

Outdoor Life

SEPTEMBER

25¢

In this Issue—
30
1950
NEW
HUNTING
LAWS



WEEKEND FISHING TRIPS PAY OFF with PFLUEGER TACKLE

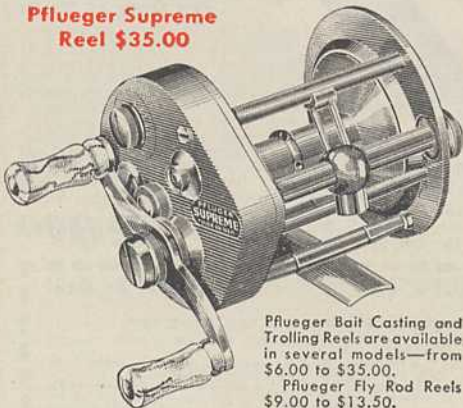


Pflueger dependability in Fishing Reels gives any angler more fishing enjoyment per hour. Pflueger metals—gears, pinions, level wind mechanisms are made from long experience in serving the needs of millions of anglers all over America. The design of a Pflueger Reel and the way it is made gives you added skill for casting lures and landing strikes. Take Pflueger Fishing Reels and you'll bring back more of what you want to get out of any fishing trip.

The Pflueger quality guarantee never expires.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO., AKRON, OHIO
Over 85 years making Fishing Tackle

Pflueger Supreme
Reel \$35.00



Pflueger Bait Casting and Trolling Reels are available in several models—from \$6.00 to \$35.00.
Pflueger Fly Rod Reels \$9.00 to \$13.50.

PFLUEGER

(Pronounced FLEW-GER)

A GREAT NAME IN TACKLE

IN THIS ISSUE OF

Outdoor Life

Outdoor Recreation REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

VOLUME 106 ★ SEPTEMBER, 1950 ★ NUMBER 3

★ SPECIAL FEATURES ★

Is it Later Than You Think?.....	Dr. Paul M. Fluck	17
A forthright warning to sportsmen who may be overdoing things		
My Dog Pat.....	Jack O'Connor	20
He's a cocker—a grand bird dog—and a character to boot!		
Lake Mead Bass by Trailboat.....	John Gartner	22
Cruising a fisherman's paradise in the Southwestern desert		
Southward Bound.....	painting by Francis Lee Jaques	24
Migrating mallards pause on Colorado's man-made water havens		
What Good is a Buck?.....	Rob F. Sanderson	26
Wisconsin's first antlerless season—with a double reverse!		
A Fish Called Mac.....	Ed Wood	28
That Wyoming trout came near being literally "as big as a boat"		
Century Fox.....	Keith C. Schuyler	30
Ninety-nine for the season—and a Pennsylvanian seeks No. 100!		
Duck Hunter's Secret.....	Frank Dufresne	32
Wit and wisdom in a nostalgic yarn about an old-time wing-shot		
Rainbows in the Rough.....	Joe Mears	34
Giving "British Columbia's best fly-fishing lake" a try		
Cowbell Crows.....	Bert Popowski	36
Ohio hunt uncovers some new ways to trick the black rascals		
Upside-down Land for Wildlife.....	George Laycock	38
How huge earth dumps—by-products of strip mining for coal in 24 states—are being reclaimed by stocking with fish and game		
Pledge Sparks a State-wide Campaign.....		41
New Jersey leaders relay conservation's message to everyone		
A Rifleman Meets the King.....	Dr. Russell C. Smith	42
Hope to go out after Alaska brown bears? Then you'll want to read this long, absorbing narrative by a man who knows his guns		
Turkeys for the Winners.....		50
Does your gun club put on as good a shoot as this?		
Raccoon Robber—Caught by the Camera.....		52
Bird Census Means Better Hunting.....		54
This Happened to Me!.....	Dee Allen	56
The Mule and the Muley		
Hunting Seasons for 1950-51.....		8
Tag Day for California Salmon.....		102
Sportsmen help science solve the mystery of migration routes		

★ DEPARTMENTS ★

Arms and Ammunition.....	58	Dogs.....	122
Game Gimmicks.....	72	The Health of Your Dog.....	125
Angling.....	92	Where to Go.....	128
Camping and Woodcraft.....	108	Editorial Page.....	136
Boating.....	116	What's on Your Mind?.....	4

