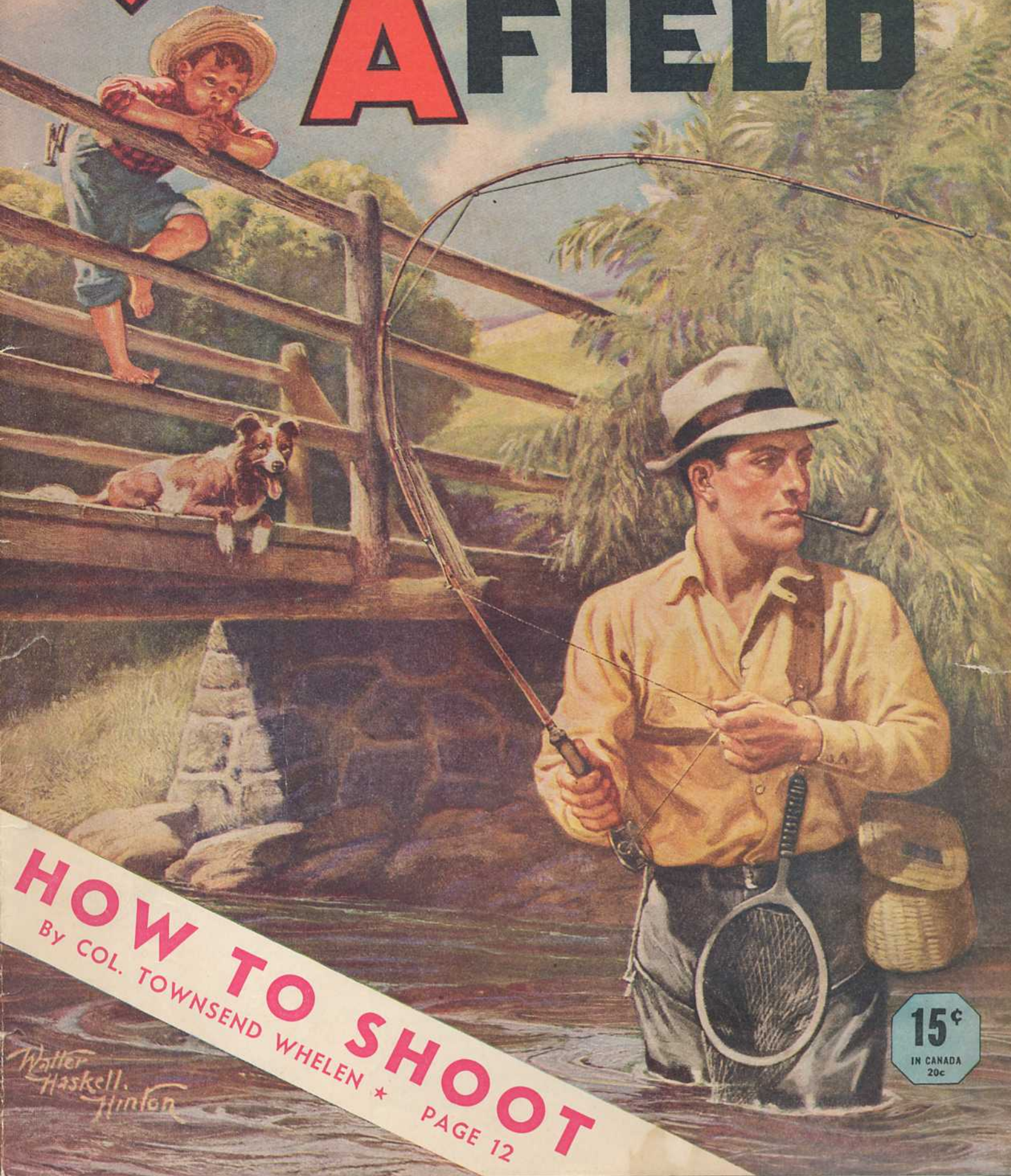


April  
1942

# SPORTS A FIELD



**HOW TO SHOOT**  
 By COL. TOWNSEND WHELEN \*  
 PAGE 12

*Walter  
Haskell  
Hinton*

**15¢**  
 IN CANADA  
 20c

**EDITORIAL STAFF**

Jimmy Robinson  
 Cal Johnson  
 Willard Crandall  
 O. I. Sprungman  
 Robert D. Hall  
 Roy F. B. Shaver  
 Jim Crossman  
 K. McGrann  
 Don E. Hart  
 Horace Mitchell  
 Peter Boggs  
 Major Chas. Askins

Earl O. Cornue, *Art Editor*

Paul K. Whipple  
*Editor*

# SPORTS AFIELD

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Robert C. Mueller  
*Managing Editor*

IVAN B. ROMIG, *Publisher*

## THE COVER



Walter Haskell Hinton

### The Old Footbridge

**I**N the cool shadows under an old bridge, the big fellows are almost sure to be found. Wary and angler-wise, it takes all your skill to tempt even a rise to your fly. A constant challenge, a never-to-be-forgotten spot. Nearly every angler has an old bridge tucked in his memories.

