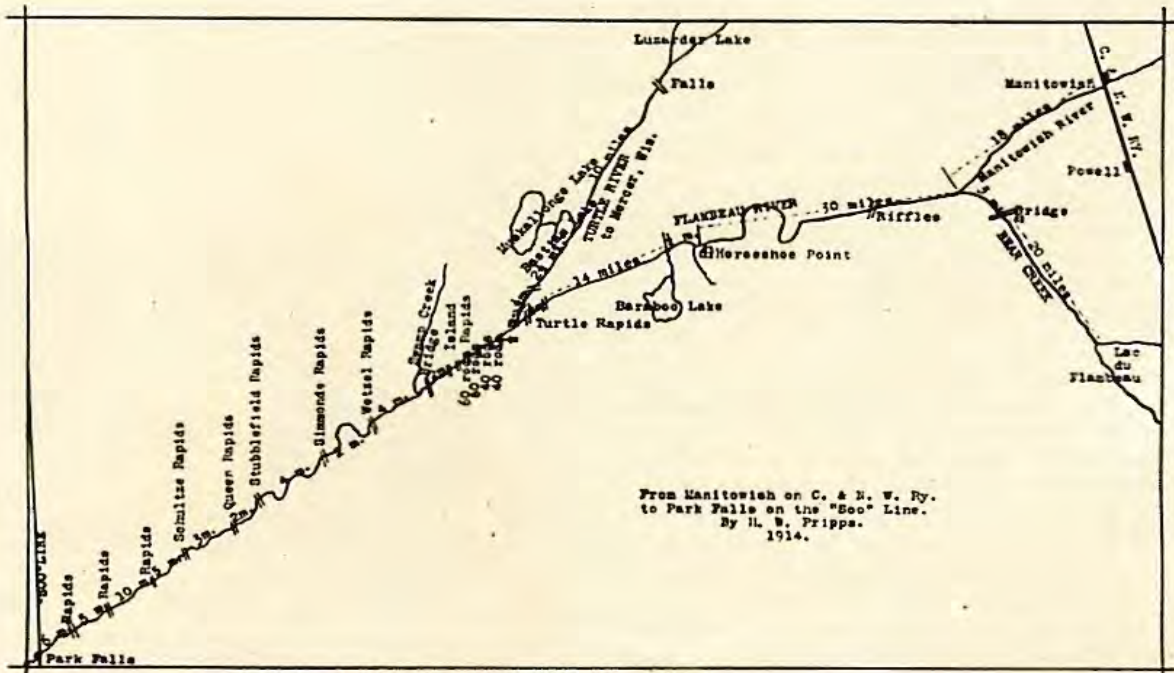
From the station you can have the man who runs the stage line haul your canoe to the town. From this point you can continue through the several large lakes by directions which almost any of the copper-hued townfolk will give you, to Bear Creek. Proceeding down Bear Creek you may be able to find the outlet of the creek which leads to Rannald Lake on the left, in which event you will be assured of most excellent bass and muskellunge fishing. This is about a half day's journey below Lac du Flambeau. The road over the wooden bridge which you pass after Rannald Lake Creek leads from Powell to Emerson P. O. From this point, which may also be marked by Conley's homestead on the right, to Boney's Mound is three miles.

TRIP NO. TEN—FROM MINOCQUA TO TOMAHAWK CITY, VIA TOMAHAWK RIVER

This trip, which is highly recommended, starts at Minocqua. Paddle through Minocqua Lake into Tomahawk Lake from which you get into Lake Catherine via canal. From Lake Catherine to Lower Kaubachen Lake there is a portage of about three-quarters of a mile, the only one on the trip excepting some short carries around dams. From this lake you pass into the Tomahawk River. There are quite a number of rapids on this trip, the main one being the Cedar, Half-Breed and Prairie Rapids. The junction of the Tomahawk, Somo and Wisconsin

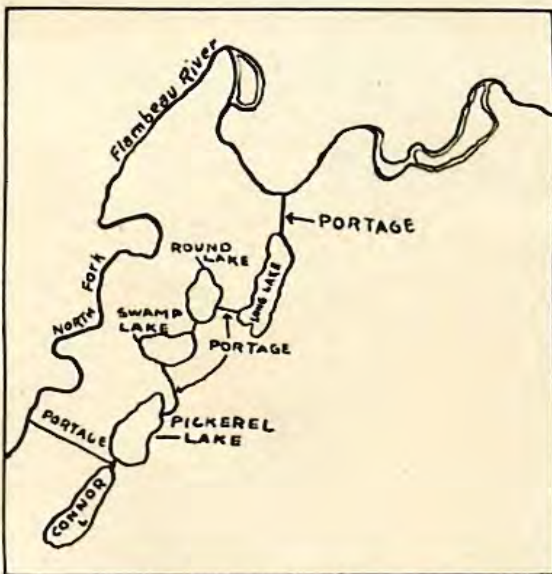


TRIPS 3, 6 AND 7 ← North



TRIPS 2, 4 AND 9

Rivers near the city of Tomahawk, forms quite a lake. Here you can end the trip or proceed down the Wisconsin River as your time limit allows.



SIDE TRIP MENTIONED IN TRIP No. 5

#### TRIP NO. ELEVEN—DOWN THE WISCONSIN RIVER

The start may be made at either Conover, Eagle River or Tomahawk Lake Station. This is an ideal trip for the man who wants to be in the open all day long and still be free from the duties of camp life as one can always end the day's trip at some town and sleep in a hotel. It should not be inferred from this that the trip is a tame one. Some of its rapids will make the cleverest of river men use all of their skill and there are certain wild places which make portaging necessary. The first rapid of note is one mile below Tomahawk Lake Station and is called the Rainbow Rapid. You will reach the City of Rhinelander next, after passing through several miles of submerged forest. About eight miles below Rhinelander are the Hat Rapids, also known as the Whirlpool Rapids. There is quite a lot of fast water following but nothing which should give one much trouble if the water is high enough to cover the many rocks in the shallows. The city of Tomahawk is next. Below this place, about ten miles, are the Grandmother and shortly after the Grandfather Falls. The first can be run easily, but around the latter you will have to portage. The town of Merrill is about fifteen miles below. There

is good water all the way between Merrill and Wausau. One can continue all the way down to Kilbourn, Wisconsin, and pass through the famous Dells of the Wisconsin River in a two weeks' trip passing, in addition to the cities mentioned above, Stevens Point and Grand Rapids, all of which can be utilized as supply points, thus obviating the necessity of carrying a two weeks' supply of provisions. As the Wisconsin River supplies the power for a great number of industries lying in its course, there will be quite a number of dams to carry around, at the head of which as a rule, the back water forms quite a lake.

Here are some of the best known routes, from which to plan your next vacation's cruise. Dozens of combinations are possible. Take your pick and good luck to you.

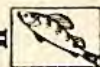
Now, as to the best time of the year to go. If you are a camera enthusiast and want to get pictures of deer along the rivers, pick June or early July. This season has its disadvantages in the form of the ever-present-always-on-the-job mosquito, but it's worth it. Mr. R. L. Schlick counted eighty-three deer on the Flambeau River between Park Falls and Ladysmith in the month of June. This is also one of the best fishing seasons. About the most popular time for a canoe trip is from September 1st to October 15th. This will take you right into the partridge season. Last year we found it no trouble to get as many partridge as we cared to eat, on any day in the season, along the Flambeau and some of its tributaries. There is also a possibility of adding ducks to the bag, although this is not an ideal duck country, it being too wooded. But, game or no game, you will have a bully good



RAPIDS AHEAD

time in this ideal playground of ours, The Lake Region of Northern Wisconsin.

*Editor's Note:—The maps shown on the preceding pages are very roughly sketched and offered merely to help make the descriptions more clear. Any reader contemplating one of these trips will of course take with him the railroad maps (which are unusually good of this region) and such other regular maps as he may desire to obtain.*



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**THE Jim Dandy** Fish Bait is the new, *true-to-nature bait*—the sensation of 1916. When reeled *slowly* through the water, it has the same *wiggly, wobbly motion* as an injured minnow, and game fish are eager to attack it. The **Jim Dandy** never fails — never disappoints — *always gets the fish*, if any are in the stream.



**The Greatest Fish-Getter of 'em all**

The **Jim Dandy** is the bait that puts the *fun* and *excitement* in fishing. You won't know what *real* fishing is until you use a **Jim Dandy** Bait. *Get one now* — your sporting goods dealer can supply you



The **Jim Dandy** will *out-fish* any other bait — it's the bait that *teaches* fish the *art* of biting — puts pep into their work — and you can't cast *fast enough* to suit the fish when you use this famous bait.

**"JIM-DANDY"**

- No. 101 — Plain white, for casting on dark gloomy days.
- No. 102 — White with red collar for casting on bright days.
- No. 103 — Frog color for casting in murky or roily water.

