

N. C. Blessed With Adequate Hunting Preserves

By **JOEL ARRINGTON**
Outdoor Editor, N. C. Travel
And Promotion Division

WEST END—Here and there small patches of snow remained on the ground. Brown leaves still clung on the blackjacks and rattled dryly as we brushed by. Two lean pointers briskly worked the oaks and open field in the cold morning air, their breath vaporizing in dense clouds.

Jocko, the liver and white, ranged widely with his head high, checked cover quickly, then moved to the next likely spot. Sam worked closely and carefully, following each scent in diligent search.

In the open weed field far ahead of us, Jocko locked into stone-rigid point for an instant, took a cautious half step and froze again, his tail a white vertical ramrod.

Sam, closing fast, had his nose to the ground and did not see the point. Jack Myrick shouted, "Whoa, Sam," and the dog lifted his head, saw Jocko, and backed him from a distance of nearly 50 yards.

Myrick and I strided deliberately past Sam. I clicked off the safety, then slowed behind Jocko, wishing to prolong the experience, savor the morning, the dogs, the air. What followed came to mind as a slow-motion movie, each event set apart, separate—explosive whirl of wings, picking a bird angling away to the right, stock up against cheek, a little lead, the burst of feathers, follow through.

Sam retrieved the bob-white, as Jocko eagerly cast out again for singles. Plainly Jocko felt compelled to find more birds, quicker and with more style than Sam.

A few minutes later Sam was locked on a single. Approaching through scattered briars and broom straw, I felt confident of the shot, but the quail burst away low and fast toward a distant pine and fumbled with the safety. When I finally fired and missed, it was more a curse than a practical wing shot.

The other birds we found at Pine Lake Shooting Preserve flew well and were challenging targets. Just watching the dogs work was worth the trip.

With available hunting lands rapidly shrinking, shooting preserves like Pine Lake are the answer to hunters' dilemma. Years ago, most of us lived in rural areas on small towns with nearby farm land. The mass population shift to the cities has left numerous sportsmen without a place to hunt.

North Carolina has more than 20 commercial shooting preserves open to public hunting. In addition, a few operate on a private or club basis. On the public preserves, you may hunt a half day for \$30 and take usually eight pen-reared birds. Additional quail may cost about \$2.50 each.

With the recent advent of preserves, some long-time quail hunters have sold their dogs and given up hunting wild birds. The cost of feeding a dog all year, combined with the sometimes difficult task of finding birds, makes the preserves attractive, particularly for the sportsman who hunts only a few times a season.

Although most Tar Heel preserves provide dogs, you may bring your own. There is no better way to give a young dog experience than on a preserve where birds

are in ample supply. It may be possible to work your puppy with an experienced dog provided by the manager.

Preserves which have shooting most like wild-bird hunting release quail before and periodically throughout the season and hold them on the area with food plots. Hunters who scoff at released bird shooting should try the birds at Pine Lake. There, quail are raised in spacious pens and fed on the ground. When released, they get along very well in the swamps and fields scattered throughout the preserve and are strong fliers the day they are released.

For a list of controlled shooting preserves, write the North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission, Box 2919, Raleigh, N. C. 27602.



Quail On The Fly

Mass Schedule At St. Ann's

Father Joseph J. Lash, pastor of St. Ann's Catholic Church, announces the following schedule of masses:

Tuesday, 5:30 P. M.; Christmas, midnight and 8 A. M.; Saturday, 8 A. M.; Sunday, 8 A. M.; Monday, 7 A. M.; Wednesday, 5:30 P. M.

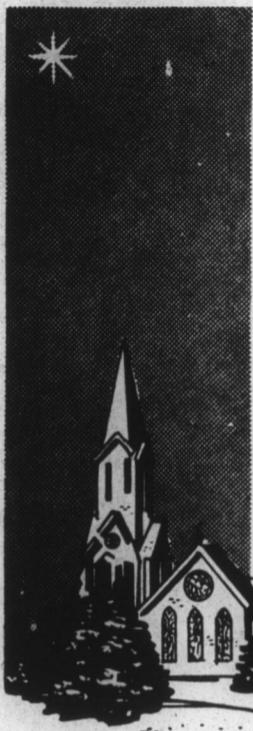
At St. Joan of Arc, Plymouth: Christmas, 10:30 A. M.; Friday, 5:30 P. M.; Sunday, 10:30 A. M.

At All Souls' in Columbia: Thursday, 6 P. M.; Tuesday, 6 P. M.

Silent Anger

In savage silence the baffled golfer deliberately broke the offending club across his knee and flung it far into the rough.

"A silly thing to do," observed his opponent. "It's better than losing one's temper," he muttered.



We pray that Peace may be your companion, this Christmas Season and always!

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gezundheit!



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A Peoples Bank Savings Account is nothing to sneeze at. Why? Because when you save with a Peoples Bank Pass-book Savings Account you earn daily interest and when you save with a Peoples Bank Certificate of Deposit you earn a big 5% interest. And right now, during the chilly winter months, Peoples is giving away free boxes of tissue to anyone who opens a new account or adds to their old one. Peoples is a good place to keep your money warm. Achooooo! Gezundheit from Peoples.

GREETINGS

Holiday time is here once again, and we take this happy occasion to wish every joy of the season to our good friends. It's always a pleasure to serve you, and we thank you!

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