If you are lucky enough to land a trout, the commotion of playing him so puts the others on their guard that it is useless to whip that spot again for some time.

There you are liable to have an unexpected audience. A farm boy and his dog, so enraptured with your performance that, who knows, you may have planted the seed of a future Waltonian. The footbridge stream is yours this morning. Another day, perhaps his.—*W.H.H.*

Fifty-Sixth Year

APRIL, 1942

Vol. 107, No. 4

	Page
Sportsman's Quiz - - - - -	11
What Every Young Man Should Know—1942 - - - - - COL. TOWNSEND WHELEN	12
That's Why They're Big - - - - - LARRY B. SAMPLE	14
Mañana Is Today - - - - - ROB F. SANDERSON	16
Trout That Got Lost - - - - - ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN	18
In the Land of the Lemon Fish - - - - ANTHONY V. RAGUSIN	20
Pictorial Section - - - - - K. McGRANN	22
Know Your Fish! - - - - - WALTER J. WILWERDING	26
Swordfishing With Warren William - - - - MAY MANN	28
Summary U. S.-Canada Fishing Laws - - - - K. McGRANN	30
The Sportsman in Wartime (An Editorial) - - - - -	34
Sportsmen—Your Movies Need Sound - ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN	36
Boats and Motors - - - - - WILLARD CRANDALL	38
Fish and Fishing - - - - - CAL JOHNSON	44
Make the Striped Bass a Game Fish - - - - ROBERT D. HALL	60
Arms and Ammunition - - - - - MAJOR CHARLES ASKINS	62
Small Game and Light Deer Rifles - MAJOR CHARLES ASKINS	66
With the Skeet and Trap Shooters - - - - JIMMY ROBINSON	70
Better Fishing Along West Coast Is Expected as Result of War - - - - - ROY SHAVER	76
Sporting Dogs - - - - - PETER BOGGS	77
Game Breeding - - - - - HORACE MITCHELL	80
Liars' Club - - - - - SUBSCRIBERS	82

**ADVERTISING OFFICES**

444 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
 GORDON H. ROGERS, Eastern Advertising Manager  
 A. E. CAMERON, Classified Advertising Manager

30 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.  
 STANLEY B. ROGERS, Advertising Manager

NED BRYDONE-JACK, 714 W. 10 St., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 WALTER W. MEEKS, Box 96, Station C, Atlanta, Ga.



Published Monthly at 404 N. Wesley Ave., Mount Morris, Ill., By  
**SPORTS AFIELD PUBLISHING CO.**  
 Phoenix Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Address all communications for publication to the Phoenix Building, Minneapolis, Minn. Advertising correspondence should be sent to New York or to any of the offices listed at left.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Mount Morris, Ill., July 12, 1935, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 15th of each month. Sports Afield Publishing Co., M. J. Bell, President; I. B. Romig, Exec. Vice-president; C. W. Hart, Vice-president; W. F. Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer.  
 Use a Copy, \$1.00 per year, in the United States and its possessions. Canada 20c a copy, \$1.50 per year. Central and South America and Spain, \$1.50 per year. Other foreign countries, \$2.00



per year. Addresses will be changed as frequently as requested, upon notification at least four weeks before date of the next issue, in order to be effective for next number. Immediate notice should be given of any delay in receipt of magazine. Postage and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of rejected manuscripts or photographs. Not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or art work. Printed in U.S.A.



"The deer had collapsed and slumped down the slope 20 feet."

IT WAS the day after yesterday. "Ahhh!" Manuel whispered in excited awe. "Big buck! Look!" I reined my bronc with a jerk and glanced upward. Outlined against the Sonoran, blue sky like a statue on a dome was a big buck on the crest of the low mountain.

For a moment, His Majesty paused, then slid off the skyline down the other slope.

"Whew!" John exclaimed admiringly. "That was sure a beaut—for a Mexican buck."

It was. Perhaps no whopper in the standards of my old Wisconsin hunting cronies, but for a Mexican white-tail he was a dandy.

Yes, even larger than the larger of the two bucks hanging from the bent limb of the oak tree between our camp and the creek. And decidedly bigger than the smaller buck hanging beside it.

You see, we had taken an eye-wiping the day before. An eye-wiping from a New Yorker and a slight woman, each of whom had brought in one of those bucks. While John and I, supposedly strong anti-venison stuff, had sent off a few volleys of purely honorary salutes, the scrub team had brought warm liver into camp.

That just wouldn't do at all, and today we wore the avenging grimness a

# Mañana IS TODAY

**First day, U. S. hunters get Bronx cheer plus hideful of cacti barbs in desert hills of Sonora, Mexico. Next day guide Manuel turns mañana into the day before tomorrow**

By **ROB F. SANDERSON**

PHOTOS BY THE WRITER

man wears when he is shooting not only for sport, but for reputation as well.

