

FIELD AND STREAM

OFFICIAL ORGAN of the CAMP-FIRE CLUB of AMERICA



—IN THIS ISSUE—

Prize Fishing Contest Stories

Bear Hunting in Sonora. C.R. Thomas



**REMINGTON
UMC**
TRADE MARK

Autoloading Rifle

At close quarters, where personal safety demands instant thought and action, you are master of the situation — if your rifle is a *Remington-UMC* Autoloader.

One shot is enough. The bullet is hurled with the force of a one-ton blow. And you have four others, equally effective, to follow—with lightning rapidity or deliberately, as the situation demands.

Part of recoil, ordinarily taken up by shooter's shoulder, is utilized to operate the mechanism. Not a single ounce of muzzle energy is lost.

The *Remington-UMC* Autoloading Rifle is the only recoil-operated rifle locking the cartridge in the chamber until after the bullet has left the muzzle.

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Safe.

Write for free copy of 1911 Game Laws

Remington-UMC — the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway
New York City

CONTENTS



OCTOBER 1911

COVER DESIGN	V. C. Forsythe	
A WHOPPING BIG BEAR	Frontispiece	
IN THE SANTA ROSA MOUNTAINS	C. R. Thomas	557
A Notable Excursion after Mexico's Big Game.		
EDITORIAL		565
A Career for the Boy—From the Field of Slaughter.		
TRACKING BIG GAME	Col. Buffalo Jones	
A Little Sketch by One of the Greatest Living Hunters.		
WHERE TO USE THE DRY FLY	E. B. Rice	570
An Important Contribution to the Literature of Angling.		
DOWN AN UNKNOWN JUNGLE RIVER	Zane Grey	575
Part VIII. George's Experience as a Jaguar Slayer.		
TURKEY HUNTING ON THE WAKULLA	Coleman Randolph	579
The Wariness and Wisdom of the Florida Gobbler.		
THE MARKSMANSHIP OF CARROTY JONES	Geo. M. Johnson	585
Dud Hawley's Great Theory and its Proof.		
THE HON. ROBT. WHITE OF VIRGINIA	W. H. Staratt	590
A Notable Week with the Hard Flying Quail of the South.		
HUNTING THE BULL MOOSE	John S. Gustine, Jr.	596
The Sportsman's Triumph—One Trip and One Big Moose.		
HUNTING WOODCHUCK WITH RIFLE AND CAMERA	P. F. Thompson	601
Which Requires the Possession of Patience and Skill.		
THE WHITE TAILED DEER	Paul Brandreth	607
Full of Hunter's Deer Knowledge of Value.		
A SPORTING RIFLE DE LUXE	Edward C. Crossman	615
HONOR TO THE VOICE THAT AWAKENS	Irving Bacheller	617
A Camp Fire Club Plan for the Encouragement of Outdoor Literature.		
GAME LAWS IN BRIEF FOR 1911		620
PRIZE FISHING CONTEST STORIES		623
Monthly Classes: Small-Mouth Bass, Pike, Striped Bass, Weakfish.		
WHERE TO GO		631
The best hunting grounds for moose, deer, bear and small game.		
THE SPORTSMAN'S WORLD		636
TOOLS OF THE CRAFT		648
\$2,000 PRIZE FISHING CONTEST		656

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: In the United States of America, Cuba and American possessions, \$1.50 a year; in Canada \$2.00; and all other countries \$2.50. Sold on all newsstands, 15c. a copy.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Post Office of the City of New York. Issued Monthly. Copyright 1911. All rights reserved.