**"JIM-DANDY"**

"Th' **Jim Dandy** Bait ain't no accident — it's a *discovery* — the greatest *invention* of th' age for takin' fish out o' the water in a *legitimate* way. I knew game fish liked bung'd up minnies, an' I gotta *hunch* from seein' 'em gobble up th' small, helpless fish as they *wiggled* and *wobbled* home all chawed up after a scrap.



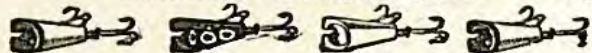
"I whittled a good many bait before I finally got th' right one — th' **Jim Dandy** — an' th' first time I used it there was a *riot* among th' fish — they were so all-fired *hungry* for it. Th' fish *liked* my bait so well that they *actually* sat on top o' th' water lookin' for it.

"There ain't no use talkin' — fishin' without a **Jim Dandy** is like goin' to a stranger's funeral, but when you've got a **Jim Dandy** Bait on th' end o' your line, you feel so happy you could cast a mile, an' every time you reel in you've got a *fight* on your hands. There ain't no use *arguin'* — if you want t' catch fish, you've got t' use th' **Jim Dandy**."

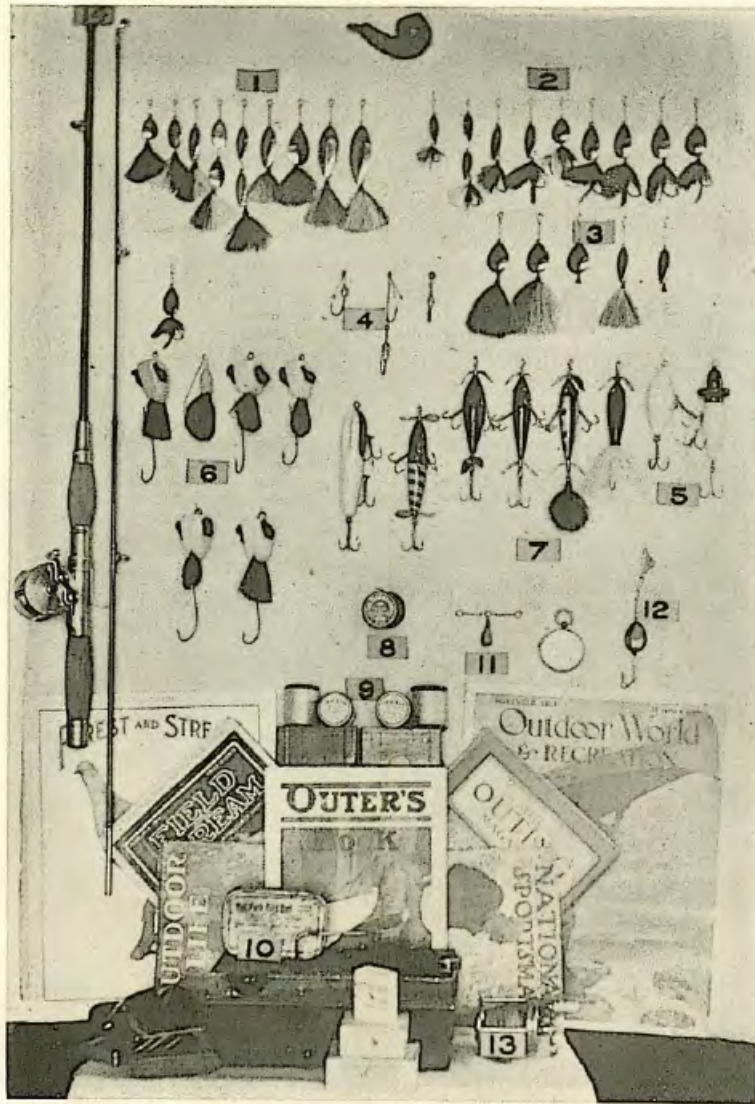
*Henry Schellinger*  
Jim Dandy's Father.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 75c and mention the number of the bait.

**WISE SPORTSMAN'S SUPPLY CO.**  
832 Great Northern Building, Chicago, Ill.



We guarantee advertising on this page provided you mention **FIELD AND STREAM**



THE "GO LIGHT" TACKLE FOR STREAM FISHING

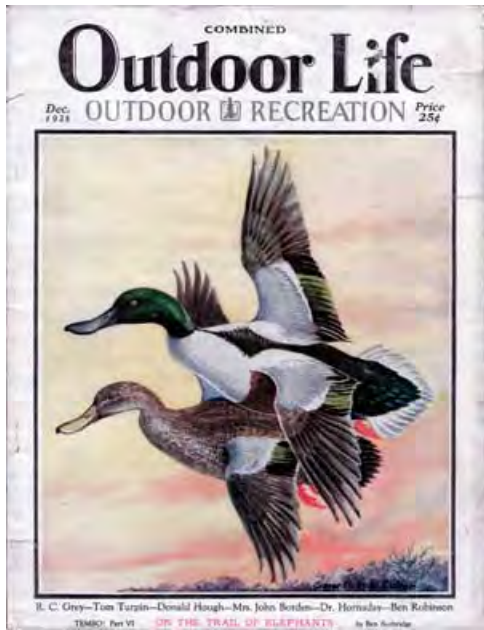
1—Colored and natural buck tails with nickel spinners for dark water. 2—Flies with gold spinners for clear water. 3—Buck tails with gold spinners. 4—For pork. 5—For use in the open weed beds. 6—The Coaxer family. 7—Underwaters. 8—The Kingfisher lure. 9—Jamison lines. 10—Pork rind. 11—Non-kinking sinker. 12—The pan lure. 13—My "Show" reel. 14—The Bristol.

504

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# Game Hogs & Outdoor Magazines

*Outdoor Life* December, 1928



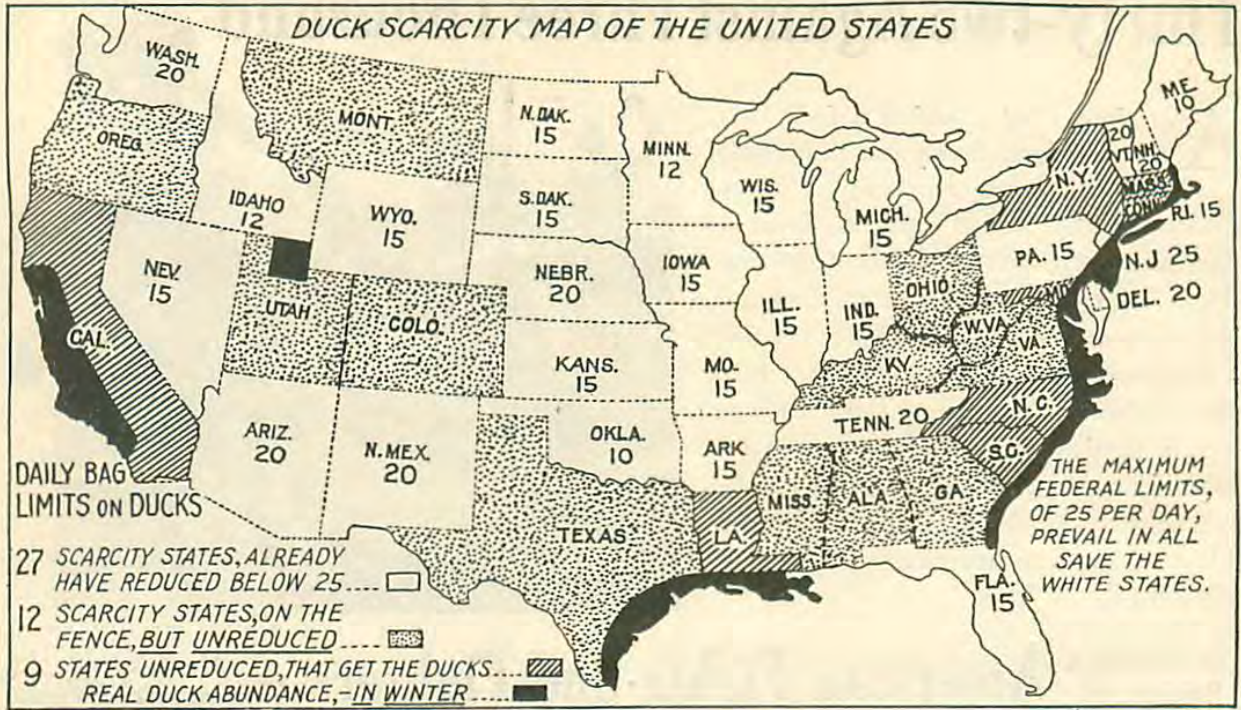
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Most of us take history in small servings. From the buffet line we take large helpings of hunting and fishing with small salads of outdoor history. Digging facts out of the dust and cobwebs of time to connect names, dates, places and information in order to create meaningful texts, articles and documents is difficult work. I applaud those that pursue the dogged life of an outdoor history sleuth. Their work requires a lot of intelligence combined with excellent writing skills. So you won't find that type of outdoor history here.