"We got to get that buck."

"He was sneaking," I observed. "He was too far to be scared, and he won't leave the mountain unless we push him."

"Let's pull a double flank move," John,

who has the quick mind of a seasoned tactician, suggested. "He'll be looking for us from this way. You ride along the canyon to the left here, to the other side, and Manuel and I will keep on going around this slope. In 20 minutes we all start for the top from different angles."

I wheeled my sorrel bronc and started for the east, spurring him suggestively as I had further to ride than those who went southwestward. At once I was off the faint trail and zig-zagging along the steep slope of loose

rock, detouring the denser growths of sharp-needled cholla cacti and the savagely curved cat-claw.

The sharp spines had a familiar feel as my hide winced under their raking barbs and brought yesterday's banter into my mind. This is about what I did all day yesterday, I thought, while our more fortunate hunter pals had ridden through the open oak brush of a higher mountain. At night my legs had looked like twin saguaro cacti, they had so many spines in them.

"But," Manuel had confided, "the more bigger bucks, they are down lower, in the rough cactus country. We will get one, mañana."

"Wherever there is hope there is cacti," I kiddingly paraphrased to John.

In some places the cacti are so wretchedly torturing that I have found young colts and calves standing statue-like for hours in the sun, afraid to move a leg in any direction for fear of the barbed desert growth that was under and around them on all sides.

"Sometime," I had said to my camp



On mountain crests the hunters paused to rest their broncs and to search for deer. Cholla cactus in left foreground. Mountain in background looks bare—but just go over and see!

pals, "I expect to find a big buck in a cactus patch he jumped into by mistake, standing there like a tame short-horn, afraid to move among the spines."

Our Bronx friend, who had been eavesdropping, ribbed us. "A buck'd have to be trapped by barbed wire and hog-tied for you boys to knock him over!"

**Y**ESTERDAY I had seen a big buck, and he hadn't been standing still in the cacti. He had been running down a canyon, and if I'd been more alert I might have brought him down with a from-the-saddle shot.

"Mañana," promised Manuel, who had caught the drift of the conversation, "You get big cactus buck."

"Mañana, tomorrow," John had uttered the words in a philosophic tone. "Mexico, land of tomorrow." Then in Spanish, "When is mañana, Manuel? It is always the next day? Mañana never comes—is that not true?"

"Es no verdad!" Manuel denied. "Mañana . . . is tomorrow. Mañana, get big cactus buck." And with this parting ray of optimism, he had vaulted onto his horse and had trotted swiftly toward the brush corral.

And here we had ridden almost the whole morning, through the best country, seeing only two does.

"Big buck tomorrow, not today," John had reproached Manuel. "Mañana, mañana. Always another day."

"Quien sabe!" Manuel had given a non-committal shrug.

And then we had seen the buck, and everything had been all right again.

About a quarter mile from where I



"John and Manuel dress out the deer."

parted from the others, I came to a steep outcrop of red volcanic rock footed by a loose talus slope of steeply piled, irregular rocks. There was no apparent way to cross above or below the barrier. It threatened either to block my path entirely or else force such a wide detour that I could be nowhere near my assigned location when the proper time arrived.

In either case, the buck would slip down the slope I had been elected to guard. It just couldn't happen, not to us—after yesterday.

I rode apprehensively up to the loose rock slope. A chunk of talus gave way under the horse's hoof and rolled several hundred feet to drop with step-like echoes into the canyon

below. My sorrel balked and tried to veer sidewise.

I surveyed the loose rock slide with careful calculation. It would be utter disillusionment to the others to fail my duty. I thought of dismounting and running ahead on foot, but once off my horse I wouldn't be able to see above the brush and cacti tops.

**I** DECIDED to cross right below the solid rock of the outcrop. The loose rock seemed more firm here, and not as wide. Bringing my quirt down hard and clamping my spurs into the flanks of the hard-mouthed little horse, I sent him stepping out onto the talus slide.

The rocks began to roll under his feet, and from then on he was clawing for footing as on a treadmill. He tried to turn back but wasn't able to manage his head. A dozen times I thought his scrambling hind legs would stay down.

But he brought me through, without harm to either of us, about 30 feet downslope from our starting point. Like swimming across swift-current water. His belly was heaving for air, so I let him blow a couple of minutes while I listened to the last of the spinning boulders tumble echoingly into the canyon below.

"Well," I mused to the bronc, as solo riders often do, "after that volley of rocks our big buck won't be on this side of the mountain."

As I rode ahead, fighting brush and a hard-mouthed horse, I could see the top of our low mountain narrowed to a single ridge before dropping to a saddle. As I surveyed the topography, two rifle shots shattered the sunny quiet from the other slope. A third followed when the first two died out.

Immediately alert, I was watching the ridge above. The corner of my eye caught (Continued on page 56)

"Both deer were tied by thongs secured behind our saddle cants, and then we started down the nine mile trail to camp."