E. F. WARNER, President

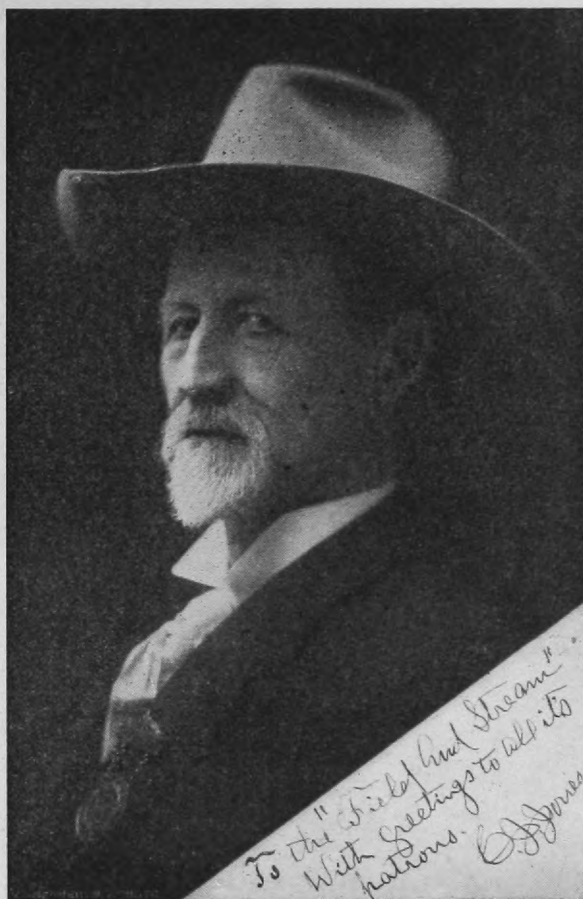
WARREN H. MILLER, Editor

IRVING MYERS, Secretary

FIELD AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

24-26 E. 21st ST.

NEW YORK CITY



C. J. JONES "Buffalo Jones"

Member of The Camp Fire Club of America

Author of "Tracking Big Game," in this issue



TRACKING BIG GAME

A LITTLE SKETCH BY ONE OF THE GREATEST LIVING HUNTERS OF AFRICAN
AND AMERICAN BIG GAME

BY COL. BUFFALO JONES

MOST people who have hunted in Africa and recorded themselves have claimed that some kinds of animals charge at sight or scent, all of which is apparently true, but a mistake.

The trouble with most people who write about wild animals is they don't know the thoughts of the animal they write about but merely see their actions and judge entirely by them.

I have seen the so-called charges of the rhino, the buffalo, wild cattle, musk ox, moose and many other animals, and seen so many of the dashes they have made, that by close study I am absolutely certain they never charge a person with the intention of a combat, unless at very close range, but are always endeavoring to escape a conflict or to find out what the intruder is.

All the animals I have mentioned, the elephant included, run against the wind and are all possessed with poor eyesight. As soon as they become alarmed, they break and run against the wind, and, not possessing good eyesight, they don't know where the danger is, so they are almost always disturbed by scent, which in all animals is very acute. Consequently, when the scent of a person is wafted to the animal, he charges against the wind, and, naturally goes in the direction where the person stands, but should the beast see the person before getting too close, it will shy around. If it comes in close proximity before seeing the object, or, should a person slip through the high grass or bush so stealthily that he will not be seen, scented or heard until very close to one or more of these animals, he is in danger of being charged upon. Self-preservation demands that all animals defend themselves. But if he keeps

up a racket and makes his presence known, none of the animals above mentioned will stand and wait for him to come in their direction, unless it might be that they desire to satisfy themselves as to what the object is. Some animals are very inquisitive, indeed, they often gallop toward a person with seeming intention of mischief, but as soon as they get near enough to have infallible proof as to what the object is, they will halt and then break away and escape, more delighted to get from you than you from them. Who ever heard of a person being killed by any of the animals I have mentioned, unless they had been wounded or surprised at close quarters, or, perhaps, been defending their young? While, if they desired to hunt up people to kill them, thousands of hunters would be killed annually.

The rhino, I admit, is liable to do harm, for the simple reason that it cannot see but a very short distance and when the hunter is scented he is in the direction from which the wind is coming, and as the rhino must run against the wind, it is sure to apparently charge the hunter as well as the wind, which brings the beast in close proximity to the person. The beast believes the object is an enemy to take its life, and then, to protect itself, dashes at the person and sometimes causing fatal results, but, should the person step aside from the rhino's course, the animal is only too glad to bolt away against the wind, smelling instead of seeing wheresoever it goes.