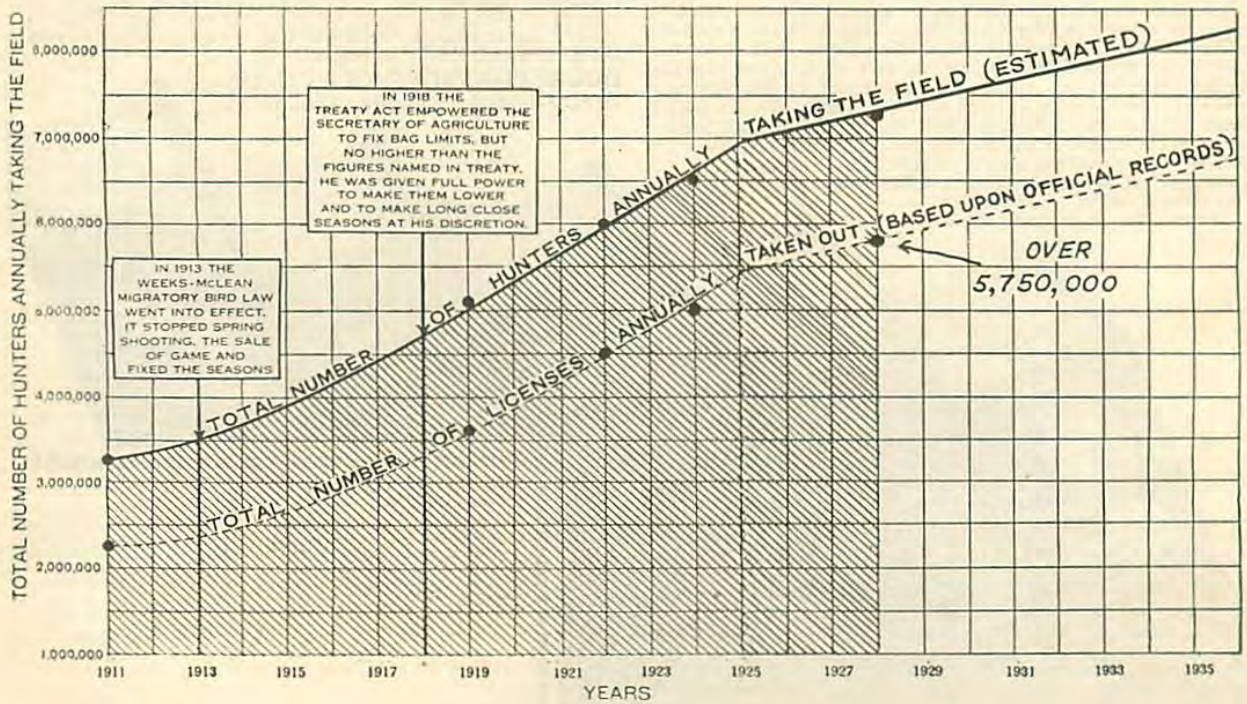
This blog is a companion to a website Library of early outdoor magazines found at [ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](http://ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com). My blog posts review articles and ideas from the digital Library which are interesting to me and many other outdoor recreationists. Subjects range from hunting, fishing, and boat-

ing, canoeing, camping, hiking and interesting people. The website and blog highlights the role outdoor magazines played in developing today's wealth of outdoor opportunities. Magazines led the way in the development of nation-wide constituencies demanding clean waters, great fishing, bountiful game, beautiful parks, public lands and wilderness areas. I suggest that this would not have happened without the outdoor magazine forum.

This Post highlights an excellent example of how the magazines influenced duck hunting and management by building constituencies for natural resource policy and management. Most importantly, the magazines helped develop a common code of ethics for sportsmen which stigmatized "game hogs". In the December, 1928, issue of *Outdoor Life* combined with *Outdoor Recreation*; Associate Editor Harry McGuire took Paul Redington, Chief of the U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey (an early component of today's U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service) to task over the health of duck populations in America. Below is the index (one page) from that issue and Redington's open letter. I also include an article by Dr. William Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park. The appropriate "game hog" label stuck and helped create the American sportsman. Outdoor History Matters!



## The Evolution of the Shooter and the Denouement of the Duck in America





# Outdoor Life

OUTDOOR RECREATION



Thirty-First Year

DECEMBER, 1928

Vol. LXII, No. 6

## An Open Letter

To Paul G. Redington, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey

**I**N VIEW of your failure to recommend to the Secretary of Agriculture a reduction in the federal daily bag limit on ducks, we think you owe it to the sportsmen of the country to answer the following questions:

1. Twenty-seven of the 48 states of the Union have already found it necessary to reduce their limit far below what your federal regulations allow. WHY?

2. The convention of State Game Wardens and Commissioners recently held at Seattle, and attended by delegates from all the chief conservation societies, asked for reduced bag limits. To quote the Izaak Walton League's official organ: "The duck limit resolution, as might be expected, incited considerable debate on both sides of the question but was finally passed by a wide margin." WHY?

3. Replies to questionnaires recently sent to several thousand of this magazine's readers show that 96½ per cent of the sportsmen answering desire a federal bag limit below the present daily limit of 25. This is the second impartial vote OUTDOOR LIFE has sponsored on this question; and the first, conducted in 1925, showed the same preponderance of popular opinion in favor of a reduction. You, Mr. Redington, as far as one can judge from your inertia on the question, attach no importance to such clearly-expressed demands of the sportsmen. WHY?

4. The shooting sportsmen of the country would be the last class to raise the alarm and cry Wolf! Wolf! if ducks were even reasonably plentiful. Average sportsmen usually do not have to beg to have their bag limits reduced. Necessity is their law—and yet here is the strange picture of the shooters pleading with you for a reasonable curtailment of their own shooting. WHY?

5. Dr. E. W. Nelson, your predecessor as head of the Biological Survey, after years of study on the subject, gave up his opposition to bag limit reduction, and announced shortly before he retired from office that he was in favor of "both reductions in bag limits and shortening of seasons." Through the press he prepared the sportsmen for the forthcoming reduction, and asked their cooperation in this last fearless act before his retirement. But suddenly something happened behind the scenes. The Department of Agriculture announced that after all no changes in duck bag limit would be made at that time (April 5, 1927). Dr. Nelson retired on May 6, and you were appointed to succeed him. Since your appointment you have done nothing to put into effect the conclusion that Dr. Nelson arrived at after years of investigation. You have nullified what was to have been his last official act. The sportsmen are wondering... WHY?

6. The Advisory Board to the Department of Agriculture voted on Dec. 12, 1926, in favor of a lower bag limit of 15. This by a vote of 18 to 2. After Dr. Nelson's retirement it was up to you to carry this recommendation into effect. Instead you have ignored it. WHY?

7. For years the decline in the number of ducks annually migrating in this country has been a settled fact. Dr. Nelson put the situation graphically before the National Game Conference on Dec. 7, 1926, when he predicted ducks would be extinct west of the 100th meridian in five years unless stringent measures to curtail their mortality were resorted to. A month later at a public hearing he displayed a map showing that ducks were dangerously scarce over four-fifths of the whole country. Dr. Nelson had given the best years of his life to knowing the facts on this question. His final conclusion was authoritative, and bore out the evidence of millions of sportsmen to the effect that one sure and quick way of helping to save the ducks was to reduce the federal bag limit on them. Now you have ignored all this evidence. You have instituted a "duck census," which will take several years, and which looks to many sportsmen like a stall to keep the limit at 25. WHY?

8. Shortly after your appointment to succeed Dr. Nelson you signed a statement in the office of this magazine to the effect that "a daily limit of 15 ducks and 5 geese is sufficient to satisfy the most ardent sportsmen." Ardent sportsmen are only asking you to put that conclusion into effect. But you have advanced in the art of procrastination since then. You counter with a Counting-the-Ducks campaign instead of giving us a straightforward, sportsmanlike limit. WHY?

9. Standards of sportsmanship, in this as in any other sport, depend upon the average conscience of those engaged in the sport. Thousands of shooters are at present trying by their own example to instill into their fellow sportsmen the necessity for shooting less than 25 ducks a day. The national government would be expected to be the first to assist such a laudable movement. But it retards it. By holding up the Duck-hog limit of 25 as a lawful and sportsmanlike standard, it stands by the Duck-hog and hinders the promulgation of decent and gentlemanly conservation principles among the shooters. WHY?

10. The question as to whether the Biological Survey has become subject to a wealthy and politically-influential Duck-hog clique is being asked oftener and oftener. By your actions you have not destroyed this growing opinion. WHY?

11. No sportsman these days has the courage to say publicly that he must have 25 ducks a day. WHY?

12. But the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, designated by the Migratory Bird Treaty as the protector and saviour of migratory wildfowl, alone raises its official voice stubbornly to support a regulation which will prove the death-knell of the ducks. WHY?