COVER PAINTING BY J. F. KERNAN

Published monthly at 353 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc. Godfrey Hammond, President and Treasurer; R. C. Wilson, Raymond J. Brown, Stephen P. Glennon, Vice Presidents; F. W. Briggs, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter July 8, 1934, at the Post Office at New York under the act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1950, by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved in the United States, Great Britain, and in all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Single copy, 25 cents. Yearly subscription to United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$2.50 (2 years, \$4; 3 years, \$5.50); other countries \$1 a year more. Subscribers must notify us of change of address four weeks in advance of the next publication date. Be sure to give both old and new address. The contents of this magazine must not be reprinted without permission. In submitting articles, address The Editor, Outdoor Life. Contributions are welcomed but we cannot insure against their loss, and those lacking sufficient postage will not be returned.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

353 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. 820 Book Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich.
238 Park Square Bldg., Boston 16, Mass. 1709 W. Eighth St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. 703 Market St., San Francisco 3, Calif.



Having no rope, I used a tree branch (thrust through front-leg tendons) as a drag. And the deer butted my heels all the way out!

When You Want Doe . . .

WHAT GOOD IS A BUCK?

The special season on hornless deer sent some 300,000 hunters into the woods—and Tom had a jump on all of them!

by **ROB F. SANDERSON**

As we drove northward through the thick darkness that smothers the hours between midnight and dawn, we naturally talked hunting. We recalled other opening days, our luck—good or bad; the spikehorns and the six-pointers; the little blunders that had sent fine bucks scampering off to safety; and the occasional clever strat-

agems that had brought even better ones within range.

"And the does," said Tom. "The does! The bane of my existence! This, though, is going to be my day to get even!"

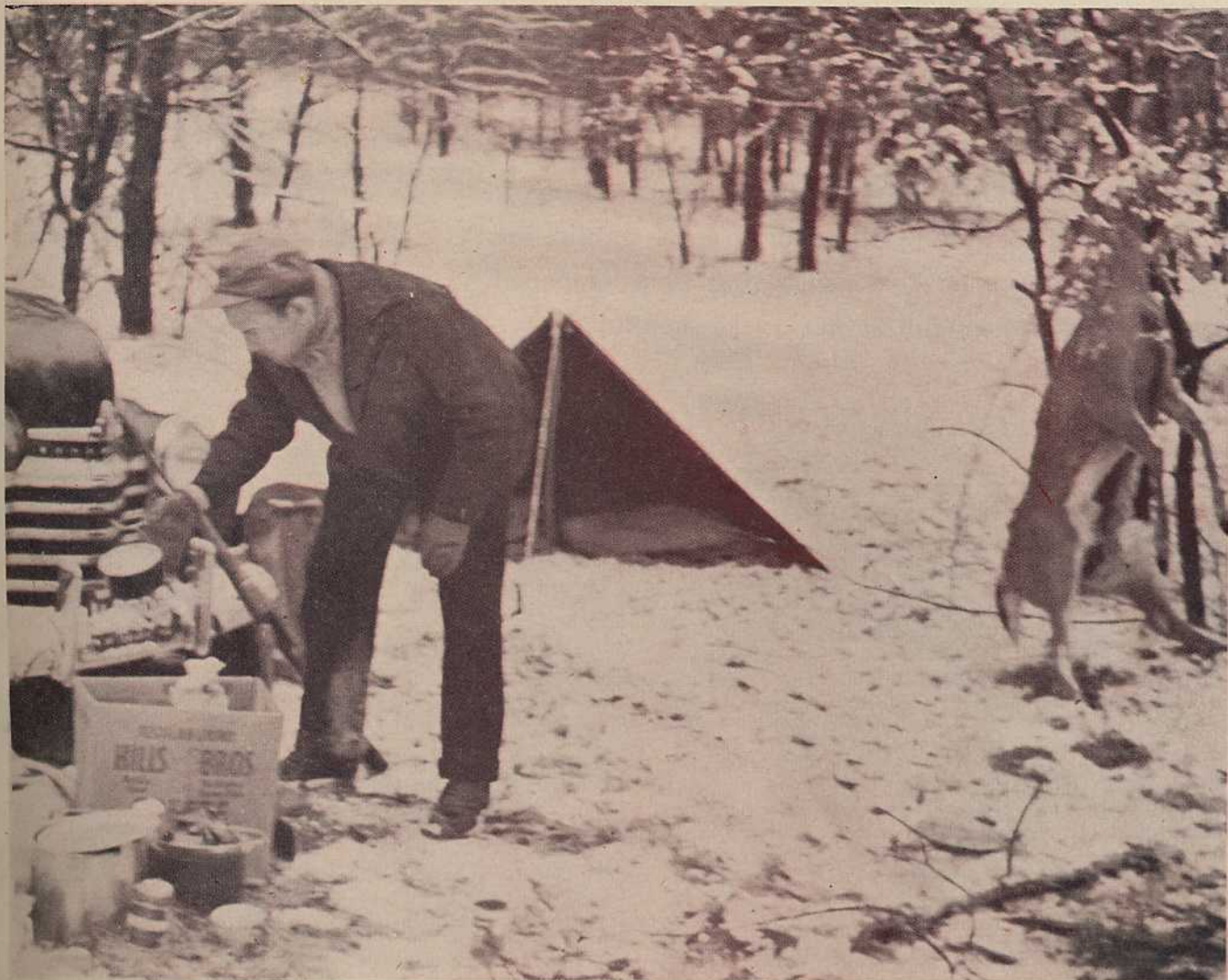
I chuckled in sympathy, for my brother Tom was really a marked man. All of us know what it's like to get the sights lined up on a nice, fat deer, partly concealed by foliage or brush, only to find at the last moment that it's a doe. But Tom seems particularly plagued. Maybe it's personal magnetism or something, but if there are any does in Tom's section of the woods they'll find him. And the bucks immediately go somewhere else. The boys kid Tom about being a lady-killer but that doesn't bother him much. What does bother him is that he's always had to work about four times as hard as