"I dragged my buck down mountain brush and cacti, met John with his buck, then we were joined by Manuel and the horses."

## CREEK CHUB'S new DIVE BOMBER



GETS  
the  
BIG  
FISH!

Length 2¾ in.  
No. 6629  
Wt. ½ oz.  
Price \$1.00

Remember  
Pearl Harbor!  
Buy U. S.  
Defense Bonds  
and Stamps!

It's "all out war" on Big Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Wall-eye and Muskie—with the new "Dive Bomber"! True-to-nature and Marked for Victory—it makes Big Fish mad—and fishermen glad! Get it at your dealer's or direct!

WRITE FOR NEW FREE CATALOG  
CREEK CHUB BAIT CO.

174 So. Randolph St. Garrett, Ind.

CREEK CHUB BAITS  
CATCH MORE FISH

It's Got Everything!

THE  
**NEW**  
ADJUSTABLE  
Nu-Grip

GEP-  
ACTIONIZED  
ROD



Greatest improvement in casting rod construction in over 25 years. Adjustable for individual comfort. Actionized for greater resiliency and uniformity. Patented Vacuum Fit Forward Grip. TENITE Handle and Reel Seat. Wide range of models and prices. Also highest quality tubular steel Fly Rods and GEP Armor-oil Salt Water Rods at popular prices.

Makes Casting  
Easier  
More Accurate  
Less Tiring

Send for new 32-page catalog containing complete 1942 Line. Mail coupon TODAY.

MAIL COUPON FOR **Free Catalog!**

GEPHART MFG. CO.  
246 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your NEW Catalog on GEP Actionized Rods.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

## That's Why They're Big

(Continued from page 15)

into a heavy riffle, on the far side of which was a nice back eddy, with a large, deep pool below. After a few false casts I dropped the fly so it would float down the fast water just outside of the back eddy. It had floated only a few feet when it was sucked under and disappeared without any commotion.

I set the hook carefully and the fish, which I judged to be a large brown, headed down stream. While he never jumped or came to the surface so I could see him, I knew from his heavy run that I was fast to the largest trout I had ever hooked on such fine tackle.

THE click on my reel was of average tension but this together with the friction of the line going through the guides and the drag of the ever increasing length of line in the water, made me uneasy. I knew the 3X gut or the little barbless hook could not stand the strain much longer. I tried to pay out line from the reel by hand to relieve the strain but, just as the back end of my Halford went through the guides, the little hook tore out.

After this experience I bent the spring to weaken the click tension on the reel. This proved beneficial when using light terminal tackle but upon my first trip to the Nipigon, where I was fishing heavy water with large flies and coarse leaders, the soft click proved disastrous.

I hooked my first rainbow in this famous river where the white water pours into Cameron pool. Dashing down the fast, heavy current at a terrific speed, he stripped line direct from the reel. At about 75 feet he made a beautiful jump. He was unable to throw the barbless hook and settled down for a few seconds rest before tearing on down stream.

This gave me a chance to glance down at my reel and I discovered that the soft click had allowed it to over run. My C tapered Halford was in a beautiful backlash which could only be equaled by a novice at bait casting.

My fingers worked feverishly and I just had the loose coils picked out when he started downstream again. This time, as before, his sudden burst of speed caused the line to snarl. At about 100 feet he made another spectacular jump just as the backlash tightened up. Something

had to go and upon reeling in I discovered that I was minus one of my latest streamer creations in addition to the largest rainbow I had ever hooked.

My memory retains a beautiful picture of this big fellow as I last saw him. The dying rays of the setting sun were slant-



Larry B. Sample with a pair of Nipigon rainbows. In spite of catching nice fish like these, Mr. Sample insists upon saying that "the big ones get away!"

ing across Cameron pool and shimmering on his gorgeous rainbow side, while he was momentarily poised there, twice his length out of water.

Anticipating next summer's vacation, I have chosen the heavy rapids of a large northern river, noted for its wild, acrobatic rainbows of more than ordinary proportions. I shall no doubt catch a few good trout and have some rare sport but I also hope I will tie into some big ones that are too fast to handle. They will probably teach me another lesson in angling and leave me with memories never to be forgotten.

## Mañana Is Today

(Continued from page 17)

a flick of gray movement in the brush, and then I saw the buck. I had been looking too high; he had crossed over in a little arroyo that ran diagonally to my line of sight, and was fleeing along my side.

I clawed my carbine from its saddle boot and whipped it to my shoulder. There was no time to dismount. But he had dropped from sight into another arroyo leading down from the crest of the mountain.

Vaulting from my saddle into a cactus, I held my gun crosswise ahead of me in my gloved hands to buck the under-

growth and scrambled up and forward to gain a small rock abutment that blocked my sight.

Between the falling rocks on my side and the shots on John's, the buck knew he had been flanked by the enemy and headed down the ridge away from us toward the southeast. Whether he had seen or heard me now, I did not know.