"While these two decoys are asleep I might as well make use of them!"

# The Eastern Break-Down In Game Conservation

**T**HE Atlantic coast strip from Boston to the northern boundary of Florida (but omitting Pennsylvania) is well stocked with exploiters of game, influence and money. They know just what they want, when they want it, and, to a certain extent, how to get it. For ten years they have maintained an ironclad grip on the sources of federal power over migratory game. They have held the federal game-bird situation in a vice-like grasp. If the sportsmen and conservers of the other portions of our country doubt this, just let them try once to get, either thru Congress or thru the Biological Survey, a game-saving measure that the Big Combine does not approve. The unorganized eastern combine determined on December 12, 1923, that the big federal bag-limits and long killing seasons should not be reduced. It determined to defend them; and thus far it has successfully blocked our bag-limit bill, calling upon Congress to do some of the many things that the Department of Agriculture positively will not do.

At the same time, the combine undertook to increase the killing of migratory game, and also to produce a huge annual fund for the Biological Survey to handle. I refer to the late lamented "Marshlands Conservation Act"—if you can guess what that name really means. It was thru that old and offensive measure that the combine, to protect big bag limits, finally met its Waterloo, on April 18, 1928. Never was the defeat of any bad game measure more thoro or complete. Now, does any sane man imagine that the U. S. Senate is going to reverse itself, and actually pass the old Anthony bill?

THE FAMOUS NATURALIST'S OWN STORY  
OF HIS FIGHT FOR GAME PRESERVATION  
By Dr. William T. Hornaday

of the Permanent Fund and National Committee of One Hundred

## CONCLUSION

may not after all avail to save the ducks and geese of North America. It is my deliberate belief that nothing actually will avail to change this evil eastern situation in time to save the game! The situation looks mighty gloomy, for the salvage forces are entirely too few and too weak.

**I**N MY opinion the greatest laggards today in the protection of the migratory game of North America are the United States Department of Agriculture, plus the men who surround it, and openly defend the game-hogs who are destroying American game. Let me offer a few specifications and particulars.

Item 1.—In 1918 Congress invested the Secretary of Agriculture with vast discretionary power over all the migratory game of the nation. At that time most of us approved that action, as being wise and necessary. In 1926 I traveled clear out to Spokane to try to smooth out a lot of north-western irritation that had arisen against "bureaucratic control" of game, forests and the public domain. My mission was quite successful.

Item 2.—In 1918 the U. S. Biological Survey and Charles Sheldon (now Secretary of the new "American Wild Fowlers" of Washington) sponsored and backed up the Sulzer bill, to sell Alaskan moose, sheep and caribou meat all the year round in Alaska. The reasons for this were declared to be "to help win the war," and "to beat the beef

trust" that was charging the whole of 50 cents per pound (the New York price), for good fresh beef delivered in the interior of Alaska! (Before the House Committee on Territories that vicious bill was killed by just thirty minutes of opposition.)

Item 3.—In 1921 the Biological Survey drew and launched the ill-starred and over-praised public-shooting-grounds game-refuge bill, which was joyously counted upon to make "more game for us all," and put about \$400,000 a year into the hands of the Survey to spend on a rather free and easy basis. The Survey and its allies determinedly pushed that bill from 1922 until April, 1928, when it was utterly destroyed by the U. S. Senate.

Item 4.—About 1921, for reasons unknown, the Survey raised the bag limit on the poor little sora rail from twenty-five per day to fifty per day! Comments are unnecessary.

Item 5.—On December 12, 1923, Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Survey, firmly and vigorously opposed the reduction of the federal bag limits on ducks below 25 per day, on the curious ground that "if duck killing should be reduced the ducks would increase to such numbers that the food supply for them would be insufficient, and many would die of actual starvation." C. B. Odell, of Minnesota, announced that on account of this representation he must "throw up his hands," and vote against our resolution recommending reductions; and he did so.

Item 6.—On December 12, 1923, at a show-down in the annual meeting of the Advisory Board to the Department of Agriculture on the Migratory Bird-killing regulations, as if by a predetermined agreement (which I really believe was made), 17 of the 19 members of that Board in attendance savagely voted down the writer's resolution calling upon the Department of Agriculture for a 50 per cent reduction in bag limits on migratory game.

The attack on the proposed reform was led by John B. Burham, chairman of that Advisory Board, in a carefully-prepared paper. No one said one word in favor of the resolution save myself; no one proposed a compromise or an amendment, and E. H. Forbush, of Boston, was the only man who joined the introducer in voting for the resolution.

Item 7.—It is with sorrow that we here record the fact that then and there a great fight began between the defenders of game-hog bag limits and those who oppose them, and who also oppose federal public-shooting-grounds.



This is a legal kill of ducks in California under the "bag limit" as fixed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and twenty-one states

The first group then contained the following elements:

The U. S. Biological Survey, the Advisory Board, the National Association of Audubon Societies, the American Game Protective Association, and all the officers and directors of those organizations. The bag-limit-defending group now includes the Izaak Walton League, the American Wild Fowlers, and probably all the "rich-men's ducking clubs" of the Dark and Bloody Grounds.

That war has lasted five full years; and it easily may last as long as any unkillable migratory game remains. The fighters against constructive conservation, and for the defense of game-hogs, have successfully blocked all worthwhile federal reductions of bag limits. But, while they have been doing this, we have helped to completely destroy the odious public-shooting-grounds bill, which certainly should check increases in killings.

Item 8.—Meanwhile, utterly despairing of action by the Biological Survey, twenty-nine states of our nation have voluntarily reduced their bag limits on ducks and geese, most of them to fifteen and four per day. That Colorado became disgusted and angry at Washington, and went back from ten to twenty-five ducks per day is deplorable, but not very surprising.

Item 9.—In 1924 the writer met with a deplorable accident in his relations with Dr. E. W. Nelson and the Biological Survey. The facts and occurrences were as follows:

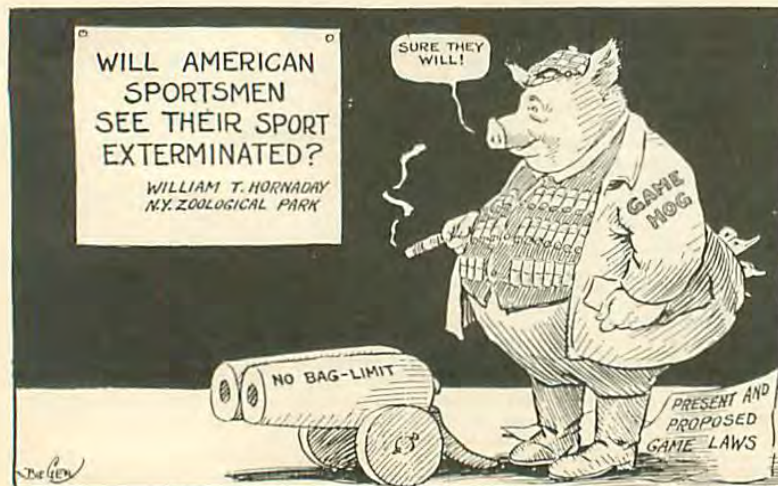
**D**ESPAIRING of action by the Secretary of Agriculture, in December, 1924, the writer made ready to introduce in Congress a mandatory bill to reduce the federal bag limits on migratory game, by approximately 40 per cent from the existing figures. This meant cutting every bag limit of twenty-five per day down to fifteen. Just as that plan was about to be carried out, Dr. Nelson requested Dr. Hornaday to meet him at a luncheon conference in a New York hotel. In the hope of reaching a working agreement that invitation was accepted; and the conference occurred on December 7, 1924. At the end of three hours of friendly talk, Dr. Nelson said, in his most frank and engaging manner:

"Now, the fact is, I believe that the bag limits on migratory game should be reduced. John Burnham thinks so, too."

"I am most pleased to hear you say that. I never heard either of those facts before this moment."

"Yes, it is true. But about one thing I am troubled. I am not able to make up my mind what the figures should be. But there is a way to remedy that. We will make an immediate inquiry into the waterfowl situation, by means of a questionnaire, and obtain a lot of definite in-

(Continued on page 82)



R. J. Bieger in the St. Louis Times-Week Globe Democrat Says the hog

and started in pursuit of him—Old Watch leading the way. But, after we started, we never heard brother call again. He had given up and had wandered away in the storm. We went against the storm, in the direction from which we had heard my brother's screams; but we could not find him. We, too, called aloud time and again; but the storm was so terrible that the range of the human voice was limited, and he did not hear us.

Finally we, too, became lost, and but for the presence of mind and loyalty of Old Watch we would have been out all night in the storm—perhaps never to return. He would go ahead a few yards, sniff the trail, and then bark for us to follow. Once or twice he came back, nipped our clothes, and then barked, as much as to say: "Follow me." We did follow him, and he finally led us back home.