anyone else in the party to get a buck.

This time, though, the tables were turned. Wisconsin was having its first antlerless deer season, due to open in a few hours. Tom and I—and some 300,000 other hunters—were converging on the woods. And in that whole vast army, no one was more eager than my brother.

"You're the guy who sees all the bucks," he said gleefully. "If you see one today, what do you get? Just a look. You can't legally shoot anything that carries horns. I'm the guy who sees all the does. Well, when I pull the trigger on one today I'm not only going to get a deer, I'm going to get a lot of sweet revenge for all the misery they've caused me."

The car moved along smoothly on springs limbered by a load of camp



It's no trick at all to break up camp after a hunt when you have simple, light gear, and set everything up right beside the car

equipment. The endless convoy of cars—glittering sedans, shabby jalopies, pick-up trucks, all manned by red-capped hunters—moved northward at a steady forty-mile-an-hour clip. From time to time, additional cars pulled out of side roads and joined the trek on Highway 12—new volunteers eagerly answering the Conservation Department's call to duty.

"Well, we've got a couple of days to hunt," I reminded Tom. "But from the looks of things, if we don't get our deer today we won't get them at all. All this shooting is going to make the Battle of Waterloo sound like a May-pole dance. Whatever deer aren't knocked over today are going to take to the woods and stay there for weeks."

"Don't give it a second thought," said Tom. "With me along, you have nothing to worry about."

In the Dark of Night

The slender white birches flickered in the headlights like fluorescent tubes as we turned off on a side road. Parking in an abandoned clearing, we assembled our equipment under the dome light. I had my compass, matches, knife, and deer tag. I broke open a fresh box of .348's and distributed them

in different pockets so they wouldn't rattle as I moved about.

"All set?" I asked. "Enough ammunition?"

"Yep—ten or twelve hulls ought to be enough for any deer. Let's go."

For once in our lives we had arrived early. Dawn had not cracked enough yet to tell us which way was east. Our strategy was to strike west by compass a couple of miles and find good stands. Hunters coming in later, we figured, would drive the deer to us.

The going was tough in the darkness. Across the jumble of bog and sand ridges we alternately stumbled over dry marsh and floundered through dense thickets. Now and then we'd pause to rest and listen. Soon we were beyond the sound of cars on the highway. What slight breeze stirred was out of the west, and as we watched the sluggish drift of our pearly breath clouds we made a mental catalogue of the best positioning with regard to deer runways.

We separated at a small clearing on a sand ridge, agreeing to meet there at 8 a.m. Tom faded into the woods one way, I the other. After half an hour of ferreting out deer trails, I chose a stand in a dense clump of jack oak overlooking the crossing of two

runways. Barely had I settled into the monotonous suspense of waiting when I heard a twig snap to the south. Another hunter arrived (with the directness of purpose that implies previous reconnaissance) and took a stand on the other side of a pine thicket. It was now too late for a strategic change of stands, so I worked the lever on my Winchester twice to tell the unseen stranger where I was concealed, and was reassured by an acknowledging click-click.

The Guns Played Reveille

The first shots now punctuated the quiet dawn. And then, within minutes, they grew into a bombardment. The explosive crack and vicious whine of a .30/06 would be followed by the heavy grunt of a 12 gauge shotgun belching slugs. The explosions, coming at the rate of several to the second, made me fear that all the deer would be exterminated in the first half hour. Later on I was agreeably surprised to learn that according to official estimates, only one antlerless deer in five was killed during the special season.