A shot clattered from the other slope. He had crossed again! So I slowed when I rounded the rocky knoll and stopped part way to the top. I pulled my bandanna out to mop my face. I was puffing from my hurried climb.

Then I saw him again—running fast. He cleared the lower brush with spectacular bounds, antlers thrown back on his neck.

Up came my carbine. I was still breathless and fumed with myself as I tried to steady the barrel down in the few seconds allowed me for my two shots. About 170 yards away, it was too far to ascertain whether my .270 had scored thru the brush. The reticule would not stay put for time enough to see.

Again the buck was down out of sight, over another ridge that led down the bulging mountainside. I had to gain the next ridge before another shot—and the buck had probably run down John's slope after my shots.

Another scramble. More cactus spines. More loose stones. I panted heavily and I had lost one glove and my sombrero. I gained the rise of ground and my breathing stopped for a full three seconds.

There on the big ridge, 150 yards distant, walked the big buck! I could see every step, every detail shadowed against the brilliant desert sky.

I dropped to my knee and flicked off the safety. I was puffing and couldn't hold still. I was shooting into the light and my eyes flooded with water. "Why didn't I take a snap shot?" I thought.

The sight post wobbled and bobbed. The time seemed interminable. How long would the silhouette walk the ridge? I tried to hold my breath. I could hear the blood surging through my head with the force of an hydraulic pump. A bead on his heart. . . . He walks behind some brush. . . . I'm wobbling again. . . . Why was I so utterly winded?

In desperation I jerked the trigger—a fatal mistake. The buck bounded at the report and I felt my stomach sink as I realized a clean miss.

I worked the bolt with lightning strokes. Another shot jarred my shoulder—a snap shot this time, just as the buck slipped over the ridge.

I stood with my carbine half lowered from my shoulder, empty hull still in the chamber. The buck was gone. I wouldn't get another shot, I knew.

I worked the bolt with the deliberateness of defeat, watched the slowly acting mechanism kick the brass hull sailing into the air, heard the brass clink on stones when it fell.

A shot from the other side! . . . two . . . three!

**T**HERE was still more cacti between me and the ridge top, and still more hope. I hurried to the crest.

Across a canyon I saw John and Manuel, on a lower ridge over 200 yards away.

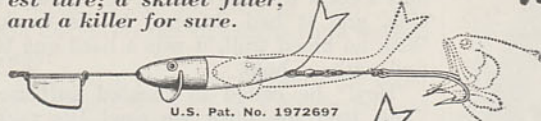
Hastily I scanned the downslope for sign of running or sneaking deer. I spied a still form. It was feet up on the ground, in a little clear patch among the sea of brush and cacti across the canyon.

It was a deer, resting against the upright trunk of a tall green saguaro that had stopped its downhill roll.

"Think I hit," John called across when he caught sight of me. The deer was about 75 yards below him, and as the mountain slope curved convexly, he could not see it. He later said he had shot only when the deer bounded high enough for its back to

# KEEP THAT SKILLET HOT! Fish for Sure with a P&K Lure

Bring on the Big Boys! Hit those Hide-Aways—with WHIRL-A-WAY! Here's P & K's newest lure: a skillet filler, and a killer for sure.



U.S. Pat. No. 1972697

Fish takes only the hook; lure slips ahead on strike. Made of tenite. Only \$1.00 each.

Simply reverse hooks to make weedless

Tested under every condition, Whirl-A-Way proves a sensation with hardiest fishers. It whirls, flashes, wiggles, spins—it really whips 'em with class and power to burn. Your choice of eight colors: Red & White; Black & White; Black; Yellow Perch; Green Scale; Spotted; Pike; Spotted Frog.

## P & K FLY ROD LURES

FROG; CRAB; SHINER; TUMBLEBUG; MOUSE; GRUB WORM; CRICKET AND MANY OTHERS. GET P & K'S NEW 1942 4-COLOR CATALOG FOR FULL LINE DESCRIPTION AND PRICES. SEE THEM AT YOUR DEALER'S NOW! PACHNER & KOLLER, INC., 2312 WEST 69th ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## P & K NIGHT CRAWLER

Another honey! Soft rubbery substance makes this fish fooler wiggle and squirm as natural-like as the real thing. You'll want the Night Crawler in your tackle box. Only \$1.00 each.



SEND FOR FREE CATALOG With life-like illustrations in 4-Colors, Description and Prices.



# P&K TESTED AND PROVED LURES AND ACCESSORIES

## A REAL WEEDLESS SPOON



SLIMDEMON

WITH THE PERFECT HOOK GUARD

A slender spoon for less strike interference, anchored weed guard adjustable for light or heavy weed bed or snag waters fishing, use with or without pork rind, ideal for wall-eye, bass, northern pike, etc. Nickel, brass, copper, 1/2 oz. wt., ea. 40c, 3 for \$1.10, postage and tax incl.

At your dealer or write

STEELSTAMP CORP., DEPT. A  
3879 No. Richards St. Milwaukee, Wis.