Poor brother! He knocked around a good share of the dark night in the cold, violent storm, and toward morning he accidentally staggered against a deserted claim shack which belonged to a man in New York, named French. Brother crept into this and saved himself until the storm broke the following day, and then meandered home. What a burden it took from mother's heart when she finally saw him coming!

Unlike dogs nowadays, Old Watch would not ride. If we put him in the wagon, he promptly got out. If we coaxed him onto the flat-bottomed stoneboat, as soon as the oxen started, he immediately got off. He couldn't catch the idea that dogs were made to ride. How different the modern dog riding on an auto fender or sitting in the car beside his master.

He liked to go hunting with us, and he was an excellent retriever. If we shot a prairie chicken, no matter where it dropped, Old Watch would invariably find it and bring it to the wagon or to the stoneboat. If we shot a duck, and it fell in the lake, he took supreme delight in swimming in and bringing it back; and he was a good swimmer too. I have seen him stay in the water where it was deep for an hour at a time.

ONE time, during the dog days, Old Watch got sick. His eyes turned red and watered; his appetite failed, his ambition was gone. We feared he might lose him. What could be done? Finally it was suggested that we send for the country doctor. A doctor who could cure ills of people ought to be able to do something for a dog that seemed so nearly human. And so the doctor came. He looked the dog over and then said to my father: "I think all that ails him is the distemper. If you will rope him and hold him, I'll give him a hypodermic injection that I think will help him."

So father tied the dog in all directions with pieces of rope, lines off of the harness, etc. Then he put on a heavy buckskin mitten, reached into the dog's mouth and took a death-like grip onto the animal's lower jaw. "Go ahead, Doc," he said.

The doctor inserted a big curved hypodermic needle into the dog's left front leg, just above his ankle, and pushed it away up under the skin, while we children stood looking on with glaring eyes and panting breaths. Then the doctor squeezed the plunger and gave the dog a shot of something (I never learned what it was) that cleared up his eyes in about a day and no doubt helped to restore him to health again.

How proud we children were of him when the doctor inserted the needle into his leg, for he never moved a muscle or offered any resistance whatsoever. Rather, he just held perfectly still and seemed to say with his eyes: "Perhaps this is all for the best; I'm willing to try it."

He lived to be nine years old. As old age came on, he grew rheumatic; and finally he began to get cross—so much so

that he would snap at us when we fed him. We feared he might go entirely mad and do someone terrible harm; and so, during the last few months of his eventful life, we kept him chained up most of the time.

Father loved him as much as did the rest of us. One day he said: "I guess you better kill Old Watch, but do it when I am away and don't tell me about it as long afterward as you can keep from it."

The dog was taking on terribly one morning and acted as tho he were on the verge of rabies. It took all the courage I possessed to raise to my shoulder the gun that ended his suffering. Brother and I laid him gently away near a big slough where the prairie winds could sing sad requiems above his nameless dust.

Such was pioneer life—even for a dog.

## The Eastern Breakdown in Game Conservation

(Continued from page 39)

formation. With a mass of new facts before us, we can easily decide what the reduction figures should be."

I asked: "Can you do this in time to get the reductions into the next issue of your Annual Hunting Regulations?"

"Oh, yes. We can. There will be ample time for that."

That "nation-wide investigation" was made. That questionnaire was sent out to 3,400 persons, early in 1925 "to State Game Commissioners, sportsmen, conservation societies, and many of the Department field representatives, and others, and also published in sportsmen's magazines and periodicals" (W. N. J.). Quite a serious undertaking, was it not? Now mark the result.

Promptly the replies came in. They were stacked up in Dr. Nelson's office, and from that day to this no report whatsoever of the results of that "investigation" ever has appeared! It seems that the one and only published reference to it is contained in a letter dated April 29, 1925, from Secretary William N. Jardine to John B. Burnham, very guardedly alleging a "very marked and gratifying increase in ducks and geese since they have been afforded federal protection." All of which was known before, to everybody! (See "Wasting America's Game Birds," page 54, 1926.) That very brief statement consisted of nothing but glittering generalities. Other than that one reference, the results of that investigation have from July, 1925, down to this date been absolutely concealed by the Department of Agriculture. *Not one word of Dr. Nelson's promise to me regarding bag-limit reductions, on ducks and geese, has been kept!* Did the results fail to reveal the evidence that some one wished them to reveal?

THE Department of Agriculture elected to stall on its job, and protect the big bag-limits on ducks and geese of the game hogs of the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, California, Oregon and Utah, by making no changes in waterfowl bag-limits from 1923 down to date; and I lost a whole year with my bag-limit bill! Can it be possible that Secretary Jardine never has realized the ugly aspect of that whole incident?

Item 10.—On March 20, 1925, the Department of Agriculture definitely passed the bag-limit buck to the states, saying that they might do as they pleased about it—as if the states would mend their evil ways voluntarily. Away back in 1912 and 1914 some of those same states would not stop the sale of game, nor spring shooting, nor enact bag-limits, until compelled to do so by the McLean Federal Migratory Bird Law.

Much later on Dr. Nelson conceded some long close seasons and reduced bag limits

on the two yellow legs, the two plovers, snipe and woodcock—when those species were down to a very low point.

Item 11.—In March, 1925, so the records show, it seems that Dr. E. W. Nelson, then about to retire from the government service, because of having reached the age limit, deliberately resolved and planned that his last official act should be to give the ducks of America a square deal on bag limits. Read these records, and judge:

On March 17 the Department, which is the sole federal arbiter of the fate of our migratory game birds, published a fine press bulletin announcing that "to safeguard the future supply of ducks, geese and other migratory wild fowl of the western states requires that increased restrictions be placed on hunting privileges"; and "Sportsmen are Asked to Cooperate in Upholding Shooting Restrictions in Western States." To secure that end, "Dr. Nelson calls upon all sportsmen to cooperate with the Department in any action that it may take in restricting the annual number of wild ducks and other migratory game that may be taken by hunters."

On March 20, at a public hearing on bag limits held at the National Museum, Dr. Nelson's map and declarations sent some of his hearers away rejoicing in the assurance that at last the Department of Agriculture had resolved to give the persecuted waterfowl a square deal, and also perpetuate reasonable duck-hunting sport.

But straightway somebody got busy, and something happened in the Department which upset all that completely.

On April 5—only three weeks later—the same Department and the same Dr. Nelson came out with another press bulletin announcing the new Regulations for Hunting in 1927-1928, and saying, "No changes are made in existing regulations affecting the length of seasons or size of bag limits on ducks and geese."

AND there you are again for the fourth time! And this, after the editor of *Forest and Stream* in his March issue had said in large type that "Dr. Nelson is to be congratulated upon the fact that he has undergone an enlargement of vision on the wildfowl question." And at that time, *Field and Stream* came out openly and strongly for bag limit reform.

Now we ask—what happened in the Biological Survey? Who was it, either higher up or lower down, who secretly but forcefully put his foot down and forced E. W. Nelson to reverse himself, and endure the humiliation of it in the last days of his official life? And why was it done?

Let the House Committee on Agriculture find the answer, and tell us.

Item 12.—Thus does history reveal that thruout the years of 1925 and 1926 the Biological Survey absolutely stalled on all bag-limit reductions on waterfowl, while earnestly but vainly trying to jam an odious public-shooting-grounds bill thru Congress.

Item 13.—In the spring of 1927, new Chief Paul G. Redington devised another "investigation" scheme which bids fair to surpass Scheme No. 1 as a stalling operation. It is long continued counting of the ducks and geese of North America, "that may occupy several years"! In practical effect it already has protected the game-hog bag limits on waterfowl thruout the killing seasons of 1927 and 1928, and Mr. Redington has frankly announced that "no changes will be made in waterfowl bag-limits until the situation has been thoroly studied" in the light of the returns from this "bird census," which may take "some years" to complete.

If this does not foreshadow a total continuance of existing game-hog limits for





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[Pat. by J. A. McGuire]



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from five to ten years, then English words have lost their meaning.

Item 14.—Because of the duck "census" scheme the Department of Agriculture has officially objected to a favorable report by Senator McNary and the Senate Committee on Agriculture on our Copeland bag-limit reduction bill.

Item 15.—Senator McNary announced that because of that game census the bag limit bill "would not be acted upon" at the past session; and it was not. This alone should prove to the men of the Middle West that the strangle hold of the defenders of game-hog bag-limits is firm and permanent on the Senate Committee on Agriculture. And what can anybody do about it? And where do the rights of the game and the people-at-large come in? Does it now look as if American migratory game birds can be "saved"?

### The New Norbeck Bill

Item 16.—The same old parties that thru six years of steady efforts have failed to drive their oft-defeated bill thru Congress are now lining up to "amend or kill the new Norbeck bill." Do you ask me "why?" Ask them, and see if all of them together can give you a satisfactory answer. I invite you to study the minds and lobbying habits of the officers of the Biological Survey, the Audubon Society, the American Game Protective Association, and the new American Wild Fowlers.