All wild animals do not run against the wind. Take the deer family, for example. They feed against the wind and run with it, and, when running, depend on their eyes to locate danger ahead and their scent to protect them from the

enemy in the rear. They can lie down in grass much higher than their heads and always know when the nimrod is stealthily approaching on their trail as their scent is very keen. To hunt and kill a deer requires tact and skill and it is the triumph of the hunting talent which thrills his heart and not the crimson blood which flows. But hunting in Africa, where game is so numerous it is like going into a corral and slaughtering animals to see them die, that enjoyment is eliminated that is so exhilarating to a hunter who has followed his quarry from early dawn until the very shades of night, and then has either to tramp the snow to keep from perishing from cold and hunger or build a booming fire.

The pioneer day of the frontiersmen is already a thing of the past. I have been schooled where necessity compelled me to action, where actual starvation stared me in the face. I have shouldered my gun and gone forth for meat. When, like the panther, lion or leopard, I was spurred by hunger to double diligence and cunning. Oh, how exasperating when the sun commenced to sink in the west, the dread of returning to an empty larder, cold and hungry! The thoughts also that others depended upon my success nerved me to almost superhuman efforts and often I would be too anxious, and by a misstep or a reckless advance lose the game; but lessons dearly bought were of great value and long experience usually brings the reward sought for.

Here has been something strolling through the grass. I see the blades have been disturbed and by close observation I find they all lean in the same direction. The object has gone that way. I separate the grass and there are the prints of a deer's hoofs, but my joy turns to sorrow, the toes are far apart, spread wide open, the prints of the feet are quite visible in the dust. That deer had been on a "lark" and was traveling and was sure to travel for miles before lying down, and when once down he would lie until the shades of night fall; so I pass on. The sun is half way down from the zenith. The wind has shifted to the north. It is growing cold. November is an uncertain month. A dark cloud is rising in the

west. I am miles from home with the Arkansas river three feet deep full of slush ice to cross in order to reach my domicile.

Ah! What has been here? Something has clipped a twig recently. I cautiously examine the sand and there are the prints of another deer's hoofs. Glory enough!—it has been walking slowly. The heel prints are not visible. The points of the hoofs are tightly pressed together. It has been walking on tip toes. That indicates it will lie down soon. The track has no dust or leaves in it, although the wind had been blowing hard all day. It has just passed and it is not two hundred yards away; it has gone on this left hand ravine hunting a place to lie down. Yes, see how short he has stepped? A big buck. The wind was blowing from the southeast when it passed. The track is keeping in that direction. It was surely made before the wind changed to the north. I am all right, so far, as he will not get my scent. See, here is where he turned around on his tip toes; he came very near lying down right here, but has gone on. The next clump of grass he will surely lie down in. There is a little swale and the grass is three feet high. He's there I will wager on it. My rifle is sure, the hammer has been up for some time, my finger is on the trigger; he will surely bounce soon as I am within forty yards of the center of the plat. I guide a little to the right of the swale so as to be on an elevation and command a good view. Well, I guess he has gone on or he surely would have taken fright ere this. Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! came with great consternation from my right. Up came my gun, I whirled to the right, a clump of sage brush and a deer speeding in that direction. See how high he leaps! Three more bounds and he will pass beyond the ridge. I have him covered but dare not shoot while he is in the air or I will be sure to miss. When he hits the ground I will pull the trigger. Bang! crashes the rifle. He leaps higher than ever and with a mighty bound he passes beyond the little ridge. Good boy, was my consoling thought. It was a dead shot and the deer will be lying not more than one hundred yards away. Hastily I

dashed to the top of the ridge and there lies the magnificent stag, less than twenty steps beyond. Soon I have it skinned and quartered. I am strong but cannot carry more than one quarter home. Coyotes are numerous hereabout and are sure to devour all I leave. There are no trees on which to hang the meat. I know full well a coyote will never approach anything that has the fresh scent of man on it, so I will fix it by throwing the meat upon the sage brush, to allow it to cool quickly and covering it with my coat.