## Bean's Fishing Blouse



Something new in a fishing garment. Made from fine count aeroplane cloth. Windproof, briar-proof and water resisting. Three large front pockets, sleeve pocket, also large back pocket for lunch, rain coat, etc. Tab at shoulder to hold rod while changing flies. Also good for skeet shooting and golf. Color: Sand Tan. Sizes 36 to 50. Price: \$5.45

postpaid. Send for free sample and spring catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 244 Main St., Freeport, Maine  
Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties



## Flotz THE DELUXE FLY LINE DRESSING

Experts say "Nothing even compares with this famous 'Rinal formula.'" Flotz helps catch more fish. Waterproofs, preserves as well as keeps fly lines and dry flies aloft. Improves rod action. Insures accuracy. Also an excellent dressing for steel and bamboo rods. Get a can now.



See your dealer or send 35c for 2 oz. package with applicator. Satisfaction or money refunded.

IVANO, INC. 123 E. 21ST STREET CHICAGO, U. S. A.



## vom HOFE - World's Finest Tackle!

Hand-made by vom HOFE craftsmen since 1867.

Complete line of dry, wet and streamer flies, from \$1.75 to \$3.00 per dozen.

EDWARD vom HOFE & CO.  
113-15 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

# SUNSET LINES "more fish per line"



## "MARINA" CUTTYHUNK

Made of 50 lea super quality linen. Strongest line for its size made. Tests over 3 pounds per thread. Meets all club specifications.

## "DUCK" Bait Casting Lines "Sheds Water Like a Duck"

Braided of Premium quality silk threads. Waterproof before and after braiding. "DUCK" lines float—will not waterlog. Made in three colors—black, grey and gold—to fit weather and water conditions.



ALL SUNSET LINES are Made in U. S. A.—Send for Catalog 9D

SUNSET LINE & TWINE CO. 564 Sixth Street, San Francisco

Hold every fish that  
**Strikes**  
with  
famous

**Weber "VEC"  
SNELLED  
HOOKS**

Stronger than foreign synthetic gut . . . Always pliable . . . no soaking . . . Won't fray, rot or kink . . . With a VEC Snelled Hook you'll never lose a fish because the snell was rotten, frayed or dry. VEC snells won't deteriorate, split or "frazzle," and never need soaking. They're always ready to use, always reliable and always at top strength . . . with more strength than foreign synthetic snelled hooks. Weber VEC Snelled Hooks available in 15 patterns including famous "Falcongrip" instant-hooking type . . . in all standard sizes and patterns, illustrated in Weber's 1942 catalog. See your dealer, or take advantage of Special Offer below.

**"VEC" IN COILS OR LEADERS**  
VEC leader material is supplied in 10-yard coils and in finished casting and trolling leaders in all standard sizes and lengths. See catalog for prices.



**SPECIAL OFFER 25¢**

I enclose 25¢ for the following: One card of 6 assorted "Falcongrip" VEC Snelled Hooks (value 30¢); one Weber Catalog (value 25¢); one Fly Casting Lessons FREE. Total value 55¢, all for ONLY 25¢ postpaid.



Catalog shows all standard Snelled Hook patterns, hundreds of flies in colors, rods, lines, reels, leaders, etc. Write today! Weber Lifelike Fly Company Box 4242, Stevens Point, Wis.

**If Weber makes it—a fish takes it**



Experts prefer  
**BEVIN-WILCOX  
DE LUXE NYLON BAIT  
CASTING LINES**

because . . . .

1. They shoot out remarkable distances with amazing ease.
2. They give exceptional strength and pliancy, due to B-W's famous finishing formula.
3. They're extremely non-absorbent (even in salt water).
4. Sold on money back guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Ask for them by name at your dealer's. Give them every possible test. Note their low price—and judge for yourself!

**SPECIAL  
OFFER..**



Sensational "Mama Manow," 4" floating, popping, diving bait casting lure; one of the most popular baits ever made for taking big fish. \$1.00 value. Yours with valuable literature at fishing information for only \$50 prepaid, while they last. Write—

**BEVIN-WILCOX LINE COMPANY**  
BOX 15 EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

**FREE** WRITE NOW FOR AMERICA'S  
GREATEST CUT PRICE  
**CATALOG**  
FOR FISHERMEN - HUNTERS  
- AND OUTDOOR SPORTSMEN  
**MAX COOK**  
SPORTING GOODS  
1608 GLENARM - DENVER, COLORADO

show above the brush.

I called signals. Down . . . down . . . lower, right . . . down . . . left; and finally when John found it, the dead deer was 15 feet upslope from him. The 120 gr. .270 Spitzer bullet had exploded in the deer's chest without coming out the other side, and it had dropped in its track. With no blood trail, it was a hard one to find without help.

"Hey!" he called in cheated surprise. "This isn't the buck we saw! His rack isn't much bigger than the smaller buck in camp!"