**C**ONCERNING the Wild Fowlers, the readers of **OUTDOOR LIFE** already know that its second and third aims are openly declared to be the backing-up, and defense thru thick and thin, of the policies of the Biological Survey. It therefore must embrace stalling on constructive protection, the defense of big bag limits, duck counting for "years to come," and the noble and fruitful industry of bird banding to determine where birds go to be slaughtered.

The conclusion of this recital of facts and history is quite plain. *The new Norbeck bill is right, and it is the only federal game sanctuary bill that the Senate of the 70th Congress ever will pass!* Let there be no mistake about that. It was just forty years ago that I began my job as a successful Congressional lobbyist in behalf of wild-animal measures; and that was about the time some of my present enemies were born. I assert that the Norbeck bill can not be improved any by "amendments" made to satisfy its beaten enemies. No friend of migratory game should consent to any compromises whatsoever.

We stand, first, middle and last, for the Norbeck bill as it is. If we permit ourselves to become enmeshed in the tangled skein of the dead Anthony bill, as the president of the American Game Protective Association now invites us to do, we will be fools; and we will deserve the fall we will get. Let us work for our two bills (Norbeck and bag-limits) and let others patch up the Anthony bill, and seriously ask the present Senate to pass it.

The Copeland bag-limit bill is absolutely sound, reasonable, right and necessary. The men of the Middle West could (if they would take the time) easily put enough home pressure behind it to put it thru Congress next winter; but I fear they will not bother to do it. Anyhow, its fate is now absolutely out of our eastern hands! We have done all that we can do to secure for all United States ducks their place in the sun. At present certain parties hold our bill by the throat, and are choking the life out of it. But no wonder. But for federal inertness the bill never would have become necessary!

And so, it looks as if our migratory game is booked for Oblivion.



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# Conservation Department

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## Our Platform

A maximum 15-bird nation-wide duck limit.  
 More state game refuges.  
 Save the last of our grizzly bears—our antelope—our sage grouse.  
 Better protection for all bears.  
 Stop needless pollution of fishing waters.  
 More of state game funds used to rear feathered game.  
 Stop diversion of state moneys from game fund to general fund.  
 Congressional cooperation to provide for Federal game refuges.  
 Stop wanton drainage of wildfowl areas.  
 More fish fry, and more state and Federal nursery ponds in which it can attain proper growth.  
 Safeguard our forests by widespread reforestation.  
 Limited open season on all birds and animals, up to danger limit of their extinction, in preference to protracted closed seasons

## Our Readers Express Themselves on Duck Bag Limits

### Knows—and Approves

Editor Outdoor Life:—I was very much interested in your editorial "Sister, Count the Ducks." I have known Paul Redington for the past twelve or thirteen years and while I believe he is ambitious and approve of it, I do not believe that he would deliberately double-cross the western sportsman. This is merely a matter of difference of opinion, however, and I do not intend to enter into any controversy over that.

The main thing I am writing you for is to commend you and your publication for the stand they are taking on migratory bird bag limits. Do you suppose by your efforts the western states could be prevailed upon to adopt a fifteen bag limit?

I am of the opinion that very few of our western ducks get into the eastern states, and if such a thing could be done I believe it would help our shooting a great deal. . . .  
 K. J. BALDRIDGE.  
 N. M.

### Canadian Encourages

Editor Outdoor Life:—I am following with great interest and sympathy your campaign to reduce the bag limit. Fifteen ducks per day and five geese is enough for any man, and we sportsmen outside the duck clubs fences would be mighty well satisfied if we ever got this bag in a week. . . . Yours for fair play and better sportsmanship.  
 Can. CHARLES D. LA NAUZE.

### Agrees

Editor Outdoor Life:—Shake. Your editorial anent rich-duck-hogs, shooting-club hogs and double-crossing politicians is very timely and to the point. While the proposed reduction is in the right direction, it is not great enough to insure against the practical extinction of the game.

Let us look briefly at what the game-hogs have done even in the span of years you can recollect, and you are a much younger man than I am.

They, the game-hogs, under guise of protection and conservation of game have, in ways and by means best-known to themselves, including a liberal use of

money, managed to have the open season arranged to suit their own convenience.

They have thru shooting clubs bought or leased the natural resting places of migratory game, jealously herding off the ordinary citizen by means of posting and employment of pseudo peace officers (thus bringing into contempt the name peace officer), then by use of the highly-specialized guns and ammunition available massacred (that is the word) the ducks tolled in by use of feed.

By inviting in two to four friends who do not shoot, our butcher kills the limit for all. Oh, I know, I've seen it done. Seeing all this, it is not strange that the ordinary every-day sportsman reasons "The hogs have the laws stacked for their own benefit, and I will get mine too." Thus more birds are killed than would otherwise be the case, with the result that birds are becoming more and more scarce each year, "Sister, Count the Ducks," to the contrary notwithstanding. . . . A drastic remedy is necessary to relieve an intolerable situation.

Ten ducks or other water birds in the aggregate per day, except brant and geese, and of these, three of either or aggregate, not each. Yes, the hogs will squeal, loud and long. . . . For the last ten years I have placed a bag limit of five ducks on my own shooting, except when I shoot with the camera. Mr. McGuire, we must find ways to "protect" that protect. . . .  
 Colo. CHASE COLE.

### Contemns

Editor Outdoor Life:—You need not send me OUTDOOR LIFE any more. After reading the editorial in the October number of this year on ducks I do not care to read your paper any more.

I am not a duck hunter, not having shot ducks for over forty years and I am not interested in ducks, but I am distinctly interested in trying to suppress ignorant and unfair propaganda such as your editorial obviously is. You should join the Anti-Saloon League and act with those unreasonable bigots, because that is where you belong. . . .  
 N. Y. RICHARD C. STOREY.

### Not Proud

Editor Outdoor Life:—Referring to your editorial in the October number of OUTDOOR LIFE. . . . Your remarks about the sport who belongs to no club and has to shoot at large are incorrect and I see plainly that you are misinformed for if you ever had been out on a public shooting ground on a shooting day you would never want to go again.

Have you ever tried to stretch your imagination in order to comprehend the Federal Government's viewpoint of these questions? If so, you will know that it is far broader than that of any one individual. I believe you will carry your point, of reducing the bag limit, much quicker by avoiding personalities and confining your remarks to the questions of Game Preservation. Such remarks as yours do not make me feel proud that I am a subscriber of your paper.

Calif. ALLEN R. POWERS, M. D.

### Nasty

Editor Outdoor Life:—I think that was a mighty nasty cartoon that you had in the last issue assailing the Biological Survey.

I wish you would take my name off your Advisory Committee. Game conservation will not get very far as long as those who shoot—I won't say sportsmen—are continually slinging mud and quarreling.  
 Wm. B. MERSHORN.  
 Mich.

### Enthuses

Editor Outdoor Life:—Your editorial, "Sister, Count the Ducks," is a yard wide and all wool but the buttons. I know of no sport where the violations have been as great as in duck shooting.

This sport has always been confined to the more wealthy class of so-called sportsmen, as it is too expensive for the poor man to indulge in; his chances are to walk the marshes, with a thousand to one shot that he will never get the bag limit.

The law to little Algernon, is like the good cow that gives a big bucket of milk, and then kicks it over.

Little sister would have to work long

after the midnight hours to count the ducks that are killed by little Algernon in one day on the Susquehanna flats. Every man on the boat, as well as the boy that picks the ducks, has a license, and the limit for each one is assigned to little Algernon, so that he may advertise his powers.

Fifteen ducks are enough for any man in a day.

... Sentiment and fine stories won't bring back the ducks; even if we do know how many we have, reduce the bag limit and let posterity have a shot.

As President of the Pennsylvania State Division of the I. W. L. A. I will endeavor to teach every Waltonian that fifteen should be the bag limit.

WM. H. MOORE, Pres.

Pennsylvania State Division I. W. L. A.

### Enjoyed

Editor Outdoor Life:—Mr. McGuire's editorial is so clever, so well worded and has so much force to it that I could read it over a hundred times and still enjoy it. . . .

EDMUND SEYMOUR.

N. Y.

### Comments

Editor Outdoor Life:—Having read your editorial in the October issue of *OUTDOOR LIFE* entitled "Sister, Count the Ducks," I am still firmer in my belief that fifteen ducks should be the limit. And I must commend you on your arraignment of Redington—only you should have laid it on heavier if possible. . . .

W. A. SPICKLER.

### Congratulates

Editor Outdoor Life:—I just finished reading your editorial in the November issue and believe me it hits the nail on the head. I for one have grown very tired of promises and sentimentalism in game affairs. The time is late for action but it is not too late yet. What we need is real hard-headed conservation with able-bodied and brained sportsmen enforcing it. . . .