Shortly before 8 I decided that few deer would come down the trail that

(continued on page 80)

WHAT GOOD'S A BUCK?

(continued from page 27)

day. With such an army of hunters relentlessly disturbing them, they had probably forsaken the regular trails and cut cross-country just anywhere at all. I hunted quietly back to our clearing, curious about Tom's luck.

He was nowhere about. I decided to take a stand in the fringing woods while waiting, and was soon watching a broad wedge of visibility into the wind. A hunter stalked by without seeing me and I took confidence in the natural camouflage of my location. But as the minutes slipped by I fought a growing restlessness against the well-known monotony of the deer stand.

I watched a flock of winter birds and then the mare's-tails that were white-whiskering the sky. I began to toy with the idea of going somewhere else. Suddenly I stiffened. Out of the corner of my eye I had caught a movement. It was a deer, all right, obscured by low oak brush. My eyes riveted on the spot.

What I'd Been Waiting For

There were two—no, three—deer, I decided. Their brown color blended exactly with the undropped oak leaves, and at 125 yards I could distinguish them only by movement. Cautiously they came forward, apparently feeding on acorns. Sometimes a minute or two passed without the shadow of a movement. I waited tensely, rifle cocked and ready.

At last, through a scrub-oak bough, peered a hornless head—a legal deer. Ears stretched high and tense, the animal stared suspiciously in my direction. I snailed the Winchester toward my shoulder. The deer stamped its forefeet impatiently and moved slightly. With the change in position I could outline the whole front, head on. A dandy target with no deflecting brush until the last ten feet, this was the

chance I had been waiting for. I must not miss. Carefully, I centered the front sight in the aperture and began the trigger squeeze. My chest was tight with held breath.

Wham! The .348 shook the woods and sledged my shoulder. The muzzle reared and the deer vanished. I ran forward immediately, levering a fresh cartridge into the chamber. A deer bolted across the opening into the scrub, followed by a second one. Only when a third bounded into view did I admit the possibility of a miss. Within thirty seconds shots of other hunters echoed from the direction taken by the fleeing deer.

How Could I Miss?

My shot had been attempted under such favorable conditions that I couldn't figure out how I'd missed. So I started to scout around, and soon spied fresh blood. It was a short trail. Not twenty feet away I found a good-size doe, stone dead under a small cedar.

I attached my tag to a leg tendon and pulled the carcass into the open. The bullet had struck squarely in the brisket and had not come out. (Two months later I found it embedded in a round steak, nicely fried.) Drawing the carcass, I separated the heart and liver, placing them in a special paraffined sack brought along for the purpose.

My drag rope mislaid, I cut a stiff section of poplar sapling and slipped it under the front-leg tendons. Holding the sapling firmly, I dragged the dead deer toward the car, passing two other hunters dressing out their kills. The pull to the car was tough, the brush was thick, the bogs were rough, and the doe's head bumped annoyingly against my heels. I made it though, in about two hours, and fervently resolved to hunt a little nearer to the road in the future.

Tom didn't get back to the car until noon, and then he was empty-handed,

tired, disappointed—and bewildered. All in all, he'd had quite a morning. Between bites of lunch he told me all about it.

Shortly after we had separated, he said, he took up his stand near a little natural clearing on a ridge. It turned out to be quite a productive spot. Within a few minutes three deer came sprinting along the ridge toward the clearing.

Just before they reached it, though, two does broke off and trotted down the ridge, well out of range. But the third deer kept right on coming, trotting out into the clearing and stopping broadside to Tom—not twenty feet away. And it carried one of the finest racks of antlers he'd ever seen!

Tom sprang up and waved his rifle angrily. "Get out of here, you big bum!" he shouted. And the startled buck did just that.

Then Tom took up his stand again and waited—and waited and waited. From every direction there came the continual rattle of rifle fire, punctuated by the occasional boom of a shotgun. Everyone, it seemed, was having a fine time—everyone but Tom. (Actually, a fantastic number of antlerless deer were roaming the Wisconsin forests that day. When the special season was over, it was estimated that more than 150,000 had been taken.)

Four Shots—Wasted

Well, the does might have had an affinity for Tom in the past, but now they avoided him like the pestilence. All but one. After a long, chilling wait, Tom got a chance at a rather small doe. He pumped off four quick shots—and missed every one. After the doe had departed, hurriedly but unhurt, he tested his rifle on a stump at seventy-five yards. It was hitting a yard off, between 4 and 5 o'clock. And by the time he got it sighted in properly, he'd used up his last cartridge.