"Then watch out," I yelled. "He's still on the mountain. To the southeast along the ridge. He couldn't get off without our seeing him!"

I slipped three fresh cartridges into my magazine and started down the ridge with renewed zest.

"Cover this slope!" I yelled to John, not taking my eyes off my own side of the ridge.

Barely had I gone 50 feet when a cholla slapped my leg. One of the spiny balls had stuck into my shank and when I stooped to pick it off, there on the gravelly ground I saw . . . blood! Buck blood!

I had hit the buck after all . . . on my last shot. And here I had guessed a clean miss, because I heard John shooting and thought it was at the same deer.

My heart jumped an inch or two and I swallowed it back. Here and there were big red splotches where the wounded buck had paused. Sometimes his tracks staggered and I knew he was hit pretty bad.

Then his tracks stopped altogether. I circled ahead, up and down, but saw no blood. I circled again, more cautiously, but no tracks. I was about to look for a back-track, when I saw him, dead on the ground.

He had collapsed and slumped down the mountain slope for 20 feet. His gray coat blended perfectly into the cover, and so intent had I been looking ahead for movement, I had overlooked the animal completely.

The 130 gr. .270 had entered his left hind quarter just as he turned to slip over the ridge—my snapshot. The bullet exploded in his stomach and when I took his antlers and began to drag, his stomach dropped out.

We met in the canyon after pulling our bucks downhill. Soon Manuel was along with the horses, from below. John and he dressed out the deer while I went back to the other side to bring my own horse around.

**S**LINGING the deer behind our saddle cants, we worked down the mountain and back along the nine-mile trail to camp. We reached it in the late afternoon. The bucks we hung by their horns from a stout limb in the oak thicket by the stony little creek that came out of the mountains behind our camp and shortly disappeared into the sandy desert below us.

A half hour later our Bronx pal came riding up, an empty space behind his saddle cant—no deer.

"Well, boys, where's the bucks?" he asked cockily.



"Talk about luck!!"

**Wylie's FISHING CALCULATOR**  
 COMPLETE THE RECORD OF FISH TO NATURAL FORCES

**"STRIKING NEWS" For the Angler**  
 The most valuable and outstanding contribution ever made to the Fisherman. That's what experts say about **WYLIE'S FISHING CALCULATOR**. By the use of Daily Graphs and an easy-to-operate Tabulator you can actually measure the Potential Results of any fishing trip, any day, any hour for 1942. It's no longer necessary to waste precious fishing hours. NOW from your home or office you are able to determine the time and duration of the good and bad fishing periods. Nothing like it ever sold before. Get your copy now. Price \$1.00. Order from your dealer or send direct to **GEORGE WYLIE COMPANY** CLAY CENTER, KANSAS

**FREE to Sportsmen**  
 New... illustrated catalog. Big Savings on nationally advertised products for the outdoorsman. **WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TODAY... IT'S FREE.**

**CALLENDER SPORTING GOODS CO.**  
 36-A East 6th St., St. Paul, Minn.

**For Smooth-Running Reels use Hoppe's Lubricating Oil**  
 Increases casting distance because it assures long-lasting, non-gumming lubrication. At your dealers or send 15c for trial can with spout.

**FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.**  
 2326 N. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**"PADDLE PLUG"**  
 A Noisy, Paddling Surface Bass Bait

**85¢ EACH**  
 FED. TAX INCL.

Here's a dandy NEW, Surface Bait for Bass. It paddles along, noisily, rolling from side to side leaving a string of bubbles. **BASS—JUST GO NUTS** over it and so do the fishermen. Length 1 3/4". Weight 1/2 oz. Man, does it take 'em, and you see 'em strike. 6 Popular Colors.

**SEND FOR NEW FREE CATALOG B-10**  
**MILLSITE FISHING TACKLE, Howell, Michigan**

**TIE FLIES**  
**NEW, EASY WAY!**

**FREE VISE!** New larger 1942 Fly-Tying Kit, complete with Vise, Full set of dyed, and natural Furs, Hackles, Quills, Wing Materials, Thread, Tinsel, Flies, Impati Tail, Cement, Wax, Fly Body Materials, Hooks, etc. Simple step-by-step instructions easily followed.

**SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman, plus five cents postage. OR, (if you prefer) send \$1.00 bill, check or money order and we pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Back. Free Catalog.

**TACKLE-TYERS, Dept. 304, Evanston, Ill.**

**\$200 VALUE NOW ONLY \$1**

**NOW ON SALE 1942 Fishing ANNUAL**  
 Published by Sports Afield

**NO STORIES**, but chuck, full of articles on fishing by Cal Johnson, Phil Armstrong, Bob Crompton, Walter Wilwerding, Robert Page Lincoln, Peter J. Schwab, Harold Hollis, Robert D. Hall, J. A. Knight, Don Martinez, Jules Cuenin, Bert Clafin, Bob Becker, Sig Olson, Herb Mueller, Mortimer Norton, Wayne Judy, Ray Perry and other experts.