Fifteen ducks are too many; ten are a great plenty. What family can eat fifteen ducks or even ten? Let's be reasonable and have a little decency toward ourselves and brother and sister sportsmen and the ones in generations to come.

So, I say, all power to you in your fight for a respectable bag limit. . . . Believe me, my congressmen and senators will surely hear from me.

Wash.

CARL F. MOHR.

### Demurs

Editor Outdoor Life:—... I have been a duck hunting enthusiast ever since I was able to place a gun to my shoulder, and I feel that I know what I am talking about when I speak of conditions in my locality. There are more birds in my vicinity now than there have been for twenty years and last year there wasn't sufficient food to feed them. This has occurred in face of the fact that there are at least three times the number of hunters today in comparison with twenty years ago. There were very few days last season that I was fortunate enough to bag the limit; this I believe was caused by the now many restrictions existing in the Migratory Bird Act. I personally feel that the law is becoming so strict that it is everything but a pleasure for a man to enjoy himself by taking a day off for the purpose of hunting. Why make it worse? . . .

Va.

GEO. F. DOWNHAM.

### Says Keep It Up

Editor Outdoor Life:—The limit on ducks should be not over ten for one day

and not over fifty for the season. I would be perfectly satisfied with half that many. Either that with strict enforcement as nearly as it can be done or goodbye duck in a short time. They may talk till they are black in the face about ducks holding their own, to say nothing about being on the increase, but I don't believe there's a word of truth in it. Where years ago during flight time the air used to be full of them, there are scarcely any seen now in these parts. And the same sad story comes from truthful men as to conditions in other parts of this section. I can't understand what in the blue blazes any man wants with more than that number anyhow, unless he wants to subsist his family and all his friends on duck meat during season and for weeks or months afterward from cold-storage. This cold-storage business together with baited shooting waters is what is raising ned with the duck species and if anything could be done in time to check it before the birds are gone, it should be done.

*OUTDOOR LIFE* is doing a fine service for us shooters in this respect and I for one hope that Congress will take hold of the thing and handle it. I remember that you and I had some correspondence on this subject about twenty-five years ago. It was then that I first began seeing copies of *OUTDOOR LIFE*. I thought then that it was a national rather than a state question and I have been growing more convinced along that line ever since. Keep up the good work and maybe after a while they will act down at Washington.

Iowa.

A. J. WALSMITH.

### What's the Use?

Editor Outdoor Life:—Noticed the editorial, "Sister, Count the Ducks." It's all right, but what's the use or good of it when the game hogs have control of the laws and the marshes, etc? So long as the "peepul" are as wise and as smart as the poor deluded law-obeying "peepul" are in the majority of instances, when you only need to slap 'em on the back and salve 'em a little and they forget they ever had anything to kick about at all.

Duck clubs are a business, as you know, and if the business doesn't pay it goes floey. How is it the dues are from \$100 up—yeh, way up too—for membership in a duck club per year? Well, I'll tell you how it is. I, say, am in the draying and cartage business. Well, I have to please my clients and what could be better than if I give them some ducks in the fall? I belong to a good duck club, say, and go out a couple of days or a week and have ducks for all the shipping clerks and shippers on my books. Whee, ain't we got fun? Twenty-five ducks a day is like 20 miles per hour—it doesn't mean anything.

... Oh, it's a great system—and the system doesn't like to be held to account for anything, and least of all, the migratory birds. If birds will bring dollars—and look, we don't have a darn thing to do with raising the birds or feeding them, or even getting them for that matter—why, give the boys a little fun. Oh, my gosh, what a pain. Conservation, bah. For the working man, sure. But for us plutes—"never heard of it."

I say six ducks, not over twenty per season; one goose, not more than five per season, is enough. But what's the use?

Ill.

D. F. BOCK.

*NOTE: The letters here printed are a few of the many commending OUTDOOR LIFE'S campaign for lower duck bag limits. All of those opposing our stand, received up to publication time, have been printed above.*

## California's Activities

**J**UDGING by recent progress in California, the state of Pennsylvania will have to look to her laurels, or the conservation crown for first-place honors, worn by the Keystone State for so many years, may be wrested from her.

The Pacific Coast state, thru that wonderful organization, the Associated Sportsmen of California, as well as other sportsmen and agencies, is showing a spurt of late that challenges admiration. Among things in contemplation or actually doing at present in California, we may mention the following:

1. The recent decision by the above organization to issue its own official organ, a beautifully printed 20-page journal espousing in its entirety the cause of game and fish protection in that state.

2. More aggressive action toward reducing duck bag limits.

3. A coordination of effort all over the state to put thru a bill that will forever and adequately protect the black bear. *OUTDOOR LIFE* is cooperating toward this plan to the fullest.

4. The creation of more state game refuges. This plan includes refuges for upland bird and wildfowl, and probably is the most important step in game conservation that any state can take.

5. Committees have been appointed to look after every phase, feature and factor in any way associated with game and fish preservation, to the end that no stone may be left unturned to make of California as great a game hunting and fly fishing state as she already is a health, scenic and travel state.

## New Western Association

**E**DITOR Outdoor Life:—We formed the Western Fish and Game Protective Association at Medford, Oregon, at our meeting on Sept. 18 and 19, with representatives of Washington, Oregon and California attending. P. Paul Paige, president of the Associated Sportsmen of California, was chosen president of the new organization; Bert Anderson of Medford, Oregon, was chosen first vice president; T. C. Miller of Seattle, Wash., as second vice president and H. L. Betten of Alameda, Calif., as secretary.

While British Columbia was not represented, it signified its intention of joining. The plan of the new organization is to bring in the eleven western states. We will work to bring about better protection of the great steelhead trout, the Pacific salmon and migratory birds in the West, and to help the individual states in their own local problems. J. P. CUENIN.

Calif.

## Compliments Hornaday and Pushes Norbeck Bill

**T**HE following editorial from the New York Herald-Tribune of Sept. 3, 1928, is an indication of the nation-wide sentiment in favor of the Norbeck Bill for the establishment of inviolate wild life game refuges, which passed the Senate last session and will be presented to the House this winter. The editorial is headed "Wild Life Refuges":

"Dr. William T. Hornaday, president of the Permanent Wild Life Fund, is against any compromising or rehashing of the plan for migratory bird refuges which the Senate approved. He is naturally unresponsive to invitations for 'teamwork' from those who still hanker for shooting grounds in connection with the bird sanctuaries.

"The Senate's passage of the Norbeck

in the world

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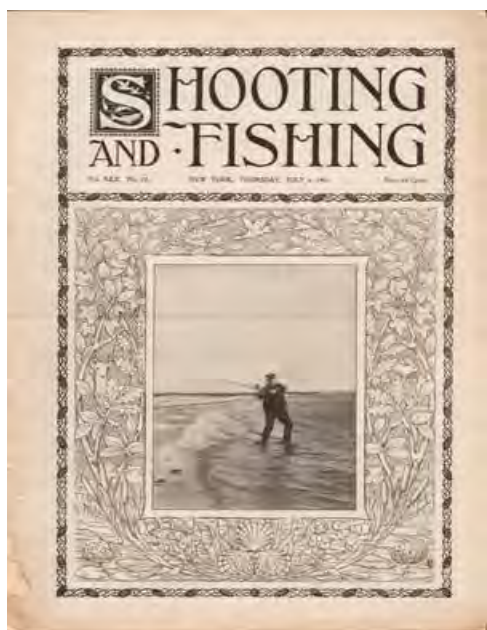
<http://www.ducks.org/> ... Ducks Unlimited

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# Colt's Famous 1911 Pistol

*Shooting & Fishing, July, 1901*



20

Few pistols have as much recognition as the famous Colt Model 1911 .45 caliber automatic pistol. It was a standard military side arm through the first five decades of the 20th Century and proudly carried through World Wars I & II.

A review of the Library of early outdoor magazines at [ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com](http://ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com) reveals some of the evolution of this famous pistol. This page from Shooting & Fishing, July 4, 1901, notes that the military is replacing the Colt .45 revolver with a Colt .38 pistol. The reasons cited probably explain why Colt continued to create variations of the Model 1911 pistol.

It was reported that few persons could handle the weapon effectively and that “a revolver of this caliber and power is not liked by United States Army officers. Its excessive recoil made practice with it dreaded by most officers.” This may explain why the “Officers Model”, in .38 caliber was created. A personal favorite for me is the ACE Model 1911 in .22 caliber found in a 1933 ad from Hunting & Fishing. Interestingly, Hunter-Trader-Trapper in February, 1932, shows an ad offering a .22 conversion kit for the Colt Model 1911 by Stoeger.

Fans of vintage angling artifacts will see that pioneer fishing reel inventor Benjamin F. Meek died at his home in Frankfort, Kentucky, on June 24. He was 76 years old.