The sun has gone down and the stars are already blinking. It is fully six miles home. I have to go rapidly to keep up the circulation or freeze as I am in my shirt sleeves. Away to the northeast I see a dim light and know how anxiously my wife and two little daughters are awaiting my return. The weight of the meat is becoming oppressive and there is the river just ahead. I know it will be cold and disagreeable but these are only trifles compared to the joy and happiness that awaits me just beyond where we can once more sit around a brilliant fire and eat of the savory venison and hot biscuit. I reach the river bank and linger for a moment but realize that time is the essence of happiness and dash into the icy water and am soon safely across.

Three hamlets must be passed before

I reach my home. I cannot do that without leaving some of the delicious meat, as friends may be hungry also. Rap, rap, rap went on the kitchen door of my dear old friend, Uncle Billy Fulton.

The door opens. "Here, Siddle, here is some venison, just enough to make trouble; I will bring some more to-morrow." Now there are the Finnups and Wilkinsons yet to pass. I will not show partiality and will leave them some also. A rap at the Finnups' door brings Sallie, with her sleeves rolled up. She has been hard at work. "Here is a piece of venison. I'll bring some more to-morrow." Then I rap at the Wilkinsons' door and it is answered by Lizzie. "Here, little girl, is a mess of venison; more to-morrow." Isn't that answering smile worth more than a chunk of deer meat?

A half-mile more and home. The dog sees me, hear him bark. Here he comes whining for joy. They all know it is me from the dog's actions. The door opens and I shout, "All right, little girlyes, venison galore."

The ice rattles on my trousers as I step on the porch, but what matters about ice or anything else compared to such a joyous greeting? This is the kind of hunting that brings pleasure and enjoyment. One short year of such a life is worth an ordinary lifetime pent up in the great cities, abhorred by all true sportsmen.

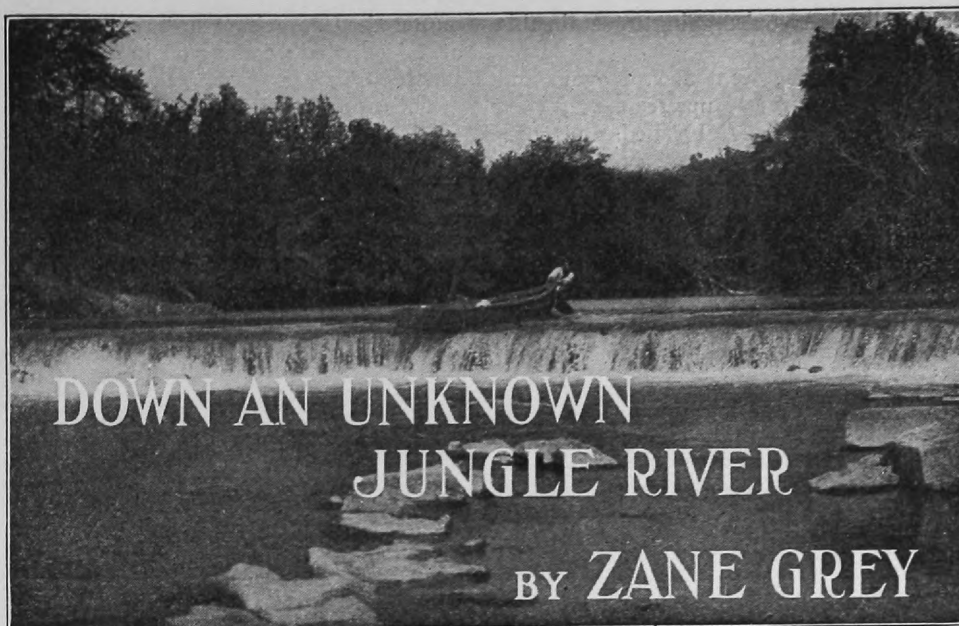


PRECAUTION

BY UNKEL DAVID

Knowed a feller—mity wise,
Playin' safe agin surprise—
Tied a ca'tridge in his hat:
"Allus safe to bank on *that*.
No blame b'ar don't make me run,
'Cause I tote an empty gun."