**DON'T MISS THIS NINTH EDITION**  
 See Your News or Sporting Goods Dealer. 25c a copy.  
**See page 81**

John pointed toward the oak thicket where the two bucks hung side by side. "Well, I'll—how'd you get 'em?" They got caught in the cacti and we shot 'em like Herefords," I told him with nonchalance. "What, no barbed wire or lasso? You win the ice cream!" He turned and walked away. I started to follow him toward the bit of refreshment we kept in a shady hole in the creek, but someone from behind tapped my shoulder. I turned. It was Manuel. He was smiling gravely. "Mañana," he explained in faltering English, "ees to-dayee! No?" "Yes, Manuel," I agreed, smilingly. "Mañana is today!"

**Snow-White Crow**



Carl E. Austin, Winnipeg, admires his snow-white crow, shot near Lac du Bonnet, Man.

ONE sportsman has found one crow that isn't as black as this predator is usually pictured. It's an albino, with white body and wings, and this freak of birddom has been mounted and now hangs on the wall of the summer cabin of Carl E. Austin, Winnipeg sportsman-naturalist, at Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba. Austin, an amateur ornithologist whose knowledge of birds is amazing, saw the crow on the road three miles from Lac du Bonnet. The albino was feeding with other crows along the highway. Austin and a companion drove on to the cabin, but by the time they returned with a gun, the white crow had disappeared. Ten days later, while driving along the same road, they saw the same white crow feeding with his black brethren in the fields. The albino was mounted by Horace Hatton, Winnipeg taxidermist, and is now a part of the collection of mounted birds and other relics in the Austin cabin. Unusual is the fact that while albino crows have pink eyes, the Austin specimen had blue black eyes, thus adding to its rarity. Albinos that remain with the flock are often attacked and driven away by fellow crows, according to B. W. Cartwright, chief naturalist of Ducks Unlimited. Albinos occur in human beings as well as birds and animals, and may be caused by failure to pass on from parent to offspring the chromosome carrying the color factor when the egg is fertilized.



**FISHERMEN**  
 Send for Your **FREE** Gateway Catalog  
 Contains Coble's Famous "Fisherman's Calendar"

You must see this new, illustrated Catalog to realize that Gateway offers everything a fisherman wants—everything a sportsman needs—at decidedly lower prices. All is absolutely high grade merchandise, with a Money-Back Guarantee. No wonder Gateway has had satisfied customers in every section of the U. S. for years!

**Big Bargains for SPORTSMEN**

- \$17.50** Ike Walton Split Bamboo Fly Rod. Extra tip. Fiberboard carrying case. Perforated cork grip—thumb rest—reduces fatigue. 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2 ft. **\$9.95**
  - \$7.50** Featherlight Split Bamboo Fly Rod. 3-piece with extra tip. Length 7 1/2 ft. Weight 3 3/4 oz. Fiberboard case. **\$4.65**
  - \$4.50** One-pc. Solid Steel Casting Rod. Stainless steel guides. Off-set double grip with screw locking band. Cadmium finish. 4, 4 1/2, 4 ft. Cloth case. **\$2.88**
  - Gateway Deluxe Level Winding Casting Reel. 100 yd. capacity. Chrome finish. Aluminum spool. Compare with \$8.50 reels. **\$4.49**
  - \$4.75** Jeweled Level Winding Casting Reel. 125 yd. capacity. Chrome finish. Smooth running. A real reel value. **\$3.19**
  - \$4.00** Telescope Steel Fly and Casting Rod. Agatine guides. Reversible cork grip. Locking reel seat. Extends to 8 1/2 ft. **\$2.29**
  - \$1.55** Gateway Nylon Fly Line. Light amber color. 25 yd. coil size "G". **98c**
  - \$1.35** Gateway Nylon Casting Line. 50 yd. spool. Test 15 lbs. **89c**
  - Fly Tying Kit** including vise and instructions. **58c**
  - \$1.20** Assortment Bass Streamer. Spinner and Bucktail Flies. Size 1/0, 2 or 4 hook. Pkg. 6 flies. **65c**
  - \$1.00** Ringed Trout Hackle and Spinner Flies. Size 6, 8 or 10 hook. Dozen. **39c**
  - 85c** Jointed Bass Bait. Made of Tenite. Length 3 3/4 in. Weight 3/4 oz. **39c**
- Order any of these items, sending cash or C. O. D. (on orders of \$1.00 or more). If not satisfied, every cent you pay, including return postage, will be refunded.

**FREE** Valuable, useful premiums with every purchase of \$6.50 or more.

**GATEWAY**  
 SPORTING GOODS CO.  
 "The Home of 10,000 Bargains"  
 1403 Gateway Building  
 Kansas City, Mo.

**Mail For FREE Catalog**

**GATEWAY SPORTING GOODS CO.**  
 1403 Gateway Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.  
 Please send me a FREE copy of your big, illustrated 1942 Catalog.

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... State.....