Here is a report from 1901 and some Colt 1911 ads showing different phases of the famous pistol. For me the most famous Colt 1911 is the one my dad carried through WWII as a B-26 pilot in North Africa.

# SHOOTING AND FISHING.

A Journal of the Rifle, Gun, and Rod.

Vol. XXX.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1901.

No. 12.

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## A SCHOOL FOR ARMORERS.

No one will deny that the trade of gunsmith is a good one for an American lad to learn, provided he masters it thoroughly and afterward succeeds in getting a good location, if he goes into the business alone. Something the Army and Navy Register has to say on the subject of a school for armorers will therefore we hope interest more than one of our young readers who may be in search of some good trade to master. "An army officer," says the Register, "has made an interesting suggestion of the establishment of a school for armorers. Capt. John T. Thompson, of the ordnance department, on duty at the national armory at Springfield, visited the school for armorers which is located at Liege, in Belgium, and has been giving a good deal of study to the subject of a similar institution to be located at Springfield, Mass. He is enthusiastic over his plans, and will probably try to interest some of the large small arms manufacturing concerns in forming such a school in this country and locating it in Springfield. The object of the school is to train young men to become expert in gun making, so that they can fill responsible positions before they become old. The work done in the school would be largely of a practical nature, but some theoretical work would be introduced. The expense of the school would be borne by the various small arms companies, and there would be no charge made to the pupils. Springfield is a suitable location for such a school, because of the national armory, Smith & Wesson, and the Stevens Arms Company being there or near by. Then there is the small arms museum at the armory, which is the finest in the country. The work which would be done in the school would be furnished by the various companies, and the man doing the work would have 25 per cent

of the money for which the piece was sold, a part would go toward the running expenses of the school and the rest to the manufacturer. The gunshops would be benefited by such a school and the country would be in possession of the trained workmen necessary in the application of fire arms."

## PASSING OF THE .45 CALIBER REVOLVER.

The old .45 caliber revolver was for many years the ideal weapon for the army and frontiersmen. It was a weapon of undoubted power and effectiveness, but the persons who could handle this weapon skillfully were comparatively few. Several years ago it became apparent that a revolver of this caliber and power was not liked by United States army officers. Its excessive recoil made practice with it dreaded by most officers. The revolver itself was probably the best military revolver in existence, but the cartridge for it was far from satisfactory; its excessive power almost made the arm useless. The Colt .45 caliber United States army revolver was gradually withdrawn from the United States army, the Colt .38 caliber taking its place, and while the former is a more effective weapon in the hands of those who can handle it skillfully, the latter, on account of its greater accuracy and the ability of most men to shoot it accurately, is vastly superior.

The .45 caliber revolver was retained in some of the light batteries until recently, but on June 19 general orders were issued from the headquarters of the army which say: "By direction of the secretary of war, commanding officers of batteries of field artillery will submit timely requisitions to the chief of ordnance of the army for .38 caliber Colt revolvers, pistol holsters, revolver cartridge belts (woven), and ammunition to replace the .45 caliber Colt revolvers, pistol holsters, and ammunition now in use in these organizations, and upon receipt of the new equipment will turn the .45 caliber revolvers in to the Springfield armory, Springfield, Mass.; the pistol holsters to Rock Island arsenal, Rock Island, Ill., and the ammunition to Frankford arsenal, Philadelphia, Pa."

## FRENCH RIFLEMEN SEND TROPHY TO AMERICA.

Lieut. Albert S. Jones, secretary of National Rifle Association of America, has received from D. Morillon, president of the Union des Sociétés de Tir de France the following communication:

"I have the pleasure of informing you, and beg that you will notify your president and the committee, that the Union of French Shooting Societies, while not being able to send a team to your great meeting of 1901, has nevertheless been desirous of testifying its friendship for the National Rifle Association of America, and that it has decided to offer for this meeting a bronze medallion of Gloria Victis framed in oak and two silver plaquettes in cases.

These articles will be sent through the diplomatic channel to the French ambassador in Washington, with notice of their destination. I will be much obliged if you will put yourself in communication with the embassy, so that the articles may be forwarded to you or that you may secure them for yourselves."

We print in our present impression views of the English sportsmen's papers on the work of the American team of trap shooters which recently visited England and was successful in competitions with English trap shots. The criticism is made that the positions assumed in shooting by the American marksmen, and the guns and ammunition used

by them, could not be used in ordinary shooting. We will grant that such arms and ammunition would not be chosen for some departments of upland field shooting, but in other departments—for instance, upland plover shooting, marsh bird shooting, duck shooting—the guns used by the trap shooters would prove excellent arms, and the ammunition likewise. But passing to the department of shooting, for which these guns were particularly made, they are eminently superior. The present American shotgun and ammunition for trap shooting is the outgrowth of years of study and experiment, which has resulted in the present arm and its ammunition. Our English friends should consider that trap shooting is a distinct and recognized sport in the United States, and the conditions under which American marksmen now shoot at the traps demand the present types of guns and ammunition.

There are many sports at the present time, most of which are the outgrowth from some other form of sport—for instance, yachting, match rifle shooting, rowing, horse trotting and so on—each of which sooner or later necessitates the creation of special implements for that particular sport. The modern yacht is the outgrowth of the ordinary sailing craft; the target rifle is the legitimate heir of the hunting or military arm; the racing shell is a descendant from the ordinary boat for business or pleasure; the rubber tired trotting gig is the offspring of the ordinary carriage; and so the modern trap shooter's gun is the outgrowth of the ordinary fowling piece. But, as before stated, this particular gun is suitable for many kinds of game shooting.

We can look at this matter in but one way, and that is that our English friends, true sportsmen that they are, are behind the times with the best arms for practicing the sport of trap shooting, which already has gained considerable popularity in Great Britain. The modern American gun and ammunition for trap shooting are admitted now at home and abroad to be the best in the world for the particular purpose for which they are intended, and our English friends cannot do better than adopt them.

Some time ago William C. Whitney gave the State of New York four bull and sixteen cow elk for the purpose of helping to stock the Adirondacks with those animals, in accordance with the law passed by the last legislature. These animals were at Mr. Whitney's October mountain preserve near Lenox, Mass., and were taken from there to the Adirondacks by train and liberated near Raquette lake. Advice from Albany are to the effect that a number of moose will soon be given the state for the same purpose by George J. Gould, who has arranged to have them sent on to the Adirondacks from the Canadian woods.

Benjamin F. Meek died at his home in Frankfort, Ky., June 24, at the age of seventy-six years. Mr. Meek, it is claimed, was the inventor of the modern fishing reel, and until a short time ago manufactured the reels that had made his name famous all over America, and which were imitated so generally that comparatively few persons knew where the idea originated. Although Mr. Meek turned out a great many reels, for which he obtained good prices, during the years he was engaged in their manufacture, he did not become wealthy, and his factory at Louisville, where he and his son carried on the business, never assumed very large proportions. He was a conscientious worker, and like many of the old-time workmen, believed in giving a purchaser the full worth of his money.

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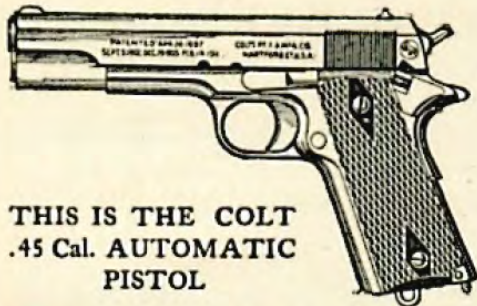
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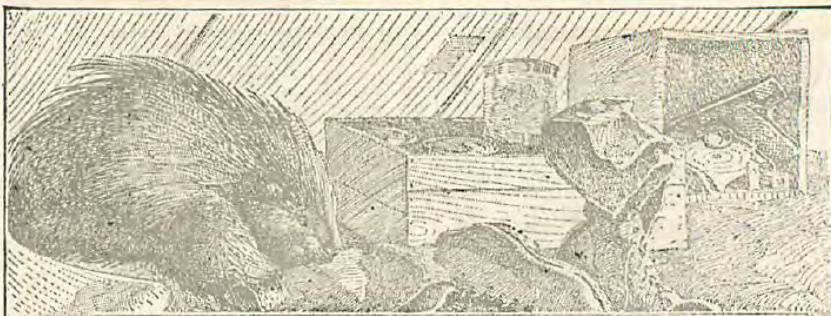
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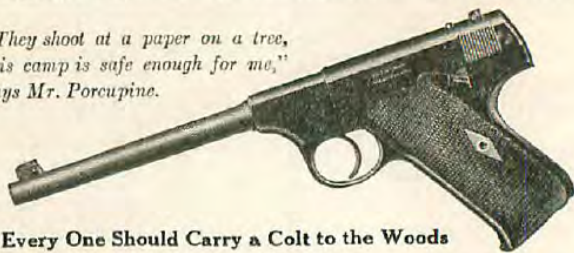
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