Next day jumped a silver-tip;
Ought to seed that old b'ar skip!
Feller follered 'im full pelt;
Emptied gun an' ca'tridge belt.
Then the b'ar showed fight—an' that
Doggoned fool had *lost his hat*.



A thrilling series of adventures with jaguars, wild boars, alligators and tropical snakes, encountered while exploring on unmapped river flowing down through the wildest jungles of Mexico.

PART VIII.

GEORGE'S JAGUAR

NEXT morning George said he did not feel very well, and he looked grouchy. He growled around camp in a way that might have nettled me, but having had ten hours of undisturbed sleep, I could not have found fault with anybody. I had expected to be sick and here I was feeling fine.

"Come out of it, Garrapato George," I said, "cheer up. Why don't you take Pinilius Pepe as gun-bearer and go out to shoot something? You haven't used up *much* ammunition yet—not more than a barrel."

My sarcasm was not lost on George.

"Well, if I do go I'll not come chasing in without some game."

"My boy," I replied genially, "if you should happen to turn a corner and run face to face with a jaguar you'd—you'd let out one squawk and then never touch even the high places of the jungle. You'd take that crazy .32 rifle for a golf stick."

"Would I?" returned George, belliger-

ently. "All right—now you watch me!"

I did watch George a while that morning. He performed a lot of things around camp. For one he bounced bullets off the water in a vain effort to locate the anatomy of our basking alligator. For another he tried his hand at fishing once more. He could get more bites than any fisherman I ever saw, but he could not catch anything. Bye and bye the heat made me drowsy and I stretched myself on a blanket in the shade, and I bethought myself of a scheme to get rid of my noisy comrades for a while.

"George, take my hammerless and have Pepe row you along the shady bank of the river," I suggested. "Go sneaking along now and you'll get some shots."

He fell in with this idea, and Pepe, too, looked pleased. They got into the boat and were in the act of starting when George jumped ashore. He reached for his .32 and threw the lever down to see if there was a shell in the chamber. Then he proceeded to fill his pockets with ammunition.

"I might need a rifle," he said; "you

can't tell what you're going to see in this darned jungle."

Whereupon he went aboard again and Pepe rowed leisurely upstream.

"Be careful, boys," I called, and composed myself for a nap. I promptly fell asleep. How long I slept I had no idea, and when I awoke I lay with languor, not knowing on the moment what had awakened me. Presently I heard a shout, then a rifle shot. Sitting up, I saw the boat some two hundred yards above me drifting along, about the edge of the shade. Pepe was in it alone. He appeared to be excited, for I observed him lay down an oar to pick up a gun, and then reverse the performance. Also he was jabbering to George, who evidently was out on the bank, but invisible to me.

"Hey, Pepe," I yelled, "what 're you doing?"

Strange to note, Pepe did not reply or even turn my way.

"Now where in the deuce is George?" I said, impatiently.

The hollow crack of George's .32 was a reply to my question. I heard the singing of a bullet. Suddenly, "*spou!*" it twanged on a branch not twenty feet over my head, and then went whining away. I heard it tick a few leaves or twigs. There was not any languor in the alacrity with which I put the big cypress tree between me and upstream. Then I ventured to peep forth.

"Look out where you're slinging lead!" I yelled. I doubted not that George had treed a black squirrel or was pegging away at parrots. Yet Pepe's motions appeared to carry a good deal of feeling, too much, I thought, presently, for small game. So I began to wake up thoroughly. I lost sight of Pepe behind a low branch of a tree that leaned out some fifty yards above the island. Then I caught sight of him again. He was poling with an oar, evidently trying to go up or down—I could not tell which.

Spang—Spang! George's .32 spoke twice more, and the bullets both struck in the middle of the stream and ricocheted into the far bank with little thuds.