Think that was tough luck? On the way back to the car, chaperoning an empty rifle, Tom got three tantalizing opportunities for standing shots. "What did I do?" he growled. "Why, I just took that rifle by the barrel and chased those does. If I could have caught one, so help me, I'd have clubbed it to death!"

In the afternoon I couldn't carry a rifle, of course, so I took my camera along. There was still a good deal of cannonading going on, but it had dwindled considerably from the morning's siege. We shifted our hunting some miles to the west in the hope of getting Tom at least one shot. To make a sour story short, we didn't. As the afternoon slipped away and the daylight thinned, we plodded back toward camp.

Just before we reached it we sat down for a few minutes on a logfall, to rest and to watch the beautiful sunset. As we hunched there, weary and silent, we heard a slight but electrifying sound in the woods—the snapping of a twig. Tom tensed and slowly brought up his rifle.

Then a deer walked out into the open and stood silhouetted against the



Since it was a long pull back to camp, Tom trussed the deer's head against its front legs to prevent drag on the ground



As the "lady-killer" started back toward camp on the business end of a tumpline, the first flakes of snow began to fall

bright western sky. It was an eight-point buck—the kind that makes a hunter drool.

Tom just grunted and let the rifle fall slowly into his lap.

We pitched our shelter tent alongside the car. Over an oak fire a pan of deer liver and bacon sizzled hunters' perfume into the night air. It felt good to be camping out again beneath the trees and under the silent sky, and Tom cheered up a bit. But conversation after chow didn't last long; exhausted, we were soon quite ready to crawl into our sleeping bags.

Breakfast, next morning, was a quick affair, for the east was already showing a dull light and we were anxious to get going.

Compared to the shooting of the opening day, everything was now as quiet as a church basement. At times a full half hour would pass unpunctuated by a single gun report.

"There's bound to be less shooting today," Tom philosophized. "Only the dumber hunters and the smarter deer are left."

Low clouds threatened storm all day. The weather was ideal for hunting, but we met only one deer—and that one was being dragged out. A number of hunters, discouraged by the lack of fresh tracks, were quitting the woods without venison. Mild weather turned colder, and a few desultory snowflakes shivered down. I had all but abandoned hope that Tom would connect, because there weren't enough hunters left to keep the deer stirred up.

In midafternoon we were skirting a large, boggy swale when we spotted a small island of tamarack trees. Tom asked me to wait while he went over and hunted through it.

"It looks pretty small," I ventured.

"Big enough to hold a doe," he retorted. "Besides, I won't take long."

"You won't see a doe until the next buck season! But go ahead!"

Tom was right, though—there was a deer hiding in that little island. As it bounded out of the trees, a quick shot put it on three legs. Then a second downed it for keeps. The excitement over, Tom lit a cigarette and began feeling through his pockets.

And That Made it Legal

"My tag!" he gasped. "It's gone. . . . No, it's in the car—I changed my shirt. I'll be right back." And he disappeared on a mild trot.

It was quite a distance to the car, but in about an hour Tom was back with the precious strip of metal that made his deer legal. As he finished dressing out the carcass snow began to fall in earnest.

We started the long, weary drag to get the deer out of the woods before daylight faded. By the time we reached the car dusk was gathering rapidly and snow covered the ground. We wasted no time in getting our equipment together and heading out toward the highway.

"You know," said Tom, as we bumped over the ratty old wagon road, "the boys are right. I am a lady-killer. But I sure kill 'em the hard way!" THE END

Hunt longer— Get less tired in "P-F"* HUNTING BOOTS!



"P-F" means Posture Foundation

1. The all important "P-F" rigid wedge helps keep the 3 main supporting bones of the foot in normal position . . . helps prevent foot strain.

2. Sponge rubber cushion.



GUIDE KING—Light, flexible, longwearing! And it has "P-F"—the scientific foot support which helps prevent tired, strained leg muscles.

NEW SOLE—Positive grip cleat sole on both boots means extra sure footing . . . avoids spills. Cushion insole for extra comfort.

TRAPPER—Brand new full lace boot in popular 12-inch height! All the foot protection of "P-F", too. Snug fit over heel and instep, yet easy-on-and-off!

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW ARROW

*Trade Mark



Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass.

Write for this **FREE CATALOG!**



Beautifully illustrated in color—semi-finished and hand finished stocks—plus complete instructions for fitting and finishing.

**GUNSTOCKS
by BISHOP**

E. C. BISHOP & SON, INC. WARSAW, MO.