Something prompted me to reach for my automatic, snap the clip in tight and push in the safety. At the same time I

muttered George's words: "You can never tell what's coming off in this darned jungle."

Then, peeping out from behind the cypress, I watched the boat drift downstream. Pepe had stopped poling and was looking closely into the thick grass and vines of the bank. I heard his voice but could not tell what he said. I watched keenly for some sight of George. The moments passed, the boat drifted, and I began to think there was nothing unusual afoot. In this interval Pepe drifted within seventy-five yards of where I knelt. Again I called to ask him what George was stalking, and this time Pepe said he did not know, but he did know that the animal was big. Hard upon this came George's sharp voice:

"Look out there on the island. Get behind something, for I'll be shooting that way. I've got him between the river and the flat. He's in this strip of shore brush. There! . . ." *Spang! Spang! Spang!*

Bullets hummed and whistled all about the island. I was afraid to peep out with even one eye. I began to fancy that we were playing Indians.

"Fine, Georgie! You're doing great!" I shouted. "You couldn't come any closer to me if you were aiming at me. What is it?"

Then a crashing of brush and a flash of yellow low down along the bank changed the aspect of the situation.

"Panther! or jaguar!" I ejaculated, in amaze. In a second I was tight-muscled, cold and clear-witted. At that instant I discerned George's white shirt about the top of the brush.

"Go back! Get out in the open!" I ordered. "Do you hear me?"

"Where is he, Pepe?" shouted George, paying not the slightest attention to me.

I jumped from behind the tree and, running to the head of the island, I knelt low near the water with my rifle ready.

"*Tigre! Tigre! Tigre!*" screamed Pepe, waving his arms, then pointing.

George crashed into the brush. I saw the leaves move—then a long yellow shape. With the quickness of thought, and the aim of the wing-shot, I fired. From the brush rose a strange wild scream. George aimed at a shaking mass

of grass and vines, but before he could fire a long, lean, ugly beast leaped straight out from the bank to drop into the water with a heavy souse. Like a man half scared to death, Pepe waved my double-barreled gun. Then the water split to let out a yellow head. It was almost in line with the boat. I dared not shoot.

"Kill him, Pepe! Kill him!" I yelled.

Pepe did not know how to hold a gun, let alone aim one. He got the stock under his chin, and, pointing the gun, he evidently tried to fire. But the hammerless did not go off. Then Pepe fumbled at the safety catch which he probably remembered seeing me use. The jaguar, swimming with difficulty, perhaps badly wounded, made right for the boat. Pepe was standing on the seat. Awkwardly he aimed. *Bang!* He pulled both triggers. The recoil knocked him backward. The hammerless fell in the boat and Pepe's broad back hit the water, his bare muscular legs clung to the gunwale, and slipped loose.

He had missed the jaguar, for it kept on for the boat. Still I dared not shoot. What on earth was the matter with George? Then I saw him, standing in the brush, fussing over the crazy .32. Of course, at the critical moment something had gone wrong with the old rifle.

Pepe's head bobbed up just on the other side of the boat. The jaguar was scarcely twenty feet distant and in line with both boat and man. At that instant I saw, or fancied I saw, our friend the alligator, show some few rods toward the middle of the river. As to that there was a heavy swirl in the water, and I knew the alligator was in that pool somewhere. George was screaming. It was no wonder I felt my hair stiffen. I kept bawling: "Shoot, George! Hurry, Pepe! —the alligator—look out!"

Pepe grasped the gunwale of the boat just as it swung against the branches of the low-leaning tree. He vaulted rather than climbed aboard.

"Grab an oar, Pepe! Keep the jaguar in the water! Don't let him in the boat!"

But Pepe did not hear me. Nimble he ran and grasped the branches of the tree and leaped up just as the jaguar flopped head and paws over the stern gunwale.

I had only a fleeting instant to get a bead on that yellow body, and before I could be sure of an aim the branch weighted with Pepe sagged down to hide boat and jaguar. From the coldness of fear for Pepe, I shifted to hot for the peculiarly exasperating situation.

Then George began to yell and shoot.

Spang! Spang! Spang! Spang!

"You idiot!" I roared. "You'll sink the boat!"

But a little thing like that did not matter to George. He stood up on the bank and worked the lever of his .32 with wild haste. The spat of the bullets could be plainly heard, and the sound was that of contact of lead and wood. So I inferred he was not hitting the jaguar.

Meanwhile Pepe had worked up from the lower end of the branch, and as soon as he straddled it and hunched himself nearer shore the leaves rose out of the water, exposing the boat. George saw the jaguar, for he kept shooting, but I could not see it. Then the boat swung loose from the branch and, drifting with the current, gradually approached the shore.

"Keep cool, George," I called, "we got him now!"

"He's mine! He's mine! Don't you dare shoot! I got him," howled George, in frantic excitement.

"All right. But steady up, can't you? Hit him once, anyway."

Apparently without aim George fired, then, spasmodically working the lever, he fired again. The boat drifted into overhanging vines. Once more I saw a yellow and black object, then a trembling trail of leaves.

"Run back up the bank. He's coming out below you," I yelled.

George disappeared. I saw no sign of the jaguar and heard no shot or shout from George. Pepe dropped from his branch down to the bank and caught the boat. I called him to come after me, and as soon as I had slipped on some clothes fit to hunt in, I had him row me to the bank. I found the trail of the jaguar, followed it up to the edge of the brush and lost it in the flat. George was standing near. He looked white and shaky and wild with disappointment.

"Oh, I had a dandy shot as he came out, but the blamed gun jammed again. Come on, we'll get him. He's all shot up. I bet I hit him ten times. He won't get away."

But an hour's useless stalking and searching served to lessen his hope and augment his vexation. I finally got him back to camp. The boat was half full of water, making it necessary to pull it out on the bank and turn it over. There were ten bullet holes in it.

"George, you hit the boat, anyhow," I said; "now we've a job on our hands."

So while I began to whittle pegs to pound into the bullet holes, George wiped his flushed sweaty face and talked.

"We were up there a piece, round the bend. I saw a black squirrel and went ashore to get him. But I couldn't find him and, in kicking round in the brush, I came into a kind of trail or runway. Then I ran plumb into that darned jaguar. I was so scared I couldn't remember my gun. But the cat turned and ran. It was lucky he didn't make at me. When I saw him run I got back my courage. I called for Pepe to row downstream and keep a lookout. Then I got out into the flat. I must have come down a good ways before I saw him. I shot and he dodged back into the brush again. I fired into the moving bushes where he was. And pretty soon I ventured to get in on the bank, where I had a better chance. I guess it was about that time that I heard you yell. . . . Then it all happened. You

hit him! Didn't you hear him scream? What a jump he made! If it hadn't been so terrible when your hammerless kicked Pepe overboard, I would have died laughing. Then I was paralyzed when the jaguar swam for the boat. He was hurt for the water was bloody. Things came off quick, I tell you. Like a monkey Pepe scrambled into the tree. When I got my gun loaded the jaguar was crouched down in the bottom of the boat watching Pepe. Then I began to shoot. . . . I can't realize he got away from us. What was the reason you didn't knock him?"

"Well, you see, George, there were two fairly good reasons," I replied. "The first was that at that time I was busy dodging bullets from your rifle. And the second was that you threatened my life if I killed your jaguar."

"Did I get as nutty as that? But it was pretty warm there for a little. . . . Say, was he a big one? My eyes were so hazy I didn't see him clear."

"He wasn't big, not half as big as the one I lost yesterday. Yours was a long, wiry cuss like a panther, and mean looking."

Pepe sat on the bank, and while he nursed his bruises he smoked. Once he made a speech that was untranslatable, but I gave it an interpretation which was probably near correct.

"That's right, Pepe. We're pretty punk *tigre* hunters—*mucha* punk!"

(*To be continued*)

Next installment: Cypress Island Abandoned. George Gets Fever. War with the Crocodiles. On the Verge of Disaster.

